Jean-Jacques Rousseau

EMILE

or On Education

Introduction, Translation, and Notes

BY

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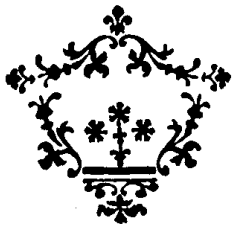

BASIC BOOKS

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BOOK I

EVERYTHING is good as it leaves the hands of the Author of things; everything degenerates in the hands of man. He forces one soil to nourish the products of another, one tree to bear the fruit of another. He mixes and confuses the climates, the elements, the seasons. He mutilates his dog, his horse, his slave. He turns everything upside down; he disfigures everything; he loves deformity, monsters. He wants nothing as nature made it, not even man; for him, man must be trained like a school horse; man must be fashioned in keeping with his fancy like a tree in his garden.

Were he not to do this, however, everything would go even worse, and our species does not admit of being formed halfway. In the present state of things a man abandoned to himself in the midst of other men from birth would be the most disfigured of all. Prejudices, authority, necessity, example, all the social institutions in which we find ourselves submerged would stifle nature in him and put nothing in its place. Nature there would be like a shrub that chance had caused to be born in the middle of a path and that the passers-by soon cause to perish by bumping into it from all sides and bending it in every direction.

It is to you that I address myself, tender and foresighted mother,* [1]

* The first education is the most important, and this first education belongs incontestably to women; if the Author of nature had wanted it to belong to men, He would have given them milk with which to nurse the children. Always speak, then, preferably to women in your treatises on education; for, beyond the fact that they are in a position to watch over it more closely than are men and always have greater influence on it, they also have much more interest in its success, since most widows find themselves almost at the mercy of their children; then their children make mothers keenly aware, for good or ill, of the effect of the way they raised their children. The laws—always so occupied with property and so little with persons, because their object is peace not virtue—do not give enough authority to mothers. However, their status is more certain than that of fathers; their duties are more painful; their cares are more important for the good order of the family; generally they are more attached to the children. There are occasions on which a son who lacks respect for his father can in some way be excused. But if on any occasion whatsoever a child were unnatural enough to lack respect for his mother—for her who carried him in her womb, who nursed him with her milk, who for years forgot herself in favor

who are capable of keeping the nascent shrub away from the highway and securing it from the impact of human opinions! Cultivate and water the young plant before it dies. Its fruits will one day be your delights. Form an enclosure around your child's soul at an early date. Someone else can draw its circumference, but you alone must build the fence.

Plants are shaped by cultivation, and men by education. If man were born big and strong, his size and strength would be useless to him until he had learned to make use of them. They would be detrimental to him in that they would keep others from thinking of aiding him.* And, abandoned to himself, he would die of want before knowing his needs. And childhood is taken to be a pitiable state! It is not seen that the human race would have perished if man had not begun as a child.

We are born weak, we need strength; we are born totally unprovided, we need aid; we are born stupid, we need judgment. Everything we do not have at our birth and which we need when we are grown is given us by education.

This education comes to us from nature or from men or from things. The internal development of our faculties and our organs is the education of nature. The use that we are taught to make of this development is the education of men. And what we acquire from our own experience about the objects which affect us is the education of things.

Each of us is thus formed by three kinds of masters. The disciple in whom their various lessons are at odds with one another is badly raised and will never be in agreement with himself. He alone in whom they all coincide at the same points and tend to the same ends reaches his goal and lives consistently. He alone is well raised.

Now, of these three different educations, the one coming from nature is in no way in our control; that coming from things is in our control only in certain respects; that coming from men is the only one of which we are truly the masters. Even of it we are the masters only by hypothesis. For who can hope entirely to direct the speeches and the deeds of all those surrounding a child?

Therefore, when education becomes an art, it is almost impossible for it to succeed, since the conjunction of the elements necessary to its success is in no one's control. All that one can do by dint of care is to come more or less close to the goal, but to reach it requires luck.

What is that goal? It is the very same as that of nature. This has just been proved. Since the conjunction of the three educations is necessary

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of caring for him alone—one should hasten to strangle this wretch as a monster unworthy of seeing the light of day. Mothers, it is said, spoil their children. In that they are doubtless wrong—but less wrong than you perhaps who deprave them. The mother wants her child to be happy, happy now. In that she is right. When she is mistaken about the means, she must be enlightened. Fathers' ambition, avarice, tyranny, and false foresight, their negligence, their harsh insensitivity are a hundred times more disastrous for children than is the blind tenderness of mothers. Moreover, the sense I give to the name *mother* must be explained; and that is what will be done hereafter.

* Similar to them on the outside and deprived of speech as well as of the ideas it expresses, he would not be in a condition to make them understand the need he had of their help, and nothing in him would manifest this need to them.

to their perfection, the two others must be directed toward the one over which we have no power. But perhaps this word *nature* has too vague a sense. An attempt must be made here to settle on its meaning.

Nature, we are told, is only habit. What does that mean? Are there not habits contracted only by force which never do stifle nature? Such, for example, is the habit of the plants whose vertical direction is interfered with. The plant, set free, keeps the inclination it was forced to take. But the sap has not as a result changed its original direction; and if the plant continues to grow, its new growth resumes the vertical direction. The case is the same for men's inclinations. So long as one remains in the same condition, the inclinations which result from habit and are the least natural to us can be kept; but as soon as the situation changes, habit ceases and the natural returns. Education is certainly only habit. Now are there not people who forget and lose their education? Others who keep it? Where does this difference come from? If the name *nature* were limited to habits conformable to nature, we would spare ourselves this garble.

We are born with the use of our senses, and from our birth we are affected in various ways by the objects surrounding us. As soon as we have, so to speak, consciousness of our sensations, we are disposed to seek or avoid the objects which produce them, at first according to whether they are pleasant or unpleasant to us, then according to the conformity or lack of it that we find between us and these objects, and finally according to the judgments we make about them on the basis of the idea of happiness or of perfection given us by reason. These dispositions are extended and strengthened as we become more capable of using our senses and more enlightened; but constrained by our habits, they are more or less corrupted by our opinions. Before this corruption they are what I call in us *nature*.

It is, then, to these original dispositions that everything must be related; and that could be done if our three educations were only different from one another. But what is to be done when they are opposed? When, instead of raising a man for himself, one wants to raise him for others? Then their harmony is impossible. Forced to combat nature or the social institutions, one must choose between making a man or a citizen, for one cannot make both at the same time.

Every particular society, when it is narrow and unified, is estranged from the all-encompassing society. Every patriot is harsh to foreigners. They are only men. They are nothing in his eyes.[2] This is a drawback, inevitable but not compelling. The essential thing is to be good to the people with whom one lives. Abroad, the Spartan was ambitious, avaricious, iniquitous. But disinterestedness, equity, and concord reigned within his walls. Distrust those cosmopolitans who go to great length in their books to discover duties they do not deign to fulfill around them. A philosopher loves the Tartars so as to be spared having to love his neighbors.

Natural man is entirely for himself. He is numerical unity, the absolute whole which is relative only to itself or its kind. Civil man is only a fractional unity dependent on the denominator; his value is deter-

mined by his relation to the whole, which is the social body. Good social institutions are those that best know how to denature man, to take his absolute existence from him in order to give him a relative one and transport the *I* into the common unity, with the result that each individual believes himself no longer one but a part of the unity and no longer feels except within the whole. A citizen of Rome was neither Caius nor Lucius; he was a Roman. He even loved the country exclusive of himself. Regulus claimed he was Carthaginian on the grounds that he had become the property of his masters. In his status of foreigner he refused to sit in the Roman senate; a Carthaginian had to order him to do so. He was indignant that they wanted to save his life. He conquered and returned triumphant to die by torture. This has little relation, it seems to me, to the men we know.[3]

The Lacedaemonian Pedaretus runs for the council of three hundred. He is defeated. He goes home delighted that there were three hundred men worthier than he to be found in Sparta. I take this display to be sincere, and there is reason to believe that it was. This is the citizen.[4]

A Spartan woman had five sons in the army and was awaiting news of the battle. A Helot arrives; trembling, she asks him for news. "Your five sons were killed." "Base slave, did I ask you that?" "We won the victory." The mother runs to the temple and gives thanks to the gods. This is the female citizen.[5]

He who in the civil order wants to preserve the primacy of the sentiments of nature does not know what he wants. Always in contradiction with himself, always floating between his inclinations and his duties, he will never be either man or citizen. He will be good neither for himself nor for others. He will be one of these men of our days: a Frenchman, an Englishman, a bourgeois.[6] He will be nothing.

To be something, to be oneself and always one, a man must act as he speaks; he must always be decisive in making his choice, make it in a lofty style, and always stick to it. I am waiting to be shown this marvel so as to know whether he is a man or a citizen, or how he goes about being both at the same time.

From these necessarily opposed objects come two contrary forms of instruction—the one, public and common; the other, individual and domestic.

Do you want to get an idea of public education? Read Plato's *Republic*. It is not at all a political work, as think those who judge books only by their titles. It is the most beautiful educational treatise ever written.

When one wishes to refer to the land of chimeras, mention is made of Plato's institutions. If Lycurgus had set his down only in writing, I would find them far more chimerical. Plato only purified the heart of man; Lycurgus denatured it.[7]

Public instruction no longer exists and can no longer exist, because where there is no longer fatherland, there can no longer be citizens. These two words, *fatherland* and *citizen*, should be effaced from modern languages. I know well the reason why this is so, but I do not want to tell it. It has nothing to do with my subject.[8]

I do not envisage as a public education those laughable establish-

ments called *colleges.** [9] Nor do I count the education of society, because this education, tending to two contrary ends, fails to attain either. It is fit only for making double men, always appearing to relate everything to others and never relating anything except to themselves alone. Now since these displays are common to everyone, no one is taken in by them. They are so much wasted effort.

From these contradictions is born the one we constantly experience within ourselves. Swept along in contrary routes by nature and by men, forced to divide ourselves between these different impulses, we follow a composite impulse which leads us to neither one goal nor the other. Thus, in conflict and floating during the whole course of our life, we end it without having been able to put ourselves in harmony with ourselves and without having been good either for ourselves or for others.

There remains, finally, domestic education or the education of nature. But what will a man raised uniquely for himself become for others? If perchance the double object we set for ourselves could be joined in a single one by removing the contradictions of man, a great obstacle to his happiness would be removed. In order to judge of this, he would have to be seen wholly formed: his inclinations would have to have been observed, his progress seen, his development followed. In a word, the natural man would have to be known. I believe that one will have made a few steps in these researches when one has read this writing.

To form this rare man, what do we have to do? Very much, doubtless. What must be done is to prevent anything from being done. When it is only a question of going against the wind, one tacks. But if the sea is heavy and one wants to stand still, one must cast anchor. Take care, young pilot, for fear that your cable run or your anchor drag and that the vessel drift without your noticing.

In the social order where all positions are determined, each man ought to be raised for his. If an individual formed for his position leaves it, he is no longer fit for anything. Education is useful only insofar as fortune is in agreement with the parents' vocation. In any other case it is harmful to the student, if only by virtue of the prejudices it gives him. In Egypt where the son was obliged to embrace the station of his father, education at least had a sure goal. But among us where only the ranks remain and the men who compose them change constantly, no one knows whether in raising his son for his rank he is not working against him.

In the natural order, since men are all equal, their common calling is man's estate and whoever is well raised for that calling cannot fail to fulfill those callings related to it. Let my student be destined for the sword, the church, the bar. I do not care. Prior to the calling of his parents is nature's call to human life. Living is the job I want to teach him. On leaving my hands, he will, I admit, be neither magistrate nor

* There are in the academy of Geneva and the University of Paris professors whom I like very much and believe to be very capable of instructing the young well, if they were not forced to follow the established practice. I exhort one among them to publish the project of reform which he has conceived. Perhaps, when it is seen that the ill is not without remedy, there will be a temptation to cure it.

soldier nor priest. He will, in the first place, be a man. All that a man should be, he will in case of need know how to be as well as anyone; and fortune may try as it may to make him change place, he will always be in his own place. *Occupavi te fortuna atque cepi omnesque aditus tuos interclusi, ut ad me aspirare non posses.**

Our true study is that of the human condition. He among us who best knows how to bear the goods and the ills of this life is to my taste the best raised: from which it follows that the true education consists less in precept than in practice. We begin to instruct ourselves when we begin to live. Our education begins with us. Our first preceptor is our nurse. Thus this word *education* had another meaning for the ancients which we no longer give to it. *Educit obstetrix,* says Varro, *educat nutrix, instituit pedagogus, docet magister.*†

Thus education, instruction, and teaching are three things as different in their object as are the governess, the preceptor, and the master. But these distinctions are ill drawn; and, to be well led, the child should follow only a single guide.

We must, then, generalize our views and consider in our pupil abstract man, man exposed to all the accidents of human life. If men were born attached to a country's soil, if the same season lasted the whole year, if each man were fixed in his fortune in such a way as never to be able to change it—the established practice would be good in certain respects. The child raised for his station, never leaving it, could not be exposed to the disadvantages of another. But given the mobility of human things, given the unsettled and restless spirit of this age which upsets everything in each generation, can one conceive of a method more senseless than raising a child as though he never had to leave his room, as though he were going to be constantly surrounded by his servants? If the unfortunate makes a single step on the earth, if he goes down a single degree, he is lost. This is not teaching him to bear suffering; it is training him to feel it.

One thinks only of preserving one's child. That is not enough. One ought to teach him to preserve himself as a man, to bear the blows of fate, to brave opulence and poverty, to live, if he has to, in freezing Iceland or on Malta's burning rocks. You may very well take precautions against his dying. He will nevertheless have to die. And though his death were not the product of your efforts, still these efforts would be ill conceived. It is less a question of keeping him from dying than of making him live. To live is not to breathe; it is to act; it is to make use of our organs, our senses, our faculties, of all the parts of ourselves which give us the sentiment of our existence.[12] The man who has lived the most is not he who has counted the most years but he who has most felt life. Men have been buried at one hundred who died at their birth. They would have gained from dying young; at least they would have lived up to that time.

All our wisdom consists in servile prejudices. All our practices are only subjection, impediment, and constraint. Civil man is born, lives, and dies in slavery. At his birth he is sewed in swaddling clothes; at his

* *Tuscul.* V.[10]

† Non. Marcell.[11]

death he is nailed in a coffin. So long as he keeps his human shape, he is enchained by our institutions.

It is said that many midwives claim that by kneading newborn babies' heads, they give them a more suitable shape. And this is tolerated! Our heads are ill fashioned by the Author of our being! We need to have them fashioned on the outside by midwives and on the inside by philosophers. The Caribs are twice as lucky as we are.

> Hardly has the baby emerged from the mother's womb, and hardly has he enjoyed the freedom to move and stretch his limbs before he is given new bonds. He is swaddled, laid out with the head secured and the legs stretched out, the arms hanging beside the body. He is surrounded with linens and trusses of every kind which do not permit him to change position, and he is lucky if he has not been squeezed to the point of being prevented from breathing and if care was taken to lay him on his side in order that the waters that should come out of his mouth can fall by themselves, for he would not have the freedom of turning his head to the side to facilitate the flow.*

The newborn baby needs to stretch and move its limbs in order to arouse them from the torpor in which, drawn up in a little ball, they have for so long remained. They are stretched out, it is true, but they are prevented from moving. Even the head is subjected to caps. It seems that we are afraid lest he appear to be alive.

Thus, the impulse of the internal parts of a body which tends to growth finds an insurmountable obstacle to the movements that impulse asks of the body. The baby constantly makes useless efforts which exhaust its forces or retard their progress. He was less cramped, less constrained, less compressed in the amnion than he is in his diapers. I do not see what he gained by being born.

The inaction, the constraint in which a baby's limbs are kept can only hinder the circulation of the blood, of the humors, prevent the baby from fortifying himself, from growing, and cause his constitution to degenerate. In the places where these extravagant precautions are not taken, men are all tall, strong, and well proportioned.† The countries where children are swaddled teem with hunchbacks, cripples, men with stunted or withered limbs, men suffering from rickets, men misshapen in every way. For fear that bodies be deformed by free movements, we hurry to deform the children by putting them into a press. We would gladly cripple them to keep them from laming themselves.

Could not so cruel a constraint have an influence on their disposition as well as on their constitution? Their first sentiment is a sentiment of pain and suffering. They find only obstacles to all the movements which they need. Unhappier than a criminal in irons, they make vain efforts, they get irritable, they cry. Their first voices, you say, are tears. I can well believe it. You thwart them from their birth. The first gifts they receive from you are chains. The first treatment they experience is

* Buffon, *Histoire Naturelle*, vol. IV, p. 190.[13]

† See note ‡ on page 60.

torment. Having nothing free but the voice, how would they not make use of it to complain? They cry because you are hurting them. Thus garroted, you would cry harder than they do.

Where does this unreasonable practice come from? From a denatured practice. Since mothers, despising their first duty, have no longer wanted to feed their children, it has been necessary to confide them to mercenary women who, thus finding themselves mothers of alien children on whose behalf nature tells them nothing, have sought only to save themselves effort. It would be necessary to be constantly watchful over a child in freedom. But when it is well bound, one throws it in a corner without being troubled by its cries. Provided that there be no proofs of negligence on the part of the nurse, provided that her charge does not break an arm or a leg, beyond that what difference does it make that he wastes away or remains infirm for the rest of his days? His limbs are preserved at the expense of his body, and, whatever happens, the nurse is exonerated.

Do they know, these gentle mothers who, delivered from their children, devote themselves gaily to the entertainments of the city, what kind of treatment the swaddled child is getting in the meantime in the village? At the slightest trouble that arises he is hung from a nail like a sack of clothes, and while the nurse looks after her business without hurrying, the unfortunate stays thus crucified. All those found in this position had violet faces. The chest was powerfully compressed, blocking circulation, and the blood rose to the head. The sufferer was believed to be quite tranquil, because he did not have the strength to cry. I do not know how many hours a child can remain in this condition without losing its life, but I doubt that this can go on very long. This is, I think, one of the great advantages of swaddling.

It is claimed that children in freedom could assume bad positions and make movements capable of hurting the good conformation of their limbs. This is one of those vain reasonings of our false wisdom that has never been confirmed by any experience. Of that multitude of children who, among peoples more sensible than us, are reared with complete freedom of their limbs, not a single one is seen who wounds or cripples himself. They could not give their movements sufficient force to make them dangerous; and, when they take a strained position, the pain soon warns them to change it.

We have not yet taken it into our heads to swaddle little dogs or cats. Do we see that they have any problems as a result of this negligence? Children are heavier. Agreed. But they are also proportionately weaker. They can hardly move. How would they cripple themselves? If they were stretched out on their backs, they would die in this position, like the tortoise, without ever being able to turn themselves over.

Not satisfied with having given up nursing their children, women give up wanting to have them. The result is natural. As soon as the condition of motherhood becomes burdensome, the means to deliver oneself from it completely is soon found. They want to perform a useless act so as always to be able to start over again, and they turn to the prejudice of the species the attraction given for the sake of multiplying it. This practice, added to the other causes of depopulation, presages the

impending fate of Europe. The sciences, the arts, the philosophy, and the morals that this practice engenders will not be long in making a desert of it. It will be peopled with ferocious beasts. The change of inhabitants will not be great.

I have sometimes seen the little trick of young women who feign to want to nurse their children. They know how to have pressure put on them to give up this whim. Husbands, doctors, especially mothers, are adroitly made to intervene. A husband who dared to consent to his wife's nursing her child would be a man lost. He would be made into a murderer who wants to get rid of her. Prudent husbands, paternal love must be immolated for the sake of peace; you are fortunate that women more continent than yours can be found in the country, more fortunate yet if the time your wives save is not destined for others than you!

There is no question about the duty of women. But there is dispute as to whether, given the contempt they have for it, it makes any difference for the children to be nursed with the mother's milk or that of another. Let me take this question, of which the doctors are the judges, to be decided just as the women would like. For my part I, too, certainly think that it is preferable for a child to suck the milk of a healthy nurse than of a spoiled mother, if he had some new ill to fear from the same blood out of which he was formed.

But should the question be envisaged only from the physical side, and does the child have less need of a mother's care than of her breast? Other women, even beasts, will be able to give him the milk that she refuses him. There is no substitute for maternal solicitude. She who nurses another's child in place of her own is a bad mother. How will she be a good nurse? She could become one, but slowly; habit would have to change nature; and the child, ill cared for, will have the time to perish a hundred times before his nurse has gained a mother's tenderness for him.

From this very advantage results a drawback which alone should take from every sensitive woman the courage to have her child nursed by another. The drawback is that of sharing a mother's right, or rather of alienating it, of seeing her child love another woman as much as and more than her, of feeling that the tenderness that he preserves for his own mother is a favor and that the tenderness he has for his adoptive mother is a duty. Where I found a mother's care do not I owe a son's attachment?

Their way of remedying this drawback is to inspire contempt in the children for their nurses by treating them as veritable servants. When their service is completed, the child is taken back or the nurse dismissed. By dint of giving her a poor reception, she is discouraged from coming to see her charge. At the end of a few years he no longer sees her, no longer knows her. The mother who believes she replaces the nurse and makes up for her neglect by her cruelty is mistaken. Instead of making a tender son out of a denatured nursling, she trains him in ingratitude, she teaches him one day to despise her who gave him life as well as her who nursed him with her milk.

How I would insist on this point were it not so discouraging to keep

raising useful subjects in vain. More depends on this one than is thought. Do you wish to bring everyone back to his first duties? Begin with mothers. You will be surprised by the changes you will produce. Everything follows successively from this first depravity. The whole moral order degenerates; naturalness is extinguished in all hearts; home life takes on a less lively aspect; the touching spectacle of a family aborning no longer attaches husbands, no longer imposes respect on outsiders; the mother whose children one does not see is less respected. One does not reside in one's family; habit does not strengthen the blood ties. There are no longer fathers, mothers, children, brothers, or sisters. They all hardly know each other. How could they love each other? Each thinks only of himself. When home is only a sad solitude, one must surely go elsewhere for gaiety.

But let mothers deign to nurse their children, morals will reform themselves, nature's sentiments will be awakened in every heart, the state will be repeopled. This first point, this point alone, will bring everything back together. The attraction of domestic life is the best counterpoison for bad morals. The bother of children, which is believed to be an importunity, becomes pleasant. It makes the father and mother more necessary, dearer to one another; it tightens the conjugal bond between them. When the family is lively and animated, the domestic cares constitute the dearest occupation of the wife and the sweetest enjoyment of the husband. Thus, from the correction of this single abuse would soon result a general reform; nature would soon have reclaimed all its rights. Let women once again become mothers, men will soon become fathers and husbands again.

Superfluous speeches! The very boredom of worldly pleasures never leads back to these. Women have stopped being mothers; they will no longer be; they no longer want to be. If they should want to be, they hardly could be. Today the contrary practice is established. Each one would have to combat the opposition of every woman who comes near her, all in league against an example that some did not give and the rest do not want to follow.

There are, nevertheless, still sometimes young persons of a good nature who on this point, daring to brave the empire of fashion and the clamors of their sex, fulfill with a virtuous intrepidity this duty so sweet imposed on them by nature. May their number increase as a result of the attraction of the goods destined for those who devote themselves to it! Founded on conclusions given by the simplest reasoning and on observations that I have never seen belied, I dare to promise these worthy mothers a solid and constant attachment on the part of their husbands, a truly filial tenderness on the part of their children, the esteem and respect of the public, easy deliveries without mishap and without aftermath, a firm and vigorous health; finally the pleasure of seeing themselves one day imitated by their own daughters and cited as examples to others' daughters.

No mother, no child. Between them the duties are reciprocal, and if they are ill fulfilled on one side, they will be neglected on the other. The child ought to love his mother before knowing that he ought to. If the voice of blood is not strengthened by habit and care, it is extin-

guished in the first years, and the heart dies, so to speak, before being born. Here we are, from the first steps, outside of nature.

One leaves it by an opposite route as well when, instead of neglecting a mother's care, a woman carries it to excess; when she makes an idol of her child; when she increases and nurses his weakness in order to prevent him from feeling it; and when, hoping to exempt him from the laws of nature, she keeps hard blows away from him. She preserves him for a moment from a few discomforts without thinking about how many mishaps and perils she is thereby accumulating for him to bear later, and how barbarous a precaution it is which adds childhood's weakness to mature men's toils. Thetis, to make her son invulnerable, plunged him, according to the fable, in the water of the Styx.[14] This allegory is a lovely one, and it is clear. The cruel mothers of whom I speak do otherwise: by dint of plunging their children in softness, they prepare them for suffering; they open their pores to ills of every sort to which they will not fail to be prey when grown.

Observe nature and follow the path it maps out for you. It exercises children constantly; it hardens their temperament by tests of all sorts; it teaches them early what effort and pain are. Teething puts them in a fever; sharp colics give them convulsions; long coughs suffocate them; worms torment them; plethora corrupts their blood; various leavens ferment in it and cause perilous eruptions. Almost all the first age is sickness and danger. Half the children born perish before the eighth year. The tests passed, the child has gained strength; and as soon as he can make use of life, its principle becomes sounder.

That is nature's rule. Why do you oppose it? Do you not see that in thinking you correct it, you destroy its product, you impede the effect of its care? To do on the outside what nature does on the inside redoubles the danger, according to you; and, on the contrary, this diverts the danger and weakens it. Experience teaches that even more children raised delicately die than do others. Provided the limit of their strength is not exceeded, less is risked in employing that strength than in sparing it. Exercise them, then, against the attacks they will one day have to bear. Harden their bodies against the intemperance of season, climates, elements; against hunger, thirst, fatigue. Steep them in the water of the Styx. Before the body's habit is acquired, one can give it the habit one wants to give it without danger. But when it has once gained its consistency, every alteration becomes perilous for it. A child will bear changes that a man would not bear; the fibers of the former, soft and flexible, take without effort the turn that they are given; those of the man, more hardened, change only with violence the turn they have received. A child, then, can be made robust without exposing its life and its health; and if there were some risk, still one must not hesitate. Since these are risks inseparable from human life, can one do better than shift them to that part of its span when they are least disadvantageous?

A child becomes more precious as he advances in age. To the value of his person is joined that of the effort he has cost; to the loss of his life is joined in him the sentiment of death. It is, then, especially of the future that one must think in looking after his preservation. It is against the ills of youth that he must be armed before he reaches them; for

if the value of life increases up to the age of making use of it, what folly is it not to spare childhood some ills while multiplying them for the age of reason? Are those the lessons of the master?

The fate of man is to suffer at all times. The very care of his preservation is connected with pain. Lucky to know only physical ills in his childhood—ills far less cruel, far less painful than are the other kinds of ills and which far more rarely make us renounce life than do the others! One does not kill oneself for the pains of gout. There are hardly any but those of the soul which produce despair. We pity the lot of childhood, and it is our own that should be pitied. Our greatest ills come to us from ourselves.

A child cries at birth; the first part of his childhood is spent crying. At one time we bustle about, we caress him in order to pacify him; at another, we threaten him, we strike him in order to make him keep quiet. Either we do what pleases him, or we exact from him what pleases us. Either we submit to his whims, or we submit him to ours. No middle ground; he must give orders or receive them. Thus his first ideas are those of domination and servitude. Before knowing how to speak, he commands; before being able to act, he obeys. And sometimes he is chastised before he is able to know his offenses or, rather, to commit any. It is thus that we fill up his young heart at the outset with the passions which later we impute to nature and that, after having taken efforts to make him wicked, we complain about finding him so.

A child spends six or seven years thus in the hands of women, victim of their caprice and of his own. And after having made him learn this and that—that is, after having burdened his memory either with words he cannot understand or with things that are good for nothing to him; after having stifled his nature by passions that one has caused to be born in him—this factitious being is put in the hands of a preceptor who completes the development of the artificial seeds that he finds already all formed and teaches him everything, except to know himself, except to take advantage of himself, except to know how to live and to make himself happy. Finally when this child, slave and tyrant, full of science and bereft of sense, frail in body and soul alike, is cast out into the world, showing there his ineptitude, his pride, and all his vices, he becomes the basis for our deploring human misery and perversity. This is a mistake. He is the man of our whims; the man of nature is differently constituted.

Do you, then, want him to keep his original form? Preserve it from the instant he comes into the world. As soon as he is born, take hold of him and leave him no more before he is a man. You will never succeed without that. As the true nurse is the mother, the true preceptor is the father. Let them be in agreement both about the order of their functions and about their system; let the child pass from the hands of the one into those of the other. He will be better raised by a judicious and limited father than the cleverest master in the world; for zeal will make up for talent better than talent for zeal.

But business, offices, duties . . . Ah, duties! Doubtless the least is

that of father? * Let us not be surprised that a man whose wife did not deign to nurse the fruit of their union does not deign to raise him. There is no picture more charming than that of the family, but a single missing feature disfigures all the others. If the mother has too little health to be nurse, the father will have too much business to be preceptor. The children, sent away, dispersed in boarding schools, convents, colleges, will take the love belonging to the paternal home elsewhere, or to put it better, they will bring back to the paternal home the habit of having no attachments. Brothers and sisters will hardly know one another. When all are gathered together for ceremonial occasions, they will be able to be quite polite with one another. They will treat one another as strangers. As soon as there is no more intimacy between the parents, as soon as the society of the family no longer constitutes the sweetness of life, it is of course necessary to turn to bad morals to find a substitute. Where is the man stupid enough not to see the chain formed by all these links?

A father, when he engenders and feeds children, does with that only a third of his task. He owes to his species men; he owes to society sociable men; he owes to the state citizens. Every man who can pay this triple debt and does not do so is culpable, and more culpable perhaps when he pays it halfway. He who cannot fulfill the duties of a father has no right to become one. Neither poverty nor labors nor concern for public opinion exempts him from feeding his children and from raising them himself. Readers, you can believe me. I predict to whoever has vitals and neglects such holy duties that he will long shed bitter tears for his offense and will never find consolation for it.[16]

But what does this rich man—this father of a family, so busy, and forced, according to him, to leave his children uncared for—do? He pays another man to take responsibility for these cares which are a burden to him. Venal soul! Do you believe that you are with money giving your son another father? Make no mistake about it; what you are giving him is not even a master but a valet. This first valet will soon make a second one out of your son.

We spend a lot of time trying to figure out the qualities of a good governor. The first quality I would exact of him, and this one alone presupposes many others, is that he not be a man for sale. There are callings so noble that one cannot follow them for money without proving oneself unworthy of following them. Such is that of the man of war; such is that of the teacher. "Who then will raise my child?" I already told you: you, yourself. "I cannot." You cannot! . . . Find yourself a friend then. I see no other solution.

A governor! O what a sublime soul . . . in truth, to make a man,

* When one reads in Plutarch that Cato the Censor, who governed Rome so gloriously, himself raised his son from the cradle and with such care that he left everything to be present when the nurse—that is to say, the mother—changed and bathed him; when one reads in Suetonius that Augustus, master of the world that he had conquered and that he himself ruled, himself taught his grandsons to write, to swim, the elements of the sciences, and that he had them constantly around him—one cannot keep from laughing at the good little people of those times who enjoyed themselves in the like foolishness, doubtless too limited to know how to mind the great business of the great men of our days.[15]

one must be either a father or more than a man oneself.[17] That is the function you calmly confide to mercenaries.

The more one thinks about it, the more one perceives new difficulties. It would be necessary that the governor had been raised for his pupil, that the pupil's domestics had been raised for their master, that all those who have contact with him had received the impressions that they ought to communicate to him. It would be necessary to go from education to education back to I know not where. How is it possible that a child be well raised by one who was not well raised himself?

Is this rare mortal not to be found? I do not know. In these degraded times who knows to what point of virtue a human soul can still attain? But let us suppose this marvel found. It is in considering what he ought to do that we shall see what he ought to be. What I believe I see in advance is that a father who sensed all the value of a good governor would decide to do without one, for he would expend more effort in acquiring him than in becoming one himself. Does he then want to find a friend? Let him raise his son to be one. Thus, he is spared seeking for him elsewhere, and nature has already done half the work.

Someone of whom I know only the rank had the proposal to raise his son conveyed to me. He doubtless did me a great deal of honor; but far from complaining about my refusal, he ought to congratulate himself on my discretion. If I had accepted his offer and my method were mistaken, the education would have been a failure. If I had succeeded, it would have been far worse. His son would have repudiated his title; he would no longer have wished to be a prince.

I am too impressed by the greatness of a preceptor's duties, I feel my incapacity too much ever to accept such employment from whatever quarter it might be offered to me, and the interest of friendship itself would be but a further motive for refusal. I believe that after having read this book, few people will be tempted to make me this offer, and I beg those who might be, not to make this useless effort any more. In the past I made a sufficient trial of this calling to be certain that I am not proper for it,[18] and my condition would excuse me from it if my talents made me capable of it. I believed I owed this public declaration to those who appear not to accord me enough esteem to believe me sincere and well founded in my resolutions.

Not in a condition to fulfill the most useful task, I will dare at least to attempt the easier one; following the example of so many others, I shall put my hand not to the work but to the pen; and instead of doing what is necessary, I shall endeavor to say it.

I know that in undertakings like this one, an author—always comfortable with systems that he is not responsible for putting into practice—may insouciantly offer many fine precepts which are impossible to follow. And in the absence of details and examples, even the feasible things he says, if he has not shown their application, remain ineffectual.

I have hence chosen to give myself an imaginary pupil, to hypothesize that I have the age, health, kinds of knowledge, and all the talent suitable for working at his education, for conducting him from the moment of his birth up to the one when, become a grown man, he will no longer have need of any guide other than himself. This method ap-

pears to me useful to prevent an author who distrusts himself from getting lost in visions; for when he deviates from ordinary practice, he has only to make a test of his own practice on his pupil. He will soon sense, or the reader will sense for him, whether he follows the progress of childhood and the movement natural to the human heart.

This is what I have tried to do in all the difficulties which have arisen. In order not to fatten the book uselessly, I have been content with setting down the principles whose truth everyone should sense. But as for the rules which might need proofs, I have applied them all to my Emile or to other examples; and I have shown in very extensive detail how what I have established could be put into practice. Such at least is the plan that I have proposed to follow. It is up to the reader to judge if I have succeeded.

The result of this procedure is that at first I have spoken little of my Emile, because my first educational maxims,[19] although contrary to those which are established, are so evident that it is difficult for any reasonable man to refuse his consent to them. But in the measure I advance, my pupil, differently conducted than yours, is no longer an ordinary child. He requires a way of life special to him. Then he appears more frequently on the scene, and toward the last times I no longer let him out of sight for a moment until, whatever he may say, he has no longer the least need of me.

I do not speak at all here of a good governor's qualities; I take them for granted, and I take for granted that I myself am endowed with all these qualities. In reading this work, one will see with what liberality I treat myself.

I shall only remark that, contrary to common opinion, a child's governor ought to be young and even as young as a wise man can be. I would want him to be a child himself if it were possible, to be able to become his pupil's companion and attract his confidence by sharing his enjoyments. There are not enough things in common between childhood and maturity for a really solid attachment ever to be formed at this distance. Children sometimes flatter old men, but they never love them.

One would wish that the governor had already educated someone. That is too much to wish for; the same man can only give one education. If two were required in order to succeed, by what right would one undertake the first?

With more experience one would know how to do better, but one would no longer be able to. Whoever has once fulfilled this function well enough to sense all its difficulties does not attempt to engage himself in it again; and if he has fulfilled it poorly the first time, that is an unfavorable augury for the second.

It is quite different, I agree, to follow a young man for four years than to lead him for twenty-five. You give a governor to your son after he is already all formed; as for me, I want him to have one before he is born. Your short-term man can change pupils; mine will have only one. You distinguish the preceptor from the governor: another folly! Do you distinguish the student from the pupil? There is only one science to teach to children. It is that of man's duties. This science is one, and whatever Xenophon says about the education of the Per-

sians,[20] it is not divisible. Moreover, I call the master of this science *governor* rather than *preceptor* because his task is less to instruct than to lead. He ought to give no precepts at all; he ought to make them be discovered.

If the governor must be chosen with so much care, it is certainly permissible for him to choose his pupil as well, especially when what we are about is propounding a model. This choice cannot be made on the basis of the child's genius or character, which can be known only at the end of the work, whereas I am adopting the child before his birth. If I could choose, I would take only a common mind, such as I assume my pupil to be. Only ordinary men need to be raised; their education ought to serve as an example only for that of their kind. The others raise themselves in spite of what one does.[21]

Locale is not unimportant in the culture of men. They are all that they can be only in temperate climates. The disadvantage of extreme climates is obvious. A man is not planted like a tree in a country to remain there forever; and he who leaves one extreme to get to the other is forced to travel a road double the length of that traveled by him who leaves from the middle point for the same destination.

Let the inhabitant of a temperate country visit the two extremes one after the other. His advantage is still evident, for although he is affected as much as the one who goes from one extreme to the other, he is nevertheless only half as far from his natural constitution. A Frenchman can live in Guinea and in Lapland; but a Negro will not live likewise in Torne, nor a Samoyed in Benin. It appears, moreover, that the organization of the brain is less perfect in the two extremes. Neither the Negroes nor the Laplanders have the sense of the Europeans. If, then, I want my pupil to be able to be an inhabitant of the earth, I will get him in a temperate zone—in France, for example—rather than elsewhere.

In the north, men consume a lot on barren soil; in the south, they consume little on fertile soil. From this a new difference is born which makes the ones industrious and the others contemplative. Society presents us in a single place the image of these differences between the poor and the rich. The former inhabit the barren soil, and the latter the fertile country.

The poor man does not need to be educated. His station gives him a compulsory education. He could have no other. On the contrary, the education the rich man receives from his station is that which suits him least, from both his own point of view and that of society. Besides, the natural education ought to make a man fit for all human conditions. Now, it is less reasonable to raise a poor man to be rich than a rich man to be poor, for, in proportion to the number of those in the two stations, there are more men who fall than ones who rise. Let us, then, choose a rich man. We will at least be sure we have made one more man, while a poor person can become a man by himself.

For the same reason I will not be distressed if Emile is of noble birth. He will, in any event, be one victim snatched from prejudice.

Emile is an orphan. It makes no difference whether he has his father and mother. Charged with their duties, I inherit all their rights. He

ought to honor his parents, but he ought to obey only me. That is my first or, rather, my sole condition.

I ought to add the following one, which is only a consequence of the other, that we never be taken from one another without our consent. This clause is essential, and I would even want the pupil and the governor to regard themselves as so inseparable that the lot of each in life is always a common object for them. As soon as they envisage from afar their separation, as soon as they foresee the moment which is going to make them strangers to one another, they are already strangers. Each sets up his own little separate system; and both, engrossed by the time when they will no longer be together, stay only reluctantly. The disciple regards the master only as the insignia and the plague of childhood; the master regards the disciple only as a heavy burden of which he is burning to be relieved. They agree in their longing for the moment when they will see themselves delivered from one another; and since there is never a true attachment between them, the one is not going to be very vigilant, the other not very docile.

But when they regard themselves as people who are going to spend their lives together, it is important for each to make himself loved by the other; and by that very fact they become dear to one another. The pupil does not blush at following in his childhood the friend he is going to have when he is grown. The governor takes an interest in concerns whose fruit he is going to harvest, and whatever merit he imparts to his pupil is an investment he makes for his old age.

This agreement made in advance assumes a satisfactory delivery, a child well formed, vigorous, and healthy. A father has no choice and ought to have no preferences in the family God gives him. All his children are equally his children; he owes to them all the same care and the same tenderness. Whether they are crippled or not, whether they are sickly or robust, each of them is a deposit of which he owes an account to the hand from which he receives it; and marriage is a contract made with nature as well as between the spouses.

But whoever imposes on himself a duty that nature has in no way imposed on him ought to be sure beforehand that he has the means of fulfilling it. Otherwise he makes himself accountable even for what he will have been unable to accomplish. He who takes charge of an infirm and valetudinary pupil changes his function from governor to male nurse. In caring for a useless life, he loses the time which he had intended to use for increasing its value. He exposes himself to facing an afflicted mother reproaching him one day for the death of a son whom he has preserved for her for a long time.

I would not take on a sickly and ill-constituted child, were he to live until eighty. I want no pupil always useless to himself and others, involved uniquely with preserving himself, whose body does damage to the education of his soul. What would I be doing in vainly lavishing my cares on him other than doubling society's loss and taking two men from it instead of one? Let another in my stead take charge of this invalid. I consent to it and approve his charity. But that is not my talent. I am not able to teach living to one who thinks of nothing but how to keep himself from dying.

The body must be vigorous in order to obey the soul. A good servant ought to be robust. I know that intemperance excites the passions; in the long run it also wears out the body. Mortifications and fasts often produce the same effect by a contrary cause. The weaker the body, the more it commands; the stronger it is, the more it obeys. All the sensual passions lodge in effeminated bodies. They become more inflamed to the extent that the body can satisfy them less.

A frail body weakens the soul. This is the origin of the empire of medicine, an art more pernicious to men than all the ills it claims to cure. As for me, I do not know of what illness the doctors cure us; but I do know that they give us quite fatal ones: cowardice, pusillanimity, credulousness, terror of death. If they cure the body, they kill courage. What difference does it make to us that they make cadavers walk? It is men we need, and none is seen leaving their hands.

Medicine is the fashion among us. It ought to be. It is the entertainment of idle people without occupation who, not knowing what to do with their time, pass it in preserving themselves. If they had had the bad luck to be born immortal, they would be the most miserable of beings. A life they would never fear losing would be worthless for them. These people need doctors who threaten them in order to cater to them and who give them every day the only pleasure of which they are susceptible—that of not being dead.

I have no intention of enlarging on the vanity of medicine here. My object is only to consider it from the moral point of view. I can, nevertheless, not prevent myself from remarking that men make, concerning its use, the same sophisms as they make concerning the quest for truth. They always assume that, in treating a sick person, one cures him and that, in seeking a truth, one finds it. They do not see that it is necessary to balance the advantage of a cure effected by the doctor against the death of a hundred sick persons killed by him, and the usefulness of a truth discovered against the harm done by the errors which become current at the same time. Science which instructs and medicine which cures are doubtless very good. But science which deceives and medicine which kills are bad. Learn, therefore, to distinguish them. That is the crux of the question. If we knew how to be ignorant of the truth, we would never be the dupes of lies; if we knew how not to want to be cured in spite of nature, we would never die at the doctor's hand. These two abstinences would be wise; one would clearly gain by submitting to them. I do not, therefore, dispute that medicine is useful to some men, but I say that it is fatal to humankind.

I will be told, as I am incessantly, that the mistakes are the doctor's, while medicine in itself is infallible. That is all very well. But then let it come without the doctor, for so long as they come together, there will be a hundred times more to fear from the errors of the artist than to hope from the help of the art.

This lying art, made more for the ills of the mind than for those of the body, is no more useful for the former than for the latter. It less cures us of our maladies than impresses us with terror of them. It less puts off death than makes it felt ahead of time. It wears out life more than prolongs it. And even if it did prolong life, this would still be at the

expense of the species, since it takes us from society by the care it imposes on us and from our duties by the terror it inspires in us. It is the knowledge of dangers that makes us fear them; he who believed himself invulnerable would fear nothing. By dint of arming Achilles against peril, the poet takes from him the merit of valor; every other man in his place would have been an Achilles at the same price.

Do you want to find men of a true courage? Look for them in the places where there are no doctors, where they are ignorant of the consequences of illnesses, where they hardly think of death. Naturally man knows how to suffer with constancy and dies in peace. It is doctors with their prescriptions, philosophers with their precepts, priests with their exhortations, who debase his heart and make him unlearn how to die.[22]

Let me be given, then, a pupil who does not need all those people, or I shall refuse him. I do not want others to ruin my work. I want to raise him alone or not get involved. The wise Locke, who spent a part of his life in the study of medicine, strongly recommends never using drugs on children either as a precaution or for slight discomforts.[23] I shall go farther, and I declare that, never calling a doctor for myself, I shall never call one for my Emile, unless his life is in evident danger, for then the doctor can do him no worse than kill him.

I know quite well that the doctor will not fail to take advantage of this delay. If the child dies, the doctor will have been called too late; if the child recovers, it will be the doctor who saved him. So be it. Let the doctor triumph, but, above all, let him be called only *in extremis*.

For want of knowing how to cure himself, let the child know how to be sick. This art takes the place of the other and is often much more successful. It is nature's art. When an animal is sick, it suffers in silence and keeps quiet. Now one does not see more sickly animals than men. How many people whose disease would have spared them and whom time by itself would have cured have been killed by impatience, fear, anxiety, and, above all, remedies? I will be told that animals, living in a way that conforms more to nature, ought to be subject to fewer ills than we are. Well, their way of life is precisely the one I want to give to my pupil. He ought, therefore, to get the same advantage from it.

The only useful part of medicine is hygiene. And hygiene is itself less a science than a virtue. Temperance and work are the two true doctors of man. Work sharpens his appetite, and temperance prevents him from abusing it.

In order to know what regimen is the most useful for life and health, one need only know the way of life followed by the peoples who are healthiest, most robust, and longest-lived. If on the basis of general observations one does not find that the use of medicine gives men sounder health or a longer life, by the very fact that this art is not useful, it is harmful, since it employs time, men, and things at a total loss. It is not only that the time spent in preserving life, lost for use, must be subtracted from it, but that when this time is employed in tormenting ourselves, it is worse than nothing. It is a negative quantity, and, to calculate equitably, we must subtract an equal amount from the remainder of our time. A man who lives ten years without doctors

lives more for himself and for others than he who lives thirty years as their victim. Having had the experience of both alternatives, I believe I have more right than anyone to draw this conclusion.

These are my reasons for wanting only a robust and healthy pupil and my principles for keeping him that way. I will not stop to prove at length the utility of manual labor and bodily exercise for reinforcing constitution and health. That is disputed by no one; the examples of the longest lives are almost all drawn from men who exercised most, who endured the most fatigue and work.* Neither shall I enter into lengthy detail about the efforts I shall take to achieve this single objective. It will be seen that they enter so necessarily into my practice that it suffices to grasp their spirit not to need further explanation.

With life there begin needs. For the newly born a nurse is required. If the mother consents to perform her duty, very well. She will be given written instructions, for this advantage has its counterpoise and keeps the governor at something more of a distance from his pupil. But it is to be believed that the child's interest and esteem for the one to whom she is willing to confide so dear a deposit will make the mother attentive to the master's opinion. And whatever she is willing to do, one can be sure will be done better by her than anyone else. If we have to have a stranger for a nurse, let us begin by choosing her well.

One of the miseries of rich people is to be deceived in everything. If they judge men poorly, need one be surprised? It is riches which corrupt them, and by a just return they are the first to feel the defect of the only instrument known to them. Everything is done badly in their houses, except what they do themselves; and they almost never do anything there. Is it a question of looking for a nurse? They let the obstetrician choose her. What is the result of that? That the best nurse is always the one who paid him best. I shall not, hence, go consult an obstetrician about Emile's nurse. I shall take care to choose her myself. I will not perhaps reason so fluently about the issue as a surgeon, but I will certainly be in better faith, and my zeal will deceive me less than his avarice.

This choice is not such a great mystery. The rules for it are known. But I do not know whether one ought not to pay a bit more attention to the age of the milk as well as to its quality. New milk is completely serous. It must be almost a laxative in order to purge the remains of the meconium, thickened in the intestines of the child who has just been

* Here is an example drawn from English papers which provides so many reflections concerning my subject that I cannot refrain from reporting it:

> An individual named Patrick O'Neil, born in 1647, has just remarried for the seventh time in 1760. He served in the Dragoons in the seventeenth year of the reign of Charles II and in different regiments until his discharge in 1740. He took part in all the campaigns of King William and the Duke of Marlborough. This man has never drunk anything but ordinary beer. He has always fed on vegetables and never eaten meat except at some meals he gave for his family. His practice has always been to rise and go to bed with the sun unless his duties prevented him from doing so. He is at present in his one hundred and thirteenth year, of good understanding, in good health, and walking without a cane. In spite of his great age, he does not remain idle for a single minute, and every Sunday he goes to his parish accompanied by his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

born. Little by little the milk gains consistency and provides a solider food for the child who has become stronger to digest it. It is surely not for nothing that in the females of every species nature changes the milk's consistency according to the age of the nursling.

Therefore, a nurse who has newly given birth would be required for a newly born child. This has its complications, I know. But as soon as one leaves the natural order, to do anything well has its complications. The only easy expedient is to do it badly; that is, thus, the expedient men choose.

What is needed is a nurse as healthy of heart as of body. Imbalance of the passions, like that of the humors, can cause the milk to deteriorate. Moreover, to restrict the question to the physical alone is to see only half of the object. The milk can be good, and the nurse bad. A good character is as essential as a good constitution. If one takes a vicious woman, I do not say that one's nursling will contract her vices, but I do say he will suffer as a result of them. Does she not, along with her milk, owe him care which requires zeal, patience, gentleness, cleanliness? If she is a glutton, an intemperate, she will soon have spoiled her milk. If she is negligent or easily angered, what will become of a poor unfortunate who is at her mercy and who can neither defend himself nor complain? Never in anything whatsoever are the wicked good for anything good.

The choice of the nurse is all the more important because her nursling is going to have no other governess than her, just as he is going to have no other preceptor than his governor. This was the practice of the ancients, less reasoners and wiser than we are. After having nursed female children, nurses never left them. That is why in their theater plays most of the confidants are nurses. It is impossible that a child who passes successively through so many different hands ever be well raised. At every change he makes secret comparisons which always tend to diminish his esteem for those who govern him and consequently their authority over him. If he once comes to the thought that there are adults who are no more possessed of reason than are children, all the authority of age is lost, and the education is a failure. A child ought to know no other superiors than his father and his mother or, in default of them, his nurse and his governor; even one of the two is already too many. But this division is inevitable, and all that one can do to remedy it is to make sure that the persons of the two sexes who govern him are in such perfect agreement concerning him that the two are only one as far as he is concerned.

The nurse must live a bit more comfortably, eat a little more substantial food, but not change her manner of living entirely, for a sudden and total change, even from bad to better, is always dangerous for the health. And since her ordinary diet left or rendered her healthy and well constituted, what is the good of making her change it?

Peasant women eat less meat and more vegetables than do city women. This vegetable diet appears to be more beneficial than injurious to them and their children. When they have bourgeois nurslings, they are given boiled beef in the conviction that soup and meat both produce

better chyle in them and result in more milk. I by no means share this sentiment, and I am supported by experience which teaches that children thus nursed are more subject to colic and worms than are others.

This is hardly surprising, since animal substance in a state of putrefaction is crawling with worms, which does not happen in like manner with vegetable substance. Milk, although developed in the body of the animal, is a vegetable substance.* Its analysis demonstrates it. It easily turns into acid; and, far from giving any vestige of volatile alkali, as do animal substances, it gives, as do plants, a neutral essence of salt.

The milk of herbivorous females is sweeter and healtheir than that of carnivores. Formed from a substance homogeneous with its own, it preserves its nature better and becomes less subject to putrefaction. If one looks to quantity, everyone knows that the farinaceous foods produce more blood than does meat; they ought, therefore, to make more milk, too. I cannot believe that a child who was not weaned too soon, or who was weaned only on vegetable foods and whose nurse also lived only on vegetables, would ever be subject to worms.

It is possible that vegetable foods produce milk that sours more quickly. But I am far from regarding sour milk as an unhealthy food. Whole peoples who have no other kind are quite well off, and all these devices for absorbing acids appear to me to be pure charlatanry. There are constitutions for which milk is just not suitable, and then no absorbent can make it bearable for them; the others bear it without absorbents. Separated or curdled milk is feared; that is foolish, since it is known that milk always curdles in the stomach. It is thus that it becomes a food solid enough to nourish children and animal babies. If it did not curdle at all, it would just go through; it would not nourish them.† One can very well cut milk in countless ways, use countless absorbents, but whoever eats milk digests cheese. This is without exception. The stomach is so well made for curdling milk that it is with a calf's stomach that rennet is made.

I think, then, that instead of changing the ordinary food of nurses, it suffices to give them the same kind of food but in more abundant quantity and better quality. It is not due to the nature of the foods that the vegetarian diet constipates. It is only their seasoning that makes them unhealthy. Reform the rules of your kitchen. Have neither brown sauce nor grease. Put neither butter nor salt nor dairy products on the fire. Let your vegetables, cooked in water, be seasoned only on coming hot to the table. Vegetarian food, far from constipating the nurse, will provide her with milk in abundance and of better quality.‡ Is it possible

* Women eat bread, vegetables, dairy produce. The females of dogs and cats eat them, too. Even she-wolves graze. These are the sources of vegetable juices for their milk. There remains to be examined the milk of species which can eat absolutely only flesh, if there are any such, which I doubt.

† Although the juices which nourish us are in liquid form, they have to be pressed out of solid foods. A man at work who lived only on broth would very quickly waste away. He would sustain himself much better with milk because it curdles.

‡ Those who want to discuss at greater length the advantages and the disadvantages of the Pythagorean diet can consult the treatises which Dr. Cocchi and his adversary, Dr. Bianchi, wrote on this important subject.[21]

that the vegetable diet being recognized as best for the child, the animal diet is the best for the nurse? There is something contradictory in that.

It is especially in the first years of life that the air acts on the constitution of children. It penetrates a delicate and soft skin by all the pores. It has a powerful effect on these newborn bodies; it makes on them impressions which are never effaced. I would not, hence, be of the opinion that one should take a peasant woman from her village to close her up in a room in the city and make her nurse the child at home. I prefer his going to breathe the good air of the country to her breathing the bad air of the city. He will assume the station of his new mother; he will live in her rustic house, and his governor will follow him there. The reader will well remember that this governor is not a hired man; he is the father's friend. "But if this friend is not to be found, if this move is not easy, if nothing of what you advise is feasible, what is to be done instead?" I will be asked. . . . I have already told you: what you are doing. One needs no advice for that.

Men are made not to be crowded into anthills but to be dispersed over the earth which they should cultivate. The more they come together, the more they are corrupted. The infirmities of the body, as well as the vices of the soul, are the unfailing effect of this overcrowding. Man is, of all the animals, the one who can least live in herds. Men crammed together like sheep would all perish in a very short time. Man's breath is deadly to his kind. This is no less true in the literal sense than the figurative.

Cities are the abyss of the human species. At the end of a few generations the races perish or degenerate. They must be renewed, and it is always the country which provides for this renewal. Send your children, then, to renew themselves, as it were, and to regain in the midst of the fields the vigor that is lost in the unhealthy air of overpopulated places. Pregnant women who are in the country rush to return to the city for their confinement. They ought to do exactly the opposite, particularly those who want to nurse their children. They would have less to regret than they think; and in an abode more natural to the species, the pleasures connected with the duties of nature would soon efface the taste for the pleasures not related to those duties.

At first, after the confinement, the child is washed with some warm water in which wine is ordinarily mixed. This addition of wine hardly appears to me to be necessary. Since nature produces nothing fermented, it is not to be believed that the use of an artificial liquor is important for the life of its creatures.

For the same reason this precaution of warming the water is not indispensable either; and, in fact, multitudes of peoples wash newborn children in rivers or the sea without further ado. But ours, softened before birth by the softness of the fathers and the mothers, bring with them, on coming into the world, an already spoiled constitution that must not be exposed at the beginning to all the trials which would restore it. It is only by degrees that our children can be led back to their primitive vigor. Begin, then, at first by following the established practice, and deviate from it only little by little. Wash the children often; their dirtiness proves the need for it; when one only wipes them, one

lacerates them. But to the extent that they regain strength, diminish by degrees the warmth of the water, until at the end you wash them summer and winter in cold and even chilly water. Since in order not to expose them it is important that this diminution be slow, successive, and imperceptible, a thermometer can be used to measure it exactly.

This practice of bathing, once established, ought never again be interrupted, and it is important to keep to it for the whole of life. I am considering it not only from the point of view of cleanliness and present health; but I also see it as a salutary precaution for making the texture of the fibers more flexible and able to adapt to various degrees of heat and cold without effort and without risk. For that purpose I would want him in growing up to become accustomed little by little to bathing sometimes in hot water at all bearable degrees and often in cold water at all possible degrees. Thus, after being habituated to bear the various temperatures of water which, being a denser fluid, touches us at more points and affects us more, one would become almost insensitive to the various temperatures of the air.

From the moment that the child breathes on leaving its envelope, do not suffer his being given other envelopes which keep him more restricted: no caps, no belts, no swaddling; loose and large diapers which leave all his limbs free and are neither so heavy as to impede his movements nor so hot as to prevent him from feeling the impressions of the air.* Put him in a large, well-padded cradle,† where he can move at ease and without danger. When he begins to grow stronger, let him crawl around the room. Let him spread out, stretch his little limbs. You will see them gaining strength day by day. Compare him with a well-swaddled child of the same age; you will be surprised at the difference in their progress.‡

* Children in cities are suffocated by dint of being kept closed up and dressed. Those who govern them have yet to learn that cold air, far from doing children harm, strengthens them and that hot air weakens them, gives them fever, and kills them.

† I say a "cradle" to use a current word, for want of another; for I am, moreover, persuaded that it is never necessary to rock children, and that this practice is often pernicious for them.

‡ The ancient Peruvians left the arms of the children free in a very large swaddling band. When they took the children out, they set them free in a hole made in the ground and lined with linen; into it they lowered the children up to the waist. In this way the children had their arms free, and they could move their heads and bend their bodies at will without falling and without getting hurt. As soon as they could take a step, the breast was offered to them from a little farther away, as a lure to oblige them to walk. Little Negroes are sometimes in a far more fatiguing position for sucking. They embrace one of their mother's hips with their knees and their feet, and they hold on so tightly that they can support themselves there without aid of the mother's arms. They attach themselves to the breast with their hands, and they suck continuously without moving from their place and without falling, in spite of the different movements of the mother, who during this time works as usual. These children begin to walk from the second month or, rather, to drag themselves on their hands and knees. This exercise gives them a facility for later running in this position almost as fast as if they were on their feet. [Buffon, *Histoire Naturelle*, Vol. IV, in-12, p. 192.]

To these examples M. de Buffon could have added that of England, where the extravagant and barbarous practice of swaddling is being done away with day by day. See also la Loubère, *Voyage de Siam*, Mr. le Beau, *Voyage du Canada*, etc. I could fill twenty pages with citations, if I needed to confirm this by facts.[25]

One must expect strong opposition on the part of the nurses, who are less bothered by a well-garroted child than by one who has to be constantly watched. Moreover, his dirtiness becomes more easily sensed in an open garment; he must be cleaned more often. Finally, in certain countries custom is an argument that one will never refute to the satisfaction of the people no matter what their station.

Do not reason with nurses. Give orders, see that they are followed, and spare no effort to make things easy for the nurses in carrying out the care that you have prescribed. Why would you not share that care? In ordinary nursing where one only looks to the physical side, provided that the child lives and does not waste away the rest has little importance. But here, where the education begins with life, the child is at birth already a disciple, not of the governor, but of nature. The governor only studies under this first master and prevents its care from being opposed. He watches over the nursling, observes him, follows him. He vigilantly spies out the first glimmer of his weak understanding as the Muslims at the approach of the new moon spy out the instant of its rise.

We are born capable of learning but able to do nothing, knowing nothing. The soul, enchained in imperfect and half-formed organs, does not even have the sentiment of its own existence. The movements and the cries of the child who has just been born are purely mechanical effects, devoid of knowledge and of will.

Let us suppose that a child had at his birth the stature and the strength of a grown man, that he emerged, so to speak, fully armed from his mother's womb as did Pallas from the brain of Jupiter. This man-child would be a perfect imbecile, an automaton, an immobile and almost insensible statue. He would see nothing, hear nothing, know no one, would not be able to turn his eyes toward what he needed to see. Not only would he perceive no object outside of himself, he would not even relate any object to the sense organ which made him perceive it: the colors would not be in his eyes; the sounds would not be in his ears; the bodies he touched would not be on his body; he would not even know that he had one. The contact of his hands would be in his brain; all his sensations would come together in a single point; he would exist only in the common *sensorium*; he would have only a single idea, that is, of the *I* to which he would relate all his sensations; and this idea or, rather, this sentiment would be the only thing that he would have beyond what an ordinary baby has.

Nor would this man formed all of a sudden be able to stand on his feet; he would need a good deal of time to learn to maintain himself in equilibrium on them. Perhaps he would not even make the attempt, and you would see this big body, strong and robust, staying in place like a stone, or crawling and dragging himself along like a newborn puppy.

He would feel the discomfort of the needs without knowing them and without imagining any means of providing for them. There is no immediate communication between the muscles of the stomach and those of the arms and legs which, even if he were surrounded by food, would cause him to make a step to approach it or stretch out his hand

to grasp it. And since his body would have had its growth, his limbs would be entirely developed, and consequently he would not have the restlessness and constant movement of children. He could die of hunger before stirring to seek subsistence. However little one may have reflected on the order and the progress of our knowledge, it cannot be denied that such was pretty nearly the primitive state of ignorance and stupidity natural to man before he learned anything from experience or his fellows.

Hence we know, or can know, the first point from which each of us starts in order to get to the common level of understanding. But who knows the other limit? Each advances more or less according to his genius, his taste, his needs, his talents, his zeal, and the occasions he has to devote himself to them. I know of no philosopher who has yet been so bold as to say: this is the limit of what man can attain and beyond which he cannot go. We do not know what our nature permits us to be. None of us has measured the distance which can exist between one man and another. What soul is so base that he has never been warmed by this idea and does not sometimes in his pride say to himself: "How many men I have already surpassed! How many I can still reach! Why should my equal go farther than I?"

I repeat: the education of man begins at his birth; before speaking, before understanding, he is already learning. Experience anticipates lessons. The moment he knows his nurse, he has already acquired a great deal. One would be surprised at the knowledge of the coarsest man if one followed his progress from the moment of his birth to where he is now. If one divided all of human science into two parts—the one common to all men, the other particular to the learned—the latter would be quite small in comparison with the former. But we are hardly aware of what is generally attained, because it is attained without thought and even before the age of reason; because, moreover, learning is noticed only by its differences, and as in algebraic equations, common quantities count for nothing.

Even animals acquire much. They have senses; they have to learn to make use of them. They have needs; they have to learn to provide for them. They have to learn how to eat, to walk, to fly. The quadrupeds who stand on their legs from birth do not on that account know how to walk. One sees from their first steps that these are unsure attempts. Canaries escaped from their cages do not know how to fly because they have never flown. Everything is learning for animate and sensitive beings. If plants had progressive movement, they would have to have senses and to acquire knowledge. Otherwise, the species would soon perish.

Children's first sensations are purely affective; they perceive only pleasure and pain. Able neither to walk nor to grasp, they need a great deal of time to come little by little into possession of the representative sensations which show them objects outside of themselves. But, while waiting for these objects to gain extension, to move, so to speak, farther away from their eyes, to take on dimensions and shapes for them, the recurrence of the affective sensations begins to submit them to the empire of habit. One sees their eyes constantly turning toward the light

and, if it comes to them from the side, imperceptibly taking that direction, so that we ought to take care to set them facing the light, lest they become cross-eyed or accustomed to looking askance. They must also early get habituated to darkness. Otherwise, they cry and scream as soon as they are in obscurity. Food and sleep too exactly measured become necessary for them at the end of the same spans of time, and soon desire no longer comes from need but from habit, or, rather, habit adds a new need to that of nature. That is what must be prevented.

The only habit that a child should be allowed is to contract none. Do not carry him on one arm more than the other; do not accustom him to give one hand rather than the other, to use one more than the other, to want to eat, sleep, or be active at the same hours, to be unable to remain alone night or day. Prepare from afar the reign of his freedom and the use of his forces by leaving natural habit to his body, by putting him in the condition always to be master of himself and in all things to do his will, as soon as he has one.

From the moment that the child begins to distinguish objects, it is important that there be selectivity in those one shows him. Naturally all new objects interest man. He feels so weak that he fears everything he does not know. The habit of seeing new objects without being affected by them destroys this fear. Children raised in clean houses where no spiders are tolerated are afraid of spiders, and this fear often stays with them when grown. I have never seen a peasant, man, woman, or child, afraid of spiders.

Why, then, should a child's education not begin before he speaks and understands, since the very choice of objects presented to him is fit to make him timid or courageous? I want him habituated to seeing new objects, ugly, disgusting, peculiar animals, but little by little, from afar, until he is accustomed to them, and, by dint of seeing them handled by others, he finally handles them himself. If during his childhood he has without fright seen toads, snakes, crayfish, he will, when grown, without disgust see any animal whatsoever. There are no longer frightful objects for whoever sees such things every day.

All children are afraid of masks. I begin by showing Emile a mask with a pleasant face. Next someone in his presence puts this mask over his face. I start to laugh; everybody laughs; and the child laughs like the others. Little by little I accustom him to less pleasant masks and finally to hideous faces. If I have arranged my gradation well, far from being frightened by the last mask, he will laugh at it as at the first. After that I no longer fear that he can be frightened by masks.

When, during the farewell of Andromache and Hector, the little Astyanax, frightened by the plume waving on his father's helmet, fails to recognize him, flings himself crying on his nurse's bosom, and extracts from his mother a smile mingled with tears, what must be done to cure this fright? Precisely what Hector does: put the helmet on the ground, and then caress the child. In a more tranquil moment one would not stop at that. One would approach the helmet, play with the feathers, make the child handle them. Finally, the nurse would take the helmet and, laughing, put it on her own head—if, that is, a woman's hand dare touch the arms of Hector.[26]

Is one trying to train Emile to the sound of a firearm? At first I set off a cap in a pistol. The sudden and momentary flash, that sort of lightning, delights him. I repeat the same thing with more powder. Little by little I put a small charge without a wad into the pistol; then a bigger one. Finally I accustom him to rifle shots, to grapeshot explosions, to canons, to the most terrible detonations.

I have noticed that children are rarely afraid of thunder, unless the claps are terrible and really wound the organ of hearing. Otherwise, this fear comes to them only when they have learned that thunder sometimes wounds or kills. When reason begins to frighten them, make habit reassure them. With a slow and carefully arranged gradation man and child are made intrepid in everything.

At the beginning of life when memory and imagination are still inactive, the child is attentive only to what affects his senses at the moment. Since his sensations are the first materials of his knowledge, to present them to him in an appropriate order is to prepare his memory to provide them one day to his understanding in the same order. But inasmuch as he is attentive only to his sensations, it suffices at first to show him quite distinctly the connection of these same sensations with the objects which cause them. He wants to touch everything, handle everything. Do not oppose yourself to this restlessness. It is suggestive to him of a very necessary apprenticeship; it is thus that he learns to feel the hotness, the coldness, the hardness, the softness, the heaviness, the lightness, of bodies, and to judge their size, their shape, and all their sensible qualities by looking, feeling,* listening, particularly by comparing sight to touch, by estimating with the eye the sensation that they would make on his finger.

It is only by movement that we learn that there are things which are not us, and it is only by our own movement that we acquire the idea of extension. It is because the child does not have this idea that, without making any distinction, he reaches out his hand to grasp the object which touches him or the object which is at a hundred paces from him. This effort he makes appears to you a sign of the desire to dominate, an order he gives to the object to approach or to you to bring it to him; but that is not at all so. It is only that the same objects which he sees at first in his brain, then in his eyes, he now sees at the end of his arms and can imagine no extension other than that which he can reach. Take care then to walk him often, to transport him from one place to another, to make him feel change of place, in order to teach him to judge distances. When he begins to know them, then the method must be changed, and he must be carried as you please and not as he pleases; for as soon as he is no longer abused by sense, the cause of his effort changes. This change is remarkable and requires explanation.

The discomfort of the needs is expressed by signs when another's help is necessary to provide for them. This is the source of children's screams. They cry a lot; such ought to be the case. Since all their

* Smell is of all the senses the one that develops the latest in children. Up to the age of two or three years it does not appear that they are sensitive to either good or bad smells. They have in this respect the indifference or, rather, the insensibility that is observed in many animals.

sensations are affective, when they are pleasant, children enjoy them in silence. When they are painful, children say so in their language and ask for relief. Now so long as they are awake, they are almost unable to remain in an indifferent state. They sleep or are affected.

All our languages are works of art. Whether there was a language natural and common to all men has long been a subject of research. Doubtless there is such a language, and it is the one children speak before knowing how to speak. This language is not articulate, but it is accented, sonorous, intelligible. The habit of our languages has made us neglect that language to the point of forgetting it completely. Let us study children, and we shall soon relearn it with them. Nurses are our masters in this language. They understand everything their nurslings say; they respond to them; they have quite consistent dialogues with them; and, although they pronounce words, these words are perfectly useless; it is not the sense of the word that children understand but the accent which accompanies it.

To the language of the voice is joined that of gesture, no less energetic. This gesture is not in children's weak hands; it is on their visages. It is surprising how much expression these ill-formed faces already have. Their features change from one instant to the next with an inconceivable rapidity. You see a smile, desire, fright come into being and pass away like so many flashes of lightning. Each time you believe you are seeing a different visage. Their facial muscles are certainly more mobile than ours. On the other hand, their dull eyes say almost nothing. Such should be the character of the signs they give at an age when one has only bodily needs. The expression of the sensations is in grimaces; the expression of sentiments is in glances.

Since the first condition of man is want and weakness, his first voices are complaint and tears. The child feels his needs and cannot satisfy them. He implores another's help by screams. If he is hungry or thirsty, he cries; if he is too cold or too hot, he cries; if he needs to move and is kept at rest, he cries; if he wants to sleep and is stirred, he cries. The less his mode of being is in his control, the more frequently he asks for it to be changed. He has only one language because he has, so to speak, only one kind of discomfort. In the imperfection of his organs he does not distinguish their diverse impressions; all ills form for him only one sensation of pain.

From these tears that we might think so little worthy of attention is born man's first relation to all that surrounds him; here is formed the first link in that long chain of which the social order is formed.

When the child cries, he is uncomfortable; he has some need which he does not know how to satisfy. One examines, one seeks this need, one finds it, one provides for it. When one does not find it or when one cannot provide for it, the tears continue. One is bothered by them; one caresses the child to make him keep quiet, one rocks him, one sings to him to make him go to sleep. If he persists, one gets impatient, one threatens him; brutal nurses sometimes strike him. These are strange lessons for his entrance in life.

I shall never forget having seen one of these difficult cryers thus struck by his nurse. He immediately kept quiet. I believed he was in-

timidated. I said to myself, "This will be a servile soul from which one will get nothing except by severity." I was mistaken. The unfortunate was suffocating with anger; he had lost his breath; I saw him become violet. A moment after came sharp screams; all the signs of the resentment, fury, and despair of this age were in his accents. I feared he would expire in this agitation. If I had doubted that the sentiment of the just and the unjust were innate in the heart of man, this example alone would have convinced me. I am sure that a live ember fallen by chance on this child's hand would have made less of an impression than this blow, rather light but given in the manifest intention of offending him.

This disposition of children to fury, spite, and anger requires extreme attentiveness. Boerhaave[27] thinks that their illnesses belong for the most part to the convulsive class; since their heads are proportionally larger and their nerves more extended than in adults, the nervous system is more susceptible to irritation. Keep away from them with the greatest care domestics who provoke, irritate, or annoy them; they are a hundred times more dangerous, more deadly for children than the injuries of the air and the seasons. As long as children find resistance only in things and never in wills, they will become neither rebellious nor irascible and will preserve their health better. Here is one of the reasons why the children of the people, freer, more independent, are generally less infirm, less delicate, more robust than those who are allegedly better brought up by being endlessly thwarted. But it must always be borne in mind that there is quite a difference between obeying children and not thwarting them.

The first tears of children are prayers. If one is not careful, they soon become orders. Children begin by getting themselves assisted; they end by getting themselves served. Thus, from their own weakness, which is in the first place the source of the feeling of their dependence, is subsequently born the idea of empire and domination. But since this idea is excited less by their needs than by our services, at this point moral effects whose immediate cause is not in nature begin to make their appearance; and one sees already why it is important from the earliest age to disentangle the secret intention which dictates the gesture or the scream.

When the child stretches out his hand without saying anything, he believes he will reach the object because he does not estimate the distance. He is mistaken. But when he complains and screams in reaching out his hand, he is no longer deceived as to the distance; he is ordering the object to approach or you to bring it to him. In the first case carry him to the object slowly and with small steps. In the second act as though you do not even hear him. The more he screams, the less you should listen to him. It is important to accustom him early not to give orders either to men, for he is not their master, or to things, for they do not hear him. Thus, when a child desires something that he sees and one wants to give it to him, it is better to carry the child to the object than to bring the object to the child. He draws from this practice a conclusion appropriate to his age, and there is no other means to suggest it to him.

The Abbé de Saint-Pierre [28] called men big children. One could, reciprocally, call children little men. These propositions have their truth as sententious phrases; as principles they need clarification. But when Hobbes called the wicked man a robust child,[29] he said something absolutely contradictory. All wickedness comes from weakness. The child is wicked only because he is weak. Make him strong; he will be good. He who could do everything would never do harm. Of all the attributes of the all-powerful divinity, goodness is the one without which one can least conceive it. All peoples who have recognized two principles have always regarded the bad as inferior to the good; if they had done otherwise, they would have been supposing something absurd. See hereafter the Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar.[30]

Reason alone teaches us to know good and bad. Conscience, which makes us love the former and hate the latter, although independent of reason, cannot therefore be developed without it. Before the age of reason we do good and bad without knowing it, and there is no morality in our actions, although there sometimes is in the sentiment of other's actions which have a relation to us. A child wants to upset everything he sees; he smashes, breaks everything he can reach. He grabs a bird as he would grab a stone, and he strangles it without knowing what he does.

Why is that? In the first place, philosophy will explain it as being a result of natural vices: pride, the spirit of domination, *amour-propre*, the wickedness of man; and the feeling of his weakness, philosophy could add, makes the child avid to perform acts of strength and to prove his own power to himself. But see this old man, infirm and broken, led back by the circle of human life to the weakness of childhood. Not only does he remain immobile and peaceful, he also wants everything around him to remain that way. The least change troubles and disturbs him. He would want to see a universal calm reign. How would the same impotence joined to the same passions produce such different effects in the two ages if their primary cause were not changed? And where can one look for this diversity of causes if not in the respective physical condition of the two individuals? The active principle common to both is developing in the one and being extinguished in the other; the one is being formed, the other destroyed; the one is tending toward life, the other toward death. The failing activity is concentrated in the old man's heart; in that of the child it is superabundant and extends outward; he senses within himself, so to speak, enough life to animate everything surrounding him. That he do or undo is a matter of no importance; it suffices that he change the condition of things, and every change is an action. If he seems to have more of an inclination to destroy, it is not from wickedness but because the action which gives shape is always slow and the action which destroys, being more rapid, fits his vivacity better.

At the same time that the Author of nature gives children this active principle, by allowing them little strength to indulge it, He takes care that it do little harm. But as soon as they can consider the people who surround them as instruments depending on them to be set in motion, they make use of those people to follow their inclination and to supple-

ment their own weakness. That is how they become difficult, tyrannical, imperious, wicked, unmanageable—a development which does not come from a natural spirit of domination but which rather gives one to them, for it does not require long experience to sense how pleasant it is to act with the hands of others and to need only to stir one's tongue to make the universe move.

In growing, one gains strength, becomes less restless, less fidgety, withdraws more into oneself. Soul and body find, so to speak, an equilibrium, and nature asks no more of us than the movement necessary to our preservation. But the desire to command is not extinguished with the need that gave birth to it. Dominion awakens and flatters *amour-propre*, and habit strengthens it. Thus, whim[31] succeeds need; thus, prejudices and opinion take their first roots.

Once we know the principle, we see clearly the point where one leaves the path of nature. Let us see what must be done to stay on it.

Far from having superfluous strength, children do not even have enough for everything nature asks of them. One must, therefore, let them have the use of all the strength nature gives them—a strength they could not know how to abuse. First maxim.

One must aid them and supplement what is lacking to them, whether in intelligence or strength, in all that is connected with physical need. Second maxim.

One must, in the help one gives them, limit oneself solely to the really useful, without granting anything to whim or to desire without reason; for whim, inasmuch as it does not come from nature, will not torment them if it has not been induced in them. Third maxim.

One must study their language and their signs with care in order that, at an age at which they do not know how to dissimulate, one can distinguish in their desires what comes immediately from nature and what comes from opinion. Fourth maxim.

The spirit of these rules is to accord children more true freedom and less dominion, to let them do more by themselves and to exact less from others. Thus, accustomed early to limiting their desires to their strength, they will feel little the privation of what is not going to be in their power.

So we have another very important reason for leaving children's bodies and limbs absolutely free, with the sole precaution of keeping them away from the danger of falls and putting all that can wound them out of their reach.

Unfailingly, a child whose body and arms are free will cry less than a child bound in swaddling. The one who knows only the physical needs cries only when he suffers. And that is a very great advantage, for then one knows exactly when he needs help and should not delay a moment to give it to him if it is possible. But if you cannot relieve him, keep quiet without humoring him in order to pacify him. Your caresses will not cure his colic; however, he will remember what must be done to be humored, and if he once knows how to make you take care of him at his will, he has become your master. All is lost.

Less hindered in their movements, children will cry less; less importuned by their tears, one will torment oneself less to make them

keep quiet; threatened or humored less often, they will be less fearful or less stubborn and will stay better in their natural state. It is less in letting children cry than in rushing to pacify them that they get hernias, and my proof is that the most neglected children are a great deal less subject to hernias than are others. I am very far from wanting them to be neglected on that account. On the contrary, it is important to be beforehand with them and not let oneself be informed of their needs by their cries. But no more do I want that the care given them be misunderstood. Why would they stint tears once they see that their tears are good for so many things? Schooled in the value put on their silence, they are quite careful not to be prodigal with it. They finally put such a price on it that it can no longer be paid, and it is then that, by dint of crying unsuccessfully, they exert themselves, get exhausted, and die.

The lengthy tears of a child who is neither bound nor sick, who is allowed to want for nothing, are only tears of habit and obstinacy. They are the work not of nature but of the nurse who, not knowing how to endure the importunity, multiplies it without dreaming that in making the child keep quiet today one is encouraging him to cry more tomorrow.

The only means to cure or prevent this habit is not to pay any attention to it. No one likes to make a useless effort, not even children. They are obstinate in their attempts; but if you are more constant than they are stubborn, they get weary and never return to crying again. It is thus that they are spared tears and are accustomed to shed them only when pain forces them to do so.

Besides, when they cry from whim or obstinacy, a sure means of preventing them from continuing is to distract them by some pleasant and striking object which makes them forget that they wanted to cry. Most nurses excel in this art; and, well controlled, it is very useful. But it is of the most extreme importance that the child not perceive the intention to distract him, and that he enjoy himself without believing that one is thinking of him. Now this is where all nurses are maladroit.[32]

All children are weaned too soon. The time when they should be weaned is indicated by teething, and teething is commonly difficult and painful. With a machine-like instinct the child then regularly brings to his mouth whatever he has in his hand in order to chew on it. It is thought that one facilitates the operation by giving him some hard bodies, such as ivory or a bolt, as a teething ring. I believe this is a mistake. These hard bodies applied to the gums, far from softening them, make them callous, harden them, and prepare a more difficult and more painful cutting. Let us always take instinct as our example. Puppies are seen to exercise their growing teeth not on pebbles, iron, bones, but on wood, leather, rags, soft matter which give and in which the tooth leaves an imprint.

One no longer knows how to be simple in anything, not even with children: rattles of silver and gold, and coral, cut crystal glasses, teething rings of every price and kind. What useless and pernicious affectations! Nothing of all that. No rattles, no teething rings; little

branches of trees with their fruit and their leaves, a poppy flower in which one can hear the seeds striking one another, a licorice stick that he can suck and chew, will give him as much enjoyment as these magnificent gewgaws and will not have the disadvantage of accustoming him to luxury from his birth.

It has been recognized that pap is not very healthy food. Cooked milk and raw meal produce a lot of indigestible matter and ill suit our stomachs. In pap the meal is cooked less than in bread, and what is more it has not fermented. Bread soup and cream of rice appear preferable to me. If one absolutely wants to make pap, it is proper to roast the meal a bit beforehand. In my country they make a quite agreeable and healthy porridge from meal thus toasted. Meat broth and soup are also mediocre nutriments which ought to be used only as little as possible. It is important for children to get accustomed to chew in the first place. This is the true means of facilitating teething, and when they begin to swallow, the salivary juices mixed with the food facilitate its digestion.

I would, then, first make them chew on dry fruits and on crusts. I would give them little sticks of hard bread or crackers similar to the bread in Piedmont, which they call there *grisse,* to play with. By dint of softening this bread in their mouths, they would finally swallow a bit of it, their teeth would be cut, and they would be weaned almost before one noticed it. Peasants ordinarily have quite good stomachs, and they are weaned with no more ado than that.

Children hear speech from their birth. They are spoken to not only before they understand what is said to them, but before they can reproduce the voices they hear. Their still dull organs lend themselves only little by little to imitation of the sounds dictated to them, and it is not even sure that these sounds at first carry to their ear as distinctly as to ours. I do not disapprove of the nurse's entertaining the child with songs and very gay and varied accents. But I do disapprove of her making him constantly giddy with a multitude of useless words of which he understands nothing other than the tone she gives them. I would want the first articulations which he is made to hear to be rare, easy, distinct, often repeated, and that the words they express relate only to objects of the senses which can in the first place be shown to the child. The unfortunate facility we have for dazzling people with words we do not understand begins earlier than is thought. The schoolboy listens in class to the verbiage of his teacher as he listened in swaddling clothes to the prattle of his nurse. It seems to me that if he were raised to understand none of it, this instruction would be most useful.

When one wants to take up the question of the formation of language and of children's first speech, reflections crowd upon one. Whatever one does, children will always learn to talk in the same way, and all the philosophic speculations are of the greatest uselessness here.

In the first place, they have, so to speak, a grammar of their age, whose syntax has rules more general than ours; and if careful attention were paid, one would be surprised by the exactness with which they follow certain analogies, very faulty ones, if you please, but very regular and shocking only by their harshness or because usage does

not admit them. I just heard a poor child well scolded by his father for having said to him: "Mon pere, irai-je-t-y?" Now, one sees that this child followed the analogy better than do our grammarians. For since one said "Vas-y" to him, why should he not say "Irai-je-t-y?" Note, moreover, with what address he avoided the hiatus of "Irai-je-y?" or "Y irai-je?" Is it the poor child's fault if we have inopportunely removed the determining adverb *y* from the sentence because we did not know what to do with it? It is insupportable pedantry and a most superfluous care to concentrate on correcting children for all these little mistakes in usage which they never with time fail to correct by themselves. Always speak correctly before them, arrange that they enjoy themselves with no one as much as with you, and be sure that imperceptibly their language will be purified on the model of yours without your ever having chided them.

But an abuse of an entirely different importance and one no less easy to prevent is when one is in too much of a hurry to make them talk, as if one were afraid that they will not learn to talk by themselves. This indiscriminate fussing produces an effect directly contrary to the one sought. As a result, they talk later, more confusedly; the extreme attention given to everything they say spares them having to articulate well; and since they hardly deign to open their mouths, many of them preserve as a consequence for their whole lives faulty pronunciation and indistinct speech which makes them almost unintelligible.

I have lived a great deal among peasants and have never heard one—either man or woman, girl or boy—with a burr.[33] How does that come to pass? Are the organs of peasants differently constructed from ours? No, but they are differently exercised. Facing my window is a hillock on which the local children gather to play. Although they are rather distant from me, I distinguish perfectly all they say, and I often draw from it good material for this writing. Every day my ear misleads me as to their ages. I hear the voices of ten-year-olds; I look, I see the stature and the features of three- or four-year-olds. I do not limit this experiment to myself alone. City folk who come to see me and whom I consult about it all fall into the same error.

What produces it is that, up to five or six, city children, raised indoors and under the wing of a governess, need only to mutter to make themselves understood. As soon as they stir their lips, effort is made to hear them. Words are dictated to them which they repeat poorly; and since the same people are constantly with them, these people, by dint of paying attention to them, guess what they want to say rather than what they say.

In the country it is an entirely different thing. A peasant woman is not constantly with her child; he is forced to learn to say very clearly and loudly what he needs to make her understand. In the fields the children, scattered, removed from the father, from the mother, and from the other children, get practice in making themselves understood at a distance and in measuring the strength of their voices according to the space which separates them from those by whom they want to be understood. That is how one truly learns to pronounce, and not by stuttering some vowels in the ear of an attentive governess. Thus,

when a peasant's child is questioned, shame can prevent him from answering, but what he says he says clearly; while the maid must serve as an interpreter for the city child, without which one understands nothing of what he mutters between his teeth.*

As they grow up boys should correct themselves of this defect in the colleges, and girls in the convents. In fact, both do speak in general more distinctly than those who have always been raised in the paternal household. But what prevents them from ever acquiring a pronunciation as clear as that of peasants is the necessity of learning many things by heart and of reciting aloud what they have learned: their study habituates them to mumbling, to pronouncing negligently and badly; the effect of the recitations is even worse; they look for their words with effort; they drag out and elongate their syllables. It is impossible when memory falters that the tongue should not stammer as well. Thus are contracted or preserved the vices of pronunciation. It will be seen hereafter that my Emile will not have these, or at least that he will not have contracted them from the same causes.

I agree that the people and the villagers fall into another extreme: that they almost always talk louder than they should; that, in pronouncing too exactly, they articulate harshly and coarsely; that they overemphasize; that they choose their terms poorly; etc.

But to begin with, this extreme appears much less defective to me than the other: granted that the first law of speech is to make oneself understood, the greatest mistake one can make is to speak without being understood. To pride oneself on not accentuating is to pride oneself on depriving sentences of their grace and their energy. Accentuation is the soul of speech. It gives speech sentiment and truth. Accentuation lies less than the word does. This is perhaps why well-brought-up people fear it so much. From the practice of saying everything in the same tone came the practice of mocking people without their being aware of it. The proscribed accentuation is succeeded by ways of pronunciation which are ridiculous, affected, and subject to fashion, such as one notices particularly in the young people of the court. This affectation of speech and bearing is what generally makes the aspect of the Frenchman repulsive and disagreeable to other nations. Instead of accentuating his speech, his affected language insinuates his meaning. This is no way to predispose others in his favor.

All the little defects of language that one is so afraid of letting children contract are nothing. They can be prevented or corrected with the greatest ease. But those that one causes children to contract by making their speech dull, obscure, and timid, by incessantly criticizing their tone, by picking all their words to pieces, are never corrected. A man who learns to speak only in his bedroom will fail to make himself understood at the head of a battalion and will hardly impress the

* This is not without exception; often the children who at first make themselves understood least, later become the most deafening when they have begun to raise their voices. But if I had to enter into all these minutiae, I would not finish. Every sensible reader should see that the excess and the defect derived from the same abuse are equally corrected by my method. I regard these two maxims as inseparable: "Always enough," and "Never too much." When the first is well established, the other follows necessarily.

people in a riot. First teach children to speak to men; they will know how to speak to women when they have to.

Nursed in the country amidst all the pastoral rusticity, your children will get more sonorous voices, they will not contract the obscure stuttering of city children. Nor will they contract there either the expressions or the tone of the village; or at least they will easily lose them when the master, living with them from their birth, and doing so more exclusively every day, will, by the correctness of his language, obviate or efface the impression of the peasants' language. Emile will speak a French just as pure as I can know it, but he will speak it more distinctly and will articulate it much better than I do.

The child who wants to speak should hear only words he can understand and say only those he can articulate. The efforts he makes to do so cause him to reiterate the same syllable as if to give himself practice in pronouncing it more distinctly. When he begins to stammer, do not torment yourself so much to guess what he is saying. To claim that one must always be heard is yet another kind of domination, and the child should exercise none. Let it suffice you that you provide most attentively for what is necessary. It is up to him to endeavor to make you understand what is not. Still less must one be in a hurry to insist that he talk. He will know how to talk well on his own to the extent that he comes to sense the utility of it.

One observes, it is true, that those who begin to talk very late never speak so distinctly as the others. But it is not because they talked late that their speech remains impeded; it is, on the contrary, because they are born with a speech impediment that they begin to talk late, for without that why would they talk later than the others? Have they less occasion to talk, and are they less encouraged to do so? On the contrary, the anxiety caused by this lateness, as soon as one becomes aware of it, makes one torment oneself to make these children blurt out something much more than one did with those who articulated earlier. And this ill-advised fuss can contribute a great deal to making obscure their speech, which, with less hurry, they would have had time to perfect more.

Children whom one hurries to talk have time neither to learn to pronounce well nor to conceive well what they are made to say; while, when they are allowed to proceed on their own, they practice first the easiest syllables to pronounce; and giving these syllables little by little a meaning which can be understood from their gestures, they give you their words before receiving yours. That done, they receive yours only after having understood them; not being pressed to make use of them, they begin by observing well what sense you give to them; and when they have made sure of it, they adopt them.

The greatest harm from the hurry one is in to make children talk before the proper age is not that the first speeches one makes to them and the first words they say have no meaning for them, but that they have another meaning than ours without our being able to perceive it; so that, appearing to answer us quite exactly, they speak to us without understanding us and without our understanding them. It is ordinarily due to such equivocations that we are sometimes surprised by their

remarks, to which we lend ideas that they did not attach to them. This lack of attention on our part to the true meaning which words have for children appears to me to be the cause of their first errors; and these errors, even after they are cured of them, have an influence on their turn of mind for the rest of their lives. I shall have more than one occasion to clarify this by examples in what follows.

Restrict, therefore, the child's vocabulary as much as possible. It is a very great disadvantage for him to have more words than ideas, for him to know how to say more things than he can think. I believe one of the reasons why peasants generally have clearer minds than city people is that their lexicon is less extensive. They have few ideas, but they are very good at the comparison of ideas.

The first developments of childhood occur almost all at once. The child learns to talk, to feed himself, to walk, at about the same time. This is, strictly speaking, the first period of his life. Before it he is nothing more than he was in his mother's womb. He has no sentiment, no idea; hardly does he have sensations. He does not even sense his own existence.

*Vivit, et est vitae nescius ipse suae.** [34]

End of the First Book

* Ovid *Tristia* I. 3.

BOOK II

THIS is the second period of life, and now infancy, strictly speaking, has ended. For the words *infans* and *puer* are not synonymous. The former is contained in the latter and signifies "one who cannot speak"; this is why *puerum infantem* is found in Valerius Maximus.[1] But I shall continue to use this word according to the usage of our language until I reach an age for which it has another name.

When children begin to speak, they cry less. This is a natural progress. One language is substituted for the other. As soon as they can say with words that they are in pain, why would they say it with cries, except when the pain is too intense for speech to express it? If they continue to cry then, it is the fault of the people around them. As soon as Emile has once said, "It hurts," very intense pains indeed will be needed to force him to cry.

If the child is delicate, sensitive, if naturally he starts crying for nothing, by making his cries useless and ineffective, I will soon dry up their source. So long as he cries, I do not go to him. I run as soon as he has stopped. Soon his way of calling me will be to keep quiet or, at the most, to let out a single cry. It is by the effect they sense their cries make that children judge their own senses. There is no other convention for them. Whatever injury a child may do to himself, it is very rare that he cries when he is alone, unless he hopes to be heard.

If he falls, if he bumps his head, if his nose bleeds, if he cuts his fingers, instead of fussing around him as though I were alarmed, I will remain calm, at least for a short time. The harm is done; it is a necessity that he endure it; all my fussing would only serve to frighten him more and increase his sensitivity. At bottom, it is less the blow than the fear which torments when one has been hurt. I will at least spare him this latter anxiety, for quite certainly he will judge of his injury as he sees me judge of it. If he sees me run in agitation to console and pity him, he will consider himself lost. If he sees me keep my composure, he will soon regain his and will believe the injury cured when he no longer feels it. It is at this age that one gets the first lessons

in courage, and that, bearing slight pains without terror, one gradually learns to bear great pains.

Far from being attentive to protecting Emile from injury, I would be most distressed if he were never hurt and grew up without knowing pain. To suffer is the first thing he ought to learn and the thing he will most need to know. It seems that children are little and weak only in order that they may get these important lessons without danger. If the child falls down, he will not break his leg; if he hits himself with a stick, he will not break his arm; if he grabs a knife, he will hardly tighten his grip and will not cut himself very deeply. I do not know of a child at liberty who was ever seen to kill, cripple, or do himself any considerable harm, unless he was carelessly exposed on high places or alone near fire, or dangerous instruments were left in his reach. What is to be said about these arsenals of machines set up around a child to arm him at all points against pain, so that when he is grown, he is at its mercy without courage and without experience, believes he is dead at the first prick, and faints on seeing the first drop of his blood?

Our didactic and pedantic craze is always to teach children what they would learn much better by themselves and to forget what we alone could teach them. Is there anything more foolish than the effort made to teach them to walk, as if anyone were ever seen who, due to his nurse's negligence, did not when grown know how to walk? How many people, on the contrary, does one see walk badly for their whole lives because they were badly taught how to walk?

Emile will not have padded bonnets, strollers, buggies, or leading strings; or, at least, as soon as he begins to know how to put one foot before the other, he will be supported only in paved places, and we shall hastily pass them by.* Instead of letting him stagnate in the stale air of a room, let him be taken daily to the middle of a field. There let him run and frisk about; let him fall a hundred times a day. So much the better. That way he will learn how to get up sooner. The well-being of freedom makes up for many wounds. My pupil will often have bruises. But, in compensation, he will always be gay. If your pupils have fewer bruises, they are always hindered, always enchained, always sad. I doubt whether the advantage is theirs.

Another progress makes complaint less necessary to children; this is the progress of their strength. Able to do more by themselves, they need to have recourse to others less frequently. With their strength develops the knowledge which puts them in a condition to direct it. It is at this second stage that, strictly speaking, the life of the individual begins. It is then that he gains consciousness of himself. Memory extends the sentiment of identity to all the moments of his existence; he becomes truly one, the same, and consequently already capable of happiness or unhappiness. It is important, therefore, to begin to consider him here as a moral being.

Although the furthest limit of human life can be pretty nearly de-

* There is nothing more ridiculous and more lacking in assurance than the step of people who were led too much by leading strings when they were little. This is another of those observations that are trivial by dint of being accurate and that are accurate in more than one sense.

termined, as well as one's probabilities at each age of approaching that limit, nothing is more uncertain than the duration of each man's life in particular. Very few attain this furthest limit. Life's greatest risks are in its beginnings; the less one has lived, the less one ought to hope to live. Of the children born, half, at the most, reach adolescence; and it is probable that your pupil will not reach the age of manhood.[2]

What, then, must be thought of that barbarous education which sacrifices the present to an uncertain future, which burdens a child with chains of every sort and begins by making him miserable in order to prepare him from afar for I know not what pretended happiness which it is to be believed he will never enjoy? Even if I were to suppose this education reasonable in its object, how can one without indignation see poor unfortunates submitted to an unbearable yoke and condemned to continual labor like galley slaves, without any assurance that so many efforts will ever be useful to them? The age of gaiety passes amidst tears, punishments, threats, and slavery. The unlucky fellow is tormented for his own good; and the death that is being summoned is unseen, the death which is going to seize him in the midst of this gloomy setup. Who knows how many children perish victims of a father's or a master's extravagant wisdom? Happy to escape his cruelty, the only advantage they get from the ills he has made them suffer is to die without regretting life, of which they knew only the torments.

Men, be humane. This is your first duty. Be humane with every station, every age, everything which is not alien to man. What wisdom is there for you save humanity? Love childhood; promote its games, its pleasures, its amiable instinct. Who among you has not sometimes regretted that age when a laugh is always on the lips and the soul is always at peace? Why do you want to deprive these little innocents of the enjoyment of a time so short which escapes them and of a good so precious which they do not know how to abuse? Why do you want to fill with bitterness and pains these first years which go by so rapidly and can return no more for them than they can for you? Fathers, do you know the moment when death awaits your children? Do not prepare regrets for yourself in depriving them of the few instants nature gives them. As soon as they can sense the pleasure of being, arrange it so that they can enjoy it, arrange it so that at whatever hour God summons them they do not die without having tasted life.

How many voices are going to be raised against me! I hear from afar the clamors of that false wisdom which incessantly projects us outside of ourselves, which always counts the present for nothing, and which, pursuing without respite a future that retreats in proportion as we advance, by dint of transporting us where we are not, transports us where we shall never be.

This is, you answer me, the time to correct man's bad inclinations; it is during the age of childhood, when we are least sensitive to pains, that they must be multiplied so as to spare them in the age of reason. But who tells you that this whole arrangement is at your disposition, and that all this fair instruction with which you overwhelm

the child's feeble mind will not one day be more pernicious to him than useful? Who assures you that you are sparing him something by the sorrows you lavish on him? Why do you give him more ills than his condition entails without being sure that these present ills are for the relief of the future? And how will you prove to me that these bad inclinations, of which you claim you are curing him, do not come to him from your ill-considered care far more than from nature? Unhappy foresight which makes a being unhappy now in the hope, well or ill founded, of making him happy one day! In case these vulgar reasoners confuse license with liberty and the child one makes happy with the child one spoils, let us teach them to distinguish the two.

In order not to pursue chimeras let us not forget what is appropriate to our situation. Humanity has its place in the order of things; childhood has its in the order of human life. The man must be considered in the man, and the child in the child. To assign each his place and settle him in it, to order the human passions according to man's constitution is all that we can do for his well-being. The rest depends on alien causes which are in no way in our power.

We do not know what absolute happiness or unhappiness is. Everything is mixed in this life; in it one tastes no pure sentiment; in it one does not stay two moments in the same state. The affections of our souls, as well as the states of our bodies, are in a continual flux. The good and the bad are common to us all, but in different measures. The happiest is he who suffers the least pain; the unhappiest is he who feels the least pleasure. Always more suffering than enjoyment; this relation between the two is common to all men. Man's felicity on earth is, hence, only a negative condition; the smallest number of ills he can suffer ought to constitute its measure.

Every feeling of pain is inseparable from the desire to be delivered from it; every idea of pleasure is inseparable from the desire to enjoy it; every desire supposes privation, and all sensed privations are painful. Our unhappiness consists, therefore, in the disproportion between our desires and our faculties. A being endowed with senses whose faculties equaled his desires would be an absolutely happy being.

In what, then, consists human wisdom or the road of true happiness? It is not precisely in diminishing our desires, for if they were beneath our power, a part of our faculties would remain idle, and we would not enjoy our whole being. Neither is it in extending our faculties, for if, proportionate to them, our desires were more extended, we would as a result only become unhappier. But it is in diminishing the excess of the desires over the faculties and putting power and will in perfect equality. It is only then that, with all the powers in action, the soul will nevertheless remain peaceful and that man will be well ordered.

It is thus that nature, which does everything for the best, constituted him in the beginning. It gives him with immediacy only the desires necessary to his preservation and the faculties sufficient to satisfy them. It put all the others, as it were, in reserve in the depth of his soul, to be developed there when needed. Only in this original state are power and desire in equilibrium and man is not unhappy. As soon as his potential faculties are put in action, imagination, the most active of all, is

awakened and outstrips them. It is imagination which extends for us the measure of the possible, whether for good or bad, and which consequently excites and nourishes the desires by the hope of satisfying them. But the object which at first appeared to be at hand flees more quickly than it can be pursued. When one believes that one has reached it, it transforms and reveals itself in the distance ahead of us. No longer seeing the country we have already crossed, we count it for nothing; what remains to cross ceaselessly grows and extends. Thus one exhausts oneself without getting to the end, and the more one gains on enjoyment, the further happiness gets from us.

On the contrary, the closer to his natural condition man has stayed, the smaller is the difference between his faculties and his desires, and consequently the less removed he is from being happy. He is never less unhappy than when he appears entirely destitute, for unhappiness consists not in the privation of things but in the need that is felt for them.

The real world has its limits; the imaginary world is infinite. Unable to enlarge the one, let us restrict the other, for it is from the difference between the two alone that are born all the pains which make us truly unhappy. Take away strength, health, and good witness of oneself, all the goods of this life are in opinion; take away the pains of the body and the remorse of conscience, all our ills are imaginary. This principle is common, it will be said. I agree. But its practical application is not common, and we are dealing solely with practice here.

When it is said that man is weak, what is meant? This word *weak* indicates a relation, a relation obtaining within the being to which one applies it. He whose strength surpasses his needs, be he an insect or a worm, is a strong being. He whose needs surpass his strength, be he an elephant or a lion, be he a conqueror or a hero, be he a god, is a weak being. The rebellious angel who misapprehended his nature was weaker than the happy mortal who lives in peace according to his nature. Man is very strong when he is contented with being what he is; he is very weak when he wants to raise himself above humanity. Therefore, do not fancy that in extending your faculties you extend your strength. On the contrary, you diminish your strength if your pride is extended farther than it. Let us measure the radius of our sphere and stay in the center like the insect in the middle of his web; we shall always be sufficient unto ourselves; and we shall not have to complain of our weakness, for we shall never feel it.

All the animals have exactly the faculties necessary to preserve themselves. Man alone has superfluous faculties. Is it not very strange that this superfluity should be the instrument of his unhappiness? In every country the arms of a man are worth more than his subsistence. If he were wise enough to count this superfluity for nothing, he would always have what is necessary because he would never have anything too much. The great needs, said Favorinus,* are born of great possessions; and often the best way to provide oneself with the things one lacks is to give up those that one has. It is by dint of agitating ourselves to increase our happiness that we convert it into unhappiness. Any man

* Noct. attic. B. IX. c.8.[8]

who only wanted to live would live happily. Consequently he would live as a good man, for what advantage would there be for him in being wicked?

If we were immortal, we would be most unhappy beings. It is hard to die doubtless; but it is sweet to hope that one will not live forever, and that a better life will end the pains of this one. If we were to be offered immortality on the earth, who would want to accept this dreary present? [4] What resource, what hope, what consolation would remain to us against the rigors of fate and the injustices of men? The ignorant man, who foresees nothing, little senses the value of life and little fears the loss of it; the enlightened man sees goods of a greater value which he prefers to this good. It is only half knowledge and false wisdom which, prolonging our views up to the point of death and not beyond, make it the worst of evils for us. The necessity of dying is for the wise man only a reason for bearing the pains of life. If one were not certain of losing life sometime, it would cost too much to preserve.

Our moral ills are all matters of opinion, except for a single one—crime; and this ill depends on us. Our physical ills are themselves destroyed or destroy us. Time or death is our remedy. But we suffer more the less we know how to suffer; and we give ourselves more torment in curing our maladies than we would have in enduring them. Live according to nature, be patient, and drive away the doctors. You will not avoid death, but you will feel it only once, while they bring it every day into your troubled imagination; and their lying art, instead of prolonging your days, deprives you of the enjoyment of them. I shall always ask what true good this art has done for men. Some of those it cures would die, it is true, but the millions it kills would remain alive. Man of sense, do not wager in this lottery where too many chances are against you. Suffer, die, or get well; but, above all, live until your last hour.

Everything is only folly and contradiction in human institutions. We worry about our life more in proportion to its losing its value. Old men regret it more than young people; they do not want to lose the preparations they have made for enjoying it. At the age of sixty it is most cruel to die before having begun to live. It is believed that man has an intense love for his own preservation, and that is true. But it is not seen that this love, in the way in which we feel it, is in large part the work of men. Naturally man worries about his preservation only insofar as the means to it are in his power. As soon as these means escape him, he becomes calm and dies without tormenting himself uselessly. The first law of resignation comes to us from nature. Savages as well as beasts struggle very little against death and endure it almost without complaint. When this law is destroyed, another one which comes from reason takes shape; but few know how to derive it, and this artificial resignation is never so full and complete as the primary one.

Foresight! Foresight, which takes us ceaselessly beyond ourselves and often places us where we shall never arrive. This is the true source of all our miseries. What madness for a fleeting being like man always to look far into a future which comes so rarely and to neglect the present of which he is sure. It is a madness all the more destructive since

it increases continuously with age; and old men, always distrustful, full of foresight, and miserly, prefer to deny themselves what is necessary today so as not to lack it a hundred years from now. Thus, we are attached to everything, we cling to everything—times, places, men, things; everything which is, everything which will be, is important to each of us. Our individual persons are now only the least part of ourselves. Each one extends himself, so to speak, over the whole earth and becomes sensitive over this entire large surface. Is it surprising that our ills are multiplied by all the points where we can be wounded? How many princes grieve over the loss of a country they have never seen? How many merchants are there whom it suffices to touch in India in order to make them scream in Paris?

Is it nature which thus carries men so far from themselves? Is it nature which wants each to learn of his destiny from others and sometimes to be the last to learn it? Thus, a man dies happy or miserable without ever knowing it. I see a man, fresh, gay, vigorous, healthy, his presence inspires joy, his eyes proclaim contentment, well-being; he brings with him the image of happiness. A letter comes in the post; the happy man looks at it; it is addressed to him; he opens it, reads it. Instantly his aspect changes. He becomes pale and faints. Coming to, he weeps, writhes, moans, tears his hair, makes the air resound with his cries, seems to have a frightful fit of convulsions. Senseless man, what ill has this piece of paper done to you then? Of what limb has it deprived you? What crime has it made you commit? Altogether, what has it changed in you yourself to put you in the state in which I see you? [5]

If the letter had gone astray, if a charitable hand had thrown it into the fire, the fate of this mortal, happy and unhappy at once, would have been, it seems to me, a strange problem. His unhappiness, you will say, was real. Very well, but he did not feel it; where was it then? His happiness was imaginary. I understand. Health, gaiety, well-being, contentment of mind are no longer anything but visions. We no longer exist where we are; we only exist where we are not. Is it worth the effort to have so great a fear of death if what we live off of remains?

O man, draw your existence up within yourself, and you will no longer be miserable. Remain in the place which nature assigns to you in the chain of being. Nothing will be able to make you leave it. Do not rebel against the hard law of necessity; and do not exhaust your strength by your will to resist that law—strength which heaven gave you not for extending or prolonging your existence but only for preserving it as heaven pleases and for as long as heaven pleases. Your freedom and your power extend only as far as your natural strength, and not beyond. All the rest is only slavery, illusion, and deception. Even domination is servile when it is connected with opinion, for you depend on the prejudices of those you govern by prejudices. To lead them as you please, you must conduct yourself as they please. They have only to change their way of thinking, and you must perforce change your way of acting. Those who come near you have only to know how to govern the opinions of the people whom you believe you govern, or of the favorites who govern you, or those of your family, or your own. These

viziers, courtiers, priests, soldiers, valets, babblers, and even babies—were you a Themistocles in genius *—are going to lead you like a baby yourself in the very midst of your legions. You can do what you like: never will your real authority go farther than your real faculties. As soon as one must see with the eyes of others, one must will with their wills. "My peoples are my subjects," you say proudly. So be it. But you, what are you? The subject of your ministers; and your ministers, in turn, what are they? The subjects of their clerks, their mistresses, the valets of their valets. Take everything, usurp everything; and then pour out handfuls of money, set up batteries of cannon, erect gallows and wheels, give laws and edicts, multiply spies, soldiers, hangmen, prisons, chains. Poor little men, what does all that do for you? You will be neither better served, nor less robbed, nor less deceived, nor more absolute. You will always say, "We want," and you will always do what others want.

The only one who does his own will is he who, in order to do it, has no need to put another's arms at the end of his own; from which it follows that the first of all goods is not authority but freedom. The truly free man wants only what he can do and does what he pleases. That is my fundamental maxim. It need only be applied to childhood for all the rules of education to flow from it.

Society has made man weaker not only in taking from him the right he had over his own strength but, above all, in making his strength insufficient for him. That is why his desires are multiplied along with his weakness, and that is what constitutes the weakness of childhood compared to manhood. If the man is a strong being and the child is a weak being, this is not because the former has more strength absolutely than the latter, but it is because the former can naturally be sufficient unto himself and the latter cannot. The man should, hence, have more will and the child more whim, a word by which I mean all desires which are not true needs and which can only be satisfied with another's help.[7]

I have given the reason for this state of weakness. Nature provides for it by the attachment of fathers and mothers; but this attachment can have its excess, its defect, its abuses. Parents who live in the civil state transport their child into it before the proper age. In giving him more needs than he has, they do not relieve his weakness; they increase it. They increase it still more by exacting from him what nature did not exact. They do so by subjecting to their will the bit of strength which he has for serving his own, by changing into slavery on one side or the other the reciprocal dependence in which his weakness keeps him and their attachment keeps them.

The wise man knows how to stay in his place; but the child, who does not know his place, would not be able to keep to it. Among us he is given a thousand exits by which to leave it. It is for those who

* "This little boy that you see there," said Themistocles to his friends, "is the master of Greece, for he governs his mother, his mother governs me, I govern the Athenians, and the Athenians govern Greece." [8] O what little leaders would often be found in the greatest empires, if from the prince one descended by degrees to the first hand which secretly sets things in motion!

govern him to keep him in his place, and this is not an easy task. He ought to be neither beast nor man, but child. It is necessary that he feel his weakness and not that he suffer from it. It is necessary that he be dependent and not that he obey. It is necessary that he ask and not that he command. He is only subject to others by virtue of his needs, and because they see better than he does what is useful to him, what can contribute to, or be harmful to, his preservation. No one, not even the father, has a right to command the child what is not for his good.

Before prejudices and human institutions have corrupted our natural inclinations, the happiness of children, like that of men, consists in the use of their freedom. But in the case of children this freedom is limited by their weakness. Whoever does what he wants is happy if he is self-sufficient; this is the case of the man living in the state of nature. Whoever does what he wants is not happy if his needs surpass his strength; this is the case of the child in the same state. Children, even in the state of nature, enjoy only an imperfect freedom, similar to that enjoyed by men in the civil state.[8] No longer able to do without others, each of us becomes in this respect weak and miserable again. We were made to be men; laws and society have plunged us once more into childhood. The rich, the nobles, the kings are all children who, seeing that men are eager to relieve their misery, derive a puerile vanity from that very fact and are very proud of care that one would not give to them if they were grown men.

These considerations are important and serve to resolve all the contradictions of the social system. There are two sorts of dependence: dependence on things, which is from nature; dependence on men, which is from society. Dependence on things, since it has no morality, is in no way detrimental to freedom and engenders no vices. Dependence on men, since it is without order,* engenders all the vices, and by it, master and slave are mutually corrupted. If there is any means of remedying this ill in society, it is to substitute law for man and to arm the general wills with a real strength superior to the action of every particular will. If the laws of nations could, like those of nature, have an inflexibility that no human force could ever conquer, dependence on men would then become dependence on things again; in the republic all of the advantages of the natural state would be united with those of the civil state, and freedom which keeps man exempt from vices would be joined to morality which raises him to virtue.[10]

Keep the child in dependence only on things. You will have followed the order of nature in the progress of his education. Never present to his undiscriminating will anything but physical obstacles or punishments which stem from the actions themselves and which he will recall on the proper occasion. Without forbidding him to do harm, it suffices to prevent him from doing it. Experience or impotence alone ought to take the place of law for him. Grant nothing to his desires because he asks for it but because he needs it. Let him not know what obedience is when he acts nor what dominion is when one acts for him. Let him sense his liberty equally in his actions and yours. Add to the

* In my *Principles of Political Right*[9] it is demonstrated that no particular will can be ordered in the social system.

strength he lacks exactly as much as he needs in order to be free but not imperious; do so in such a way that he receives your services as a sort of humiliation and longs for the moment when he can do without them and have the honor of serving himself.

Nature has, for strengthening the body and making it grow, means that ought never be opposed. A child must not be constrained to stay when he wants to go nor to go when he wants to stay. When children's wills are not spoiled by our fault, children want nothing uselessly. They have to jump, run, and shout when they wish. All their movements are needs of their constitution seeking to strengthen itself. But one should distrust what they desire but are unable to do for themselves and others have to do for them. Then true need, natural need, must be carefully distinguished from the need which stems from nascent whim or from the need which comes only from the superabundance of life of which I have spoken.[11]

I have already said what must be done when a child cries to have this or that. I shall only add that as soon as he can ask by saying what he desires, and, to get it more quickly or overcome a refusal, he supports his request with tears, it ought to be irrevocably refused him. If need has made him speak, you ought to know it and do immediately what he asks. But to cede anything to his tears is to incite him to shed them, is to teach him to doubt your good will and to believe that importunity can have more effect on you than benevolence. If he does not believe you are good, soon he will be wicked; if he believes you are weak, soon he will be stubborn. It is important always to grant at the first sign what one does not want to refuse. Do not be prodigal with refusal, but revoke it never.

Guard, above all, against giving the child vain formulas of politeness which serve at need as magic words for him to submit to his will everything which surrounds him and to obtain instantly what he pleases. The fancy education of the rich never fails to leave them politely imperious, by prescribing to them the terms they are to use in order that no one dare resist them. Their children have neither the tones nor the wiles of supplication; they are as arrogant when they beg as when they command—indeed, even more so—since they are all the more sure of being obeyed. One sees from the first that in their mouths "If you please" signifies "I please" and that "I beg you" signifies "I order you." Admirable politeness which results only in their changing the sense of words and never being able to speak other than in the accents of dominion! As for me who am less afraid that Emile be coarse than that he be arrogant, I much prefer him to beg by saying, "Do this!" than to command by saying, "I beg you." It is not the term he uses which is important to me but rather the meaning he gives to it.

There is an excess of rigor and an excess of indulgence, both equally to be avoided. If you let children suffer, you expose their health, their life. You make them miserable in the present. If by too much care you spare them every kind of discomfort, you are preparing great miseries for them; you make them delicate, sensitive; you cause them to leave man's estate to which they will return one day in spite of you. So as not to expose them to some ills of nature, you are the artisan of those

nature did not give them. You will tell me that I fall into the class of those bad fathers whom I reproached with sacrificing children's happiness to the consideration of a distant time which may never be.

Not at all, for the freedom I give my pupil amply compensates him for the slight discomforts to which I leave him exposed. I see little rascals playing in the snow, blue and numb with cold, hardly able to move their fingers. Nothing prevents them from going to get warm; they will have none of it. If they were forced to do so, they would feel the rigors of constraint a hundred times more than they feel those of the cold. What then do you complain about? Shall I make your child miserable by not exposing him to discomforts he wants to suffer? I act for his good in the present moment by leaving him free; I act for his good in the future by arming him against the ills he must bear. If he had the choice of being my pupil or yours, do you think he would hesitate for an instant?

Can you conceive of some true happiness possible for any being outside of its constitution? And is not wanting to exempt man from all the ills of his species equally to make him quit his constitution? Yes, I maintain that to feel the great goods he must know the little ills. Such is his nature. If the physical prospers, the moral is corrupted. The man who did not know pain would know neither the tenderness of humanity nor the sweetness of commiseration. His heart would be moved by nothing. He would not be sociable; he would be a monster among his kind.

Do you know the surest means of making your child miserable? It is to accustom him to getting everything; since his desires grow constantly due to the ease of satisfying them, sooner or later powerlessness will force you, in spite of yourself, to end up with a refusal. And this unaccustomed refusal will give him more torment than being deprived of what he desires. First, he will want the cane you are holding; soon he will want your watch; after that he will want the bird flying by; he will want the star he sees shining; he will want everything he sees. Without being God, how will you content him?

It is a disposition natural to man to regard everything in his power as his. In this sense Hobbes's principle is true up to a certain point. Multiply not only our desires but the means of satisfying them, and each will make himself the master of everything.[12] Hence, the child who has only to want in order to get believes himself to be the owner of the universe; he regards all men as his slaves. When one is finally forced to refuse him something, he, believing that at his command everything is possible, takes this refusal for an act of rebellion. All reasons given him at an age when he is incapable of reasoning are to his mind only pretexts. He sees ill will everywhere. The feeling of an alleged injustice souring his nature, he develops hatred toward everyone; and, without ever being grateful for helpfulness, he is indignant at every opposition.

How could I conceive that a child thus dominated by anger and devoured by the most irascible passions might ever be happy? Happy, he! He is a despot. He is at once the most vile of slaves and the most miserable of creatures. I have seen children raised in this way who

wanted that the house be turned over by a bump of the shoulder, that they be given the weathercock they see on a steeple, that a marching regiment be stopped so that the drums could be heard longer; who pierced the air with their cries, unwilling to listen to anyone, as soon as there was a delay in their being obeyed. All hastened vainly to oblige them. With their desires exacerbated by the ease of getting, they were obstinate about impossible things and found everywhere only contradiction, obstacles, efforts, pains. Always grumbling, always rebellious, always furious, they spent their days in screaming, in complaining. Were those very fortunate beings? Weakness and domination joined engender only folly and misery. Of two spoiled children, one beats the table and the other has the sea whipped. They will have to do a lot of whipping and beating before they will live contentedly.[13]

If these ideas of dominion and tyranny make them miserable already in their childhood, what will it be when they grow up and their relations with other men begin to extend and multiply? Accustomed to seeing everything give way before them, what a surprise on entering into the world to feel that everything resists them and to find themselves crushed by the weight of this universe they thought they moved at their pleasure! Their insolent airs, their puerile vanity, attract to them only mortification, disdain, and mockery. They drink affronts like water; cruel experiences soon teach them that they know neither their situation nor their strength. Not omnipotent, they believe they are impotent. So many unaccustomed obstacles dishearten them; so much contempt debases them. They become cowardly, fearful, and fawning and fall as far below themselves as they had previously been raised above themselves.

Let us return to the primary rule. Nature has made children to be loved and helped, but has it made them to be obeyed and feared? Has it given them an imposing air, a severe eye, a rough and threatening voice to make them dreaded? I understand that a lion's roar scares animals and that they tremble on seeing his terrible head. But if an indecent, odious, laughable spectacle has ever been seen, it is a body of magistrates, in ceremonial robes and headed by its chief, prostrate before a child in swaddling whom they harangue in stately terms and who screams and drools as his only response.[14]

To consider childhood in itself, is there in the world a weaker being, a more miserable one, one more at the mercy of everything surrounding him, who has a greater need of pity, care, and protection, than a child? Does it not seem that he presents so sweet a face and so touching a manner only so that all who come near him will take an interest in his weakness and hasten to help him? What is there, then, more shocking, more contrary to order than to see an imperious and rebellious child command all that surrounds him and impudently take on the tone of a master with those who have only to abandon him to make him perish?

On the other hand, who does not see that the weakness of the first age enchains children in so many ways that it is barbarous to add to this subjection a further subjection—that of our caprices—by taking from them a freedom so limited, which they are so litle capable of abusing

and the deprivation of which is of so little utility to them and to us? If there is no object so worthy of ridicule as a haughty child, there is no object so worthy of pity as a fearful child. Since with the age of reason civil servitude begins, why anticipate it with private servitude? Let us suffer that a moment of life be exempt from this yoke which nature did not impose on us, and leave to childhood the exercise of natural freedom that keeps at a distance, for a time at least, vices contracted in slavery. Let these severe teachers and these fathers subjugated by their children both come, then, with their frivolous objections and, before vaunting their methods, learn for once the method of nature.

I return to practice. I have already said that your child ought to get a thing not because he asks for it but because he needs it,* and do a thing not out of obedience but only out of necessity. Thus the words *obey* and *command* will be proscribed from his lexicon, and even more so *duty* and *obligation*. But *strength*, *necessity*, *impotence*, and *constraint* should play a great role in it. Before the age of reason one cannot have any idea of moral beings or of social relations. Hence so far as possible words which express them must be avoided, for fear that the child in the beginning attach to these words false ideas which you will not know about or will no longer be able to destroy. The first false idea which enters his head is the germ in him of error and vice. It is to this first step above all that attention must be paid. Arrange it so that as long as he is struck only by objects of sense, all his ideas stop at sensations; arrange it so that on all sides he perceive around him only the physical world. Without that, you may be sure that he will not listen to you at all, or that he will get fantastic notions of the moral world of which you speak to him, notions that you will never in your life be able to blot out.

To reason with children was Locke's great maxim.[15] It is the one most in vogue today. Its success, however, does not appear to me such as to establish its reputation; and, as for me, I see nothing more stupid than these children who have been reasoned with so much. Of all the faculties of man, reason, which is, so to speak, only a composite of all the others, is the one that develops with the most difficulty and latest. And it is this one which they want to use in order to develop the first faculties! The masterpiece of a good education is to make a reasonable man, and they claim they raise a child by reason! This is to begin with the end, to want to make the product the instrument. If children understood reason, they would not need to be raised. But by speaking to them from an early age a language which they do not understand, one accustoms them to show off with words, to control all that is said to them, to believe themselves as wise as their masters, to become disputatious and rebellious; and everything that is thought to be gotten from them out of reasonable motives is never obtained other than out of

* It ought to be sensed that just as pain is often a necessity, pleasure is sometimes a need. There is, therefore, only one single desire of children which ought never be satisfied: that of being obeyed. From this it follows that in everything they ask for, attention must above all be paid to the motive which leads them to ask for it. So, as far as possible, grant them everything that can give them a real pleasure; always refuse them what they ask for only due to whim or in order to assert their authority.

motives of covetousness or fear or vanity which are always perforce joined to the others.

This is the formula to which all the lessons in morality that are given, and can be given, to children can just about be reduced:

MASTER You must not do that.
CHILD And why must I not do it?
MASTER Because it is bad to do.
CHILD Bad to do! What is bad to do?
MASTER What you are forbidden to do.
CHILD What is bad about doing what I am forbidden to do?
MASTER You are punished for having disobeyed.
CHILD I shall fix it so that nothing is known about it.
MASTER You will be spied on.
CHILD I shall hide.
MASTER You will be questioned.
CHILD I shall lie.
MASTER You must not lie.
CHILD Why must I not lie?
MASTER Because it is bad to do, etc.

This is the inevitable circle. Get out of it, and the child does not understand you any longer. Is this not most useful instruction? I would be quite curious to know what could be put in the place of this dialogue. Locke himself would certainly have been very much at a loss. To know good and bad, to sense the reason for man's duties, is not a child's affair.

Nature wants children to be children before being men. If we want to pervert this order, we shall produce precocious fruits which will be immature and insipid and will not be long in rotting. We shall have young doctors [16] and old children. Childhood has its ways of seeing, thinking, and feeling which are proper to it. Nothing is less sensible than to want to substitute ours for theirs, and I would like as little to insist that a ten-year-old be five feet tall as that he possess judgment. Actually, what would reason do for him at that age? It is the bridle of strength, and the child does not need this bridle.

In trying to persuade your pupils of the duty of obedience, you join to this alleged persuasion force and threats or, what is worse, flattery and promises. In this way, therefore, lured by profit or constrained by force, they pretend to be convinced by reason. They see quite well that obedience is advantageous to them and rebellion harmful when you notice either. But since everything you insist on is unpleasant and, further, it is always irksome to do another's will, they arrange to do their own will covertly. They are persuaded that what they do is right if their disobedience is unknown, but are ready on being caught—in order to avoid a worse evil—to admit that what they do is wrong. Since the reason for duty cannot be grasped at their age, there is not a man in the world who could succeed in giving duty a truly palpable sense for them. But the fear of punishment, the hope of pardon, importunity, awkwardness in answering, wrest all the confessions from them that

are demanded; and it is believed that they have been convinced when they have only been pestered or intimidated.

What results from this? Firstly, by imposing on them a duty they do not feel, you set them against your tyranny and turn them away from loving you. Secondly, you teach them to become dissemblers, fakers, and liars in order to extort rewards or escape punishments. Finally, by accustoming them always to cover a secret motive with an apparent motive, you yourselves give them the means of deceiving you ceaselessly, of depriving you of the knowledge of their true character, and of fobbing you and others off with vain words when the occasion serves. Laws, you will say, although they obligate conscience, nevertheless also use constraint with grown men. I admit it, but what are these men if not children spoiled by education? This is precisely what must be prevented. Use force with children, and reason with men. Such is the natural order. The wise man does not need laws.

Treat your pupil according to his age. At the outset put him in his place, and hold him there so well that he no longer tries to leave it. Then, before knowing what wisdom is, he will practice its most important lesson. Command him nothing, whatever in the world it might be, absolutely nothing. Do not even allow him to imagine that you might pretend to have any authority over him. Let him know only that he is weak and you are strong, that by his condition and yours he is necessarily at your mercy. Let him know it, learn it, feel it. Let his haughty head at an early date feel the harsh yoke which nature imposes on man, the heavy yoke of necessity under which every finite being must bend. Let him see this necessity in things, never in the caprice* of men. Let the bridle that restrains him be force and not authority. Do not forbid him to do that from which he should abstain; prevent him from doing it without explanations, without reasonings. What you grant him, grant at his first word, without solicitations, without prayers—above all, without conditions. Grant with pleasure; refuse only with repugnance. But let all your refusals be irrevocable; let no importunity shake you; let "no," once pronounced, be a wall of bronze against which the child will have to exhaust his strength at most five or six times in order to abandon any further attempts to overturn it.

It is thus that you will make him patient, steady, resigned, calm, even when he has not got what he wanted, for it is in the nature of man to endure patiently the necessity of things but not the ill will of others. The phrase "There is no more" is a response against which no child has ever rebelled unless he believed that it was a lie. Besides, there is no middle point here: nothing must be demanded from him at all, or he must be bent from the outset to the most perfect obedience. The worst education is to leave him floating between his will and yours and to dispute endlessly between you and him as to which of the two will be the master. I would a hundred times prefer that it were always he.

It is quite strange that since people first became involved with raising children, no instrument for guiding them has been imagined

* One should be sure that the child will treat as a caprice every will opposed to his own when he does not appreciate the reason for it. Now a child does not appreciate the reason for anything which clashes with his whims.

other than emulation, jealousy, envy, vanity, avidity, and vile fear—all the most dangerous passions, the quickest to ferment and the most appropriate to corrupt the soul, even before the body has been formed. With each lesson that one wants to put into their heads before its proper time, a vice is planted in the depth of their hearts. Senseless teachers think they work wonders when they make children wicked in order to teach them what goodness is. And then they solemnly tell us, "Such is man." Yes, such is the man you have made.

All the instruments have been tried save one, the only one precisely that can succeed: well-regulated freedom. One ought not to get involved with raising a child if one does not know how to guide him where one wants by the laws of the possible and the impossible alone. The sphere of both being equally unknown to him, they can be expanded and contracted around him as one wants. One enchains, pushes, and restrains him with the bond of necessity alone without his letting out a peep. He is made supple and docile by the force of things alone without any vice having the occasion to germinate in him, for the passions never become animated so long as they are of no effect.

Do not give your pupil any kind of verbal lessons; he ought to receive them only from experience. Inflict no kind of punishment on him, for he does not know what it is to be at fault. Never make him beg pardon, for he could not know how to offend you. Devoid of all morality in his actions, he can do nothing which is morally bad and which merits either punishment or reprimand.

I already see the startled reader judging this child by our children. He is mistaken. The perpetual constraint in which you keep your pupils exacerbates their vivacity. The more they are held in check under your eyes, the more they are turbulent the moment they get away. They have to compensate themselves when they can for the harsh constraint in which you keep them. Two schoolboys from the city will do more damage in a place than the young of an entire village. Close up a little gentleman and a little peasant in a room. The former will have turned everything upside down, broken everything, before the latter has left his place. Why is this, if it is not because the one hastens to abuse a moment of license, while the other, always sure of his freedom, is never in a hurry to make use of it? And nevertheless the children of the village people, themselves often indulged or opposed, are still quite far from the state in which I want them kept.

Let us set down as an incontestable maxim that the first movements of nature are always right. There is no original perversity in the human heart. There is not a single vice to be found in it of which it cannot be said how and whence it entered. The sole passion natural to man is *amour de soi* or *amour-propre* taken in an extended sense.[17] This *amour-propre* in itself or relative to us is good and useful; and since it has no necessary relation to others, it is in this respect naturally neutral. It becomes good or bad only by the application made of it and the relations given to it. Therefore, up to the time when the guide of *amour-propre,* which is reason, can be born, it is important for a child to do nothing because he is seen or heard—nothing, in a word, in relation to

others; he must respond only to what nature asks of him, and then he will do nothing but good.

I do not mean that he will never do damage, that he will not hurt himself, that he will not perhaps break a valuable piece of furniture if he finds it in his reach. He could do a considerable amount of wrong without wrongdoing, because the bad action depends on the intention of doing harm, and he will never have this intention. If he had it one single time, all would be lost already; he would be wicked almost beyond recall.

Some things are bad in the eyes of avarice which are not so in the eyes of reason. In leaving children full freedom to exercise their giddiness, it is proper to put away from them everything that could make it costly and to leave nothing fragile and precious within their reach. Let their quarters be fitted with coarse and solid furniture, no mirrors, no china, no objects of quality. As for my Emile, whom I am raising in the country, his room will have nothing which distinguishes it from a peasant's. What is the use of decorating it so carefully, since he is going to stay in it so little? But I am mistaken. He will decorate it himself, and we shall soon see with what.

If in spite of your precautions, the child succeeds in creating some disorder, in breaking some useful piece, do not punish him for your negligence; do not chide him; let him hear not a single word of reproach; do not permit him even to glimpse that he has brought you grief; act exactly as if the thing had been broken of itself. In short, believe you have accomplished a lot if you can say nothing.

Dare I expose the greatest, the most important, the most useful rule of all education? It is not to gain time but to lose it. Common readers, pardon me my paradoxes. When one reflects, they are necessary and, whatever you may say, I prefer to be a paradoxical man than a prejudiced one.[18] The most dangerous period of human life is that from birth to the age of twelve. This is the time when errors and vices germinate without one's yet having any instrument for destroying them; and by the time the instrument comes, the roots are so deep that it is too late to rip them out. If children jumped all at once from the breast to the age of reason, the education they are given might be suitable for them. But, according to the natural progress, they need an entirely contrary one. They ought to do nothing with their soul until all of its faculties have developed, because while the soul is yet blind, it cannot perceive the torch you are presenting to it or follow the path reason maps out across the vast plain of ideas, a path which is so faint even to the best of eyes.

Thus, the first education ought to be purely negative. It consists not at all in teaching virtue or truth but in securing the heart from vice and the mind from error. If you could do nothing and let nothing be done, if you could bring your pupil healthy and robust to the age of twelve without his knowing how to distinguish his right hand from his left, at your first lessons the eyes of his understanding would open up to reason. Without prejudice, without habit, he would have nothing in him which could hinder the effect of your care. Soon he would

become in your hands the wisest of men; and in beginning by doing nothing, you would have worked an educational marvel.

Take the opposite of the practiced path, and you will almost always do well. Since what is wanted is not to make a child out of a child but a doctor out of a child, fathers and masters can never soon enough scold, correct, reprimand, flatter, threaten, promise, instruct, talk reason. Do better: be reasonable, and do not reason with your pupil, especially to get his approbation for what displeases him. Bringing reason to bear on unpleasant things only makes reason tedious for him and discredits it early in a mind not yet in a condition to understand it. Exercise his body, his organs, his senses, his strength, but keep his soul idle for as long as possible. Be afraid of all sentiments anterior to the judgment which evaluates them. Restrain, arrest alien impressions; and in order to prevent the birth of evil, do not hurry to do good, for good is only truly such when reason enlightens it. Regard all delays as advantages; to advance toward the end without losing anything is to gain a lot. Let childhood ripen in children. And what if some lesson finally becomes necessary to them? Keep yourself from giving it today if you can without danger put it off until tomorrow.

Another consideration confirms the utility of this method. One must know well the particular genius of the child in order to know what moral diet suits him. Each mind has its own form, according to which it needs to be governed; the success of one's care depends on governing it by this form and not by another. Prudent man, spy out nature for a long time; observe your pupil well before saying the first word to him. To start with, let the germ of his character reveal itself freely; constrain it in no way whatsoever in order better to see the whole of it. Do you think this time of freedom is lost for him? Not at all. This is the best way to use it, for you are learning now not to lose a single moment in a more valuable time; while if you begin to act before knowing what must be done, you will act haphazardly. Subject to error, you will have to retrace your steps; you will be farther removed from the goal than if you had been in less of a rush to reach it. Do not therefore act like the miser who loses a great deal for wanting not to lose anything. In the earliest age sacrifice time that you will regain with interest at a more advanced age. The wise doctor does not at first sight giddily give prescriptions but in the first place studies the constitution of his patient before prescribing anything to him. He may begin to treat the patient late but he cures him, whereas the doctor who is in too much of a rush kills him.

But where will we put this child to raise him like a being without sensation, like an automaton? Will we keep him in the moon's orb or on a desert island? Will we keep him away from all human beings? Will he not constantly have in the world the spectacle and the example of others' passions? Will he never see other children of his age? Will he not see his parents, his neighbors, his nurse, his governess, his lackey, even his governor who, after all, will not be an angel?

This objection is strong and solid. But did I tell you that a natural education was an easy undertaking? O men, is it my fault if you have made everything good difficult? I sense these difficulties; I agree that

they are difficulties. Perhaps they are insurmountable. But it is still certain that in applying oneself to overcoming them, one does overcome them up to a certain point. I show the goal that must be set; I do not say that it can be reached. But I do say that he who comes nearest to it will have succeeded best.

Remember that before daring to undertake the formation of a man, one must have made oneself a man. One must find within oneself the example the pupil ought to take for his own. While the child is still without knowledge, there is time to prepare everything that comes near him in order that only objects suitable for him to see meet his first glances. Make yourself respectable to everyone. Begin by making yourself loved so that each will seek to please you. You will not be the child's master if you are not the master of all that surrounds him; and this authority will never be sufficient if it is not founded on the esteem for virtue. It is not a question of emptying one's purse and spending money by the handful. I have never seen that money has made anyone loved. One ought not to be miserly and hard nor merely pity the poverty that one can relieve. But you can open your coffers all you want; if you do not also open your heart, others' hearts will always remain closed to you. It is your time, your care, your affection, it is you yourself that must be given. For no matter what you do, people never feel that your money is you. There are tokens of interest and benevolence which produce a greater effect and are really more useful than any gifts. How many unfortunate people, how many sick people need consolation more than alms! How many oppressed people need protection more than money! Reconcile people who have quarreled; forestall litigations; bring children to their duty, fathers to indulgence; encourage happy marriages; prevent harassment; use, lavish the influence of your pupil's parents in favor of the weak man to whom justice is denied and who is crushed by the powerful man. Loudly proclaim yourself the protector of the unfortunate. Be just, humane, and beneficent. Give not only alms; give charity. Works of mercy relieve more ills than does money. Love others, and they will love you. Serve them, and they will serve you. Be their brother, and they will be your children.

This is again one of the reasons why I want to raise Emile in the country far from the rabble of valets—who are, after their masters, the lowest of men—far from the black morals of cities which are covered with a veneer seductive and contagious for children, unlike peasants' vices which, unadorned and in all their coarseness, are more fit to repel than to seduce when there is no advantage in imitating them.

In a village a governor will be much more the master of the objects he wants to present the child. His reputation, his speeches, and his example will have an authority which they could not have in the city. Since he is useful to everyone, all will be eager to oblige him, to be esteemed by him, to show themselves to the disciple as the master would want them really to be. And if they do not actually reform, they will at least abstain from scandal; this is all we need for our project.

Stop blaming others for your own faults; the evil children see corrupts them less than that which you teach them. Always sermonizers, always moralists, always pedants, for one idea you give them, believing it

to be good, you give them at the same time twenty that are worthless. Full of what is going on in your head, you do not see the effect you are producing in theirs. In this long stream of words with which you constantly exasperate them, do you think there is not one which they misapprehend? Do you think that they do not make their own commentaries on your diffuse explanations, and that they do not find in these explanations the material for setting up a system on their own level, which they will know how to use against you when the occasion demands?

Listen to a little fellow who has just been indoctrinated. Let him chatter, question, utter foolishness at his ease, and you are going to be surprised at the strange turn your reasonings have taken in his mind. He mixes up everything, turns everything upside down; he makes you lose your patience, sometimes grieves you by unforeseen objections. He reduces you to silence or to silencing him, and what can he think of this silence on the part of a man who likes to talk so much? If ever he gains this advantage and notices it, farewell to education. Everything is finished from this moment: he no longer seeks to learn; he seeks to refute you.

Zealous masters, be simple, discreet, restrained; never hasten to act except to prevent others from acting. I shall repeat it endlessly: put off, if possible, a good lesson for fear of giving a bad one. On this earth, out of which nature has made man's first paradise, dread exercising the tempter's function in wanting to give innocence the knowledge of good and evil. Unable to prevent the child's learning from examples out of doors, limit your vigilance to impressing these examples upon his mind accompanied by the images suitable for him.

Impetuous passions produce a great effect on the child who is witness to them because their manifestations are such as to strike his senses and force him to pay attention. Anger, in particular, is so noisy in its transports that one cannot fail to notice it if one is within its range. It need not be asked whether this is the occasion for a pedagogue to start out on a fine speech. Now, no fine speeches! Nothing at all; not a single word. Let the child come; surprised at the spectacle, he will not fail to question you. The response is simple; it is drawn from the very objects which strike his senses. He sees an inflamed face, glittering eyes, threatening gestures; he hears shouts—all signs that the body is out of kilter. Tell him calmly, without affectation and without mystery, "This poor man is sick; he is in a fit of fever." On this basis you can find occasions to give him, but in a few words, an idea of illnesses and their effects, for that, too, belongs to nature and is one of the bonds of necessity to which he should feel himself subjected.[19]

Is it possible that from this idea, which is not false, he will not early on contract a certain repugnance to abandoning himself to the excesses of the passions, which he will regard as diseases? And do you believe that some such notion, given apropos, will not produce an effect as salutary as the most boring moral sermon? Moreover, just consider the future ramifications of this notion! Now you are authorized, if you are ever forced to do so, to treat a rebellious child as a sick child, to shut him up in his room, in his bed if necessary, to keep him on a diet,

to frighten him with his own nascent vices, to render them odious and redoubtable to him, without his ever being able to regard as a chastisement the severity you will perhaps be forced to use to cure him of them. If it should happen that you yourself, in a moment of heat, lose that coolness and moderation which you should make your study, do not seek to disguise your mistake before him, but tell him frankly with a tender reproach, "My friend, you hurt me."

Furthermore, it is important that none of a child's naïve statements—the products of the simplicity of the ideas on which he feeds—ever be picked up in his presence or quoted in such a way that he can learn of it. An indiscreet outburst of laughter can ruin the work of six months and do irreparable harm for the whole of life. I cannot repeat often enough that to be the child's master one must be one's own master. I see my little Emile, at the height of a fracas between two neighbors, approaching the more furious of the two and saying to her in a tone of commiseration, "My good woman, you are sick. I am so sorry about it." This sally will surely not remain without effect on the spectators or perhaps on the actresses. Without laughing, without scolding him, without praising him, I take him away willingly or forcibly before he can see this effect, or at least before he thinks about it, and I hasten to distract him with other objects which make him forget it right away.

It is my design not to enter into all the details but only to expound the general maxims and to give examples for difficult occasions. I hold it to be impossible to bring a child along to the age of twelve in the bosom of society without giving him some idea of the relations of man to man and of the morality of human actions. It is enough if one takes pains to ensure that these notions become necessary to him as late as possible and, when their presentation is unavoidable, to limit them to immediate utility, with the sole intention of preventing him from believing himself master of everything and from doing harm to others without scruple and without knowing it. There are gentle and quiet characters whom one can take a long way in their first innocence without danger. But there are also violent natures whose ferocity develops early and whom one must hasten to make into men so as not to be obliged to put them in chains.

Our first duties are to ourselves; our primary sentiments are centered on ourselves; all our natural movements relate in the first instance to our preservation and our well-being. Thus, the first sentiment of justice does not come to us from the justice we owe but from that which is owed us; and it is again one of the mistakes of ordinary educations that, speaking at first to children of their duties, never of their rights, one begins by telling them the opposite of what is necessary, what they cannot understand, and what cannot interest them.[20]

If, therefore, I had to guide one of those children I just mentioned, I would say to myself, "A child does not attack persons * but things; and

* One ought never to permit a child to play with grownups as with his inferiors or even as with his equals. If he seriously dares to strike someone, be it his lackey, be it the hangman, arrange that his blows be always returned with interest and in such a way as to destroy the desire to revert to the practice. I have seen imprudent governesses animate the unruliness of a child, incite him to strike, let themselves be

soon he learns by experience to respect whoever surpasses him in age and strength. But things do not defend themselves. The first idea which must be given him is therefore less that of liberty than that of property; and for him to be able to have this idea, he must have something that belongs to him. To mention to him his clothing, his furniture, his toys, is to say nothing to him, since, although he disposes of these things, he knows neither why nor how he came by them. To say to him that he has them because they were given to him is hardly to do better, for, in order to give, one must have. Here is, therefore, a property anterior to his, and it is the principle of property one wants to explain to him, not to mention that a gift is a convention and that the child cannot know yet what convention is." * Readers, in this example and in a hundred thousand others, I beg you to note how we stuff children's heads with words which have no meaning within their reach and then believe we have instructed them very well.

The thing to do therefore is to go back to the origin of property, for it is there that the first idea of it ought to be born. The child, living in the country, will have gotten some notion of labor in the fields. For this only eyes and leisure are necessary; he will have both. It belongs to every age, especially his, to want to create, imitate, produce, give signs of power and activity. It will not take two experiences of seeing a garden plowed, sowed, sprouting, and growing vegetables for him to want to garden in his turn.

According to the principles previously established, I in no way oppose his desire. On the contrary, I encourage it, I share his taste. I work with him, not for his pleasure, but for mine; at least he believes it to be so. I become his gardener's helper. Until he has arms I plow the earth for him. He takes possession of it by planting a bean in it. And surely this possession is more sacred and more respectable than that taken of South America when Núñez Balboa in the name of the King of Spain planted his standard on the shore of the South Sea.

We come every day to water the beans; with transports of joy we see them sprout. I increase this joy by saying to him: "This belongs to you." And then, explaining to him this term "belong," I make him feel that he has put his time, his labor, his effort, finally his person there; that there is in this earth something of himself that he can claim against anyone whomsoever, just as he could withdraw his arm from the hand of another man who wanted to hold on to it in spite of him.[21]

One fine day he arrives eagerly with the watering can in his hand. O what a sight! O pain! All the beans are rooted out, the plot is torn up, the very spot is not to be recognized. O, what has become of my labor, my product, the sweet fruit of my care and my sweat? Who has stolen my goods? Who took my beans from me? This young heart is

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struck, and laugh at his feeble blows, without thinking that in the intention of the little enraged one these blows were so many murders and that he who wants to strike when young will want to kill when grown.

* This is why most children want to have back what they have given and cry when one does not want to return it to them. This no longer occurs when they have gotten a good conception of what a gift is, but then they are more circumspect about giving.

aroused. The first sentiment of injustice comes to shed its sad bitterness in it. Tears flow in streams. The grieving child fills the air with moans and cries. I partake of his pain, his indignation. We look; we investigate; we make searches.[22] Finally we discover that the gardener did the deed. He is summoned.

But we certainly do not get what we expect. The gardener, learning what we are complaining about, begins to complain more loudly than we do. "What, sirs! Is it you who have thus ruined my work? I had sowed Maltese melons there, the seeds of which had been given me as a treasure and with which I hoped to regale you when they were ripe. But now, in order to plant your miserable beans there, you destroyed my melons for me when they were already sprouting, and they can never be replaced. You have done me an irreparable wrong, and you have deprived yourselves of the pleasure of eating exquisite melons."

JEAN-JACQUES Excuse us, my poor Robert. You had put your labor, your effort there. I see clearly that we did wrong in ruining your work. But we will have other Maltese seeds sent to you. And we will never again work the land before knowing whether someone has put his hand to it before us.

ROBERT Very well, sirs! You can then take your rest. There is hardly any fallow land left. I work what my father improved. Each in turn does the same, and all the lands you see have been occupied for a long time.

EMILE Monsieur Robert, are melon seeds often lost then?

ROBERT Pardon me, my young fellow, but little gentlemen as giddy as you do not often come our way. No one touches his neighbor's garden. Each respects the labor of others so that his own will be secure.

EMILE But I don't have a garden.

ROBERT What do I care? If you ruin mine, I won't let you go around in it any more, for, you see, I don't want to waste my effort.

JEAN-JACQUES Couldn't we propose an arrangement with the good Robert? Let him grant us, my little friend and me, a corner of his garden to cultivate on the condition that he will have half the produce.

ROBERT I grant it to you without condition. But remember that I will go and plow up your beans if you touch my melons.

In this model of the way of inculcating primary notions in children one sees how the idea of property naturally goes back to the right of the first occupant by labor. That is clear, distinct, simple, and within the child's reach. From there to the right of property and to exchange there is only a step, after which one must simply stop short.

One sees further that an explanation that I enclose here in two pages of writing will perhaps take a year to put into practice, for in the career of moral ideas one cannot advance too slowly nor consolidate oneself too well at each step. Young masters, think, I beg you, about this example, and remember that in everything your lessons ought to

be more in actions than in speeches; for children easily forget what they have said and what has been said to them, but not what they have done and what has been done to them.

Instruction of the kind ought, as I have said, to be given sooner or later as the peaceful or turbulent nature of the pupil accelerates or delays the need. How it should be given is obvious; but so as to leave out nothing of importance in difficult matters, let us give yet another example.

Your ill-tempered child ruins everything he touches. Do not get angry; put what he can damage out of his reach. He breaks the furniture he uses. Do not hurry to replace it for him. Let him feel the disadvantage of being deprived of it. He breaks the windows of his room; let the wind blow on him night and day without worrying about colds, for it is better that he have a cold than that he be crazy. Never complain about the inconveniences he causes you, but make him be the one to feel those inconveniences first. Finally, you have the windows repaired, continuing to say nothing about it. He breaks them again. Then change method. Tell him curtly but without anger, "The windows are mine; they were put there by my efforts; I want to protect them." Then you will close him up in darkness in a place without windows. In response to such a new procedure he begins by crying and ranting. No one listens to him. Soon he tires and changes tone. He moans and groans. A domestic turns up; the rebel begs him for deliverance. Without seeking pretexts for not doing it, the domestic responds, "I too have windows to protect," and leaves. Finally, after the child has remained there several hours, long enough to get bored and to remember it, someone will suggest to him that he propose an agreement by means of which you will give him back his freedom if he no longer breaks windows. He will not ask for better. He will have you asked to come and see him. You will come. He will make you his proposition, and you will accept it on the instant, saying to him, "That is very well thought out; we will both be gainers by it. Why didn't you have this good idea sooner?" And then, without asking that he declare or confirm his promise, you will embrace him with joy and take him to his room right away, regarding this agreement as sacred and inviolable as if an oath had been given on it. What idea do you think he will get from this procedure about the faith of commitments and their utility? I am mistaken if there is a single child on earth, not already spoiled, who would be proof against this conduct and take it into his head after that to break a window intentionally.* Follow all the links of this chain. The naughty

* Moreover, if this duty to keep commitments were not consolidated in the child's mind by the weight of its utility, soon the inner sentiment, beginning to sprout, would impose it on him like a law of conscience, like an innate principle which awaits in order to bloom only the kinds of knowledge to which it applies. This first sketch is not drawn by the hand of man but is graven in our hearts by the Author of all justice. Take away the primary law of conventions and the obligation it imposes, and everything is illusory and vain in human society. He who keeps his promise only for profit is hardly more bound than if he had promised nothing, or, at most, he is in the position to violate it like the tennis players who put off using a *bisque* [23] only in order to wait for the moment to use it most advantageously. This principle is of the utmost importance and merits deeper study. For it is here that man begins to set himself in contradiction to himself.

child hardly dreamed, while making a hole for planting his bean, that he was digging for himself a dungeon where his science would not be long in shutting him up.

Here we are in the moral world; here the door on vice opens. With conventions and duties are born deceit and lying. As soon as one can do what one ought not, one wants to hide what one ought not to have done. As soon as an interest causes a promise, a greater interest can cause the violation of the promise. The only concern now is to violate it with impunity. The means are natural; one conceals and one lies. Not having been able to forestall vice, we are now already reduced to punishing it. Here are the miseries of human life which begin with its errors.

I have said enough to make it understood that punishment as punishment must never be inflicted on children, but it should always happen to them as a natural consequence of their bad action. Thus you will not declaim against lying; you will not precisely punish them for having lied; but you will arrange it so that all the bad effects of lying—such as not being believed when one tells the truth, of being accused of the evil that one did not do although one denies it—come in league against them when they have lied. But let us explain what lying is for children.

There are two sorts of lies: the de facto lie, which is with respect to the past; the de jure, which is with respect to the future. The former takes place when one denies having done what one has done, or when one affirms having done what one has not done, and in general when one knowingly speaks contrary to the truth of things. The other takes place when one makes a promise that one does not plan to keep, and, in general, when one gives evidence of an intention contrary to the intention one has. These two lies can sometimes be joined in a single one,* but I am considering them here under the aspect of their difference.

He who is aware of the need he has of others' help, and who never fails to experience their benevolence, has no interest in deceiving them; on the contrary, he has a palpable interest in their seeing things as they are, for fear that they might make a mistake prejudicial to him. It is, therefore, clear that the de facto lie is not natural to children. But it is the law of obedience which produces the necessity of lying, because since obedience is irksome, it is secretly dispensed with as much as possible, and the present interest in avoiding punishment or reproach wins out over the distant interest of revealing the truth. In the natural and free education why would your child lie to you? What has he to hide from you? You do not reprove him; you punish him for nothing; you exact nothing from him. Why would he not tell you everything he has done as naïvely as he would his little comrade? He can see in this admission no more danger from one direction than the other.

The de jure lie is still less natural, since promises to do or to forbear are conventional acts which depart from the state of nature and impair freedom. What is more, all commitments of children are in themselves null, because, since their limited view cannot extend beyond the present,

* Such as, when accused of a bad action, the guilty party defends himself by claiming he is an honest man. His lie is then de facto and de jure.

in committing themselves they do not know what they are doing. The child hardly can lie when he commits himself; for, thinking only how to get through a situation at the present moment, every means which does not have a present effect becomes the same for him. In promising for a future time, he promises nothing, and his imagination, still dormant, does not know how to extend his being over two different times. If he could avoid the whip or get a bag of sugared almonds by promising to throw himself out of the window tomorrow, he would make the promise on the spot. This is why laws take no account of children's commitments; and when, more severe, fathers and masters exact their fulfillment, it is only in those things the child ought to do even if he had not promised.

Since the child does not know what he is doing when he commits himself, then he cannot lie in committing himself. It is not the same when he breaks his promise, which is now a kind of retroactive lie, for he remembers very well having made this promise; but what he does not see is the importance of keeping it. Not in a condition to read the future, he cannot foresee the consequences of things, and when he violates his commitments, he does nothing contrary to the reason of his age.

It follows from this that children's lies are all the work of masters, and that to want to teach them to tell the truth is nothing other than to teach them to lie. In one's eagerness to control them, to govern them, to instruct them, one finds one never has sufficient means for reaching the goal. One wants to give oneself new holds on their minds by means of maxims without foundation and precepts without reason; one prefers that they know their lessons and lie, rather than remain ignorant and true.

For us who give our pupils only lessons in practice and who prefer that they be good rather than learned—we do not exact the truth from them lest they disguise it, and we make them give no promises that they would be tempted not to keep. If in my absence something bad were to happen and I did not know the author of it, I would take care not to accuse Emile and say to him, "Was it you?" *—for what else would I be doing by this than teaching him to deny it? If his difficult natural disposition compels me to come to some agreement with him, I will arrange things so carefully that the suggestion always comes from him, never from me; that when he has committed himself, he always has a present and palpable interest in fulfilling his commitment; and that if he ever fails to do so, the lie attracts evils to him which he sees as coming from the very order of things and not from the vengeance of his governor. But, far from needing to resort to expedients so cruel, I am almost sure that Emile will learn quite late what it is to lie and that, in learning, he will be quite surprised, unable to conceive what a lie might be

* Nothing is more indiscreet than such a question, especially when the child is guilty: then if he believes that you know that he did it, he will see that you are setting a trap for him, and this opinion cannot fail to turn him against you. If he does not believe it, he will say to himself, "Why should I reveal my offense?" And this is the first temptation to lie, the effect of your imprudent question.

good for. It is quite clear that the more I make his well-being independent of either the will or the judgments of others, the more I reduce any interest in him to lie.

When one is not in a hurry to instruct, one is not in a hurry to demand and takes one's time so as to demand nothing except opportunely. Then, the child is formed by the very fact of not being spoiled. But when a giddy preceptor, not knowing how to go about it, makes him promise this or that at every instant, without distinction, selectivity, or moderation, the child, bored, overburdened with all these promises, neglects them, forgets them, finally despises them, and, regarding them as so many vain formulas, makes a game out of making them and breaking them. Do you want, then, that he be faithful to his word? Be discreet in exacting it.

The detail I have just gone into about lying can in many respects be applied to all the other duties, which are never prescribed to children except in such a way as to make them not only hateful but impracticable. Appearing to preach virtue to children, one makes them love all the vices. The vices are given to them by forbidding them to have them. Does one want to make them pious? They are taken to church to be bored. Constantly made to mumble prayers, they are driven to aspire to the happiness of no longer praying to God. That charity be inspired in them, they are made to give alms—as if one despised giving them oneself. Oh no, it is not the child who ought to give; it is the master. To the extent that he is attached to his pupil, he ought to dispute this honor with him; he ought to make the pupil judge that at his age one is not yet worthy of it. Alms giving is an action for a man who knows the value of what he gives and the need that his fellow man has of it. In the child, who knows nothing about that, giving cannot be a merit. He gives without charity, without beneficence. He is almost ashamed to give when, based on his example and yours, he believes that it is only children who give and that, grown up, one no longer gives alms.

Note that the child is always made to give only things of whose value he is ignorant—some pieces of metal which he has in his pocket and which he uses only for giving. A child would rather give a hundred louis than a cake. But commit this prodigal distributor to give things which are dear to him—toys, candies, his snack—and we shall soon know if you have made him truly liberal.

A remedy for this, too, is found: it is at once to return to the child what he gave, so that he gets accustomed to giving everything which he is certain of getting back. I have scarcely seen in children any but these two kinds of generosity: giving what is good for nothing for them, or giving what they are sure is going to be returned to them. Arrange it so, says Locke, that they be convinced by experience that the most liberal man always comes off best.[24] That is to make a child in appearance liberal and in fact a miser. Locke adds that children will contract in this way the habit of liberality. Yes, of a usurious liberality which gives an egg to have a cow. But when the case involves straightforward giving, farewell to the habit. When one stops returning, they will soon stop giving. One must look to the habit of the soul rather than to that of

the hands. All the other virtues which are taught children resemble this one, and it is to preach these solid virtues to them that one uses up their young years in gloom. Is this not an informed education!

Masters, leave off pretenses. Be virtuous and good. Let your examples be graven in your pupils' memories until they can enter their hearts. Instead of hastening to exact acts of charity from my pupil, I prefer to do them in his presence and to deprive him of even the means of imitating me in this, as an honor which is not for his age; for it is important that he not get accustomed to regarding the duties of men as only the duties of children. If, seeing me assisting the poor, he questions me about it, and it is time to answer him,* I shall say to him: "My friend, this is because, when the poor were willing to let there be rich men, the rich promised to sustain all those who do not have the means of life, either from their goods or from their labor." "Then did you, too, promise that?" he will rejoin. "Certainly, I am master of the wealth that passes through my hands only on the condition attached to its being property."

After having heard this speech (and it has been seen how a child can be put in a condition to understand it), another than Emile would be tempted to imitate me and to behave like a rich man. In such a case I would at least prevent him from doing so ostentatiously. I would prefer his robbing me of my right and covertly giving. This is a fraud appropriate to his age, and the only one I would pardon him.

I know that all these virtues by imitation are the virtues of apes, and that no good action is morally good except when it is done because it is good and not because others do it. But at an age when the heart feels nothing yet, children just have to be made to imitate the acts whose habit one wants to give them, until the time when they can do them out of discernment and love of the good. Man is an imitator. Even animals are. The taste for imitation belongs to well-ordered nature, but in society it degenerates into vice. The ape imitates man whom he fears and does not imitate the animals whom he despises. He judges to be good what is done by a being better than he. Among us, on the other hand, our Harlequins of every sort imitate the beautiful to degrade it, to make it ridiculous. They seek, in the feeling of their own baseness, to level what surpasses them in worth. Or if they make efforts to imitate what they admire, one sees in the choice of objects the false taste of the imitators. They want to make an impression on others or to get applause for their talent far more than to make themselves better or wiser. The foundation of imitation among us comes from the desire always to be transported out of ourselves. If I succeed in my enterprise, Emile surely will not have this desire. We must, therefore, give up the apparent good which imitation can produce.

Think through all the rules of your education; you will find them misconceived, especially those that concern virtues and morals. The only lesson of morality appropriate to childhood, and the most important for every age, is never to harm anyone. The very precept of

* It should be grasped that I do not answer his questions when he pleases but when I please; otherwise I would be the servant of his will and put myself in the most dangerous dependence in which a governor can be in relation to his pupil.

doing good, if it is not subordinated to this one, is dangerous, false, and contradictory. Who does not do good? Everybody does it—the wicked man as well as others. He makes one man happy at the expense of making a hundred men miserable; and this is the source of all our calamities. The most sublime virtues are negative. They are also the most difficult, because they are without ostentation and above even that pleasure so sweet to the heart of man, the pleasure of sending someone away satisfied with us. O what good is necessarily done to his fellows by the one among them, if there is such a one, who never does them harm! What an intrepid soul, what a vigorous character he needs for that! It is not in reasoning about this maxim, but in trying to put it into practice, that one feels how great it is and how difficult of success.*

These are but a few feeble ideas of the precautions I would wish to see taken in giving children instruction that one sometimes cannot refuse them without exposing them to harming themselves and others—and especially to contracting bad habits which would be hard to correct in them later. But we can be sure that this necessity will rarely present itself for children raised as they ought to be. Because it is impossible for them to become intractable, wicked, lying, greedy, when one has not sowed in their hearts the vices which make them such. Thus, what I have said on this point serves more for the exception than the rule. But to the extent that children have more occasions to step out of their condition and contract the vices of men, exceptions of this kind are the more frequent. Those raised in the midst of men must of necessity have earlier instruction than those raised in an out-of-the-way place. This solitary education would, therefore, be preferable even if its only effect were to give childhood the time for ripening.

There is on the other side another kind of exception for those whom a happy nature raises above their age. As there are men who never leave childhood, there are others who, so to speak, do not go through it and who are men almost at birth. The difficulty is that this latter exception is very rare, very hard to recognize, and that every mother, imagining that a child might be a prodigy, has no doubt that hers is one. Mothers go yet farther; they take as marks of extraordinary promise the very things which point to the accustomed order: vivacity, flashes of wit, giddiness, piquant naïveté—all the most characteristic and telling signs that a child is only a child. Is it surprising that he who is made to talk a lot, who is permitted to say everything, and who is not hindered by deference or propriety, should by chance make some lucky hit? It would be far more surprising if he never did, just as it would be if along with a thousand lies an astrologer never predicted a single truth.

* The precept of never hurting another carries with it that of being attached to human society as little as possible, for in the social state the good of one necessarily constitutes the harm of another. This relation is in the essence of the thing, and nothing can change it. On the basis of this principle, let one investigate who is the better: the social man or the solitary man. An illustrious author says it is only the wicked man who is alone.[25] I say that it is only the good man who is alone. If this proposition is less sententious, it is truer and better reasoned than the former one. If the wicked man were alone, what harm would he do? It is in society that he sets up his devices for hurting others. If one wishes to turn this argument around to apply to the good man, I answer with the passage to which this note belongs.

They will lie so much, said Henri IV, that finally they will tell the truth.[26] Whoever wishes to come up with a certain number of *bons mots* has only to say many stupid things. God save the fashionable folk who have no other claim to fame.

The most brilliant thoughts can come into children's brains, or, rather, the best lines into their mouths, as diamonds of the greatest value might come into their hands, without either the thoughts or the diamonds thereby belonging to them. There is no true property of any kind at that age. The things a child says are not to him what they are to us; he does not attach the same ideas to them. His ideas, if indeed he has any at all, will have neither order nor connection in his head—nothing fixed, nothing certain in all that he thinks. Examine your alleged prodigy. At certain moments you will find in him an extremely taut mainspring, a clarity of mind which can pierce the clouds. Most often this same mind will seem lax to you, soggy, and, as it were, surrounded by a thick fog. At one time it gets ahead of you, the next, it remains immobile. At one moment you would say, "He's a genius," and at the next, "He's a fool." You would be mistaken in both cases: what he is is a child. He is an eaglet who for an instant cleaves the air and then falls back into his eyrie.

Treat him, then, according to his age, in spite of the appearances, and be afraid of exhausting his strength for having wanted to exercise it too much. If this young brain warms up, if you see it beginning to boil, let it ferment freely at first, but never stimulate it lest it expend itself. And when the first spirits have evaporated, retain and compress the others until, over the years, all turns into heat and true strength. Otherwise, you will waste your time and your effort. You will destroy your own work; and after having intoxicated yourself out of season on all these inflammable vapors, you will be left with only a *marc* [27] without vigor.

From giddy children come vulgar men. I know of no observation more universal and more certain than this one. Nothing is more difficult in respect of childhood than to distinguish real stupidity from that merely apparent and deceptive stupidity which is the presage of strong souls. It seems strange at first that the two extremes should have such similar signs. Nevertheless, it is properly so; for at an age when man as yet has nothing that is truly an idea, the entire difference between one who has genius and one who does not is that the latter accepts only false ideas, and the former, finding only such, accepts none. Thus the genius resembles the stupid child in that the latter is capable of nothing while nothing is suitable for the former. The only sign which permits the two to be distinguished depends on chance, which may present the genius some idea within his reach, while the stupid child is always the same everywhere. Cato the Younger during his childhood seemed an imbecile at home. He was taciturn and stubborn—this is all he was judged to be. It was only in Sulla's antechamber that his uncle learned to know him. If he had not entered that antechamber, perhaps he would have passed for a brute until the age of reason. If Caesar had not lived, perhaps they would always have treated as a visionary this very Cato who discerned Caesar's fatal genius and foresaw all his projects

so far in advance.[28] O how those who make such hasty judgments about children are liable to mistakes! They are often more children than the children. I have seen a man who honored me with his friendship taken, at a rather advanced age, to be a limited mind by his family and his friends. This excellent head ripened in silence. Suddenly he proved to be a philosopher, and I do not doubt that posterity will give him an honorable and distinguished place among the best reasoners and the most profound metaphysicians of his age.[29]

Respect childhood, and do not hurry to judge it, either for good or for ill. Let the exceptional children show themselves, be proved, and be confirmed for a long time before adopting special methods for them. Leave nature to act for a long time before you get involved with acting in its place, lest you impede its operations. You know, you say, the value of time and do not want to waste any of it? You do not see that using time badly wastes time far more than doing nothing with it and that a badly instructed child is farther from wisdom than the one who has not been instructed at all. You are alarmed to see him consume his early years in doing nothing. What? Is it nothing to be happy? Is it nothing to jump, play, and run all day? He will never be so busy in his life. Plato in his republic, believed to be so austere, raises the children only by festivals, games, songs, and pastimes; [30] one could say that he has done everything when he has taught them well how to enjoy themselves. And Seneca, speaking of the old Roman youth, says: "They were always on their feet; they were taught nothing that had to be taught sitting." [31] Were they for that worth any the less on reaching manhood? Therefore, do not be overly frightened by this alleged idleness. What would you say of a man who, in order to profit from his whole life, never wanted to sleep? You would say, "That man is crazy; he does not gain time for his joy; he deprives himself of it. To flee sleep, he races toward death." Be aware, then, that we have here the same thing and that childhood is reason's sleep.

Apparent facility at learning is the cause of children's ruin. It is not seen that this very facility is the proof they learn nothing. Their brain, smooth and polished, returns, like a mirror, the objects presented to it. But nothing remains; nothing penetrates. The child retains the words; the ideas are reflected off of him. Those who hear him understand them; only he does not understand them.

Although memory and reasoning are two essentially different faculties, nevertheless the one develops truly only with the other. Before the age of reason the child receives not ideas but images; and the difference between the two is that images are only absolute depictions of sensible objects, while ideas are notions of objects determined by relations. An image can stand all alone in the mind which represents it, but every idea supposes other ideas. When one imagines, one does nothing but see; when one conceives, one is comparing. Our sensations are purely passive, while all our perceptions or ideas are born out of an active principle which judges. This will be demonstrated hereafter.

Therefore I say that children, not being capable of judgment, do not have true memory. They retain sounds, figures, sensations, ideas rarely, the connections between ideas more rarely. Those who object,

saying that children learn some elements of geometry, believe this to be good proof against me; whereas on the contrary, it is proof for my case. It is demonstrable that, far from knowing how to reason by themselves, little geometers do not even know how to retain the reasonings of others. For follow them in their method, and you see immediately that they have retained only the exact impression of the figure and the terms of the demonstration. At the least new objection they can no longer follow. Turn the figure upside down, they can no longer follow. Their entire learning is in sensation; nothing has gone through to the understanding. Their memory itself is hardly more perfect than their other faculties, since they must almost always, when they are grown, relearn the things for which they learned the words in childhood.

I am, however, very far from thinking that children have no kind of reasoning.* On the contrary, I see that they reason very well in everything they know that relates to their immediate and palpable interest. But one is mistaken about their knowledge, ascribing to them knowledge they do not have and making them reason about what they could not understand. One is again mistaken in wanting to make them pay attention to considerations which do not touch them in any way, such as their future concerns, their happiness when they are men, the esteem in which they will be held as adults—speeches which, given to beings unendowed with any foresight, signify absolutely nothing to them. Now all the studies forced on these poor unfortunates are directed to these objects entirely alien to their minds. You can judge of the attention they can pay to them!

The pedagogues who present such a showy display of the instruction they give their disciples are paid for using other language than mine. However, one sees by their very conduct that they think exactly as I do, for what do they teach them after all? Words, more words, always words. Among the various sciences that they boast of teaching their pupils, they are quite careful not to include those which would be truly useful to them, because they would be sciences of things, and with these they would not succeed. Rather they choose those sciences one appears to know when one knows their terminology: heraldry, geography, chronology, languages, etc.—all studies so far from man, and especially from the child, that it would be a wonder if anything at all in them were of use to him a single time in his life.

People will be surprised that I number the study of languages among

* I have a hundred times in writing made the reflection that it is impossible in a long work always to give the same meanings to the same words. There is no language rich enough to furnish as many terms, turns, and phrases as our ideas can have modifications. The method of defining all the terms and constantly substituting the definition in the place of the defined is fine but impracticable, for how can a circle be avoided? Definitions could be good if words were not used to make them. In spite of that, I am persuaded that one can be clear, even in the poverty of our language, not by always giving the same meanings to the same words, but by arranging it so that as often as each word is used, the meaning given it be sufficiently determined by the ideas related to it and that each period where the word is found serves it, so to speak, as a definition. One time I say children are incapable of reasoning; another time I make them reason quite keenly. I do not believe that with that I contradict myself in my ideas; but I cannot gainsay that I often contradict myself in my expressions.

the useless parts of education. But remember that I am speaking here only of studies appropriate to the early years; and, whatever may be said, I do not believe that up to the age of twelve or fifteen any child, prodigies apart, has ever truly learned two languages.

I agree that if the study of languages were only the study of words—that is to say, of figures or the sounds which express them—it could be suitable for children. But in changing the signs, languages also modify the ideas which these signs represent. Minds are formed by languages; the thoughts take on the color of the idioms. Only reason is common; in each lanuage the mind has its particular form. This is a difference which might very well be a part of the cause or of the effect of national characters; and what appears to confirm this conjecture is that in all the nations of the world language follows the vicissitudes of morals and is preserved or degenerates as they are.

Normal usage gives but one of all these various forms to the child, and it is the only one he keeps until the age of reason. To have two, he would have to know how to compare ideas, and how could he compare them when he is hardly in a condition to conceive them? Each thing can have for him a thousand different signs. But each idea can have only one form. He can, therefore, learn to speak only one language. I am told, however, that he learns several. I deny it. I have seen these little prodigies who believed that they spoke five or six languages. I have heard them speak German in Latin terms, in French terms, in Italian terms successively. They did in truth make use of five or six lexicons. But they always spoke only German. In a word: give children as many synonyms as you please; you will change the words, not the language. They will never know any but one.

It is to hide this ineptitude of theirs that they are by preference trained in the dead languages, of which there are no more judges to whom one can have recourse. The familiar usage of these languages having long been lost, one is satisfied with imitating what is found written in books. And that is what is called speaking them. If such is the masters' Greek and Latin, you can judge the children's! Hardly have they learned by heart the rudiments, of which they understand absolutely nothing, when they are first taught to render a French discourse in Latin words; then, when they are more advanced, to stitch together in prose some phrases of Cicero and in verse some morsels of Virgil. Then they believe that they speak Latin. Who will come and contradict them?

In any study whatsoever, unless one has the ideas of the things represented, the representative signs are nothing. However, one always limits the child to these signs without ever being able to make him understand any of the things which they represent. Thinking he is being taught a description of the earth, he learns only to know some maps. He is taught the names of cities, of countries, of rivers which he does not conceive as existing anywhere else but on the paper where he is showed them. I remember having seen somewhere a geography text which began thus: "What is the world? It is a cardboard globe." Such precisely is the geography of children. I set down as a fact that after

two years of globe and cosmography there is not a single child of ten who, following the rules he has been given, knows how to get from Paris to Saint-Denis. I set down as a fact that there is not one who, on the basis of a map of his father's garden, is able to follow its winding paths without getting lost. These are the doctors who know on the spur of the moment where Peking, Ispahan, Mexico, and all the countries of the earth are.

I hear it said that it is suitable to busy children with studies requiring only their eyes. That might be, if there were some study in which only eyes were required. But I know of none such.

By an error even more ridiculous they are made to study history. One imagines that history is within their reach because it is only a collection of facts. But what is meant by this word *facts*? Can anyone believe that the relations which determine historical facts are so easy to grasp that ideas are effortlessly formed from the facts in children's minds? Can anyone believe that the true knowledge of events is separable from that of their causes or of their effects and that the historical is so little connected with the moral that one can be known without the other? If you see in men's actions only the exterior and purely physical movements, what do you learn from history? Absolutely nothing. And this study, devoid of all interest, gives you no more pleasure than it does instruction. If you want your pupils to appreciate such actions in their moral relations, try to make them understand these relations, and you will see then whether history is a proper study at their age.

Readers, always remember that he who speaks to you is neither a scholar nor a philosopher, but a simple man, a friend of the truth, without party, without system; a solitary who, living little among men, has less occasion to contract their prejudices and more time to reflect on what strikes him when he has commerce with them. My reasonings are founded less on principles than on facts; and I believe that I cannot better put you in a position to judge of them than often to report to you some example of the observations which suggested them to me.

I had gone to spend a few days in the country at the home of a good mother of a family who took great care of her children and their education. One morning when I was present at the lessons of the eldest, his governor, who had instructed him very well in ancient history, was reviewing the history of Alexander. He took up the famous story about Philip, the physician, which has been a subject of painting, and which was surely well worth the effort.[32] The governor, a man of merit, made several reflections on Alexander's intrepidity, which did not please me at all, but which I avoided disputing so as not to discredit him in his pupil's mind. At table they did not fail, according to the French method, to make the little gentleman babble a great deal. The vivacity natural to his age, along with the expectation of certain applause, made him reel off countless stupidities, in the midst of which from time to time there came a few lucky words which caused the rest to be forgotten. Finally came the story of Philip, the physician. He told it quite clearly and with much grace. After the ordinary tribute of praises exacted by the mother and expected by the son, there was discussion about what he

had said. The greater number blamed the temerity of Alexander; some, after the governor's example, admired his firmness and his courage—which made me understand that none of those present saw wherein lay the true beauty of this story. "As for me," I said to them, "it seems that if there is the least courage, the least firmness, in Alexander's action, it is foolhardy." [33] Then everyone joined in and agreed that it was foolhardy. I was going to respond and was getting heated when a woman sitting beside me, who had not opened her mouth, leaned toward my ear and said softly to me, "Keep quiet, Jean-Jacques, they won't understand you." I looked at her; I was struck; and I kept quiet.

After the dinner, suspecting, on the basis of several bits of evidence, that my young doctor had understood nothing at all of the story he had told so well, I took him by the hand and went for a turn in the park with him. Having questioned him at my ease, I found that more than anyone he admired Alexander's much-vaunted courage. But do you know in what he found this courage to consist? Solely in having swallowed at a single gulp a bad-tasting potion, without hesitation, without the least sign of repugnance. The poor child, who had been made to take medicine not two weeks before, and who had taken it only after a mighty effort, still had its aftertaste in his mouth. Death and poisoning stood in his mind only for disagreeable sensations; and he did not conceive, for his part, of any other poison than senna. Nevertheless, it must admitted that the hero's firmness had made a great impression on the boy's young heart, and that, at the next medicine he would have to swallow, he had resolved to be an Alexander. Without going into clarifications which were evidently out of his reach, I confirmed him in these laudable dispositions; and I went back laughing to myself at the lofty wisdom of fathers and masters who think they teach history to children.

It is easy to put into their mouths the words *kings, empires, wars, conquests, revolutions, laws.* But if it is a question of attaching distinct ideas to these words, there is a long way from the conversation with Robert the gardener to all these explanations.

Some readers, discontented with the "Keep quiet, Jean-Jacques," will, I foresee, ask what, after all, do I find so fair in Alexander's action? Unfortunate people! If you have to be told, how will you understand it? It is that Alexander believed in virtue; it is that he staked his head, his own life on that belief; it is that his great soul was made for believing in it. Oh, what a fair profession of faith was the swallowing of that medicine! No, never did a mortal make so sublime a one. If there is some modern Alexander, let him be showed to me by like deeds.

If there is no science of words, there is no study proper for children. If they have no true ideas, they have no true memory, for I do not call by that name the mere retention of sensations. What is the use of inscribing in their heads a catalogue of signs which represent nothing for them? In learning the things, will they not learn the signs? Why put them to the useless effort of learning the signs twice? And, meanwhile, what dangerous prejudices does one not begin to inspire in them by making them take for science words which have no sense for them? It is with the first word the child uses in order to show off, it is with

the first thing he takes on another's word without seeing its utility himself, that his judgment is lost. He will have to shine in the eyes of fools for a long time in order to make up for such a loss.*

No, if nature gives the child's brain the suppleness that fits it to receive all sorts of impressions, it is not in order to engrave on this brain the names of kings, dates, terms of heraldry, globes and geography, and all those words without any sense for the child's age, and devoid of utility for any age whatsoever, with which his sad and sterile childhood is burdened. Rather, the suppleness is there in order that all the ideas which he can conceive and are useful to him—all those which are related to his happiness and are one day going to enlighten him about his duties—may be impressed on his brain with an indelible stamp at an early age and help him during his life to behave in a way suitable to his being and his faculties.

The kind of memory a child can have does not, without his studying books, for this reason remain idle. Everything he sees, everything he hears strikes him, and he remembers it. He keeps in himself a record of the actions and the speeches of men, and all that surrounds him is the book in which, without thinking about it, he continually enriches his memory while waiting for his judgment to be able to profit from it. It is in the choice of these objects, it is in the care with which one constantly presents him the objects he can know, and hides from him those he ought not to know, that the true art of cultivating in him this first faculty consists; and it is in this way that one must try to form in him a storehouse of knowledge which serves his education during his youth and his conduct at all times. This method, it is true, does not form little prodigies and does not make governors and preceptors shine. But it forms men who are judicious, robust, healthy of body and understanding, men who, without having made themselves admired when young, make themselves honored when grown.

Emile will never learn anything by heart, not even fables, not even those of La Fontaine,[34] as naïve, as charming as they are, for the words of fables are no more fables than the words of history are history. How can people be so blinded as to call fables the morality of children? They do not think about how the apologue,[35] in giving enjoyment to children, deceives them; about how, seduced by the lie, they let the truth escape; and about how what is done to make the instruction agreeable to them prevents them from profiting from it. Fables can instruct men, but the naked truth has to be told to children. When one

* Most learned men are learned in the way of children. Vast erudition results less from a multitude of ideas than from a multitude of images. Dates, proper names, places, all objects isolated or devoid of ideas are retained solely by memory of signs; and rarely does one recall some one of these things without at the same time seeing the page on the right- or the left-hand side where it was read or the form in which it was seen for the first time. Pretty nearly such was the science fashionable in the last ages. That of our age is something else. One no longer studies, one no longer observes, one dreams; and we are gravely presented with the dreams of some bad nights as philosophy. I will be told that I, too, dream. I agree; but I give my dreams as dreams, which others are not careful to do, leaving it to the reader to find out whether they contain something useful for people who are awake.

starts covering the truth with a veil, they no longer make the effort to lift it.[36]

All children are made to learn the fables of La Fontaine; and there is not a single one who understands them. If they were to understand them, that would be still worse, for the moral in them is so mixed and so disproportionate [37] to their age that it would lead them more to vice than to virtue. These again, you will say, are paradoxes. So be it; but let us see whether they are truths.

I say that a child does not understand the fables he is made to learn, because, no matter what effort is made to simplify them, the instruction that one wants to draw from them compels the introduction of ideas he cannot grasp; and because poetry's very skill at making them easier for him to retain makes them difficult for him to conceive, so that one buys delight at the expense of clarity. Without citing that multitude of fables which contain nothing intelligible or useful for children and which they are made to learn along with the others indiscriminately because they are found mixed in with them, let us limit ourselves to those the author seems to have made especially for children.

I know in the whole collection of La Fontaine only five or six fables in which childish naïveté genuinely predominates. Of these five or six I take for example the very first because it is the one whose moral is most fitting to all ages, the one children grasp best, the one they learn with the most pleasure, finally the one that for this very reason the author chose to put at the head of his book.[38] Supposing that his object were to be really understood by children, to please and instruct them, this fable is assuredly his masterpiece. Permit me then to follow it through and examine it in a few words.

The Crow and the Fox

FABLE

Master Crow, on a tree perched,

Master! What does this word signify in itself? What does it signify in front of a proper name? What meaning has it on this occasion? [39]

What is a crow?

What is *a tree perched*? One does not say: "on a tree perched"; one says: "perched on a tree." Consequently one has to talk about poetic inversions; one has to tell what prose and verse are.

Held in his beak a cheese.

What cheese? Was it a Swiss cheese. a Brie, or a Dutch? If the child has not seen crows, what do you gain by speaking to him about them? If he has seen them, how will he conceive of their holding a cheese in their beak? Let us always make images according to nature.

Master Fox by the odor atticed

Another master! But to this one the title really belongs: he is a past-master in the tricks of his trade. One has to say what a fox is and

the child is then no longer a lion; he is a gnat. He learns how one day to kill with stings those he would not dare to stand and attack.[44]

In the fable of the lean wolf and the fat dog, instead of a lesson in moderation, which is what it is claimed the child is being given, he gets one in license.[45] I shall never forget having seen a little girl weeping bitterly, upset by this fable which was supposedly preaching docility to her. It was difficult to get at the cause of her tears. Finally we found out. The poor child was irritated by being chained. She felt her neck rubbed raw. She was crying at not being a wolf.

Thus, the moral of the first fable cited is for the child a lesson in the basest flattery; of the second, a lesson in inhumanity; of the third, a lesson in injustice; of the fourth, a lesson in satire; of the fifth, a lesson in independence. This last lesson, superfluous as it is for my pupil, is no more suitable for yours. When you give him contradictory precepts, what fruit do you hope for from your efforts? But, perhaps, with this exception, this whole morality which serves me as an objection to fables provides as many reasons for preserving them. In society there is needed one morality in words and one in action, and these two moralities do not resemble each other. The first is in the cathechism, where it is left. The other is in La Fontaine's fables for children and in his tales for mothers. The same author suffices for everything.[46]

Let us come to terms, Monsieur de La Fontaine. I promise, for my part, to read you discriminately, to like you, to instruct myself in your fables, for I hope not to be deceived about their object. But, as for my pupil, permit me not to let him study a single one of them until you have proved to me that it is good for him to learn things a quarter of which he will not understand; that in those he will be able to understand, he will never be led astray; and that he will not, instead of improving himself on the dupe's example, form himself after the rascal's example.

In thus taking away all duties from children, I take away the instruments of their greatest misery—that is, books. Reading is the plague of childhood and almost the only occupation we know how to give it. At twelve Emile will hardly know what a book is. But, it will be said, he certainly must at least know how to read. I agree. He must know how to read when reading is useful to him; up to then it is only good for boring him.

If one ought to demand nothing of children through obedience, it follows that they can learn nothing of which they do not feel the real and present advantage in either pleasure or utility. Otherwise, what motive would bring them to learn it? The art of speaking to and hearing from absent people, the art of communicating our feelings, our wills, our desires to them at a distance without a mediator is an art whose utility can be rendered palpable to all ages. What wonderful means were used to turn so useful and so agreeable an art into a torment for childhood? Because the young are constrained to apply themselves to it in spite of themselves, it is put to uses of which they understand nothing. A child is not very eager to perfect the instrument with which he is tormented. But arrange things so that this instrument serves his pleasures, and soon he will apply himself to it in spite of you.

A great business is made of seeking the best methods of teaching reading. Desks and cards are invented; a child's room is made into a printing shop. Locke wants him to learn to read with dice.[47] Now is that not a clever invention? What a pity! A means surer than all these, and the one always forgotten, is the desire to learn. Give the child this desire; then let your desks and your dice go. Any method will be good for him.

Present interest—that is the great mover, the only one which leads surely and far. Sometimes Emile receives from his father, from his mother, from his relatives, from his friends, notes of invitation for a dinner, for a walk, for an outing on the water, for watching some public festival. These notes are short, clear, distinct, well written. Someone has to be found who can read them to him. This someone either is not always to be found on the spur of the moment or is paying the child back for his unwillingness to oblige him the day before. Thus the occasion, the moment, is missed. Finally the note is read to him, but it is too late. Oh, if he had known how to read himself! Other notes are received. They are so short! Their subject is so interesting! He would like to try to decipher them. Sometimes he is given help, and sometimes he is refused it. Finally he deciphers half of a note. It has to do with going tomorrow to eat custard . . . he does not know where or with whom . . . how many efforts he makes to read the rest! I do not believe Emile will need the desk. Shall I speak now of writing? No. I am ashamed of playing with this kind of foolishness in an educational treatise.

I shall add this one word which constitutes an important maxim: it is that usually one gets very surely and quickly what one is not in a hurry to get. I am almost certain that Emile will know how to read and write perfectly before the age of ten, precisely because it makes very little difference to me that he knows how before fifteen. But I would rather that he never knew how to read if this science has to be bought at the price of all that can make it useful. Of what use will reading be to him if it has been made repulsive to him forever? *Id in primus cavere opportebit, ne studia, qui amare nondum poterit, oderit, et amaritudinem semel perceptam etiam ultra rudes annos reformidet.**

The more I insist on my inactive method, the stronger I see your objections grow. If your pupil learns nothing from you, he will learn from others. If you do not forestall error by means of truth, he will learn lies. The prejudices you are afraid of giving him, he will receive from everything around him. They will enter by all his senses: either they will corrupt his reason even before it is formed, or his mind, stupefied by long inactivity, will be engrossed in matter. The lack of the habit of thinking in childhood takes away the faculty for the rest of life.

It seems to me that I could easily answer that. But why always answers? If my method by itself answers objections, it is good. If it does not answer them, it is worthless. I shall proceed.

If, according to the plan I have begun to outline, you follow rules directly contrary to the established ones; if instead of taking your pupil's mind far away; if instead of constantly leading it astray in other

* Quintilian *Institutio Oratorio* I:20.[48]

places, other climates, other times, at the extremities of the earth and up to the heavens, you apply yourself to keeping him always within himself and attentive to what touches him immediately, then you will find him capable of perception, memory, and even reasoning. This is nature's order. To the extent the sensitive being becomes active, he acquires a discernment proportionate to his strengths; and it is only with a surplus of strength beyond what he needs to preserve himself that there develops in him the speculative faculty fit to employ this excess of strength for other uses. Do you, then, want to cultivate your pupil's intelligence? Cultivate the strengths it ought to govern. Exercise his body continually; make him robust and healthy in order to make him wise and reasonable. Let him work, be active, run, yell, always be in motion. Let him be a man in his vigor, and soon he will be one in his reason.

You will make him sodden, it is true, by this method if you go about always giving him directions, always telling him, "Go, come, stay, do this, don't do that." If your head always controls his arms, his head becomes useless to him. But remember our conventions. If you are only a pedant, it is not worth the effort to read me.

It is a most pitiable error to imagine that the exercise of the body is harmful to the operations of the mind, as if these two activities ought not to move together in harmony and that the one ought not always to direct the other!

There are two sorts of men whose bodies are in constant activity, and who both surely think equally little of cultivating their souls—that is, peasants and savages. The former are crude, heavy, maladroit; the latter, known for their good sense, are also known for their subtlety of mind. To put it generally, nothing is duller than a peasant and nothing sharper than a savage. What is the source of this difference? It is that the former, doing always what he is ordered or what he saw his father do or what he has himself done since his youth, works only by routine; and in his life, almost an automaton's, constantly busy with the same labors, habit and obedience take the place of reason for him.

For the savage it is another story. Attached to no place, without prescribed task, obeying no one, with no other law than his will, he is forced to reason in each action of his life. He does not make a movement, not a step, without having beforehand envisaged the consequences. Thus, the more his body is exercised, the more his mind is enlightened; his strength and his reason grow together, and one is extended by the other.

Learned preceptor, let us see which of our two pupils resembles the savage and which resembles the peasant. Submitted in everything to an authority which is always teaching, yours does nothing unless given the word. He dares not eat when he is hungry, nor laugh when he is gay, nor cry when he is sad, nor put out one hand instead of the other, nor move his foot except as has been prescribed to him. Soon he will dare to breathe only according to your rules. About what do you want him to think when you think about everything for him? Assured of your foresight, what need has he of any? Seeing that you take the responsibility for his preservation, for his well-being, he feels delivered

from this care. His judgment rests on yours. Everything you do not forbid him, he does without reflection, knowing well that he does it without risk. What need does he have to foresee rain? He knows that you look at the sky for him. What need has he to organize his walk? He has no fear that you would let the dinner hour pass. So long as you do not forbid him to eat, he eats. When you forbid him, he eats no more. He no longer listens to the opinions of his stomach but yours. You may very well soften his body by inactivity, you do not for that make his understanding more flexible. All to the contrary, you complete the work of discrediting reason in his mind by making him use the little he possesses on the things which appear to him the most useless. Never seeing what it is good for, he finally makes the judgment that it is good for nothing. The worst that can happen to him from reasoning badly is to be admonished; and that happens to him so often that he hardly thinks about it; a danger so common no longer frightens him.

You find, however, that he is clever, and so he is when it comes to babbling with women in the manner about which I have already spoken. But when it comes to a case of personal risk, to his taking a position in some difficult situation, you will find him to be a hundred times stupider and more foolish than the son of the biggest yokel.

As for my pupil, or rather nature's, trained early to be as self-sufficient as possible, he is not accustomed to turning constantly to others; still less is he accustomed to displaying his great learning for them. On the other hand, he judges, he foresees, he reasons in everything immediately related to him. He does not chatter; he acts. He does not know a word of what is going on in society, but he knows very well how to do what suits him. Since he is constantly in motion, he is forced to observe many things, to know many effects. He acquires a large experience early. He gets his lessons from nature and not from men. He instructs himself so much the better because he sees nowhere the intention to instruct him. Thus his body and his mind are exercised together. Acting always according to his own thought and not someone else's, he continually unites two operations: the more he makes himself strong and robust, the more he becomes sensible and judicious. This is the way one day to have what are believed incompatible and what are united in almost all great men: strength of body and strength of soul; a wise man's reason and an athlete's vigor.

Young teacher, I am preaching a difficult art to you, that of governing without precepts and doing everything by doing nothing. This art, I agree, is not one that goes with your age; it is not fit to make your talents conspicuous from the outset nor to make an impression on fathers. But it is the only one fit for succeeding. You will never get to the point of producing wise men if you do not in the first place produce rascals. This was the education of the Spartans: instead of being glued to books, they began by being taught how to steal their dinner. Were the Spartans as a result crude when grown? Who does not know the force and saltiness of their rejoinders? Always made to conquer, they crushed their enemies in every kind of war; and the Athenian babblers feared their words as much as their blows.

In the most careful educations the master commands and believes he

governs. It is actually the child who governs. He uses what you exact from him to obtain from you what pleases him; and he always knows how to make you pay a week of obligingness for an hour of assiduity. At every instant pacts must be made with him. These treaties, which you propose in your fashion and he executes in his, always turn to the profit of his whims, especially when you are so clumsy as to promise him something as your part of the bargain which he is quite sure of getting whether or not he fulfills his part. The child usually reads the master's mind much better than the master reads the child's heart. And that is the way it should be; for all the sagacity the child would have used to provide for the preservation of his person had he been left to himself he uses to save his natural freedom from his tyrant's chains. On the other hand, the latter, having no interest so pressing for seeing through the child, sometimes finds it to his own advantage to let the child have his laziness or vanity.

Take an opposite route with your pupil. Let him always believe he is the master, and let it always be you who are. There is no subjection so perfect as that which keeps the appearance of freedom. Thus the will itself is made captive. The poor child who knows nothing, who can do nothing, who has no learning, is he not at your mercy? Do you not dispose, with respect to him, of everything which surrounds him? Are you not the master of affecting him as you please? Are not his labors, his games, his pleasures, his pains, all in your hands without his knowing it? Doubtless he ought to do only what he wants; but he ought to want only what you want him to do. He ought not to make a step without your having foreseen it; he ought not to open his mouth without your knowing what he is going to say.

It is then that he will be able to give himself over to the exercises of the body that his age demands of him without stultifying his mind. It is then that instead of sharpening his ruses for eluding your uncomfortable grip, you will see him busy himself only with taking the greatest possible advantage of everything around him for his real well-being. It is then that you will be surprised by the subtlety of his inventions for appropriating all objects he can attain and for truly enjoying things without the help of opinion.

In leaving him thus master of his will, you will not be fomenting his caprices. By never doing anything except what suits him, he will soon do only what he ought to do; and although his body is in continuous motion, so long as he is concerned only with his immediate and palpable interest, you will witness developing all the reason of which he is capable much better and in a way much more appropriate to him than it would in purely speculative studies.

Thus, not seeing you eager to oppose him, not distrusting you, with nothing to hide from you, he will not deceive you, he will not lie to you, he will fearlessly show himself precisely as he is. You will be able to study him at your complete ease and arrange all around him the lessons you want to give him without his ever thinking he is receiving any.

He will also not be spying on your morals with a curiosity motivated by jealousy and will not find a secret pleasure in catching you misbehaving. This disadvantage which we are forestalling is a very great

one. One of children's first efforts, as I have said, is to discover the weakness of those who govern them. This inclination leads to wickedness but does not come from it. It comes from the need to elude an authority which importunes them. Overburdened by the yoke inposed on them, they seek to shake it off, and the shortcomings they find in the masters furnish them with good means for that. However, the habit of scrutinizing people for their shortcomings and getting pleasure at finding them grows on children. Here clearly is yet another source of vice stopped up in Emile's heart. With no interest in finding shortcomings in me, he will not look for them and will be little tempted to look for them in others.

All these practices seem difficult because one does not really consider them, but at bottom they ought not to be. I have a right to assume that you possess the enlightenment necessary for exercising the vocation you have chosen; I have to assume that you know the natural development of the human heart, that you know how to study man and the individual, that you know beforehand what will bend your pupil's will when he confronts all the objects of interest to his age that you will cause to pass before his eyes. Now, to have the instruments and to know their use well, is that not to be the master of an operation?

You raise as an objection children's caprices, and you are wrong. The capriciousness of children is never the work of nature but is the work of bad discipline. It is that they have either obeyed or commanded, and I have said a hundred times that they must do neither. Your pupil will, therefore, have only the caprices you have given him. It is only just that you pay the penalty for your mistakes. But, you will say, how can this be remedied? It is still possible with better conduct and much patience.

For a few weeks I took care of a child accustomed not only to do his will but to make everyone else do it as well—consequently a child full of whims.[49] Right on the first day, to try out my obligingness, he wanted to get up at midnight. When I was sleeping most soundly, he jumped down from his bed, took his robe, and called me. I got up, lit the candle. He wanted nothing more. Within a quarter of an hour sleep overcame him, and he went back to bed satisfied with his test. Two days later he repeated it with the same success and without the least sign of impatience on my part. As he kissed me on going back to bed, I said to him in a deliberate tone, "My little friend, this is all very well, but do not try it again." This phrase aroused his curiosity, and the very next day, wanting to get a glimpse of how I would dare to disobey him, he did not fail to get up again at the same time and call me. I asked him what he wanted. He told me he could not sleep. "Too bad," I replied, and kept quiet. He asked me to light the candle. "What for?" and I kept quiet. This laconic tone began to distress him. He started feeling about, looking for the steel, which he made a show of striking; and I could not keep from laughing, hearing him give himself blows on the fingers. Finally, quite convinced he would not succeed at it, he brought me the lighter to my bed. I told him I had no need of it and turned on my other side. Then he started running giddily around the room, yelling, singing, making a lot of noise, purposely bumping into the table and

chairs, which he took care not to do too hard while letting out great cries, hoping to worry me. None of this worked; and I saw that, counting on high exhortations or anger, he had in no way prepared himself for this coolness.

However, resolved to overcome my patience by dint of his obstinacy, he continued his racket with such success that in the end I began to flare up; and, sensing that I was going to ruin everything by an inopportune loss of temper, I decided on another course. I got up without saying a thing and went to the steel, which I could not find. I asked him for it. He gave it to me bubbling over with joy at having at last triumphed over me. I struck the steel, lit the candle, took my little gentleman by the hand, led him calmly into a nearby little room, the shutters of which were tightly closed and where there was nothing to break. I left him there without light; then, locking the door with the key, I went back to bed without having said a single word to him. You need not ask if at first there was an uproar. I was expecting it and was not moved by it. Finally the noise abated. I listened, heard him settling down. I put my mind at rest. The next day in the morning I went into the little room and found my tiny rebel lying on a couch sleeping a profound sleep, which, after so much fatigue, he must have badly needed.

The affair did not end there. His mother learned that the child had spent two-thirds of the night out of his bed. Immediately all was lost; he was a child as good as dead. Seeing that the occasion was good for getting his revenge, he played sick without foreseeing he would gain nothing from it. The doctor was called. Unhappily for the mother, this doctor was a jester and, to enjoy her terrors, made an effort to increase them. Meanwhile he whispered in my ear, "Leave it to me. I promise you that the child will be cured for some time of the whim of being sick." Indeed, diet and bed were prescribed, and the child was turned over to the apothecary. I sighed at seeing this poor mother thus the dupe of all that surrounded her, with the single exception of me, for whom she conceived hatred, precisely because I did not deceive her.

After rather harsh reproaches she told me that her son was delicate, that he was his family's sole heir, that he must be preserved at whatever cost, and that she did not want him provoked. In that I quite agreed with her. But what she understood by provoking him was not obeying him in everything. I saw that the same tone had to be taken with the mother as with the child. "Madame," I said to her rather coldly, "I do not know how one raises an heir, and, what is more, I do not want to learn how. You can take care of that for yourself." I was still needed for a time; the father quieted it all down; the mother wrote the preceptor to hasten his return; and the child, seeing he got nothing out of disturbing my sleep or in being sick, finally made the decision to sleep himself and to be in good health.

It cannot be imagined to how many similar caprices the little tyrant had subjected his unlucky governor, for the education was conducted under the eyes of the mother who did not tolerate the heir's being disobeyed in anything. At whatever hour he wanted to go out, one had to be ready to lead or, rather, follow him, and he was always very careful to choose the moment when he saw that his governor was busiest.

He wanted to hold the same sway over me and get revenge during the day for the rest he was forced to leave me at night. I lent myself good-heartedly to everything; and I began by establishing in his eyes the pleasure I took in obliging him. After that when the issue was to cure him of his whim, I went about it in a different way.

He had in the first place to be put in the wrong, and that was not difficult. Knowing that children think only of the present, I took the easy advantage of foresight over him. I took care of providing for him at home a game which I knew to be very much to his taste; and at the moment when I saw him most infatuated with it, I went and proposed a walk to him. He turned me down flat. I persisted. He did not listen to me. I had to give up. He took careful note in himself of this sign of subjection.

The day after, it was my turn. He was bored. I had arranged for that. I, on the contrary, appeared profoundly busy. He needed nothing more to decide him. He did not fail to come to tear me away from my work to take him for a walk immediately. I refused; he insisted. "No," I said to him, "in doing your will, you have taught me to do mine. I do not want to go out." "Very well," he responded hotly, "I shall go out all alone." "As you wish," and I returned to my work.

He got dressed, a bit uneasy at seeing me let him go ahead and not following his example. Ready to go out, he came to bid me farewell. I bade him farewell. He tried to alarm me with the account of the trips he was going to make. To hear him one would have thought he was going to the end of the world. Without any disturbance on my part, I wished him bon voyage. His embarrassment was redoubled. However, he put a good face on it; and ready to go out, he told his lackey to follow him. The lackey, already forewarned, answered that he did not have the time, and, busy at my orders, he had to obey me rather than him. Now at this the child was upset. How could it be conceived that he be allowed to go out alone, he who believed himself the being most important to everyone else, and who thought that sky and earth took an interest in his preservation? Meanwhile he began to feel his weakness. He understood that he was going to be alone among people who did not know him. He saw beforehand the risks he was going to run. Obstinacy alone still sustained him. He went down the stairs slowly and very ill at ease. He finally stepped out on the street, consoling himself somewhat for the harm that could happen to him by the hope that I would be made responsible for it.

This was just what I was waiting for. Everything was prepared in advance; and since a kind of public scene was involved, I had provided myself with the father's consent. Hardly had the child taken a few steps before he heard, right and left, remarks about him. "Neighbor, look at the pretty monsieur! Where is he going all alone? He is going to get lost. I want to ask him to come in our house." "Don't you dare, neighbor. Don't you see that this is a little libertine who has been driven out of his father's house because he did not want to be good for anything? Sanctuary must not be given libertines. Let him go where he will." "Too bad. Let God guide him. I would be sorry if misfortune were to come to him." A bit farther on he met up with some rascals of about

his age who provoked him and jeered at him. The farther he went, the more confused he became. Alone and without protection, he saw himself everybody's plaything; and he experienced with much surprise that his epaulettes and gold trim did not make him more respected.

Meanwhile one of my friends, whom he did not know and to whom I had given the responsibility of watching over him, was following him step by step without his noticing it, and accosted him when the time was right. This role, which resembled Sbrigani's in *Pourceaugnac*,[50] called for a man of ready wit and was perfectly filled. Without making the child timid and fearful by striking too great a terror in him, he made him so well aware of the imprudence of his escapade that at the end of half an hour he brought him back to me, tractable, embarrassed, and not daring to lift his eyes.

To complete the disaster of his expedition, precisely at the moment that he came home, his father was coming down to go out, and met him on the stairs. The child had to say where he was coming from and why I was not with him.* The poor child would have wanted to be a hundred feet under the earth. Without wasting his time in giving him a long reprimand, the father said to him more curtly than I would have expected, "If you want to go out alone, you are the master. But since I do not want to have a bandit in my home, if it does happen that you do so, take care not to come back anymore."

As for me, I received him without reproach and without ridicule, but with a bit of gravity; and lest he suspect that all that had taken place was only a game, I did not want to take him for a walk the same day. The next day I saw with great pleasure that in my company he passed with a triumphant bearing before the same people who had jeered at him the day before because he was all alone when they met him. It can be well conceived that he did not threaten me anymore with going out without me.

It is by these means and others like them that during the short time I was with the child I got to the point of being able to make him do everything I wanted without prescribing anything to him, without forbidding him anything, without sermons, without exhortations, without boring him with useless lessons. Thus, so long as I spoke, he was satisfied; but he was afraid of my silence. He understood that something was not going well, and the lesson always came to him from the thing itself. But let us return.

These constant exercises, left in this way to the direction of nature alone, in strengthening the body not only do not stultify the mind but, on the contrary, form the only kind of reason of which the first age is susceptible and which is the most necessary to any age whatsoever. They teach us to know well the use of our strength, the relations of our bodies to surrounding bodies, and the use of the natural instruments which are within our reach and are suitable for our organs. Is there any stupidity equal to that of a child always raised indoors and under his mother's eyes who, ignorant of what weight and resistance are,

* In such a case one can without risk demand the truth from a child, for he knows well then that he could not disguise it, and that, if he dared to tell a lie, he would be convicted of it on the spot.

wants to rip up a big tree or lift a boulder? The first time I went out of Geneva, I wanted to keep up with a galloping horse; I threw stones at Mount Salève which was two leagues away from me. Plaything of all the children of the village, I was a veritable idiot to them. At eighteen one learns in philosophy what a lever is. There is not a little peasant of twelve who does not know how to use a lever better than the Academy's premier expert in mechanics. The lessons pupils get from one another in the schoolyard are a hundred times more useful to them than everything they will ever be told in class.

Look at a cat entering a room for the first time. He inspects, he looks around, he sniffs, he does not relax for a moment, he trusts nothing before he has examined everything, come to know everything. This is just what is done by a child who is beginning to walk and entering, so to speak, in the room of the world. The whole difference is that, in addition to the vision which is common to both child and cat, the former has the hands that nature gave him to aid in observation, and the latter is endowed by nature with a subtle sense of smell. Whether this disposition is well or ill cultivated is what makes children adroit or clumsy, dull or alert, giddy or prudent.

Since man's first natural movements are, therefore, to measure himself against everything surrounding him and to experience in each object he perceives all the qualities which can be sensed and relate to him, his first study is a sort of experimental physics relative to his own preservation, from which he is diverted by speculative studies before he has recognized his place here on earth. While his delicate and flexible organs can adjust themselves to the bodies on which they must act, while his still pure senses are exempt from illusions, it is the time to exercise both in their proper functions, it is the time to teach the knowledge of the sensible relations which things have with us. Since everything which enters into the human understanding comes there through the senses, man's first reason is a reason of the senses; this sensual reason serves as the basis of intellectual reason. Our first masters of philosophy are our feet, our hands, our eyes. To substitute books for all that is not to teach us to reason. It is to teach us to use the reason of others. It is to teach us to believe much and never to know anything.

To exercise an art one must begin by procuring for oneself the instruments for it; and, to be able to employ these instruments usefully, one has to make them solid enough to resist wear. To learn to think. therefore, it is necessary to exercise our limbs, our senses, our organs, which are the instruments of our intelligence. And, to get the greatest possible advantage from these instruments, the body which provides them must be robust and healthy. Thus, far from man's true reason being formed independently of the body, it is the body's good constitution which makes the mind's operations easy and sure.

In showing how the long idleness of childhood ought to be employed, I go into the kind of detail which will appear ridiculous. "Funny lessons," I will be told, "which, open to your own criticism, are limited to teaching that which no one needs to learn! Why waste time on the instruction that always comes of itself and costs neither effort nor care.

What twelve-year-old child does not know all you want to teach yours, and, in addition, what his masters have taught him?"

Messieurs, you are mistaken. I am giving my pupil instruction in an art that is very long, very hard, one that your pupils surely do not possess; it is the art of being ignorant, for the science possessed by him who believes that he knows only what he does in fact know amounts to very little. You give science—splendid. I busy myself with the instrument fit for acquiring it. It is said that one day when the Venetians with great pomp showed their treasure of Saint Mark to a Spanish ambassador, he, as his only compliment, after looking under the tables, said to them, "Quì non c' è la radice." [51] I never see a preceptor displaying the learning of his disciple without being tempted to say as much to him.

All those who have reflected on the way of life of the ancients attribute to gymnastic exercises that vigor of body and soul which distinguishes them most palpably from the moderns. The way in which Montaigne supports this sentiment shows that he was powerfully impressed by it. He returns to it endlessly and in countless ways in speaking of a child's education. To stiffen his soul, he says, his muscles must be hardened; by becoming accustomed to work, he becomes accustomed to pain; one must break him to the harshness of exercise in order to train him in the harshness of dislocations, colics, and all illness. The wise Locke, the good Rollin, the learned Fleury, the pedant Crousaz—so different among themselves in everything else—all agree on this single point that there should be much exercise for children's bodies. It is the most judicious of their precepts; it is the one which is and always will be the most neglected. I have already spoken sufficiently of its importance, and since on this point one cannot give better reasons or more sensible rules than those to be found in Locke's book, I shall content myself with referring you to it after having taken the liberty of adding some observations to his.[52]

The limbs of a growing body ought all to have room in their garments. Nothing ought to hinder either their movement or their growth; nothing too tight; nothing which clings to the body; no belts. French dress, constraining and unhealthy for men, is particularly pernicious for children. The humors, stagnant, arrested in their circulation, grow rotten in a state of rest which is increased by the inactive and sedentary life, become corrupt, and cause scurvy, an illness every day more common among us and almost unknown to the ancients whose way of dressing and living preserved them from it. The hussar's costume,[53] far from remedying this difficulty, increases it and, in order to spare children braces, puts pressure on their whole body. The best thing to do is to leave them in smocks as long as possible, then to give them a very large garment and not make a point of showing off their figure, which serves only to deform it. Their defects of body and of mind come almost all from the same cause: one wants to make them men before it is time.

There are gay colors and sad colors. The former are more to children's taste. They are also more flattering to them; and I do not see why one would not consult such natural fitness in this. But from the

moment that children prefer a material because it is rich, their hearts are already abandoned to luxury, to all the whims of opinion; and this taste surely did not come to them from themselves. I cannot tell you how much the choice of clothing and the motives of this choice influence education. Not only do blind mothers promise their children adornment as a reward; one even sees foolish governors threatening their pupils with a coarser and simpler costume as a punishment. "If you do not study better, if you don't take better care of your things, you will be dressed like this little peasant." This is as if they were told, "Know that man is nothing except by his costume, that your worth is wholly in yours." Is it surprising that the young profit from such wise lessons, that they esteem only adornment, and that they judge merit by the exterior only?

If I had to straighten out the views of a child thus spoiled, I would take care that his richest costumes were his most uncomfortable, that he be always ill at ease, always constrained in them, always subjected by them in countless ways. I would make liberty and gaiety flee before his magnificence. If he wanted to join in the games of other children more simply outfitted, on the spot everything would stop, everything would disappear. Finally, I would so bore him, I would so satiate him with his splendor, I would render him so much the slave of his gold-trimmed costume that I would make it the plague of his life, make him see the darkest dungeon with less fright than the laying out of his adornment. So long as the child has not been made the servant of our prejudices, to be at his ease and free is always his first desire. The simplest garment, the most comfortable, the one which subjects him least, is always the most precious for him.

There is a habit of the body suitable to exercise and another more suitable to inaction. The latter, allowing the humors an even and uniform flow, ought to protect the body from changes in the air. The former, making the body constantly pass from agitation to rest and from heat to cold, ought to accustom it to those changes. It follows from this that stay-at-home and sedentary people ought to be warmly dressed at all times so as to keep the body at a uniform temperature, almost the same in all seasons and at all hours of the day. On the other hand, those who come and go, in the wind, in the sun, in the rain, who are very active and spend most of their time *sub dio*,[54] ought always to be lightly dressed so as to habituate themselves to all the vicissitudes of the air and all the degrees of temperature without being uncomfortable in them. I would counsel both not to change costume according to the seasons, and that will be the constant practice of my Emile. By this I do not mean that he will wear his winter clothes in the summer, as do sedentary people, but that he will wear his summer clothes in the winter, as do working people. This latter practice was that of Sir Isaac Newton during his whole life, and he lived eighty years.

Little or no headgear in any season. The ancient Egyptians were always bare-headed. The Persians covered their heads with large tiaras and still cover them with large turbans, the use of which, according to Chardin, the air of the country makes necessary. I have mentioned

elsewhere * the distinction that Herodotus made on a battlefield between the skulls of the Persians and those of the Egyptians. Since it is important, then, that the bones of the head become harder, more compact, less fragile, and less porous the better to arm the brain not only against wounds but also against colds, inflammations, and all the impressions of the air, accustom your children to remain always bareheaded summer and winter, day and night. If for the sake of cleanliness and to keep their hair in order you want to give them headgear during the night, let it be a cap thin enough to see through, similar to the netting with which the Basques cover their hair. I know well that most mothers, more struck by Chardin's observation than by my reasons, will believe they find everywhere the air of Persia; but I did not choose my pupil a European to make an Asian of him.[56]

In general, children are overdressed, especially during their early age. They should be hardened to cold rather than to heat. Very cold weather never indisposes them if one lets them be exposed to it early. But their skin tissue, still too tender and too slack, leaving too free a passage for perspiration, inevitably makes them prone to exhaustion in extreme heat. Thus, it is noted that more of them die in the month of August than in any other month. Moreover, it appears to be a constant, from the comparison of the northern peoples with the southern, that one is made more robust by enduring excessive cold than excessive heat. But as the child grows and his fibers are strengthened, accustom him little by little to brave the sun's rays. In going by degrees you will harden him without danger to the ardors of the torrid zone.

Locke, in the midst of the masculine and sensible precepts that he gives us, falls back into contradictions one would not expect from so exact a reasoner. The same man who wants children bathed in icy water in summer does not want them, when they are heated up, to have cool drinks or to lie down on the ground in damp places.* But since he wants children's shoes to take in water at all times, will they take it in less when the child is warm; and can one not make for him the same inductions about the body in relation to the feet that he makes about the feet in relation to the hands and about the body in relation to the face? "If you want man to be all face," I would say to him, "why do you blame me for wanting him to be all feet?" [57]

To prevent children from drinking when they are hot, he prescribes accustoming them to eat a piece of bread as a preliminary to drinking. It is quite strange that when a child is thirsty he has to be given something to eat. I would prefer to give him drink when he is hungry. Never will I be persuaded that our first appetites are so unruly that they cannot be satisfied without exposing ourselves to destruction. If that were so, mankind would have been destroyed a hundred times before men learned what must be done to preserve it.

* *Lettre à M. d'Alembert sur les spectacles*, first edition p. 189.[55]

† As if little peasants chose very dry earth to sit or lie on, and as if it had ever been heard said that the earth's dampness had done any harm to one of them? To hear the physicians on this point, one would believe savages are completely crippled by rheumatism.

Every time Emile is thirsty, I want him given drink. I want him given water, pure and without any preparation, not even to take the chill off it, even if he is bathed in sweat and it is the heart of winter. The only care I recommend is to distinguish the quality of the water. If it is river water, give it to him on the spot just as it comes from the river. If it is spring water, it must be left for a time in the air before he drinks it. In hot seasons rivers are hot; it is not the same with springs which have not had contact with the air. One must wait for them to get to the temperature of the atmosphere. In the winter, on the contrary, spring water is in this respect less dangerous than river water. But it is neither natural nor frequent that one gets in a sweat in the winter, especially out of doors, for the cold air, constantly striking the skin, represses the sweat within and prevents the pores from opening enough to give it free passage. Now I intend for Emile to exercise in winter not next to a good fireplace but outside in open country in the midst of ice. So long as he gets heated up only in making and throwing snowballs, we shall allow him to drink when he is thirsty and to continue his exercise after having drunk without our fearing any accident as a result. But if in some other exercise he gets into a sweat and is thirsty, let him drink cold water even at that time. Only arrange it so that you lead him far and slowly in search of his water. In the kind of cold I mean he will cool off sufficiently in getting there to drink it without danger. Above all, take these precautions without his noticing them. I would rather that he be sick sometimes than constantly attentive to his health.

Children must sleep long because their exercise is extreme. The one serves as corrective to the other. And it is seen that they need both. The time of rest is night; it has been marked out by nature. It is an established observation that sleep is calmer and sweeter while the sun is below the horizon and that air heated by its rays does not keep our senses in so deep a repose. Thus, the most salutary habit is certainly to get up and go to bed with the sun. It follows from this that in our climates man and all the animals generally need to sleep longer in winter than in summer. But civil life is not simple enough, natural enough, exempt enough from extreme changes and accidents for man properly to get accustomed to this uniformity to the point of making it necessary to him. Doubtless one must be subjected to rules. But the first is to be able to break them without risk when necessity wills. Therefore, do not go and imprudently soften your pupil by allowing him a peaceful sleep which endures without interruption. Deliver him at first without hindrance to the law of nature, but do not forget that among us he must be above that law, that he must be able to go to bed late, get up in the morning, be abruptly awakened, and spend nights up without getting upset. By going about it soon enough, by proceeding always gently and gradually, one can form the temperament by the very things that destroy it when it is submitted to them already fully formed.

It is important in the first instance to get used to being ill bedded. This is the way never again to find an uncomfortable bed. In general, the hard life, once turned into habit, multiplies agreeable sensations; the soft life prepares for an infinity of unpleasant ones. People raised too

delicately no longer find sleep elsewhere than on down; people accustomed to sleep on boards find it everywhere. There is no hard bed for him who falls asleep as soon as he lies down.

A soft bed where one sinks into feathers or eiderdown, so to speak, melts and dissolves the body. The kidneys, too warmly enveloped, heat up. The results are stones or other indispositions and, infallibly, a delicate constitution which feeds them all.

The best bed is the one which provides a better sleep. That is the bed Emile and I are preparing for ourselves during the day. We do not need to have Persian slaves brought to us to make our beds; in plowing the soil we are shaking out our mattresses.

I know from experience that when a child is healthy, one is master of making him sleep and wake up almost as one wills. When the child is in bed and his babble bores his nurse, she tells him, "Sleep." This is as though she were to tell him, "Be healthy," when he is sick. The true means of making him sleep is to bore him himself. Talk so much that he is forced to keep quiet, and soon he will sleep. Sermons are always good for something. Preaching to him is about equivalent to rocking him. But if you do use this narcotic in the evening, be careful not to use it during the day.

Sometimes I shall wake Emile up, less for fear that he get the habit of sleeping too long than to accustom him to everything, even to being awakened, even to being awakened abruptly. What is more, I would have very little talent for my job if I did not know how to force him to wake himself and get up, so to speak, at my will without my saying a single word to him.

If he does not sleep enough, I let him get a glimpse of a boring morning for the next day; and he himself will regard as so much gained all that he can give to sleep. If he sleeps too much, I give him the prospect of an entertainment to his taste on waking. Do I want him to wake himself at a certain moment? I say to him, "Tomorrow at six we are leaving to go fishing. We are going to walk to such and such a place. Do you want to join us?" He agrees and asks me to wake him. I promise or I do not promise, according to need. If he wakes up too late, he finds us gone. Woe, if he does not soon learn to wake himself up on his own.

Further, if it happens—which is rare—that some indolent child has an inclination to stagnate in laziness, he must not be abandoned to this inclination by which he would be totally benumbed but must be administered some stimulant which will wake him up. It is, of course, to be understood that this is not a question of making him act by force but of moving him by some appetite which draws him to it, and this appetite taken discriminatingly in the order of nature leads us to two ends at the same time.

I can imagine nothing the taste, even the rage, for which cannot with a bit of skill be inspired in children, without vanity, without emulation, without jealousy. Their vivacity, their imitative spirit suffice; their natural gaiety especially is an instrument which provides a sure hold, one of which no preceptor ever takes advantage. In all games, when they are quite persuaded that they are only games, children endure

without complaining and even in laughing what they would never otherwise endure without shedding torrents of tears. Long fasts, blows, burns, fatigues of all kinds are the amusements of young savages—proof that even pain has a seasoning that can take away bitterness. But it does not belong to every master to know how to prepare this stew, nor perhaps to every disciple to savor it without grimace. Here I am once more, if I do not watch out, lost in the exceptions.

What does not admit of exceptions, however, is man's subjection to pain, to the ills of his species, to the accidents, to the dangers of life, finally to death. The more he is familiarized with all these ideas, the more he will be cured of the importunate sensitivity which only adds to the ill itself the impatience to undergo it. The more he gets used to the sufferings which can strike him, the more, as Montaigne would say, the sting of strangeness is taken from them, and also the more his soul is made invulnerable and hard.[58] His body will be the shield which will turn away all the arrows by which he might be mortally struck. The very approach of death not being death, he will hardly feel it as such. He will not, so to speak, die. He will be living or dead; nothing more. It is of him that the same Montaigne could say, as he did say of a king of Morocco, that no man has lived so far into death.[59] Constancy and firmness, like the other virtues, are apprenticeships of childhood. But it is not by teaching the names of these virtues that one teaches them to children. It is by making the children taste them without knowing what they are.

But, apropos of dying, how shall we behave with our pupil concerning the danger of smallpox? Shall we have him inoculated with it at an early age, or wait for him to get it naturally? The first choice, more in conformity with our practice, defends against danger at the age when life is most precious by taking a risk at the age when life is less so—if, indeed, the name *risk* can be given to inoculation well administered.

But the second choice is more in accord with our general principles of letting nature alone in everything, in the care it is wont to take by itself and which it abandons as soon as man wants to interfere. The man of nature is always prepared; let him be inoculated by the master; it will choose the moment better than we would.

Do not conclude from this that I am against inoculation, for the reasoning on whose basis I exempt my pupil from it would ill suit your pupils. Your education prepares them not to escape smallpox at the time they are attacked by it. If you leave its coming to chance, they will probably die from it. I see that in the various countries inoculation is resisted the more as it becomes more necessary; and the reason for this is easily grasped. So I shall hardly deign to treat this question for my Emile. He will be inoculated, or he will not be, according to times, places, and circumstances. It is almost a matter of indifference in his case. If he is given smallpox, one will have the advantage of foreseeing and knowing his illness ahead of time; that is something. But if he gets it naturally, we will have preserved him from the doctor. That is even more.[60]

An exclusive education—an education whose only goal is to distinguish those who receive it from the people—always gives the preference

to the more costly forms of training over the more common and, consequently, over the more useful ones. Thus all carefully raised young people learn to ride horseback because that costs a lot. But almost none of them learns to swim because it costs nothing, and an artisan can know how to swim as well as anyone. However, without having gone to the academy, a traveler rides, holds on, and makes use of the horse adequate to the need. But in water if one does not swim, one drowns; and one does not swim without having learned. Finally, riding horseback is never a matter of life or death, whereas nobody is sure of avoiding a danger to which one is so often exposed as drowning. Emile will be in water as on land. Why should he not live in all the elements? If he could be taught to fly in the air, I would make an eagle of him. I would make a salamander of him if a man could be hardened against fire.

It is feared that in learning to swim a child might drown. If he drowns while he is learning or because he has not learned, in either case it will be your fault. It is only vanity which makes us rash. A person is never rash when he is seen by no one. Emile would not be rash even if the whole universe were watching. Since risk is not required for practicing swimming, he could learn to cross the Hellespont in a canal in his father's park. But one must even get used to risk, so as to learn not to be disturbed by it. This is an essential part of the apprenticeship of which I spoke a while ago. Moreover, being careful to balance the degree of danger with the amount of his strength and sharing the danger with him always, I will hardly have to fear imprudence when my own preservation is also the basis for the care I give to him.

A child is not as big as a man. He has neither a man's strength nor his reason. But he sees and hears as well, or very nearly as well, as a man. His taste is as sensitive, although less delicate; and he distinguishes smells as well, although he does not bring the same sensuality to them. The first faculties which are formed and perfected in us are the senses. They are, therefore, the first faculties that ought to be cultivated; they are the only ones which are completely ignored or the ones which are most neglected.

To exercise the senses is not only to make use of them, it is to learn to judge well with them. It is to learn, so to speak, to sense; for we know how to touch, see, and hear only as we have learned.

There are purely natural and mechanical exercises which serve to make the body robust without giving any occasion for the exercise of judgment. Swimming, running, jumping, spinning a top, throwing stones, all that is quite good. But have we only arms and legs? Have we not also eyes and ears; and are these organs superfluous to the use of the former? Therefore, do not exercise only strength; exercise all the senses which direct it. Get from each of them all that they can do. Then verify the impression of one by the other. Measure, count, weigh, compare. Use strength only after having estimated resistance. Always arrange it so that the estimate of the effect precedes the use of the means. Interest the child in never making insufficient or superfluous efforts. If you accustom him to foresee thus the effect of all his move-

ments and to set his mistakes right by experience, is it not clear that the more he acts, the more judicious he will become?

Is there a mass to lift? If he takes too long a lever, he will waste motion. If he takes too short a one, he will not have enough strength. Experience can teach him to choose precisely the stick he needs. This wisdom is, hence, not beyond his age. Is there a load to carry? If he wants to take one as heavy as he can carry and not try any he cannot lift, will he not be forced to estimate its weight by sight? Does he know how to compare masses of the same matter and of different size? Let him choose between masses of the same size and different matters. He will have to set himself to comparing their specific weights. I have seen a very well-raised young man who, only after putting it to the test, was willing to believe that a container full of big pieces of oak was less heavy than the same container filled with water.

We are not masters of the use of all our senses equally. There is one of them—that is, touch—whose activity is never suspended during waking. It has been spread over the entire surface of our body as a continual guard to warn us of all that can do it damage. It is also the one of which, willy-nilly, we acquire the earliest experience due to this continual exercise and to which, consequently, we have less need to give a special culture. However, we observe that the blind have a surer and keener touch than we do; because, not being guided by sight, they are forced to learn to draw solely from the former sense the judgments which the latter furnishes us. Why, then, are we not given practice at walking as the blind do in darkness, to know the bodies we may happen to come upon, to judge the objects which surround us—in a word, to do at night without light all that they do by day without eyes? As long as the sun shines, we have the advantage over them. In the dark they are in their turn our guides. We are blind half of our lives, with the difference that the truly blind always know how to conduct themselves, while we dare not take a step in the heart of the night. We have lights, I will be told. What? Always machines? Who promises you that they will follow you everywhere in case of need? As for me, I prefer that Emile have eyes in the tips of his fingers than in a candlemaker's shop.

Are you enclosed in a building in the middle of the night? Clap your hands. You will perceive by the resonance of the place whether the area is large or small, whether you are in the middle or in a corner. At half a foot from a wall the air, circulating less and reflecting more, brings a different sensation to your face. Stay in place, and turn successively in every direction. If there is an open door, a light draft will indicate it to you. Are you in a boat? You will know by the way the air strikes your face not only in what direction you are going but whether the river's current is carrying you along slow or fast. These observations and countless others like them can be made well only at night. However much attention we might want to give to them in daylight, we will be aided or distracted by sight; they will escape us. Here, meanwhile, we do not even use our hands or a cane. How much ocular knowledge can be acquired by touch, even without touching anything at all?

Many night games. This advice is more important than it seems. Night naturally frightens men and sometimes animals as well.* Reason, knowledge, wit, and courage deliver few men from the exaction of this tribute. I have seen reasoners, strong-minded men, philosophers, soldiers intrepid by daylight tremble like women at the sound of a leaf at night. This fright is attributed to the tales of nurses.[61] That is a mistake. It has a natural cause. What is this cause? The same one which makes deaf men distrustful and the people [62] superstitious: ignorance of the things which surround us and of what is going on about us.† Accustomed to perceive objects from afar and to foresee their impressions in advance, how—when I no longer see anything around me—would I not suppose there to be countless beings, countless things in motion which can harm me and from which it is impossible for me to protect myself? I may very well know that I am secure in the place I am; I never know it as well as if I actually saw it. I am therefore always subject to a fear that I do not have in daylight. True, I know that a foreign body can hardly act on mine without proclaiming itself by some sound. So how alert I constantly keep my ears! At the slightest sound whose cause I cannot make out, interest in my preservation immediately brings to my mind everything that most makes me keep on my guard and consequently everything that is most likely to frighten me.

Do I hear absolutely nothing? That does not make me calm, for, after all, without noise I can still be surprised. I must assume that things are as they were before, as they still should be, that I see what I do not see. Compelled thus to set my imagination in motion, I am soon no longer its master, and what I did to reassure myself serves only to alarm me more. If I hear a noise, I hear robbers. If I hear nothing, I see phantoms. The vigilance inspired in me by concern for my preservation gives me only grounds for fear. Everything that ought to reassure me exists only in my reason. Instinct, stronger, speaks to me in a man-

* This fright becomes very manifest in great eclipses of the sun.

† This is again another cause well explained by a philosopher whose book I often cite and whose great views instruct me even more often.

When due to particular circumstances we cannot have an exact idea of distance, and we can judge objects only by the size of the angle or, rather, of the image they form in our eyes, then we necessarily make mistakes about the size of these objects. Everybody has the experience in traveling at night of taking a bush which is near for a big tree which is far, or of taking a big tree at a distance for a bush next to one. Similarly, if one does not know the objects by their form and one cannot in this way have any idea of the distance, one will again necessarily make mistakes. A fly which passes rapidly by a few inches away from our eyes will appear to us in this case to be a bird which is at a very great distance. A horse which is not moving in the middle of a field and is in a posture similar, for example, to that of a sheep will not appear to us to be anything other than a big sheep, so long as we do not recognize that it is a horse. But as soon as we have recognized it, it will at that instant appear to us as big as a horse, and we will rectify our first judgment on the spot.

Every time, therefore, that one is at night in unknown places where one cannot judge distance, and where one cannot recognize the form of things due to the darkness, one will at every instant be in danger of falling into error with respect to the judgments one makes about the objects which one meets. From this come the terror and kind of inner fear that the darkness of night causes almost all men to feel. On this is founded the appearance of specters and gigantic, frightful figures that so many people say they have seen. Ordinarily one responds to them that these figures were in their imagination. However, they could really have been in their eyes, and it is quite possible that they have indeed seen what they say they have seen; for it must necessarily

ner quite different. What is the good of thinking that there is nothing to fear, since then there is nothing to do?

The discovery of the cause of the ill indicates the remedy. In everything habit kills imagination. Only new objects awaken it. In those one sees every day, it is no longer imagination which acts, but memory; and that is the reason for the axiom *ab assuetis non fit passio*,[63] for only by the fire of the imagination are the passions kindled. Do not, then, reason with him whom you want to cure of loathing of the dark. Take him out in it often, and rest assured that all the arguments of philosophy are not equal in value to this practice. Tilers on roofs do not get dizzy, and one never sees a man who is accustomed to being in the dark afraid in it.

This is, therefore, an additional advantage of our night games. But for these games to succeed, I cannot recommend enough that there be gaiety in them. Nothing is so sad as darkness. Do not go and close your child up in a dungeon. Let him be laughing as he enters the dark; let laughter overtake him again before he leaves it. While he is still there, let the idea of the entertainments he is leaving and those he is going to find again forbid him fantastic imaginings which could come there to seek him out.

There is a stage of life beyond which, in progressing, one retrogresses. I sense that I have passed that stage. I am beginning again, so to speak, another career. The emptiness of ripe age, which has made itself felt in me, retraces for me the steps of the sweet time of an earlier age. In getting old, I become a child again, and I recall more gladly what I did at ten than at thirty. Readers, pardon me, therefore, for sometimes drawing my examples from myself, for to do this book well I must do it with pleasure.[64]

I was in the country boarding with a minister named M. Lambercier. I had as my comrade a cousin who was richer than I and who was

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happen, every time one can judge an object only by the angle it forms in the eye, that this unknown object will swell and get larger as one gets nearer to it; and if it at first appeared to the spectator, who cannot know what he is seeing or judge at what distance he is seeing it from—if it appeared, I say, at first to be several feet high when he was twenty or thirty feet away, it must appear several fathoms high when he is no longer more than a few feet away. This must, indeed, surprise and frighten him up until he finally gets to touch the object or to recognize it, for at the very instant he recognizes what it is, that object which appeared gigantic will suddenly diminish and will no longer appear to be anything but its real size. But if one flees or does not dare to come close, it is certain that one will have no other idea of this object than the one of the image it formed in the eye and that one will have really seen an object gigantic and frightful by its size and form. The prejudice of specters is, therefore, founded in nature, and these appearances do not depend, as the philosophers believe, solely on the imagination. [Buffon, *Histoire Naturelle*, vol. VI., p. 22.]

I have tried to show in the text how it always depends in part on the imagination, and, as for the cause explained in this passage, one sees that the habit of walking at night ought to teach us to distinguish the appearances objects take on in our eyes in darkness owing to the resemblance of forms and the diversity of distances. When the air is still lighted enough to let us perceive the contours of objects, and since there is more air interposed in a greater distance, we ought always to see these contours less distinctly when the object is farther from us; this suffices by dint of habit to guarantee us from the error explained here by M. de Buffon. Whatever explanation one prefers my method is, therefore, always effective; and this is perfectly confirmed by experience.

treated as an heir, while I, far away from my father, was only a poor orphan. My big cousin Bernard was a poltroon to a singular degree, especially at night. I mocked him so much for his fright that M. Lambercier, bored by my boasting, wanted to put my courage to the test. One autumn evening when it was very dark, he gave me the key to the temple and told me to go and get from the pulpit the Bible that had been left there. He added, so as to involve my honor, a few words which put me in the position of not being able to hang back.

I left without light. If I had had it, things would have perhaps been still worse. I had to go by way of the cemetery. I crossed it heartily, for so long as I felt I was in the open air, I never had nocturnal fright.

On opening the door, I heard a certain echoing up in the arch, which I believed resembled voices and which began to shake my Roman firmness. With the door opened, I determined to go in, but hardly had I taken a few steps before I stopped. In perceiving the profound darkness which reigned in this vast place, I was seized by a terror which made my hair stand on end. I moved back; I went out; I took flight, trembling all over. I found in the court a little dog named Sultan whose caresses reassured me. Ashamed of my fright, I retraced my steps, this time, however, trying to bring along Sultan, who did not want to follow me. I briskly crossed the threshold and entered the church. Hardly had I gone in again when the fright came back, but so powerfully that I lost my head; and although the pulpit was to the right, and I knew it very well, having turned without being aware of it, I sought it for a long time to the left; I floundered among the pews; I no longer knew where I was; and unable to find either pulpit or door, I fell into a state of inexpressible consternation. Finally I perceived the door. I succeeded in getting out of the temple and made off as I had the first time, fully resolved never to go in there alone again except by daylight.

I went back as far as the house. About to enter, I made out M. Lambercier's voice bursting with laughter. I immediately supposed it to be directed at me; and embarrassed at seeing myself exposed, I hesitated to open the door. In this interval I heard Mademoiselle Lambercier expressing worry about me, telling the serving girl to bring the lantern, and M. Lambercier getting ready to come and look for me escorted by my intrepid cousin, to whom afterward they would without fail have given all the honor resulting from the expedition. Instantly all my frights ceased, leaving me only the fright of being encountered in my flight. I ran—I flew—to the temple without losing my way; without groping around, I got to the pulpit, mounted it, took the Bible, jumped down, in three bounds was out of the temple, whose door I even forgot to close. I entered the room, out of breath, threw the Bible on the table, flustered but palpitating with joy at having been ahead of the help intended for me.

One might ask if I tell this story as a model to follow and as an example of the gaiety which I exact in this kind of exercise? No, but I give it as proof that nothing is more reassuring to someone frightened of shadows in the night than to hear company, assembled in a neighboring room, laughing and chatting calmly. I would want that, instead of playing alone with one's pupil in this way, one brings together many

good-humored children in the evening, that at first they be sent out not separately but several together, that no chance be taken with a single child all alone, unless one is quite sure beforehand that he will not be too frightened.

I can imagine nothing so pleasant and so useful as such games if one is willing to put a bit of skill into organizing them. In a large room I would make a kind of labyrinth with tables, chairs, and screens. In the tortuous and complex passages through this labyrinth, I would set, amidst eight or ten boxes which are decoys, another box, almost the same, well lined with bonbons. I would describe in clear but succinct terms the precise place where the right box is to be found. I would give enough information to make it clear for persons more attentive and less giddy than children.* Then after having made the little competitors draw lots, I would send them all out, one after the other, until the right box was found. I would take care to make finding it difficult in proportion to their skill.

Just think of a little Hercules arriving with a box in his hand, full of pride in his expedition. The box is put on the table and ceremoniously opened. I can already hear the bursts of laughter, the jeers of the joyous band when, instead of the candies that were expected, they find, very nicely set out on moss or cotton, a June bug, a snail, a piece of coal, an acorn, a turnip or some other similar foodstuff. Other times, in a room freshly whitewashed, we will hang near the wall some toy, some little decoration; the object will be to go and get it without touching the wall. Hardly will the one who brings it have returned—however minor his infraction of the rule—before his maladroitness will be betrayed by the white at the tip of his cap, at the tip of his shoes, on the edge of his jacket, or on his sleeve. This is quite enough, perhaps too much, to make the spirit of this kind of game understood. If you have to be told everything, do not read me.

What advantages will a man thus raised not have over other men at night? Accustomed to having a good footing in darkness, practiced at handling with ease all surrounding bodies, his feet and hands will lead him without difficulty in the deepest darkness. His imagination, full of the nocturnal games of his youth, will be loath to turn to frightening objects. If he believes he hears bursts of laughter, instead of belonging to sprites they will be those of his old comrades. If an assemblage appears, it will not be for him the witches' sabbath but his governor's room. The night, recalling to him only gay ideas, will never be frightening for him. Instead of fearing it, he will like it. Is there a military expedition? He will be ready at any hour, alone as well as with his company. He will enter Saul's camp, go through it without losing his way, will go up to the king's tent without awakening anyone, and will return without being noticed. Must the horses of Rhesus be abducted? Call on him without fear. Among men raised in a different way you will have difficulty finding a Ulysses.[65]

* To give them practice in paying attention, never tell them anything but things which they have a palpable and immediate interest in understanding well—above all, nothing drawn out, never a superfluous word. But, also, let there be neither obscurity nor ambiguity in your speech.

I have seen people who wanted to accustom children to be fearless at night by surprising them. This is a very bad method. It produces an effect exactly the opposite of the one sought and serves always to make children only more fearful. Neither reason nor habit can reassure us when we have the idea of a present danger whose extent and kind cannot be known, or when we fear surprises we have often experienced. Nevertheless, how are you to ensure that your pupil be always kept out of the way of such accidents? Here is the best advice, it seems to me, with which he can be forearmed against them: "In such a case," I would say to my Emile, "you may justly defend yourself, for the aggressor does not let you judge if he wants to do you harm or frighten you; and since he has taken the advantage, even flight is not a refuge for you. Therefore, boldly grab the one who surprises you at night, man or beast—it makes no difference. Hold on and squeeze him with all your might. If he struggles, hit him. Do not stint your blows; and whatever he may say or do, never loosen your hold on him until you know for sure what is going on. Probably his explanation will show you that there was not much to fear, and this way of treating jesters should naturally discourage them from trying again."

Although touch is, of all our senses, the one we exercise the most continually, its judgments nevertheless remain, as I have said, imperfect and more crude than those of any other sense, because we continually use along with it the sense of sight; and since the eye reaches the object sooner than the hand, the mind almost always judges without the latter. On the other hand, precisely because they are most limited, tactile judgments are surer; for, extending only so far as our hands can reach, they rectify the giddiness of the other senses which leap far ahead to objects they hardly perceive, while everything that touch perceives, it perceives well. In addition, since we join when we please the strength of muscles to the activity of nerves, we are able to unite judgment of weight and solidity with judgment of temperature, size, and shape simultaneously in a single sensation. Thus touch, being of all the senses the one which best informs us about the impression foreign bodies can make on our own, is the one whose use is the most frequent and gives us most immediately the knowledge necessary to our preservation.

Since a trained touch supplements sight, why could it not also up to a certain point supplement hearing, given the fact that sounds set off vibrations which can be sensed by touch in sonorous bodies? In placing a hand on the body of a cello, one can, without the aid of eyes or ears, distinguish solely by the way the wood vibrates and quivers whether the sound it produces is low or high, whether it comes from the A string or the C string. Let the senses be trained in these differences. I have no doubt that with time one could become sensitive enough to be able to hear an entire air with the fingers. And if this is the case, it is clear that one could easily speak to the deaf with music, for sounds and rhythms, no less susceptible of regular combinations than articulations and voices, can similarly be taken for the elements of speech.

There are practices which dull the sense of touch and make it blunter. Others, on the contrary, sharpen it and make it keener and more deli-

cate. The former, those that join much motion and force to constant contact with hard bodies, make the skin rough and callous and take the natural feeling away from it. The latter are those which vary this same feeling by a light and frequent contact, so that the mind, attentive to impressions incessantly repeated, acquires facility at judging all their modifications. This difference is palpable in the use of musical instruments. The hard and bruising touch of the cello, the bass, even of the violin, in making the fingers more flexible, hardens their extremities. The smooth and polished touch of the harpsichold makes them as flexible and more sensitive at the same time. In this, therefore, the harpsichord is to be preferred.

It is important that the skin be hardened to the impressions of, and able to brave changes in, the air, for it defends all the rest, except that I would not want the hand to get hardened from too servile an application to the same labors nor its skin, become almost bony, to lose that exquisite sensitivity that permits it to recognize the bodies over which one passes it and which in the dark sometimes cause us to shudder—in ways that differ according to the kind of contact.

Why must my pupil be forced always to have a cow's skin under his feet? What harm would there be if in case of need his own skin were able to serve him as a sole? In this part of the body the delicacy of the skin clearly can never be useful for anything and can often do much harm. Awakened at midnight in the heart of winter by the enemy in the city, the Genevans found their muskets before their shoes. If none of them had known how to march barefoot, who knows whether Geneva might not have been taken? [66]

Let us always arm man against unexpected accidents. In the morning let Emile run barefoot in all seasons, in his room, on the stairs, in the garden. Far from reproaching him, I shall imitate him. I shall take care only that glass be removed. I shall soon speak of manual labor and games. Beyond that let him learn to do all the steps which help the body's development, to find a comfortable and stable posture in all positions. Let him know how to jump long and high, to climb a tree, to get over a wall. Let him learn to keep his balance; let all his movements and gestures be ordered according to the laws of equilibrium, long before the study of statics is introduced to explain it all to him. By the way his foot touches the ground and his body rests on his legs, he ought to be able to feel whether he is well or ill positioned. An assured bearing is always graceful, and the firmest postures are also the most elegant. If I were a dancing master, I would not perform all the monkeyshines of Marcel,* good only for that country where he engages in them. Instead of eternally busying my pupil with leaps, I would take him to the foot of a cliff. There I would show him what attitude he must take, how he must bear his body and his head, what

* Celebrated dancing master of Paris, who, knowing his world well, played the fool out of cunning and attributed to his art an importance which others feigned to find ridiculous, but for which, at bottom, they respected him very greatly. In another art, no less frivolous, one can also today see an actor-artist play the man of importance and the madman and succeed no less well. This is the sure method in France. True talent, simpler and with less charlatanry, does not make its fortune there. Modesty is there the virtue of fools.

movements he must make, in what way he must place now his foot, now his hand, so as to follow lightly the steep, rough, uneven paths and to bound from peak to peak in climbing up as well as down. I would make him the emulator of a goat rather than of a dancer at the Opéra.

As touch concentrates its operations in the immediate vicinity of man, so sight extends its operations beyond him. That is what makes the operations of sight deceptive. At a glance a man embraces half of his horizon. In this multitude of simultaneous sensations and the judgments they call forth, how is it possible not to be deceived by any? Thus of all our senses sight is the most defective, precisely because it is the most extended; and far in advance of all the others, its operations are too quick and too vast to be rectified by them. What is more, the very illusions of perspective are necessary for us to come to a knowledge of extension and to compare its parts. Without false appearances we would see nothing in perspective; without the gradations of size and light we could not estimate any distance, or, rather, there would be none for us. If, of two equal trees, the one a hundred paces from us appeared as large and as distinct as the one at ten, we would place them side by side. If we perceived all the dimensions of objects in their true measure, we would see no space, and everything would appear to be in our eye.

The sense of sight has only a single measure for judging the size of objects and their distance—namely, the width of the angle they make in our eye; and since that angle width is a simple effect of a complex cause, the judgment it calls forth leaves each particular cause indeterminate or becomes necessarily defective. For how is it possible to distinguish by simple sight whether the angle by which I see one object as smaller than another is so because this first object is actually smaller or because it is more distant?

Therefore, a method contrary to the former must be followed here. Instead of simplifying the sensation, double it, always verify it by another. Subject the visual organ to the tactile organ, and repress, so to speak, the impetuosity of the former sense by the heavy and regular step of the latter. If we fail to submit ourselves to this practice, our estimated measurements are very inexact. There is no precision in our glance for judging heights, lengths, depths, and distances. And the proof that it is not so much the fault of the sense as it is of its use is that engineers, surveyors, architects, masons, and painters generally have a much surer glance than we do and appraise the measurements of extension with more exactness. Because their professions give them the experience that we neglect to acquire, they remove the ambiguity of the angle by the appearances which accompany it and which determine more exactly to their eyes the relation of that angle's two causes.

Anything which gives movement to the body without constraining it is always easy to obtain from children. There are countless means of interesting them in measuring, knowing, and estimating distances. Here is a very tall cherry tree. How shall we go about picking the cherries? Will the barn ladder do for that? Here is quite a large stream. How shall we cross it? Will one of the planks from the courtyard reach both banks? We would like to fish from our windows in the mansion's

ponds. How many spans ought our line to have? I would like to hang a swing between these two trees: will a rope two fathoms long be enough for us? I am told that in the other house our room will be twenty-five square feet. Do you believe that it will suit us? Will it be larger than this one? We are very hungry. There are two villages. At which of the two will we arrive sooner for dinner? Et cetera.

There was an indolent and lazy child who was to be trained in running—a child not of himself drawn to this exercise or to any other, although he was intended for a military career. He had persuaded himself, I do not know how, that a man of his rank ought to do and know nothing, and that his noble birth was going to take the place of arms and legs as well as of every kind of merit. To make of such a gentleman a light-footed Achilles, the skill of Chiron himself would have hardly sufficed. The difficulty was all the greater since I wanted to prescribe to him absolutely nothing. I had banished from among my rights exhortations, promises, threats, emulation, the desire to be conspicuous. How could I give him the desire to run without saying anything to him? To run myself would have been a very uncertain means and one subject to disadvantages. Moreover, the intention was also to get for him from this exercise some object of instruction, so as to accustom the operations of the machine and those of judgment always to work harmoniously. Here is how I went about it—I, that is to say, the man who speaks in this example.

In going walking with him in the afternoon I sometimes put in my pocket two cakes of a kind he liked a lot. We each ate one of them during the walk,* and we came back quite contented. One day he noticed that I had three cakes. He could have eaten six of them comfortably. He dispatched his promptly in order to ask me for the third. "No," I said to him, "I could very well eat it myself, or we could divide it. But I prefer to see those two little boys there compete for it by running." I called them, showed them the cake, and proposed the condition to them. They asked for nothing better. The cake was set on a large stone which served as the finish. The course was marked out. We went and sat down. At a given signal the little boys started. The victor seized the cake and ate it without mercy before the eyes of the spectators and the vanquished.

This entertainment was better than the cake, but at first it did not register and produced nothing. I did not give up, nor did I hurry; the education of children is a vocation in which one must know how to lose time in order to gain it. We continued our walks. Often we took three cakes, sometimes four, and from time to time there was one, even two, for the runners. If the prize was not big, those who competed for it were not ambitious. The one who won it was praised and given a celebration; it was all done with ceremony. To provide variety and increase interest, I marked off a longer course. I allowed several contestants. Hardly

* Walk in the country, as will be seen immediately. The public walks of cities are pernicious for children of both sexes. It is there that they begin to become vain and to want to be looked at. It is in the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, especially the Palais-Royal, that the brilliant young of Paris go to get that impertinent and foppish air which makes them so ridiculous and causes them to be hooted and detested throughout Europe.

were they in the lanes when all the passers-by stopped to see them. Acclamations, shouts, and clapping cheered them on. I sometimes saw my little fellow tremble, get up, and shout when one was near to catching up with or passing another. These were for him the Olympic games.

However, sometimes the contestants cheated. They held onto or tripped one another or pushed pebbles in one another's way. That gave me the occasion to separate them and make them start from different points, although at equal distances from the goal. The reason for this provision will soon be seen, for I am going to treat this important affair in great detail.

Irritated by always seeing cakes, which he desired very much for himself, eaten before his eyes, the knight finally got into his head the suspicion that running well could be good for something; and, seeing that he also had two legs, he began to take a try in secret. I was careful not to see a thing. But I understood that my stratagem had worked. When he believed himself to be up to it, and I had read his thought ahead of him, he affected to importune me for the remaining cake. I refused him. He was stubborn and, in a vexed tone, said to me finally: "Very well, put it on the stone, mark out the field, and we shall see." "Good," I said to him, laughing. "Does a knight know how to run? You will get a bigger appetite and nothing to satisfy it with." Goaded by my mockery, he made an effort and carried off the prize, all the more easily since I had made the lists very short and had taken care to keep the best runner away. It can be conceived how, this first step made, it was easy for me to keep him on his toes. Soon he got such a taste for this exercise that without favor he was almost sure of vanquishing my little scamps at running, however long the course.

This accomplishment produced another of which I had not dreamed. When he had rarely carried off the prize, he almost always ate it alone, as did his competitors. But, in accustoming himself to victory, he became generous and often shared with the vanquished. That provided a moral observation for me, and I learned thereby what the true principle of generosity is.

Continuing with him to mark in different places the points from which each boy was to begin at the same time, without his noticing it I made the distances unequal. Thus one boy, having to cover more ground than another to get to the same goal, had a visible disadvantage. But although I left the choice to my disciple, he did not know how to avail himself of the opportunity. Without bothering about the distance, he always preferred the path that looked good; so that, easily foreseeing his choice, I was practically the master of making him lose or win the cake at will, and this skill also had its uses for more than one end. However, since my plan was that he notice the difference, I tried to make it evident to his senses. But though he was indolent when calm, he was so lively in his games and distrusted me so little that I had the greatest difficulty in making him notice that I was cheating. Finally I succeeded despite his giddiness. He reproached me for it. I said to him, "What are you complaining about? With a gift that is within my pleasure to give, am I not master of my conditions? Who is forcing you to run? Did I promise to make equal lanes for you? Have you not the choice? Take

the shorter one. Nobody is preventing you. How do you not see that it is you I am favoring, and that the inequality you are grumbling about is entirely to your advantage if you know how to avail yourself of it?" This was clear; he understood it; and to choose he had to look more closely. At first he wanted to count the paces. But measurement by a child's pace is slow and defective. Moreover, I planned it so that the number of races on a single day was multiplied; and then, the play becoming a sort of passion, he regretted to lose, in measuring the lanes, the time intended to be used for running them. The vivacity of childhood adjusts itself poorly to these delays. He practiced himself, therefore, at seeing better, at estimating a distance better by sight. Then I had little difficulty in extending and nourishing this taste. Finally a few months of tests and corrected errors formed the visual compass in him to such an extent that when I told him to think of a cake on some distant object, he had a glance almost as sure as a surveyor's chain.

Since sight is, of all the senses, the one from which the mind's judgments can least be separated, much time is needed to learn how to see. Sight must have been compared with touch for a long time to accustom the former to give us a faithful report of shapes and distances. Without touch, without progressive movement, the most penetrating eyes in the world would not be able to give us any idea of extension. The entire universe must be only a point for an oyster. It would not appear to it as anything more even if a human soul were to inform this oyster. It is only by dint of walking, grasping, counting, of measuring dimensions that one learns to estimate them. But also if one always measured, sense, always relying on the instrument, would not acquire any exactness. Neither must the child go all of a sudden from measurement to estimation. At first, continuing to compare part by part what he would not know how to compare all at once, he must substitute for precise divisors estimated ones and, instead of always applying the measure with his hand, get accustomed to applying it with his eyes alone. I would, however, want his first operations to be verified by real measures in order that he correct his errors, and that if some false appearance remains in the sense, he learn to rectify it by a better judgment. There are natural measures which are almost the same in all places—a man's pace, his outstretched arms, his stature. When the child estimates the height of a story, his governor can serve him as measuring rod; if he estimates the height of a steeple, let him measure it against houses. If he wants to know the number of leagues covered by a road, let him count the hours it takes to walk it. And, above all, let nothing of all this be done for him, but let him do it himself.

One could not learn to judge the extension and the size of bodies well without also getting to know their shapes and even learning to imitate them; for, at bottom, this imitation depends absolutely only on the laws of perspective, and one can estimate extension by its appearances only if one has some feeling for these laws. Children, who are great imitators, all try to draw. I would want my child to cultivate this art, not precisely for the art itself but for making his eye exact and his hand flexible. And in general it is of very little importance that he know this or that exercise, provided that his senses acquire the per-

spicacity and his body the good habits one gains by this exercise. I will, therefore, carefully avoid giving him a drawing master who would give him only imitations to imitate and would make him draw only from drawings. I want him to have no other master than nature and no other model than objects. I want him to have before his eyes the original itself and not the paper representing it, to sketch a house from a house, a tree from a tree, a man from a man, so that he gets accustomed to observing bodies and their appearances well and not to taking false and conventional imitations for true imitations. I will even divert him from drawing from memory in the absence of the objects until their exact shapes are well imprinted on his imagination by frequent observations, for fear that, by substituting bizarre and fantastic shapes for the truth of things, he will lose the knowledge of proportions and the taste for the beauties of nature.[67]

I know that in this way he will dabble for a long time without making anything recognizable; that the artist's elegance of contour and light touch he will get late, and discernment in picturesque effects and good taste in drawing, perhaps never. On the other hand, he will certainly develop a more accurate glance, a surer hand, the knowledge of the true relations of size and shape which exist among animals, plants, and natural bodies, and a quicker capacity for experiencing the play of perspective. This is precisely what I wanted to accomplish, and my intention is that he be able not so much to imitate objects as to know them. I prefer that he show me an acanthus plant and sketch the foliage of a capital less well.

Moreover, in this exercise as in all the others, I do not want my pupil to be the only one to have fun. I want to make it even more agreeable for him by constantly sharing it with him. I do not want him to have any emulator other than me, but I will be his emulator without respite and without risk. That will put interest in his occupations without causing jealousy between us. I will take up the pencil following his example. I will use it at first as maladroitly as he. Were I an Apelles,[68] I would now be only a dabbler. I will begin by sketching a man as lackeys sketch them on walls: a line for each arm, a line for each leg, and the fingers thicker than the arm. Quite a while later one or the other of us will notice this disproportion. We will observe that a leg has thickness, that this thickness is not the same all over, that the arm has its length determined by relation to the body, etc. In this progress I will at very most advance along with him, or I will be so little ahead of him that it will always be easy for him to catch up with me and often to surpass me. We shall have colors, brushes. We shall try to imitate the coloring of objects and their whole appearance as well as their shape. We shall color, paint, dabble. But, in all our dabblings, we shall not stop spying on nature; we shall never do anything except under the master's eye.

We were in want of adornment for our room. Here it is found. I have our drawings framed. I have them covered with fine glass so that they no longer can be touched, and each of us, seeing them remain in the state in which we put them, will have an interest in not neglecting his own. I arrange them in order around the room, each drawing re-

peated twenty, thirty times, and each copy showing the author's progress, from the moment when a house is only an almost formless square until its façade, its profile, its proportions, and its shadows are present in the most exact truth. These gradations cannot fail constantly to present pictures of interest to us and objects of curiosity for others and to excite ever more our emulation. On the first, the crudest, of these drawings I put quite brilliant, well-gilded frames which enhance them. But when the imitation becomes more exact, and the drawing is truly good, then I give it nothing more than a very simple black frame. It needs no adornment other than itself, and it would be a shame for the border to get part of the attention the object merits. Thus each of us aspires to the honor of the plain frame, and when one wants to express contempt for a drawing of the other, he condemns it to the gilded frame. Someday perhaps these gilded frames will serve as proverbs for us, and we shall wonder at how many men do themselves justice in providing such frames for themselves.

I have said that geometry is not within the reach of children. But it is our fault. We are not aware that their method is not ours, and that what becomes for us the art of reasoning, for them ought to be only the art of seeing. Instead of giving them our method, we would do better to take theirs. For our way of learning geometry is an affair just as much of imagination as of reasoning. When the proposition is stated, it is necessary to imagine its demonstration—that is to say, to find of which proposition already known this one must be a consequence and, out of all the consequences that can be drawn from that same proposition, to choose precisely the one required.

In this way the most exact reasoner, if he is not inventive, has to stop short. So what is the result of this? Instead of our being made to find the demonstrations, they are dictated to us. Instead of teaching us to reason, the master reasons for us and exercises only our memory.

Make exact figures, combine them, place them on one another, examine their relations. You will find the whole of elementary geometry in moving from observation to observation, without there being any question of definitions or problems or any form of demonstration other than simple superimposition. As for me, I do not intend to teach geometry to Emile; it is he who will teach it to me; I will seek the relations, and he will find them, for I will seek them in such a way as to make him find them. For example, instead of using a compass to draw a circle, I shall draw it with a point at the end of a string turning on a pivot. After that, when I want to compare the radii among themselves, Emile will ridicule me and make me understand that the same string, always taut, cannot have drawn unequal distances.

If I want to measure an angle of sixty degrees, I describe from the vertex of this angle not an arc but an entire circle, for with children nothing must ever be left implicit. I find that the portion of the circle contained between the two sides of the angle is one-sixth of the circle. After that I describe from the same vertex another larger circle, and I find that this second arc is still one-sixth of its circle. I describe a third concentric circle on which I make the same test, and I continue thus

on new circles—until Emile, shocked by my stupidity, informs me that each arc, big or little, contained by the same angle, will always be one-sixth of its circle, etc. Now it will soon be time to use the protractor.

To prove that adjacent angles are equal to two right angles, one describes a circle. I, on the contrary, arrange it so that Emile first notes this in the circle; and then I say to him, "If the circle were taken away and the right lines were left, would the angles' size have changed?" Et cetera.

People neglect the exactness of the figures; it is presupposed, and one concentrates on the demonstration. With us, on the contrary, the issue will never be demonstration. Our most important business will be to draw lines very straight, very exact, very equal—to make a very perfect square, to trace a very round circle. To verify the exactness of the figure, we shall examine it in all its properties which are grasped by the senses, and this will give us the opportunity to discover new ones every day. We shall get two semicircles by folding along the diameter; the halves of the square, by folding along the diagonal. We shall compare our two figures to see whose edges fit most exactly and, consequently, which is best made. We shall argue whether this equality of division ought always to be found in parallelograms, in trapezoids, etc. We shall sometimes attempt to foresee the success of the experiment before making it; we shall try to find reasons, etc.

Geometry is for my pupil only the art of using the ruler and the compass well. He ought not to confuse geometry with drawing, in which he will use neither of these instruments. The ruler and the compass will be kept under lock and key, and he will be granted the use of them only rarely and for a short time, so that he does not get accustomed to dabbling with them. But we can sometimes take our figures on our walks and chat about what we have done or want to do.

I shall never forget seeing at Turin a young man who had in his childhood been taught the relations between contours and surface areas by being given the choice every day of waffles with equal perimeters done in all the geometric figures. The little glutton had exhausted the art of Archimedes in finding out in which there was the most to eat.

When a child plays with the shuttlecock, he practices his eye and arm in accuracy; when he whips a top, he increases his strength by using it but without learning anything. I have sometimes asked why the same games of skill men have are not given to children: tennis, croquet, billiards, the bow, football, musical instruments. I was answered that some of these games are beyond a child's strength and that his limbs and his organs are not sufficiently developed for the others. I find these reasons poor: a child does not have a man's height but nonetheless is able to wear clothes made like a man's. I do not mean that he should play with our cues on a billiard table three feet high; I do not mean that he should hit the ball around in our courts, or that his little hand should be weighed down by a tennis racket; but I mean that he should play in a room where the windows are protected, that he should use only soft balls, that his first rackets should be of wood, then of sheepskin, and finally strung with catgut, commensurate with his progress. You will prefer shuttlecock because it is less tiring and without danger.

You are wrong in both of these reasons. Shuttlecock is a woman's game. But there is not a woman whom a moving ball does not cause to flee. Women's fair skins ought not to be hardened to bruises, and it is not contusions that their faces await. But we, made to be vigorous, do we believe we can become so painlessly? And of what defense will we be capable if we are never attacked? One is always lax in playing games in which one can be maladroit without risk. A falling shuttlecock does not harm anyone; but nothing arouses the arm like having to cover the head; nothing makes the glance so accurate as having to protect the eyes. To bound from one end of the room to the other, to judge a ball's bounce while still in the air, to return it with a hand strong and sure—such games are less suitable for a grown man than useful for forming him.

A child's fibers are, it is said, too soft. They have less spring, but they are also more pliant. His arm is weak, but, still, it is an arm; one ought to be able to do with it, proportionately, all that is done with another similar machine. Children's hands have no dexterity; that is why I want it given to them. A man as little practiced as they would have no more. We can know the use of our organs only after having employed them. It is only long experience which teaches us to turn ourselves to account, and this experience is the true study to which we cannot apply ourselves too soon.

Everything which is done can be done. Now, nothing is more common than seeing adroit and well-built children having the same agility in their limbs as a man can have. At almost every fair they are seen doing balancing acts, walking on their hands, leaping, tightrope dancing. For how many years have companies of children attracted spectators to the Comédie Italienne for their ballet? Who has not heard in Germany and in Italy of the pantomime company of the celebrated Nicolini? Has anyone ever noticed in these children less developed movements, less graceful attitudes, a less exact ear, a dance less light than in fully formed dancers? Does their having at first thick, short, hardly mobile fingers and chubby hands hardly capable of grasping anything prevent many children from knowing how to write or draw at an age when others do not yet know how to hold a pencil or pen? All of Paris still remembers the little English girl who at ten performed marvels on the harpsichord.* At the home of a magistrate I saw his son—a little fellow of eight who was put on the table at dessert like a statue amidst the plates—play a violin almost as big as he was. The quality of his execution surprised even the artists.

All these examples and a hundred thousand others prove, it seems to me, that the supposed ineptitude of children at our exercises is imaginary and that, if they are not seen to succeed at some, it is because they have never been given practice in them.

I will be told that I fall here, with respect to the body, into the mistake of premature culture of children which I criticize with respect to the mind. The difference is very great, for progress in one of these areas is only apparent, but in the other it is real. I have proved that the

* A little boy of seven has since that time performed even more astonishing ones.[69]

intelligence children appear to have, they do not have; but all that they appear to do, they in fact do. Moreover, it ought always to be borne in mind that all this is or ought to be only a game, an easy and voluntary direction of the movements nature asks of children, an art of varying their play to render it more pleasant to them without the least constraint ever turning it into work. Really, what will they play with that I cannot turn into an object of instruction for them? And if I cannot, provided that they play without causing any problem and the time passes, their progress in everything is not important for the present; whereas, those who feel that, no matter what, they just have to teach them this or that always find it impossible to succeed without constraint, without quarreling, and without boredom.

What I have said about the two senses whose use is the most continuous and the most important can serve to exemplify the way of exercising the others. Sight and touch are applied equally to bodies at rest and moving bodies; but since it is only disturbance of the air which can arouse the sense of hearing, it is only a body in motion which makes noise or sound, and if everything were at rest, we would never hear anything. At night, therefore, when we ourselves move only so much as we please and consequently have only moving bodies to fear, it is important for us to have an alert ear, to be able to judge by the sensation which strikes us whether the body causing it is big or little, far or near, whether its motion is violent or weak. When air is disturbed, it is subject to repercussions which reflect it and which, producing echoes, repeat the sensation and make the loud or resonant body heard in a place other than where it is. If in a plain or a valley one puts one's ear to the ground, one hears the voices of men and the hoofs of horses much farther away than when one stands up.

As we have compared sight to touch, it is similarly good to compare it to hearing and to know which of the two impressions, starting out from the same body at the same time, first reaches the organ that perceives it. When one sees a cannon's fire, one can still find cover from the shot; but so soon as one hears the noise, there is no longer time; the ball is there. The distance from which thunder is coming can be judged by the time which passes from the lightning to the clap. Arrange things so that the child has knowledge of all these experiments, that he makes all those within his reach, and that he finds the others by induction. But I prefer a hundred times over his being ignorant of them to your having to tell them to him.

We have an organ which corresponds to hearing—namely, the voice. We do not similarly have one which corresponds to sight; and we do not transmit colors as we do sounds. This is one more means to cultivate the former sense, by using the active organ and the passive organ to exercise one another reciprocally.

Man has three kinds of voice—the speaking or articulate voice, the singing or melodic voice, and the passionate or accentuated voice, which serves as language to the passions and which animates song and word. The child has these three kinds of voice as does the man, but without knowing how to join them in the same way. He has, as we do, laughter, cries, groans, exclamations, wailing; but he does not know

how to blend their inflections with the two other voices. A perfect music is one which best brings together these three voices. Children are incapable of this music, and their singing never has soul. Similarly, in the spoken voice their language has no accent. They shout, but they do not accentuate; and as there is little energy in their speech, there is little accent in their voice. Our pupil will speak even more plainly and simply, because his passions, not yet awakened, will not blend their language with his. Therefore, do not go giving him roles from tragedy and comedy to recite, or wish to teach him, as they say, to declaim. He will have too much sense to know how to give a tone to things he cannot understand or to give expression to feelings he never experienced.

Teach him to speak plainly and clearly, to articulate well, to pronounce exactly and without affectation, to know and follow grammatical accent and prosody, always to employ enough voice to be heard but never to employ more than is required, a defect common in children raised in colleges. In all things, nothing superfluous.

Similarly in singing, make his voice exact, even, flexible, resonant, his ear sensitive to rhythm and harmony, but nothing more. Imitative and theatrical music is not for his age. I would not even want him to sing words. If he wanted to, I would try to write songs especially for him, interesting for his age and as simple as his ideas.

It can well be believed that as I am in so little hurry to teach him to read writing, I will not be in a hurry to teach him to read music either. Let us set aside an effort of attention too great for his brain and not rush to fix his mind on conventional signs. This, I admit, seems to involve a difficulty, for although the knowledge of notes does not at first appear more necessary for knowing how to sing than does knowledge of letters for knowing how to speak, there is, however, this difference: in speaking we transmit our own ideas, while in singing we transmit hardly anything but others' ideas. Now, to transmit them, one must read them.

But in the first place, instead of reading them, one can hear them, and a song is transmitted with even more fidelity to the ear than to the eye. Moreover, in order to know music well, it does not suffice to transmit it; it is necessary to compose it. The one ought to be learned with the other; otherwise one never knows music well. Train your little musician at first in making very regular, very well-cadenced phrases; then in connecting them together by a very simple modulation; finally, in marking their different relations by correct punctuation, which is done by the good choice of cadences and rests. Above all, never a bizarre song, never a passionate one, and never an expressive one. Always a lilting and simple melody, always deriving from the key's basic notes, and always emphasizing the bass so much that he feels it and can accompany it without difficulty; for, to form the voice and the ear, he ought to sing only with the harpsichord.

To mark the sounds better, one articulates them by pronouncing them; hence, the practice of sol-faing with certain syllables. To distinguish the degrees of the scale, one must give names both to them and to the fixed starting points of the different scales; hence the names of the intervals and also the letters of the alphabet with which the

keys of the harpsichord and the notes of the scale are marked. C and A designate fixed, invariable sounds, which are always produced by the same harpsichord keys. *Do* and *la* are something else. *Do* is without exception the tonic of a major mode or the mediant of a minor mode. *La* is without exception the tonic of a minor mode or the sixth of a major mode. Thus the letters mark the immutable terms of our musical system's relations, and the syllables mark the homologous terms of the similar relations in the various keys. The letters indicate the harpsichord's keys, and the syllables, the degrees of the mode. French musicians have strangely mixed up these distinctions. They have confused the meaning of the syllables with the meaning of the letters, and by uselessly doubling the designations of the keys, they have not left any to express the degrees of the scale; so that for them *do* and C are always the same thing, which they are not and should not be, for then what would be the use of C? Thus their way of sol-faing is excessively difficult without being of any use and without presenting any distinct idea to the mind, since by this method the two syllables *do* and *mi,* for example, can equally signify a major, minor, augmented or diminished third. By what strange fatality is the country where the finest books in the world on music are written precisely the one where music is learned with most difficulty? [70]

Let us follow a simpler and clearer practice with our pupil. Let there be for him only two modes, the relations of which are always the same and always indicated by the same syllables. Whether he sings or plays an instrument, let him know how to build his mode on each of the twelve notes that can be used as its base; and, whether one is in the key of D, C, G, etc., let the last note always be *do* or *la* according to the mode. In this way he will always comprehend you, the mode's essential relations for singing and playing in tune will always be present to his mind, and his execution will be more accurate and his progress more rapid. There is nothing more bizarre than what the French call sol-faing naturally. This separates the ideas from the thing and substitutes for them ideas alien to it that are only misleading. Nothing is more natural than to transpose when one sol-fas, if the mode is transposed. But this is too much about music. Teach it as you wish, provided that it is never anything but play.

Now we are well informed about the character of foreign bodies in relation to our own, about their weight, shape, color, solidity, size, distance, temperature, rest, and motion. We are informed about those it is suitable for us to be near or to keep at a distance, about the way we have to go about overcoming their resistance or setting up a resistance against them which keeps us from being injured. But that is not enough. Our own body is constantly being used up and needs constantly to be renewed. Although we have the faculty of changing other bodies into our own substance, the choice among them is not a matter of indifference. Everything is not food for man; and, of the substances which can be, there are ones more or less suitable for him according to the constitution of his species, according to the climate he inhabits, according to his individual temperament, and according to the way of life prescribed to him by his station.

We would die of hunger or be poisoned if, to choose the nourishment suitable to us, we had to wait until experience had taught us to know it and choose it. But the supreme goodness, which has made the pleasure of beings capable of sensation the instrument of their preservation, informs us what suits our stomach by what pleases our palate. Naturally there is no doctor surer for man than his own appetite; and, regarding its primitive state, I do not doubt that the foods it then found most pleasant were also the healthiest.

What is more, the Author of things provides not only for the needs He gives us but also for those we give ourselves; and it is in order to place desire always at the side of need that He causes our tastes to change and be modified with our ways of life. The farther we are removed from the state of nature, the more we lose our natural tastes; or, rather, habit gives us a second nature that we substitute for the first to such an extent that none of us knows this first nature any more.

It follows from this that the most natural tastes ought also to be the simplest, for it is they which are most easily transformed; while by being sharpened and inflamed by our whims, they get a form which can no longer be changed. The man who is not yet of any country will adapt himself without difficulty to the practices of any country whatsoever, but the man of one country can no longer become the man of another.

This appears true to me in every sense, and still more so when applied to taste strictly speaking. Our first food is milk. We get accustomed to strong flavors only by degrees; at first they are repugnant to us. Fruits, vegetables, herbs, and finally some meats grilled without seasoning and without salt constituted the feasts of the first men.* The first time a savage drinks wine, he grimaces and throws it away; and even among us whoever has lived to twenty without tasting fermented liquors can no longer accustom himself to them. We would all be abstemious if we had not been given wine in our early years. In sum, the simpler our tastes, the more universal they are. The most common repugnances are to composite dishes. Has anyone ever been seen to have a disgust for water or bread? That is the trace left by nature; that is, therefore, also our rule. Let us preserve in the child his primary taste as much as is possible. Let his nourishment be common and simple; let his palate get acquainted only with bland flavors and not be formed to an exclusive taste.

I am not investigating here whether this way of life is healthier or not; that is not the way I am looking at it. For me to prefer it, it suffices to know that it conforms most to nature and is the one most easily adaptable to every other. Those who say that children must be accustomed to the foods they will use when grown do not reason well, it seems to me. Why should their nourishment be the same while their way of life is so different? A man exhausted by work, cares, and sorrows needs succulent foods which carry new spirits to the brain. A child who has just frolicked, and whose body is growing, needs abundant nourishment which will produce a lot of chyle for him. Moreover, the

* See the *Arcadia* of Pausanias;[71] see also the passage from Plutarch transcribed hereafter.

mature man already has his station, his work, and his domicile. But who can be sure what fortune reserves for the child? In everything let us not give him a form so determined that it costs him too much to change it in case of need. Let us not make it so that he will die of hunger in other countries if he is not everywhere attended by a French cook, or that he will say one day that only in France do they know how to eat. That is, parenthetically, amusing praise! As for me, on the contrary, I would say it is only the French who do not know how to eat, since so special an art is required to make dishes edible for them.

Of our various sensations taste provides those which generally affect us most. Thus we are interested more in having good judgment about substances which are going to be a part of our own substance than we are about those which are only around it. Countless things are indifferent to touch, to hearing, to sight. But there is almost nothing indifferent to taste. What is more, the activity of this sense is entirely physical and material; it is the only one which says nothing to the imagination, or at least it is the one into whose sensations the imagination enters least, whereas imitation and imagination often mix something moral with the impression of all the others. Thus, tender and voluptuous hearts, passionate and truly sensitive characters, easily moved by the other senses, are generally lukewarm about this one. From this very fact, which seems to put taste beneath them and to make more contemptible the inclination that delivers us to it, I would conclude, on the contrary, that the most suitable means for governing children is to lead them by their mouths. The motive of gluttony is in particular preferable to that of vanity, in that the former is an appetite of nature, immediately dependent on sense, while the latter is a work of opinion subject to the caprice of men and to all sorts of abuses. Gluttony is the passion of childhood. This passion does not hold out in the face of any other. At the least competition, it disappears. Oh, believe me! The child will only too soon stop thinking about what he eats, and when his heart is too occupied, his palate will hardly occupy him. When he is grown, countless impetuous sentiments will sidetrack gluttony and will only inflame vanity, for this latter passion alone profits from the others and in the end swallows them all up. I have sometimes examined these people who gave importance to delicacies, who thought on awaking of what they would eat during the day, and described a meal with more exactness than Polybius puts into the description of a battle. I found that all these pretended men were only forty-year-old children without vigor or solidity. *Fruges consumere nati.*[72] Gluttony is the vice of hearts that have no substance. A glutton's soul is all in his palate; it is made only for eating. In his stupid incapacity he is only at home at the table. He only knows how to judge dishes. Let us leave him this employment without regret. It is better—as much for us as for him—that he have this one than another.

To fear that gluttony will take root in a child capable of something is a small-minded concern. In childhood one thinks only about what one eats. In adolescence one thinks about it no more. Anything is good for us, and we have much other business. I would not, however, want us to go and make indiscriminate use of so low an incentive or bolster

the honor of doing a fair deed with a delicacy. But since all of childhood is or ought to be only games and frolicsome play, I do not see why there should not be for purely corporeal exercises a prize which is material and speaks only to the senses. When a little Majorcan, seeing a basket on top of a tree, knocks it down with a slingshot, is it not entirely just that he get the profit from it, and that a good lunch make up for the strength he used in getting it? * When a young Spartan, at the risk of a hundred lashes of the whip, slips skillfully into a kitchen, steals a live fox cub, and, in carrying it under his robe, is scratched by it, bitten, made bloody; when, so as not to be shamed by being found out, the child lets his entrails be torn up without frowning, without letting out a single cry, is it not just that finally he profit from his prey and eat it after having been eaten by it? A good meal ought never to be a reward, but why should it not be the result of the care taken in getting it for oneself? Emile does not regard the cake I put on the stone as the prize for having run well. He knows only that the sole means of having this cake is to get there sooner than somebody else.

This does not contradict the maxims I advanced just now on the simplicity of food; for, to gratify children's appetites, there is no need to arouse their sensuality but only a need to satisfy it. And that can be done by the most common things in the world, if one does not work at refining children's tastes. Their constant appetite, aroused by the need to grow, is a reliable seasoning which takes the place for them of many others. Fruits, dairy products, some baked thing a bit more delicate than ordinary bread, and, above all, the art of dispensing it all soberly —with these, armies of children can be led to the ends of the earth without being given the taste for vivid flavors and without their palates becoming blasé.

One of the proofs that the taste for meat is not natural to man is the indifference that children have for that kind of food and the preference they all give to vegetable foods, such as dairy products, pastry, fruits, etc. It is, above all, important not to denature this primitive taste and make children carnivorous. If this is not for their health, it is for their character; for, however one explains the experience, it is certain that great eaters of meat are in general more cruel and ferocious than other men. This is observed in all places and all times. English barbarism is known; † the Zoroastrians, on the contrary, are the gentlest of men.‡ All savages are cruel, and it is not their morals which cause them to be so. This cruelty comes from their food. They go to war as to the hunt and treat men like bears. Even in England butchers are not accepted as witnesses, and neither are surgeons.[74] Great villains harden themselves to murder by drinking blood. Homer makes the Cyclopes, eaters of human flesh, horrible, while he makes the lotus-eaters a peo-

* The Majorcans lost this practice many years ago. It belongs to the time when their slingers were famous.

† I know that the English greatly vaunt their humanity and the good nature of their nation; they call themselves "good-natured people"; but however much they may shout that, no one repeats it after them.

‡ The Banians who abstain from all meat more strictly than the Gaures are almost as gentle as the Gaures are; but since their morality is less pure and their religion less reasonable, they are not so decent.[73]

ple so lovable that, as soon as one had any dealings with them, one even forgot one's own country to live with them.[75]

You ask me why [said Plutarch] Pythagoras abstained from eating the flesh of animals? But I ask you, on the contrary, was it a courage appropriate to men that possessed the first one who brought his mouth to wounded flesh, who used his teeth to break the bones of an expiring animal, who had dead bodies—cadavers—served to him, and swallowed up in his stomach parts which a moment before bleated, lowed, walked, and saw? How could his hand have plunged a knife into the heart of a feeling being? How could his eyes have endured a murder? How could he see a poor, defenseless animal bled, skinned, and dismembered? How could he endure the sight of quivering flesh? How did the smell not make him sick to his stomach? How was he not disgusted, repulsed, horrified, when he went to handle the excrement from these wounds, to clean the blood, black and congealed, which covered them?

> The skins, stripped off, crawled on the earth;
> The flesh, on the spit, lowed in the fire;
> Man could not eat them without a shudder;
> And in his breast heard them moan.[76]

This is what he must have imagined and felt the first time that he overcame nature to make this horrible meal, the first time that he was hungry for a living animal, that he wanted to feed on an animal which was still grazing, and that he said how the ewe who licked his hands was to be slaughtered, cut up, and cooked. It is by those who began these cruel feasts, and not by those who gave them up, that one ought to be surprised. And yet these first men could justify their barbarism with excuses which we lack and whose absence makes us a hundred times more barbarous than they.

"Mortals, well-loved of the Gods," these first men would say to us, "compare the times. See how happy you are and how miserable we were. The earth, newly formed, and the air, laden with vapors, were not yet willing to submit to the order of the seasons. The uncertain course of rivers caused them constantly to overflow their banks; pools, lakes, and deep marshes inundated three-quarters of the earth's surface. The other quarter was covered with sterile woods and forests. The earth produced no good fruits. We had no plowing instruments; we were ignorant of the art of using them; and harvest time never came for him who had sowed nothing. Thus hunger never left us. In winter, moss and the bark of trees were our ordinary dishes. Some green roots of couch grass and heather were a banquet for us; and when men were able to find beechnuts, walnuts, or acorns, they danced for joy around a chestnut or a beech to the sound of some rustic song, calling the earth their nurse and mother. This was their only festival; these their only games. All the rest of human life was only pain, effort, and want.

"Finally when the earth, stripped and naked, had nothing more to

offer us, we were forced to violate nature to preserve ourselves and ate the companions of our want rather than perish with them. But you, cruel men, who forces you to shed blood? See what an abundance of goods surrounds you! How many fruits the earth produces for you! What riches the fields and the vines give you! How many animals offer you their milk for your nourishment and their fleece for your clothing! What more do you ask of them; what rage brings you, sated with goods and overflowing with victuals, to commit so many murders? Why do you lie about our mother by accusing her of not being able to feed you? Why do you sin against Ceres, inventress of the holy laws, and against gracious Bacchus, consoler of men, as if their prodigal gifts were not sufficient for the preservation of humankind? How do you have the heart to mix bones with their sweet fruits on your tables and to drink along with milk the blood of the animals who give it to you? The panthers and the lions that you call ferocious animals follow their instinct perforce and kill other animals to live. But you, a hundred times more ferocious than they, you combat instinct without necessity in order to abandon yourselves to your cruel delights. The animals you eat are not those which eat others. You do not eat these carnivorous beasts; you imitate them. You are hungry only for innocent and gentle animals who do no harm to anyone, who become attached to you, who serve you, and whom you devour as a reward for their services.

"O murderer against nature, if you insist on maintaining that nature made you to devour your kind, beings of flesh and bone, feeling and living like you, then smother the horror of these frightful meals it inspires in you. Kill the animals yourself—I mean with your own hands, without iron tools, without knives. Tear them apart with your nails, as do lions and bears. Bite this cow and rip him to pieces; plunge your claws in its skin. Eat this lamb alive; devour its still warm flesh; drink its soul with its blood. You shudder? You do not dare to feel living flesh palpitating in your teeth? Pitiful man! You begin by killing the animal; and then you eat it, as if to make it die twice. This is not enough. The dead flesh is still repugnant to you; your entrails cannot take it. It has to be transformed by fire, to be boiled or roasted, and to be seasoned with drugs disguising it. You have to have butchers, cooks, and roasters, people to take away the horror of the murder and dress up dead bodies so that the sense of taste, fooled by these disguises, does not reject what is alien to it and savors with pleasure cadavers whose sight even the eye would have difficulty bearing!" [77]

Although this passage is foreign to my subject, I was not able to resist the temptation to transcribe it; and I believe that few readers will be annoyed with me for it.

In any event, whatever diet you give to children—provided that you accustom them only to common and simple dishes—let them eat, run, and play as much as they please, and be sure that they will never eat too much and will have no indigestion. But if you starve them half the time, and they find the means of escaping your vigilance, they will

compensate themselves with all their might, they will eat to the point of overflowing, of exploding. Our appetite is immoderate only because we want to give it other rules than those of nature. Always regulating, prescribing, adding, subtracting, we do nothing without weighing it on a scale. But this scale measures our whims and not our stomachs. I always go back to my examples. In peasants' homes the bread and fruit bins are always open, and the children as well as the men there do not know what indigestion is.

If it came to pass, nevertheless, that a child ate too much (which I do not believe possible by my method), it is so easy to distract him with entertainments to his taste that one might succeed in exhausting him from starvation without his thinking about it. How do means so sure and easy escape all teachers? Herodotus tells how the Lydians, hard pressed by an extreme famine, got the idea of inventing games and other diversions with which they deceived their hunger and spent entire days without thinking of eating.* [78] Your learned teachers have perhaps read this passage a hundred times without seeing how it can be applied to children. Someone among them will perhaps tell me that a child does not willingly leave his dinner to go and study his lessons. Master, you are right. I was not thinking of that kind of entertainment.

The sense of smell is to taste what sight is to touch. It anticipates taste and informs it about how this or that substance is going to affect it and disposes one to seek it or flee it according to the impression that one has received of it in advance. I have heard that savages have a sense of smell which is affected quite otherwise than ours and judge good and bad smells quite differently. As for me, I can certainly believe it. Smells by themselves are weak sensations. They move the imagination more than the sense and affect us not so much by fulfillment as by expectation. On this assumption the tastes of some, having become so different from the tastes of others due to their ways of life, must cause them to make contrary judgments about tastes and consequently about the smells which announce them. A Tartar must catch the scent of a stinking quarter of a dead horse with as much pleasure as one of our hunters catches the scent of a half-rotten partridge.

Men who walk too much to like strolling and who do not work enough to make a voluptuous experience out of rest ought to be insensitive to our idle sensations, such as enjoying the odor of garden flowers. People who are always famished would not know how to get great pleasure from fragrances which announce nothing to eat.

Smell is the sense of imagination. Keying up the nerves, it must agitate the brain a good deal. This is why it revives the temperament for a moment and exhausts it in the long run. Its effects are known well enough in love. The sweet fragrance of a dressing room is not so weak a trap as is thought; and I know not whether one ought to congratulate

* The ancient historians are filled with views which one could use even if the facts which present them were false. But we do not know how to get any true advantage from history. Critical erudition absorbs everything, as if it were very important whether a fact is true, provided that a useful teaching can be drawn from it. Sensible men ought to regard history as a tissue of fables whose moral is very appropriate to the human heart.

or pity that prudent and insensitive man who has never been made to quiver by the smell of the flowers on his beloved's bosom.

Smell must not be very active in the first age, when imagination, as yet animated by few passions, is hardly susceptible to emotion, and when we do not have enough experience to foresee with one sense what is promised to it by another sense. Indeed, this conclusion is perfectly confirmed by observation; and it is certain that the sense of smell is still obtuse and almost numb in most children. Not that the sensation is not as sharp in them as in men—and perhaps more so—but because, not joining to it any other idea, they are not easily affected by a sentiment of pleasure or pain in connection with it and are neither charmed nor offended by it as we are. I believe that without going beyond the same method and without having recourse to the comparative anatomy of the two sexes, it would be easy to find the reason why women in general are more intensely affected by smells than men.

It is said that Canadian savages, from their youth on, make their sense of smell so subtle that, although they have dogs, they do not deign to use them in the hunt and act as their own dogs. I can indeed conceive that, if children were raised to catch wind of their dinner as a dog catches wind of game, one could perhaps succeed in perfecting their sense of smell to the same degree. But, at bottom, I do not see that it is possible to gain anything very useful for them from the exercise of this sense, unless it is by making known to them its relations with the sense of taste. Nature has taken care to force us to become well acquainted with these relations. It has made the action of the sense of taste almost inseparable from that of the sense of smell by making their organs adjacent and placing in the mouth an immediate communication between the two, so that we taste nothing without smelling it. I would only want that these natural relations not be changed—for example, that a child be deceived by covering the bitterness of a medicine with a pleasant aroma, for the discord between the two senses is then too great to be able to fool him. The more active sense absorbs the effect of the other one, and he does not take the medicine with less distaste. This distaste is extended to all the sensations which strike him at the same time. In the presence of the weaker one his imagination also recalls the other to him. A very sweet fragrance is now to him only a disgusting smell; and it is thus that our indiscriminate precautions increase the sum of unpleasant sensations at the expense of pleasant ones.

It remains for me to speak in the following books of the cultivation of a sort of sixth sense called *common sense*, less because it is common to all men than because it results from the well-regulated use of the other senses, and because it instructs us about the nature of things by the conjunction of all their appearances. This sixth sense has consequently no special organ. It resides only in the brain, and its sensations, purely internal, are called *perceptions* or *ideas*. It is by the number of these ideas that the extent of our knowledge is measured. It is their distinctness, their clarity which constitutes the accuracy of the mind. It is the art of comparing them among themselves that is called

human reason. Thus what I would call *sensual* or *childish* reason consists in forming simple ideas by the conjunction of several sensations, and what I call *intellectual* or *human reason* consists in forming complex ideas by the conjunction of several simple ideas.

Supposing, then, that my method is that of nature, and that I did not make mistakes in its application, we have led our pupil through the land of sensations up to the boundaries of childish reason. The first step we are going to make beyond these boundaries has to be a man's step. But before entering upon this new career, let us for a moment cast our eyes back over the one we have just completed. Each age, each condition of life, has its suitable perfection, a sort of maturity proper to it. We have often heard of a mature man, but let us consider a mature child. This spectacle will be newer for us and will perhaps be no less pleasant.

The existence of finite beings is so poor and so limited that when we see only what is, we are never moved. Chimeras adorn real objects; and if imagination does not add a charm to what strikes us, the sterile pleasure one takes in it is limited to the perceiving organ and always leaves the heart cold. The earth adorned with autumn's treasures displays a richness that the eye admires; but this admiration is not touching; it comes more from reflection than from sentiment. In spring the countryside, almost naked, is not yet covered with anything, the trees provide no shade, the green is only beginning to peep out, and the heart is touched by its aspect. In seeing nature thus reborn, one feels revived oneself. The image of pleasure surrounds us. Those companions of voluptousness, those sweet tears always ready to join with every delicious sentiment, are already on the edge of our eyelids. But though the aspect of the grape harvests may very well be animated, lively, pleasant, one always sees it with a dry eye.

Why this difference? It is that imagination joins to the spectacle of spring that of the seasons which are going to follow it. To these tender buds that the eye perceives imagination adds the flowers, the fruits, the shadows, and sometimes the mysteries they can cover. It concentrates in a single moment the times which are going to follow one another, and sees objects less as they will be than as it desires them because it is free to choose them. In autumn, on the contrary, one can only see what is. If one wants to get to spring, winter stops us, and imagination, frozen, expires on the snow and frost.

Such is the source of the charm one finds in contemplating a fair childhood in preference to the perfection of a ripe age. When is it that we taste a true pleasure in seeing a man? It is when the memory of his actions causes us to go back over his life and rejuvenates him, so to speak, in our eyes. If we are reduced to considering him as he is or to supposing what he will be in his old age, the idea of nature declining effaces all our pleasure. There is none in seeing a man advance with great steps toward his grave, and the image of death makes everything ugly.

But when I represent to myself a child between ten and twelve, vigorous and well formed for his age, he does not cause the birth of a single idea in me which is not pleasant either for the present or for

the future. I see him bubbling, lively, animated, without gnawing cares, without long and painful foresight, whole in his present being, and enjoying a fullness of life which seems to want to extend itself beyond him. I foresee him at another age exercising the senses, the mind, and the strength which is developing in him day by day, new signs of which he gives every moment. I contemplate the child, and he pleases me. I imagine him as a man, and he pleases me more. His ardent blood seems to reheat mine. I believe I am living his life, and his vivacity rejuvenates me.

The hour sounds. What a change! Instantly his eyes cloud over; his gaiety is effaced. Goodbye, joy! Goodbye, frolicsome games! A severe and angry man takes him by the hand, says to him gravely, "Let us go, sir," and takes him away. In the room into which they go I catch a glimpse of books. Books! What sad furnishings for his age! The poor child lets himself be pulled along, turns a regretful eye on all that surrounds him, becomes silent, and leaves, his eyes swollen with tears he does not dare to shed, and his heart great with sighs he does not dare to breathe.

O you who have nothing of the kind to fear; you for whom no time of life is a time of constraint and of boredom; you who see the day come without disquiet, the night without impatience, and count the hours only by your pleasures—come my happy, my lovable pupil, console us by your presence for the departure of that unfortunate boy, come . . . He comes, and I feel at his approach a movement of joy which I see him share. It is his friend, his comrade, it is the companion of his games whom he approaches. He is quite sure on seeing me that he will not for long remain without entertainment. We never depend on one another, but we always agree, and with no one else are we so well off as we are together.

His figure, his bearing, his countenance proclaim assurance and contentment; health shines from his face; his firm steps give him an air of vigor; his complexion, still delicate without being washed out, has no effeminate softness; the air and the sun have already put on it the honorable imprint of his sex; his muscles, still rounded, begin to show some signs of their nascent features; his eyes, which are not yet animated by the fire of sentiment, at least have all their native * serenity; long sorrows have not darkened them; unending tears have not lined his cheeks. See in his movements, quick but sure, the vivacity of his age, the firmness of independence, and the experience of much exercise. His aspect is open and free but not insolent or vain. His face, which has not been glued to books, does not fall toward his stomach; there is no need to say to him, "Lift your head." Neither shame nor fear ever caused him to lower it.

Let us make him a place in the midst of the assemblage. Gentlemen, examine him, interrogate him confidently. Do not fear his importunities, or his chatter, or his indiscreet questions. Have no fear that he take you over, that he claim all your attention for himself alone, and that you will not be able to get rid of him.

* *Natia.* I use this word in an Italian sense for want of finding a synonym for it in French. If I am wrong, it is unimportant, provided I am understood.[79]

Do not expect, either, agreeable remarks from him or that he tell you what I have dictated to him. Expect only the naïve and simple truth, unadorned, unaffected, without vanity. He will tell you the bad thing he has done or thinks just as freely as the good, without worrying in any way about the effect on you of what he has said. He will use speech with all the simplicity present in its first founding.

One likes to augur well of children; and one always regrets that stream of ineptitudes that almost always comes to overturn the hopes one would like to found on some lucky observation which falls by chance into their mouths. If my pupil rarely gives such hopes, he will never give this regret, for he never says a useless word and does not exhaust himself with a chatter to which he knows no one listens. His ideas are limited but distinct. If he knows nothing by heart, he knows much by experience. If he reads less well in our books than does another child, he reads better in the book of nature. His mind is not in his tongue but in his head. He has less memory than judgment. He knows how to speak only one language, but he understands what he says; and if what he says he does not say so well as others, to compensate for that, what he does, he does better than they do.

He does not know what routine, custom, or habit is. What he did yesterday does not influence what he does today.* He never follows a formula, does not give way before authority or example, and acts and speaks only as it suits him. So do not expect from him dictated speeches or studied manners, but always the faithful expression of his ideas and the conduct born of his inclinations.

You find in him a small number of moral notions which relate to his present condition, none concerning men's relative condition. Of what use would these latter be to him, since a child is not yet an active member of society? Speak to him of freedom, of property, even of convention: he can know something up to that point. He knows why what is his is his and why what is not his is not his. Beyond this he knows nothing. Speak to him of duty, of obedience: he does not know what you mean. Give him some command: he will not understand you. But tell him, "If you do me such and such a favor, I will return it when the occasion arises," and he will immediately be eager to gratify you, for he asks for nothing better than to extend his domain and to acquire rights over you that he knows to be inviolable. Perhaps he even finds it not disagreeable to have a position, to be a part, to count for something. But if this last is his motive, he has already left nature, and you have not closed tightly all the gates of vanity ahead of time.

On his side, if he needs some assistance, he will ask for it from the first person he meets without distinction. He would ask for it from the king as from his lackey. All men are still equal in his eyes. You see by

* The appeal of habit comes from the laziness natural to man, and that laziness increases in abandoning onself to habit. One does more easily what one has already done; the trail once blazed becomes easier to follow. Thus it is to be observed that the empire of habit is very great over the aged and the indolent, very small over the young and the lively. This way of life is good only for weak souls and weakens them more from day to day. The only habit useful to children is to subject themselves without difficulty to the necessity of things, and the only habit useful to men is to subject themselves without difficuly to reason. Every other habit is a vice.

the way in which he makes a request that he is aware that he is owed nothing. He knows that what he asks is a favor; he also knows that humanity inclines toward according it. His expressions are simple and laconic. His voice, his look, and his gesture are those of a being accustomed equally to compliance and refusal. This is neither the crawling and servile submission of a slave nor the imperious accent of a master. It is a modest confidence in his fellow man; it is the noble and touching gentleness of a free but sensitive and weak being who implores the assistance of a being who is free but strong and beneficent. If you grant him what he asks of you, he will not thank you, but he will feel that he has contracted a debt. If you refuse it to him, he will not complain; he will not insist. He knows that would be useless. He will not say to himself, "I have been refused," but he will say, "It was impossible." And as I have already said, one hardly rebels against well-recognized necessity.

Leave him alone at liberty. Watch him act without saying anything to him. Consider what he will do and how he will go about it. Having no need to prove to himself that he is free, he never does anything from giddiness and solely to perform an act of power over himself. Does he not know that he is always master of himself? He is alert, light, quick, and his movements have all the vivacity of his age, but you do not see one of them which does not have an end. Whatever he wants to do, he will never undertake anything beyond his strength, for he has tested it well and knows it. His means are always appropriate to his designs, and rarely will he act without being assured of success. He will have an attentive and judicious eye. He will not stupidly question others about everything he sees, but he will examine it himself and will tire himself out to discover what he wants to learn before asking. If he gets in unforeseen difficulties, he will be less disturbed than another; if there is risk, he will also be less frightened. Since his imagination still remains inactive, and nothing has been done to animate it, he sees only what is, estimates dangers only at what they are worth, and always keeps his composure. Necessity weighs heavy on him too often for him still to baulk at it. He bears its yoke from his birth. Now he is well accustomed to it. He is always ready for anything.

Whether he is busy or playing, it is all the same to him. His games are his business, and he is aware of no difference. He brings to whatever he does an interest which makes people laugh and a freedom which pleases them, thereby showing at once the turn of his mind and the sphere of his knowledge. Is this not the spectacle appropriate to this age, the charming and sweet spectacle of seeing a pretty child with an eye that is lively and gay, a manner contented and serene, a face open and laughing, doing the most serious things at play or profoundly busy with the most frivolous entertainments?

Do you now want to judge him by comparisons? Let him mix with other children and do as he pleases. You will soon see which is the most truly formed, which best approaches the perfection of his age. Among the city children none is more adroit than he, but he is stronger than any other. Among young peasants he is their equal in strength and surpasses them in skill. Concerning all that is within the reach of child-

hood he judges, reasons, and foresees better than all of them. Is there a matter involving action, running, jumping, moving bodies, lifting masses, estimating distances, inventing games, winning prizes? One would say nature is at his command, so easily does he know how to bend everything to his will. He is made for guiding, for governing his equals. Talent and experience take the place for him of right and authority. Clothe and name him as you please. It is not important. Everywhere he will be first, everywhere he will become the chief of the others. They will always sense his superiority over them. Without wanting to command, he will be the master; without believing they are obeying, they will obey.

He has come to the maturity of childhood. He has lived a child's life. He has not purchased his perfection at the expense of his happiness; on the contrary, they have cooperated with each other. In acquiring all the reason belonging to his age, he has been happy and free to the extent his constitution permits him. If the fatal scythe comes to harvest the flower of our hopes in him, we shall not have to lament his life and his death at the same time. We shall not embitter our sorrows with the memory of those we caused him. We shall say to ourselves, "At least he enjoyed his childhood. We did not make him lose anything that nature had given him."

The great difficulty with this first education is that it is perceptible only to clear-sighted men and that in a child raised with so much care, vulgar eyes see only a little rascal. A preceptor thinks of his own interest more than of his disciple's. He is devoted to proving that he is not wasting his time and that he is earning the money he is paid. He provides the child with some easily displayed attainments that can be showed off when wanted. It is not important whether what he teaches the child is useful, provided that it is easily seen. He accumulates, without distinction or discernment, a rubbish heap in the child's memory. When the child is to be examined, he is made to spread out his merchandise. He displays it; satisfaction is obtained. Then he closes up his pack again and leaves. My pupil is not so rich. He has no pack to spread out. He has nothing to show other than himself. Now, a child, no more than a man, is not to be seen in a moment. Where are the observers who know how to grasp at first glance the traits which characterize him? Such observers exist, but they are few; and in a hundred thousand fathers not one of them will be found.

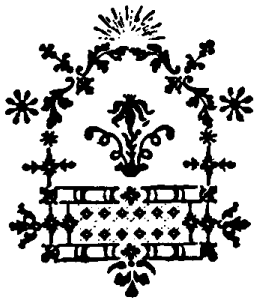
Too many questions bore and repulse everyone, and children even more so. At the end of a few minutes their attention wanders; they no longer listen to what an obstinate questioner asks them and respond only at random. This way of examining them is vain and pedantic; often a word caught in midflight depicts their bent and their mind better than a long speech would. But care must be taken that this word is neither dictated nor fortuitous. One must have a great deal of judgment oneself to appreciate a child's.

I heard the late Lord Hyde tell the story of one of his friends who, returning from Italy after three-years absence, wanted to examine his nine- or ten-year-old son's progress. They went for a walk one evening with the boy and his governor in a field where schoolboys were playing

at flying kites. The father asked his son, in passing, "Where is the kite whose shadow is here?" Without hesitation, without lifting his head, the child said, "Over the highway." "And, indeed," added Lord Hyde, "the highway was between us and the sun." The father at this response kissed his son and, leaving his examination at that, went away without saying anything. The next day he sent the governor the title to a lifetime pension in addition to his salary.

What a man that father was, and what a son was promised him! The question suits his age precisely; the response is quite simple. But see what it implies about the incisiveness of the child's judgment! It is thus that Aristotle's pupil tamed that famous steed which no horseman had been able to break.[80]

End of the Second Book



BOOK IV

HOW RAPID is our journey on this earth! The first quarter of life has been lived before one knows the use of it. The last quarter is lived when one has ceased to enjoy it. At first we do not know how to live; soon we can no longer live; and in the interval which separates these two useless extremities, three-quarters of the time remaining to us is consumed by sleep, work, pain, constraint, and efforts of all kinds. Life is short, not so much because it lasts a short time as because we have almost none of that short time for savoring it. The moment of death may well be distant from that of birth, but life is always too short when this space is poorly filled.

We are, so to speak, born twice: once to exist and once to live; once for our species and once for our sex. Those who regard women as an imperfect man are doubtless wrong, but the external analogy is on their side. Up to the nubile age children of the two sexes have nothing apparent to distinguish them: the same visage, the same figure, the same complexion, the same voice. Everything is equal: girls are children, boys are children; the same name suffices for beings so much alike. Males whose ulterior sexual development is prevented maintain this similarity their whole lives; they are always big children. And women, since they never lose this same similarity, seem in many respects never to be anything else.

But man in general is not made to remain always in childhood. He leaves it at the time prescribed by nature; and this moment of crisis, although rather short, has far-reaching influences.

As the roaring of the sea precedes a tempest from afar, this stormy revolution is proclaimed by the murmur of the nascent passions. A mute fermentation warns of danger's approach. A change in humor, frequent anger, a mind in constant agitation, makes the child almost unmanageable. He becomes deaf to the voice which made him docile. His feverishness turns him into a lion. He disregards his guide; he no longer wishes to be governed.

To the moral signs of a deteriorating humor are joined noticeable

changes in his looks. His face develops expression and takes on character. The sparse and soft cotton growing on the lower part of his cheeks darkens and gains consistency. His voice breaks or, rather, he loses it; he is neither child nor man and can take the tone of neither. His eyes, those organs of the soul which have said nothing up to now, find a language and acquire expressiveness. A nascent fire animates them; their glances, more lively, still have a holy innocence, but they no longer have their first imbecility. He senses already that they can say too much; he begins to know how to lower them and to blush. He becomes sensitive before knowing what he is sensing. He is uneasy without reason for being so. All this can come slowly and still leave you time. But if his vivacity makes him too impatient; if his anger changes into fury; if he is irritable and then tender from one moment to the next; if he sheds tears without cause; if, when near objects which begin to become dangerous for him, his pulse rises and his eye is inflamed; if the hand of a woman placed on his makes him shiver; if he gets flustered or is intimidated near her—Ulysses, O wise Ulysses, be careful. The goatskins you closed with so much care are open. The winds are already loose. No longer leave the tiller for an instant, or all is lost.[1]

This is the second birth of which I have spoken. It is now that man is truly born to life and now that nothing human is foreign to him. Up to now our care has only been a child's game. It takes on true importance only at present. This period, when ordinary educations end, is properly the one when ours ought to begin. But to present this new plan well, let us treat more fundamentally the state of the things which relate to it.

Our passions are the principal instruments of our preservation. It is, therefore, an enterprise as vain as it is ridiculous to want to destroy them—it is to control nature, it is to reform the work of God. If God were to tell men to annihilate the passions which He gives him, God would will and not will; He would contradict Himself. Never did He give this senseless order. Nothing of the kind is written in the human heart. And what God wants a man to do, He does not have told to him by another man. He tells it to him Himself; He writes it in the depths of his heart.

I would find someone who wanted to prevent the birth of the passions almost as mad as someone who wanted to annihilate them; and those who believed that this was my project up to now would surely have understood me very badly.

But would it be reasoning well to conclude, from the fact that it is in man's nature to have passions, that all the passions that we feel in ourselves and see in others are natural? Their source is natural, it is true. But countless alien streams have swollen it. It is a great river which constantly grows and in which one could hardly find a few drops of its first waters. Our natural passions are very limited. They are the instruments of our freedom; they tend to preserve us. All those which subject us and destroy us come from elsewhere. Nature does not give them to us. We appropriate them to the detriment of nature.

The source of our passions, the origin and the principle of all the others, the only one born with man and which never leaves him so long

as he lives is self-love—a primitive, innate passion, which is anterior to every other, and of which all others are in a sense only modifications. In this sense, if you wish, all passions are natural. But most of these modifications have alien causes without which they would never have come to pass; and these same modifications, far from being advantageous for us, are harmful. They alter the primary goal and are at odds with their own principle. It is then that man finds himself outside of nature and sets himself in contradiction with himself.

The love of oneself is always good and always in conformity with order. Since each man is specially entrusted with his own preservation, the first and most important of his cares is and ought to be to watch over it constantly. And how could he watch over it if he did not take the greatest interest in it?

Therefore, we have to love ourselves to preserve ourselves; and it follows immediately from the same sentiment that we love what preserves us. Every child is attached to his nurse. Romulus must have been attached to the wolf that suckled him. At first this attachment is purely mechanical. What fosters the well-being of an individual attracts him; what harms him repels him. This is merely a blind instinct. What transforms this instinct into sentiment, attachment into love, aversion into hate, is the intention manifested to harm us or to be useful to us. One is never passionate about insensible beings which merely follow the impulsion given to them. But those from whom one expects good or ill by their inner disposition, by their will—those we see acting freely for us or against us—inspire in us sentiments similar to those they manifest toward us. We seek what serves us, but we love what wants to serve us. We flee what harms us, but we hate what wants to harm us.

A child's first sentiment is to love himself; and the second, which derives from the first, is to love those who come near him, for in the state of weakness that he is in, he does not recognize anyone except by the assistance and care he receives. At first the attachment he has for his nurse and his governess is only habit. He seeks them because he needs them and is well off in having them; it is recognition rather than benevolence. He needs much time to understand that not only are they useful to him but they want to be; and it is then that he begins to love them.

A child is therefore naturally inclined to benevolence, because he sees that everything approaching him is inclined to assist him; and from this observation he gets the habit of a sentiment favorable to his species. But as he extends his relations, his needs, and his active or passive dependencies, the sentiment of his connections with others is awakened and produces the sentiment of duties and preferences. Then the child becomes imperious, jealous, deceitful, and vindictive. If he is bent to obedience, he does not see the utility of what he is ordered, and he attributes it to caprice, to the intention of tormenting him; and he revolts. If he is obeyed, as soon as something resists him, he sees in it a rebellion, an intention to resist him. He beats the chair or the table for having disobeyed him. Self-love, which regards only ourselves, is contented when our true needs are satisfied. But *amour-propre*, which makes comparisons, is never content and never could

be, because this sentiment, preferring ourselves to others, also demands others to prefer us to themselves, which is impossible. This is how the gentle and affectionate passions are born of self-love, and how the hateful and irascible passions are born of *amour-propre*. Thus what makes man essentially good is to have few needs and to compare himself little to others; what makes him essentially wicked is to have many needs and to depend very much on opinion. On the basis of this principle it is easy to see how all the passions of children and men can be directed to good or bad. It is true that since they are not able always to live alone, it will be difficult for them always to be good. This same difficulty will necessarily increase with their relations; and this, above all, is why the dangers of society make art and care all the more indispensable for us to forestall in the human heart the depravity born of their new needs.

The study suitable for man is that of his relations. So long as he knows himself only in his physical being, he ought to study himself in his relations with things. This is the job of his childhood. When he begins to sense his moral being, he ought to study himself in his relations with men. This is the job of his whole life, beginning from the point we have now reached.[2]

As soon as man has need of a companion, he is no longer an isolated being. His heart is no longer alone. All his relations with his species, all the affections of his soul are born with this one. His first passion soon makes the others ferment.

The inclination of instinct is indeterminate. One sex is attracted to the other; that is the movement of nature. Choice, preferences, and personal attachments are the work of enlightenment, prejudice, and habit. Time and knowledge are required to make us capable of love. One loves only after having judged; one prefers only after having compared. These judgments are made without one's being aware of it, but they are nonetheless real. True love, whatever is said of it, will always be honored by men; for although its transports lead us astray, although it does not exclude odious qualities from the heart that feels it—and even produces them—it nevertheless always presupposes estimable qualities without which one would not be in a condition to feel it. This choosing, which is held to be the opposite of reason, comes to us from it. Love has been presented as blind because it has better eyes than we do and sees relations we are not able to perceive. For a man who had no idea of merit or beauty, every woman would be equally good, and the first comer would always be the most lovable. Far from arising from nature, love is the rule and the bridle of nature's inclinations. It is due to love that, except for the beloved object, one sex ceases to be anything for the other.

One wants to obtain the preference that one grants. Love must be reciprocal. To be loved, one has to make oneself lovable. To be preferred, one has to make oneself more lovable than another, more lovable than every other, at least in the eyes of the beloved object. This is the source of the first glances at one's fellows; this is the source of the first comparisons with them; this is the source of emulation, rivalries, and jealousy. A heart full of an overflowing sentiment likes

to open itself. From the need for a mistress is soon born the need for a friend. He who senses how sweet it is to be loved would want to be loved by everyone; and all could not want preference without there being many malcontents. With love and friendship are born dissensions, enmity, and hate. From the bosom of so many diverse passions I see opinion raising an unshakable throne, and stupid mortals, subjected to its empire, basing their own existence on the judgments of others.

Extend these ideas, and you will see where our *amour-propre* gets the form we believe natural to it, and how self-love, ceasing to be an absolute sentiment, becomes pride in great souls, vanity in small ones, and feeds itself constantly in all at the expense of their neighbors. This species of passion, not having its germ in children's hearts, cannot be born in them of itself; it is we alone who put it there, and it never takes root except by our fault. But this is no longer the case with the young man's heart. Whatever we may do, these passions will be born in spite of us. It is therefore time to change method.

Let us begin with some important reflections on the critical state we are dealing with here. The transition from childhood to puberty is not so determined by nature that it does not vary in individuals according to their temperaments and in peoples according to their climates. Everyone knows the distinction observable in this regard between hot and cold countries; and each of us sees that ardent temperaments are formed sooner than others. But one can be deceived as to the causes and can often attribute to physical causes what must be imputed to moral ones. This is one of the most frequent abuses committed by the philosophy of our age. Nature's instruction is late and slow; men's is almost always premature. In the former case the senses wake the imagination; in the latter the imagination wakes the senses; it gives them a precocious activity which cannot fail to enervate and weaken individuals first and in the long run the species itself. An observation more general and more certain than that of the effect of climates is that puberty and sexual potency always arrive earlier in learned and civilized peoples than in ignorant and barbarous peoples.* Children have a singular sagacity in discerning the bad morals covered over by all the apish posturings of propriety. The purified language dictated to them, the lessons of decency given to them, the veil of mystery that is supposed to be drawn over their eyes, are only so many spurs to their curiosity. From the way this is gone about it is clear that

* "In the cities," says M. de Buffon, "and among the well-to-do, accustomed to abundant and succulent foods, children come to this state sooner. In the country and among poor people the children are slower because they are badly and too little fed. They need two or three years more." [*Histoire naturelle*, vol. IV, p. 238.] I accept the observation but not the explanation, since in countries where villagers are very well fed and eat a lot, as in the Valois, and even in certain mountainous cantons of Italy, like Friuli, the age of puberty in the two sexes is also later than in the bosom of cities where, to satisfy vanity, an extreme parsimony governs spending on food and where most people have, as the proverb says, "velvet robes and stomachs filled with bran." One is surprised in these mountains to see big boys, as strong as men, who still have high voices and beardless chins, and big girls, otherwise quite developed, who do not have the periodic sign of their sex. This difference appears to me to come solely from the fact that, due to the simplicity of their morals, their imagination, peaceful and calm for a longer time, causes their blood to ferment later and makes their temperament less precocious.

the pretense of hiding something from them serves only to teach them about it; of all the instruction given them, this is the one of which they take most advantage.

Consult experience. You will understand to what extent this senseless method accelerates nature's work and ruins the temperament. This is one of the principal causes of the degeneracy of the races in cities. The young people, exhausted early, remain small, weak, and ill-formed; they age instead of growing, as the vine that has been made to bear fruit in the spring languishes and dies before autumn.

It is necessary to have lived among coarse and simple peoples to know up to what age a happy ignorance can prolong the innocence of children there. It is a spectacle that is at the same time touching and laughable to see the two sexes, abandoned to the security of their hearts, prolong in the flower of age and beauty the naïve games of childhood and show by their very familiarity the purity of their pleasures. When finally these amiable young people come to marriage, the two spouses give each other the first fruits of their persons and are thereby dearer to one another. Multitudes of healthy and robust children become the pledges of an incorruptible union and the fruit of the prudence of their parents' early years.

If the age at which man acquires knowledge of his sex differs as much due to the effect of education as to the action of nature, it follows that this age can be accelerated or retarded according to the way in which children are raised; and if the body gains or loses consistency to the extent that this progress is retarded or accelerated, it follows again that the greater the effort made to retard it, the more a young man acquires vigor and force. I am still speaking only of purely physical effects. It will soon be seen that the effects are not limited to these.

From these reflections I draw the solution to the question so often debated—whether it is fitting to enlighten children early concerning the objects of their curiosity, or whether it is better to put them off the trail with little falsehoods? I think one ought to do neither the one nor the other. In the first place, this curiosity does not come to them without someone's having provided the occasion for it. One must therefore act in such a way that they do not have such curiosity. In the second place, questions one is not forced to answer do not require deceiving the child who asks them. It is better to impose silence on him than to answer him by lying. He will be little surprised by this law if care has been taken to subject him to it in inconsequential things. Finally, if one decides to answer, let it be with the greatest simplicity, without mystery, without embarrassment, without a smile. There is much less danger in satisfying the child's curiosity than there is in exciting it.

Let your responses always be solemn, short, and firm, without ever appearing to hesitate. I do not need to add that they ought to be true. One cannot teach children the danger of lying to men without being aware of the greater danger, on the part of men, of lying to children. A single proved lie told by the master to the child would ruin forever the whole fruit of the education.

An absolute ignorance concerning certain matters is perhaps what

would best suit children. But let them learn early what is impossible to hide from them always. Either their curiosity must not be aroused in any way, or it must be satisfied before the age at which it is no longer without danger. Your conduct with your pupil in this respect depends a great deal on his particular situation, the societies which surround him, the circumstances in which it is expected that he might find himself, etc. It is important here to leave nothing to chance; and if you are not sure of keeping him ignorant of the difference between the sexes until he is sixteen, take care that he learn it before he is ten.

I do not like it when too pure a language is affected with children or when long detours, which they notice, are made to avoid giving things their true names. Good morals in these matters always contain much simplicity, but imaginations soiled by vice make the ear delicate and force a constant refinement of expression. Coarse terms are inconsequential; it is lascivious ideas which must be kept away.

Although modesty is natural to the human species, naturally children have none. Modesty is born only with the knowledge of evil, and how could children, who do not and should not have this knowledge, have the sentiment which is its effect? To give them lessons in modesty and decency is to teach them that there are shameful and indecent things. It is to give them a secret desire to know those things. Sooner or later they succeed, and the first spark which touches the imagination inevitably accelerates the inflammation of the senses. Whoever blushes is already guilty. True innocence is ashamed of nothing.

Children do not have the same desires as men; but since they are just as subject to uncleanness offensive to the senses, they can from that very subjection get the same lessons in propriety. Follow the spirit of nature which, by putting in the same place the organs of the secret pleasures and those of the disgusting needs, inspires in us the same cares at different ages, now due to one idea, then due to another; in the man due to modesty, in the child due to cleanliness.

I see only one good means of preserving children in their innocence; it is for all those who surround them to respect and to love it. Without that, all the restraint one tries to use with them is sooner or later belied. A smile, a wink, a careless gesture, tells them everything one seeks to hide from them. To learn it, they need only see that one wanted to hide it from them. The delicacy of the turns of phrase and of the expressions which polite people use with one another is completely misplaced in relation to children since it assumes an enlightenment they ought not to have; but when one truly honors their simplicity, one easily takes on, in speaking to them, the simplicity of the terms which suit them. There is a certain naïveté of language which fits and pleases innocence. This is the true tone which turns a child away from a dangerous curiosity. In speaking simply to him about everything, one does not let him suspect that anything remains to be told him. In joining to coarse words the displeasing ideas suitable to them, the first fire of imagination is smothered. He is not forbidden to pronounce these words and to have these ideas; but without his being aware of it, he is made to have a repugnance against recalling them. And how much embarrassment this naïve freedom spares those who, drawing such freedom from

their own hearts, always say what should be said and always say just what they feel!

"Where do children come from?" An embarrassing question which comes naturally enough to children, and to which an indiscreet or a prudent answer is sometimes decisive for their morals and their health for their whole lives. The most expeditious way that a mother can imagine for putting it off without deceiving her son is to impose silence on him. That would be good if one had accustomed him to it for a long time in regard to unimportant questions and he did not suspect mysteries in this new tone. But rarely does she leave it at that. "That's the secret of married people," she will tell him. "Little boys shouldn't be so curious." This is very good for getting the mother out of trouble. But she should know that the little boy, stung by this contemptuous air, will not have a moment's rest before he has learned the secret of married people, and that he will not be long in learning it.

Permit me to report a very different answer which I heard given to the same question, one which was all the more striking as it came from a woman as modest in her speech as in her manners. When necessary, however, she knew how to trample on the false fear of blame and the vain remarks of mockers for the sake of virtue and her son's good. Not long before the child had passed in his urine a little stone which had torn his urethera but had been forgotten when the illness passed. "Mama," said the giddy little fellow, "where do children come from?" "My child," answered the mother without hesitation, "women piss them out with pains which sometimes cost them their lives." Let madmen laugh and fools be scandalized; but let the wise consider whether they can ever find a more judicious answer or one that better achieves its purposes.

In the first place, the idea of a need which is natural and known to the child turns aside that of a mysterious process. The accessory ideas of pain and death cover this process with a veil of sadness which deadens the imagination and represses curiosity. Everything turns the mind toward the consequences of the delivery and not toward its causes. The infirmities of human nature, distasteful objects, images of suffering—these are the clarifications to which this answer leads, if the repugnance it inspires permits the child to ask for them. How will the restlessness of the desires be awakened in conversations thus directed? And, nevertheless, you see that the truth has not been adulterated and there was no need to take advantage of one's pupil instead of instructing him.

Your children read. From their reading they get knowledge they would not have if they had not read. If they study, the imagination catches fire and intensifies in the silence of their rooms. If they live in society, they hear odd talk; they see things that strike them. They have been well persuaded that they are men; therefore, whatever men do in their presence serves as the occasion for them to investigate how it applies to them. The actions of others must surely serve as models for them when the judgments of others serve as laws for them. The domestics who are made dependent on them, and are consequently interested in pleasing them, pay their court to them at the expense of

good morals. Laughing governesses make remarks to them at four which the most brazen women would not dare to make to them at fifteen. Soon the governesses forget what they said, but the children do not forget what they heard. Naughty conversations prepare the way for libertine morals. The rascally lackey debauches the child, and the latter's secret acts as a guarantee for the former's.

The child raised according to his age is alone. He knows no attachments other than those of habit. He loves his sister as he loves his watch, and his friend as his dog. He does not feel himself to be of any sex, of any species. Man and woman are equally alien to him. He does not consider anything they do or say to be related to himself. He neither sees nor hears nor pays any attention to it. Their speeches interest him no more than do the examples they set. All of that is unsuitable for him. It is not an artful untruth which is imparted to him by this method; it is nature's ignorance. The time is coming when this same nature takes care to enlighten its pupil; and it is only then that it has put him in a condition to profit without risk from the lessons it gives him. This is the principle. The detailed rules do not belong to my subject, and the means I propose with a view to other goals serve also as examples for this one.

Do you wish to put order and regularity in the nascent passions? Extend the period during which they develop in order that they have the time to be arranged as they are born. Then it is not man who orders them; it is nature itself. Your care is only to let it arrange its work. If your pupil were alone, you would have nothing to do. But everything surrounding him influences his imagination. The torrent of prejudices carries him away. To restrain him, he must be pushed in the opposite direction. Sentiment must enchain imagination, and reason silence the opinion of men. The source of all the passions is sensibility; imagination determines their bent. Every being who has a sense of his relations ought to be affected when these relations are altered, and he imagines, or believes he imagines, others more suitable to his nature. It is the errors of imagination which transform into vices the passions of all limited beings—even those of angels, if they have any,[3] for they would have to know the nature of all beings in order to know what relations best suit their nature.

This is, then, the summary of the whole of human wisdom in the use of the passions: (1) To have a sense of the true relations of man, with respect to the species as well as the individual. (2) To order all the affections of the soul according to these relations.

But is man the master of ordering his affections according to this or that relation? Without a doubt, if he is master of directing his imagination toward this or that object or of giving it this or that habit. Besides, the issue here is less what a man can do for himself than what we can do for our pupil by the choice of circumstances in which we put him. To set forth the proper means for keeping him in the order of nature is to say enough about how he can depart from it.

So long as his sensibility remains limited to his own individuality, there is nothing moral in his actions. It is only when it begins to extend outside of himself that it takes on, first, the sentiments and, then, the

notions of good and evil which truly constitute him as a man and an integral part of his species. It is on this first point, then, that we must initially fix our observations.

These observations are difficult because, in order to make them, we must reject the examples which are before our eyes and seek for those in which the successive developments take place according to the order of nature.

A mannered, polite, civilized child, who only awaits the power of putting to work the premature instructions he has received, is never mistaken as to the moment when this power has come to him. Far from waiting for it, he accelerates it. He gives a precocious fermentation to his blood. He knows what the object of his desires ought to be long before he even experiences them. It is not nature which excites him; it is he who forces nature. It has nothing more to teach him in making him a man. He was one in thought a long time before being one in fact.

The true course of nature is more gradual and slower. Little by little the blood is inflamed, the spirits are produced, the temperament is formed. The wise worker who directs the manufacture takes care to perfect all his instruments before putting them to work. A long restlessness precedes the first desires; a long ignorance puts them off the track. One desires without knowing what. The blood ferments and is agitated; a superabundance of life seeks to extend itself outward. The eye becomes animated and looks over other beings. One begins to take an interest in those surrounding us; one begins to feel that one is not made to live alone. It is thus that the heart is opened to the human affections and becomes capable of attachment.

The first sentiment of which a carefully raised young man is capable is not love; it is friendship. The first act of his nascent imagination is to teach him that he has fellows; and the species affects him before the female sex. Here is another advantage of prolonged innocence—that of profiting from nascent sensibility to sow in the young adolescent's heart the first seeds of humanity. This advantage is all the more precious since now is the only time of life when the same attentions can have a true success.

I have always seen that young people who are corrupted early and given over to women and debauchery are inhuman and cruel. The heat of their temperaments made them impatient, vindictive, and wild. Their imaginations, filled by a single object, rejected all the rest. They knew neither pity nor mercy. They would have sacrificed fathers, mothers, and the whole universe to the least of their pleasures. On the contrary, a young man raised in a happy simplicity is drawn by the first movements of nature toward the tender and affectionate passions. His compassionate heart is moved by the sufferings of his fellows. He has a thrill of satisfaction at seeing his comrade again; his arms know how to find caressing embraces; his eyes know how to shed tears of tenderness. He is sensitive to the shame of displeasing, to the regret of having offended. If the ardor of his inflamed blood makes him too intense, easily carried away, and angered, a moment later all the goodness of

his heart is seen in the effusion of his repentance. He cries, he moans about the wound he has inflicted. He would want to redeem the blood he has shed with his own. All of his fury is extinguished, all of his pride humiliated before the sentiment of his wrong. Is he offended himself? At the height of his fury, an excuse, a word disarms him. He pardons the injuries of others as gladly as he makes amends for his own. Adolescence is not the age of vengeance or of hate; it is that of commiseration, clemency, and generosity. Yes, I maintain, and I do not fear being contradicted by experience, that a child who is not ill born, and who has preserved his innocence until he is twenty, is at that age the most generous, the best, the most loving and lovable of men. You have never been told anything of the kind. I can well believe it. Your philosophers, raised in all the corruption of the colleges, make no effort to learn this.

It is man's weakness which makes him sociable; it is our common miseries which turn our hearts to humanity; we would owe humanity nothing if we were not men. Every attachment is a sign of insufficiency. If each of us had no need of others, he would hardly think of uniting himself with them. Thus from our very infirmity is born our frail happiness. A truly happy being is a solitary being. God alone enjoys an absolute happiness. But who among us has the idea of it? If some imperfect being could suffice unto himself, what would he enjoy according to us? He would be alone; he would be miserable. I do not conceive how someone who needs nothing can love anything. I do not conceive how someone who loves nothing can be happy.

It follows from this that we are attached to our fellows less by the sentiment of their pleasures than by the sentiment of their pains, for we see far better in the latter the identity of our natures with theirs and the guarantees of their attachment to us. If our common needs unite us by interest, our common miseries unite us by affection. The sight of a happy man inspires in others less love than envy. They would gladly accuse him of usurping a right he does not have in giving himself an exclusive happiness; and *amour-propre* suffers, too, in making us feel that this man has no need of us. But who does not pity the unhappy man whom he sees suffering? Who would not want to deliver him from his ills if it only cost a wish for that? Imagination puts us in the place of the miserable man rather than in that of the happy man. We feel that one of these conditions touches us more closely than the other. Pity is sweet because, in putting ourselves in the place of the one who suffers, we nevertheless feel the pleasure of not suffering as he does. Envy is bitter because the sight of a happy man, far from putting the envious man in his place, makes the envious man regret not being there. It seems that the one exempts us from the ills he suffers, and the other takes from us the goods he enjoys.

Do you wish, then, to excite and nourish in the heart of a young man the first movements of nascent sensibility and turn his character toward beneficence and goodness? Do not put the seeds of pride, vanity, and envy in him by the deceptive image of the happiness of men. Do not expose his eyes at the outset to the pomp of courts, the splendor of

palaces, or the appeal of the theater. Do not take him to the circles of the great, to brilliant assemblies. Show him the exterior of high society only after having put him in a condition to evaluate it in itself. To show him the world before he knows men is not to form him, it is to corrupt him; it is not to instruct him, it is to deceive him.

Men are not naturally kings, or lords, or courtiers, or rich men. All are born naked and poor; all are subject to the miseries of life, to sorrows, ills, needs, and pains of every kind. Finally, all are condemned to death. This is what truly belongs to man. This is what no mortal is exempt from. Begin, therefore, by studying in human nature what is most inseparable from it, what best characterizes humanity.

At sixteen the adolescent knows what it is to suffer, for he has himself suffered. But he hardly knows that other beings suffer too. To see it without feeling it is not to know it; and as I have said a hundred times, the child, not imagining what others feel, knows only his own ills. But when the first development of his senses lights the fire of imagination, he begins to feel himself in his fellows, to be moved by their complaints and to suffer from their pains. It is then that the sad picture of suffering humanity ought to bring to his heart the first tenderness it has ever experienced.

If this moment is not easy to notice in your children, whom do you blame for it? You instruct them so early in playing at sentiment; you teach them its language so soon that, speaking always with the same accent, they turn your lessons against you and leave you no way of distinguishing when they cease to lie and begin to feel what they say. But look at my Emile. At the age to which I have brought him he has neither felt nor lied. Before knowing what it is to love, he has said, "I love you," to no one. The countenance he ought to put on when he goes into the room of his sick father, mother, or governor has not been prescribed to him. He has not been showed the art of affecting sadness he does not feel. He has not feigned tears at the death of anyone, for he does not know what dying is. The same insensibility he has in his heart is also in his manners. Indifferent to everything outside of himself like all other children, he takes an interest in no one. All that distinguishes him is his not caring to appear interested and his not being false like them.

Emile, having reflected little on sensitive beings, will know late what it is to suffer and die. He will begin to have gut reactions at the sounds of complaints and cries, the sight of blood flowing will make him avert his eyes; the convulsions of a dying animal will cause him an ineffable distress before he knows whence come these new movements within him. If he had remained stupid and barbaric, he would not have them; if he were more learned, he would know their source. He has already compared too many ideas to feel nothing and not enough to have a conception of what he feels.

Thus is born pity, the first relative sentiment which touches the human heart according to the order of nature. To become sensitive and pitying, the child must know that there are beings like him who suffer what he has suffered, who feel the pains he has felt, and that there are others whom he ought to conceive of as able to feel them too. In

fact, how do we let ourselves be moved by pity if not by transporting ourselves outside of ourselves and identifying with the suffering animal, by leaving, as it were, our own being to take on its being? We suffer only so much as we judge that it suffers. It is not in ourselves, it is in him that we suffer. Thus, no one becomes sensitive until his imagination is animated and begins to transport him out of himself.

To excite and nourish this nascent sensibility, to guide it or follow it in its natural inclination, what is there to do other than to offer the young man objects on which the expansive force of his heart can act—objects which swell the heart, which extend it to other beings, which make it find itself everywhere outside of itself—and carefully to keep away those which contract and concentrate the heart and tighten the spring of the human *I*? That is, to say it in other terms, to excite in him goodness, humanity, commiseration, beneficence, and all the attractive and sweet passions naturally pleasing to men, and to prevent the birth of envy, covetousness, hate, and all the repulsive and cruel passions which make sensibility, so to speak, not only nothing but negative and torment the man who experiences them.

I believe I can summarize all the preceding reflections in two or three maxims which are precise, clear, and easy to grasp.

First Maxim

It is not in the human heart to put ourselves in the place of people who are happier than we, but only in that of those who are more pitiable.

If one finds exceptions to this maxim they are more apparent than real. Thus one does not put oneself in the place of the rich or noble man to whom one is attached. Even in attaching oneself sincerely, one is only appropriating a part of his well-being. Sometimes one loves him in his misfortunes; but so long as he prospers, he has as a true friend only that man who is not the dupe of appearances, and who pities him more than he envies him, in spite of his prosperity.[4]

We are touched by the happiness of certain conditions—for example, of the rustic and pastoral life. The charm of seeing those good people happy is not poisoned by envy; we are truly interested in them. Why is this? Because we feel that we are the masters of descending to this condition of peace and innocence and of enjoying the same felicity. It is a resource for a rainy day which causes only agreeable ideas, since in order to be able to make use of it, it suffices to want to do so. There is always pleasure in seeing our resources, in contemplating our own goods, even when we do not wish to make use of them.

It follows, therefore, that, in order to incline a young man to humanity, far from making him admire the brilliant lot of others, one must show him the sad sides of that lot, one must make him fear it. Then, by an evident inference, he ought to cut out his own road to happiness, following in no one else's tracks.

Second Maxim

One pities in others only those ills from which one does not feel oneself exempt.

Non ignora mali, miseris succurrere disco.[5]

I know nothing so beautiful, so profound, so touching, so true as this verse.

Why are kings without pity for their subjects? Because they count on never being mere men. Why are the rich so hard toward the poor? It is because they have no fear of becoming poor. Why does the nobility have so great a contempt for the people? It is because a noble will never be a commoner. Why are the Turks generally more humane and more hospitable than we are? It is because, with their totally arbitrary government, which renders the greatness and the fortune of individuals always precarious and unsteady, they do not regard abasement and poverty as a condition alien to them.* Each may be tomorrow what the one whom he helps is today. This reflection, which comes up constantly in Oriental stories, gives them a certain touching quality that all the affectation of our dry moralizing totally lacks.[6]

Do not, therefore, accustom your pupil to regard the sufferings of the unfortunate and the labors of the poor from the height of his glory; and do not hope to teach him to pity them if he considers them alien to him. Make him understand well that the fate of these unhappy men can be his, that all their ills are there in the ground beneath his feet, that countless unforeseen and inevitable events can plunge him into them from one moment to the next. Teach him to count on neither birth nor health nor riches. Show him all the vicissitudes of fortune. Seek out for him examples, always too frequent, of people who, from a station higher than his, have fallen beneath these unhappy men. Whether it is their fault is not now the question. Does he even know what fault is? Never violate the order of his knowledge, and enlighten him only with explanations within his reach. He does not need to be very knowledgeable to sense that all of human prudence is incapable of assuring him whether in an hour he will be living or dying; whether the pain of nephritis will not make him grit his teeth before nightfall; whether in a month he will be rich or poor; whether within a year perhaps he will not be rowing under the lash in the galleys of Algiers. Above all, do not go and tell him all this coldly like his catechism. Let him see, let him feel the human calamities. Unsettle and frighten his imagination with the perils by which every man is constantly surrounded. Let him see around him all these abysses and, hearing you describe them, hold on to you for fear of falling into them. We shall make him timid and cowardly, you will say. We shall see in what follows, but for now let us begin by making him humane. That, above all, is what is important for us?

* This appears to be changing a bit now. The conditions seem to become more fixed; and thus the men become harder.

Third Maxim

The pity one has for another's misfortune is measured not by the quantity of that misfortune but by the sentiment which one attributes to those who suffer it.

One pities an unhappy man only to the extent one believes he is pitiable. The physical sentiment of our ills is more limited than it seems. But it is by means of memory, which makes us feel their continuity, and of imagination, which extends them into the future, that they make us truly pitiable. This, I think, is one of the causes which hardens us more to the ills of animals than to those of men, although the common sensibility ought to make us identify with them equally. One hardly pities a cart horse in his stable because one does not presume that the horse, while eating his hay, thinks of the blows he has received and of the fatigues awaiting him. Neither does one pity a sheep one sees grazing, although one knows it will soon be slaughtered, because one judges that it does not foresee its fate. By analogy one is similarly hardened against the fate of men, and the rich are consoled about the ill they do to the poor, because they assume the latter to be stupid enough to feel nothing of it. In general, I judge the value each sets on the happiness of his fellows by the importance he appears to give them. It is natural that one consider cheap the happiness of people one despises. Do not be surprised, therefore, if political men speak of the people with so much disdain, or if most of the philosophers affect to make man so wicked.

It is the people who compose humankind. What is not the people is so slight a thing as not to be worth counting. Man is the same in all stations. If that is so, the stations having the most members merit the most respect. To the man who thinks, all the civil distinctions disappear. He sees the same passions, the same sentiments in the hod-carrier and the illustrious man. He discerns there only a difference in language, only a more or less affected tone; and if some essential difference distinguishes them, it is to the disadvantage of those who dissemble more. The people show themselves such as they are, and they are not lovable. But society people have to be disguised. If they were to show themselves such as they are, they would be disgusting.

There is, our wise men also say, the same proportion of happiness and misery in every station—a maxim as deadly as it is untenable. If all are equally happy, what need have I to put myself out for anyone? Let each remain as he is. Let the slave be mistreated. Let the infirm suffer. Let the beggar perish. There is no gain for them in changing stations. These wise men enumerate the miseries of the rich and show the inanity of their vain pleasures. What a crude sophism! The miseries of the rich man come to him not from his station but from himself alone, because he abuses his station. Were he unhappier than the poor man himself, he would not be pitiable, because his ills are all his own doing, and whether he is happy depends only on himself. But the misery of the poor man comes to him from things, from the rigor of his lot, which weighs down on him. No habit can take from him the physical sentiments of fatigue, exhaustion, and hunger. Neither intelli-

gence nor wisdom serves in any way to exempt him from the ills of his station. What does Epictetus gain in foreseeing that his master is going to break his leg? Does the master break Epictetus' leg any the less for that? He has, in addition to his misfortune, the misfortune of foresight.[7] If the people were as clever as we assume them to be stupid, what could they be other than what they are? What could they do other than what they do? Study persons of this order. You will see that although their language is different, they have as much wit and more good sense than you do. Respect your species. Be aware that it is composed essentially of a collection of peoples; that if all the kings and all the philosophers were taken away, their absence would hardly be noticeable; and that things would not be any the worse. In a word, teach your pupil to love all men, even those who despise men. Do things in such a way that he puts himself in no class but finds his bearings in all. Speak before him of humankind with tenderness, even with pity, but never with contempt. Man, do not dishonor man!

It is by these roads and other similar ones—quite contrary to those commonly taken—that it is fitting to penetrate the heart of a young adolescent in order to arouse the first emotions of nature and to develop his heart and extend it to his fellows. To this I add that it is important to mix the least possible personal interest with these emotions—above all, no vanity, no emulation, no glory, none of those sentiments that force us to compare ourselves with others, for these comparisons are never made without some impression of hatred against those who dispute with us for preference, even if only preference in our own esteem. Then one must become blind or get angry, be wicked or stupid. Let us try to avoid being faced with this choice. These dangerous passions will, I am told, be born sooner or later in spite of us. I do not deny it. Everything has its time and its place. I only say that one ought not to assist their birth.

This is the spirit of the method which must be prescribed. Here examples and details are useless because the almost infinite division of characters begins at this point, and each example I might give would perhaps not be suitable for even one in a hundred thousand. It is also at this age that the skillful master begins to take on the true function of the observer and philosopher who knows the art of sounding hearts while working to form them. As long as the young man does not think of dissembling and has not yet learned how to do it, with every object one presents to him one sees in his manner, his eyes, and his gestures the impression it makes on him. One reads in his face all the movements of his soul. By dint of spying them out, one gets to be able to foresee them and finally to direct them.

It is to be noted in general that all men are affected sooner and more generally by wounds, cries, groans, the apparatus of painful operations, and all that brings objects of suffering to the senses. The idea of destruction, since it is more complex, is not similarly striking; the image of death has a later and weaker effect because no one has within himself the experience of death. One must have seen corpses to feel the agonies of the dying. But when this image has once been well formed in our mind, there is no spectacle more horrible to our eyes—

whether because of the idea of total destruction it then gives by means of the senses, or whether because, knowing that this moment is inevitable for all men, one feels oneself more intensely affected by a situation one is sure of not being able to escape.

These diverse impressions have their modifications and their degrees which depend on the particular character of each individual and his previous habits. But they are universal, and no one is completely exempt from them. There exist later and less general impressions which are more appropriate to sensitive souls. These are the ones resulting from moral suffering, from inner pains, affliction, languor, and sadness. There are people who can be moved only by cries and tears. The long, muted groans of a heart gripped by anguish have never wrested sighs from them. Never has the sight of a downcast countenance, of a gaunt gray visage, of a dull eye no longer able to cry, made them cry themselves. The ills of the soul are nothing for them. They are judged; their souls feel nothing. Expect from them only inflexible rigor, hardness, and cruelty. They may be men of integrity and justice, but never clement, generous, and pitying. I say that they may be just—if, that is, a man can be just when he is not merciful.

But do not be in a hurry to judge young people by this rule, especially those who, having been raised as they ought to be, have no idea of moral suffering that they have never been made to experience; for, to repeat, they can pity only ills they know, and this apparent insensibility, which comes only from ignorance, is soon changed into compassion when they begin to feel that there are in human life countless pains they did not know. As for my Emile, if he has had simplicity and good sense in his childhood, I am sure that he will have soul and sensibility in his youth—for truth of sentiments depends in large measure on correctness of ideas.

But why recall it here? More than one reader will doubtless reproach me for forgetting my first resolve and the constant happiness I had promised my pupil. Unhappy men, dying ones, sights of pain and misery! What happiness! What enjoyment for a young heart being born to life! His gloomy teacher, who designed so sweet an education for him, treats him as born only to suffer. This is what will be said. What difference does it make to me? I promised to make him happy, not to appear to be. Is it my fault if you, always dupes of appearance, take it for reality?

Let us take two young men, emerging from their first education and entering into society by two directly opposite paths. One suddenly climbs up to Olympus and moves in the most brilliant world. He is brought to the court, to the nobles, to the rich, to the pretty women. I assume that he is made much of everywhere, and I do not examine the effect of this greeting on his reason—I assume that his reason resists it. Pleasures fly to him; every day new objects entertain him. He abandons himself to everything with an interest which seduces you. You see him attentive, eager, curious. His initial admiration strikes you. You take him to be satisfied; but look at the condition of his soul. You believe he is enjoying himself; I believe he is suffering.

What does he first perceive on opening his eyes? Multitudes of

alleged goods which he did not know, and most of which, since they are only for a moment within his reach, seem to be revealed to him only to make him regret being deprived of them. Does he wander through a palace? You see by his worried curiosity that he is asking himself why his paternal house is not like it. All his questions tell you that he is ceaselessly comparing himself with the master of this house; and that all that he finds mortifying for himself in this parallel makes his vanity rebel and thus sharpens it. If he encounters a young man better dressed than himself, I see him secretly complain about his parents' avarice. Is he more adorned than another? He is pained to see this other outshine him by birth or wit, and to see all his gilding humiliated in the presence of a simple cloth suit. Is he the only one to shine in a gathering? Does he stand on tiptoe to be seen better? Who is not secretly disposed to put down the splendid and vain manner of a young fop? All combine as though by plan: the disturbing glances of a serious man, the scoffing words of a caustic one are not long in reaching him. And were he despised by only a single man, that man's contempt instantly poisons the others' applause.

Let us give him everything. Let us lavish charms and merit on him. Let him be handsome, very clever, and lovable. He will be sought out by women. But in seeking him out before he loves them, they will unhinge him rather than make a lover out of him. He will have successes, but he will have neither transports nor passion for enjoying them. Since his desires, always provided for in advance, never have time to be born, he feels in the bosom of pleasures only the boredom of constraint. The sex made for the happiness of his sex disgusts him and satiates him even before he knows it. If he continues to see women, he does so only out of vanity. And if he were to attach himself to them out of a true taste, he will not be the only young man, the only brilliant one, or the only attractive one and will not always find his beloveds to be prodigies of fidelity.

I say nothing of the worries, the betrayals, the black deeds, the repentings of all kinds inseparable from such a life. It is known that experience of society causes disgust with it. I am speaking only of the troubles connected with the first illusion.

What a contrast for someone who has been restricted to the bosom of his family and his friends, where he has seen himself the sole object of all their attentions, to enter suddenly into an order of things where he counts for so little, to find himself, as it were, drowned in an alien sphere—he who for so long was the center of his own sphere! How many affronts, how many humiliations must he absorb before losing, amidst strangers, the prejudices of his importance which were acquired and nourished amidst his own relatives! As a child everything gave way to him, everything around him was eager to serve him; as a young man he must give way to everyone. Or, for the little he forgets himself and keeps his old ways, how many hard lessons are going to make him come back to himself! The habit of easily getting the objects of his desires leads him to desire much and makes him sense continual privations. Everything that pleases him tempts him; everything others

have, he wants to have. He covets everything; he is envious of everyone. He would want to dominate everywhere. Vanity gnaws at him. The ardor of unbridled desires inflames his young heart; jealousy and hate are born along with them. All the devouring passions take flight at the same time. He brings their agitation into the tumult of society. He brings it back with him every night. He comes home discontented with himself and others. He goes to sleep full of countless vain projects, troubled by countless whims. And even in his dreams his pride paints the chimerical goods, desire for which torments him and which he will never in his life possess. This is your pupil. Let us see mine.

If the first sight that strikes him is an object of sadness, the first return to himself is a sentiment of pleasure. In seeing how many ills he is exempt from, he feels himself to be happier than he had thought he was. He shares the sufferings of his fellows; but this sharing is voluntary and sweet. At the same time he enjoys both the pity he has for their ills and the happiness that exempts him from those ills. He feels himself to be in that condition of strength which extends us beyond ourselves and leads us to take elsewhere activity superfluous to our well-being. To pity another's misfortune one doubtless needs to know it, but one does not need to feel it. When one has suffered or fears suffering, one pities those who suffer; but when one is suffering, one pities only oneself. But if, since all are subject to the miseries of life, we accord to others only that sensibility that we do not currently need for ourselves, it follows that commiseration ought to be a very sweet sentiment, since it speaks well of us. A hard man, on the contrary, is always unhappy, for the condition of his heart leaves him no superabundant sensibility he can accord to the suffering of others.

We judge happiness too much on the basis of appearances; we suppose it to be there where it is least present. We seek it where it could not be. Gaiety is only a very equivocal sign. A gay man is often only an unfortunate one who seeks to mislead others and to forget himself. These people who are so given to laughter, so open, so serene in a group, are almost all gloomy and scolds at home, and their domestics pay the penalty for the entertainment they provide in society. True satisfaction is neither gay nor wild. One is jealous of so sweet a sentiment, and, in tasting it, one thinks about it, savors it, fears it will evaporate. A truly happy man hardly speaks and hardly laughs. He draws, so to speak, the happiness up around his heart. Boisterous games and turbulent joy veil disgust and boredom. But melancholy is the friend of delight. Tenderness and tears accompany the sweetest enjoyments, and excessive joy itself plucks tears rather than laughs.

If at first the multitude and the variety of entertainments appear to contribute to happiness, if the uniformity of a steady life at first appears boring, upon taking a better look one finds, on the contrary, that the sweetest habit of soul consists in a moderation of enjoyment which leaves little opening for desire and disgust. The restlessness of desire produces curiosity and inconstancy. The emptiness of turbulent pleasure produces boredom. One is never bored with his condition when one knows none more agreeable. Of all the men in the world savages are

the least curious and the least bored. They are indifferent to everything. They enjoy not things but themselves. They pass their lives in doing nothing and are never bored.

The man of the world is whole in his mask. Almost never being in himself, he is always alien and ill at ease when forced to go back there. What he is, is nothing; what he appears to be is everything for him.

I cannot prevent myself from imagining on the face of the young man of whom I have previously spoken something impertinent, sugary, affected, which displeases and repels plain people; and on that of my young man an interesting and simple expression that reveals satisfaction and true serenity of soul, inspires esteem and confidence, and seems to await only the offering of friendship to return friendship to those who approach him. It is believed that the face is only a simple development of features already drawn by nature. I, however, think that beyond this development the features of a man's visage are imperceptibly formed and take on a typical cast as a result of the frequent and habitual impression of certain affections of the soul. These affections leave their mark on the visage; nothing is more certain. And when they turn into habits, they must leave durable impressions on it. This is my conception of how the face indicates character, and the latter can sometimes be judged by the former without looking for mysterious explanations which assume knowledge we do not have.[8]

A child has only two marked affections, joy and pain. He laughs or he cries; the intermediates are nothing for him. He ceaselessly passes from one of these movements to the other. This constant alternation prevents them from making any permanent impression on his face and giving it a characteristic expression. But at the age when he has become more sensitive and is more intensely or more constantly affected, more profound impressions leave traces that are more difficult to destroy; and from the habitual condition of the soul there results an arrangement of the features which time renders ineradicable. Nevertheless, it is not rare to see men's faces change at different ages. I have seen several men in whom this has occurred, and I have always found that those I had been able to observe well and to follow had also changed habitual passions. This observation alone, which is well confirmed, would appear to me to be decisive; and it is not misplaced in a treatise on education, in which it is important to learn to judge movements of the soul by external signs.

I do not know whether my young man, because he has not learned to imitate conventional manners and to feign sentiments he does not have, will be less lovable. That is not the object here. I only know that he will be more loving, and I have difficulty believing that someone who loves only himself can disguise himself well enough to be as pleasing as someone who draws from his attachment to others a new sentiment of happiness. But as for this sentiment itself, I believe I have said enough about it to guide a reasonable reader on this question and to show that I have not contradicted myself.

I return, therefore, to my method, and I say: when the critical age approaches, furnish young people with sights which restrain them and not with sights which arouse them. Put their nascent imaginations off

the track with objects which, far from inflaming, repress the activity of their senses. Remove them from big cities where the adornment and the immodesty of women hasten and anticipate nature's lessons, where everything presents to their eyes pleasures they ought to know only when they are able to choose among them. Bring them back to their first abodes where rustic simplicity lets the passions of their age develop less rapidly. Or if their taste for the arts still attaches them to the city, keep them from a dangerous idleness by means of this very taste. Choose with care their society, their occupations, their pleasures. Show them only scenes which are touching but modest, which stir them without seducing them, and which nourish their sensibilities without moving their senses. Be aware also that everywhere there are excesses to fear and that immoderate passions always do more harm than what one wants to avoid by means of them. The object is not to make your pupil a male nurse or a brother of charity, not to afflict his sight with constant objects of pain and suffering, not to march from sick person to sick person, from hospital to hospital, and from the Grève [9] to the prisons. He must be touched and not hardened by the sight of human miseries. Long struck by the same sights, we no longer feel their impressions. Habit accustoms us to everything. What we see too much, we no longer imagine; and it is only imagination which makes us feel the ills of others. It is thus by dint of seeing death and suffering that priests and doctors become pitiless. Therefore, let your pupil know the fate of man and the miseries of his fellows, but do not let him witness them too often. A single object well chosen and shown in a suitable light will provide him emotion and reflection for a month. It is not so much what he sees as his looking back on what he has seen that determines the judgment he makes about it; and the durable impression he receives from an object comes to him less from the object itself than from the point of view which one induces him to take in recalling it. It is by thus husbanding examples, lessons, and images that you will long blunt the needle of the senses and put nature off the track by following its own directions.

To the extent he becomes enlightened, choose ideas which take account of that fact; to the extent his desires catch fire, choose scenes fit to repress them. An old soldier who had distinguished himself as much by his morals as by his courage told me that in his early youth, when his father, a sensible but very pious man, saw his son's nascent temperament delivering him to women, he spared no effort to restrain him. But finally, sensing that his son was about to get away from him in spite of all his efforts, the father took the expedient of bringing him to a hospital for syphilitics and, without giving him any warning, made him enter a room where a troop of these unfortunates expiated by a horrible treatment the dissoluteness which had exposed them to it. At this hideous sight, which revolted all the senses at once, the young man almost got sick. "Go on, miserable profligate," his father then said in a vehement tone, "follow the vile inclination which drags you along. Soon you will be only too happy to be admitted to this room where, a victim of the most infamous pains, you will force your father to thank God for your death."

These few words, joined to the emphatic scene which struck the young man, made an impression on him which was never effaced. Condemned by his station to spend his youth in garrisons, he preferred to absorb all the mockery of his comrades rather than to imitate their libertinism. "I was a man," he said to me, "I had weaknesses. But up to my present age I have never been able to see a public woman without disgust." Master, make few speeches! But learn to choose places, times, and persons. Then give all your lessons in examples, and be sure of their effect.

The way childhood is employed is not very important. The evil which slips in then is not without remedy, and the good done then can come later. But this is not the case with the first age at which man begins truly to live. This age never lasts long enough for the use that ought to be made of it, and its importance demands an unflagging attention. This is why I insist on the art of prolonging it. One of the best precepts of good culture is to slow up everything as much as is possible. Make progress by slow and sure steps. Prevent the adolescent's becoming a man until the moment when nothing remains for him to do to become one. While the body grows, the spirits designed to provide balm for the blood and strength for the fibers are formed and developed. If you cause those spirits, which are intended for the perfection of an individual, to take a different course and be used for the formation of another individual, both remain in a state of weakness, and nature's work stays imperfect. The operations of the mind feel in their turn the effect of this corruption, and the soul, as debilitated as the body, performs its functions only in a weak and languorous fashion. Large and robust limbs make neither courage nor genius; and I can conceive that strength of soul may not accompany that of the body, especially when the organs of communication between the two substances are in poor condition. But, however good the condition of those organs may be, they will always act weakly if they have as their principle only blood that is exhausted, impoverished, and bereft of the substance giving strength and activity to all the springs of the machine. Generally one notices more vigor of soul in men whose young years have been preserved from premature corruption than in those whose dissoluteness began with their power to give themselves over to that corruption. And this is doubtless one of the reasons why peoples with morals ordinarily surpass peoples without morals in good sense and courage. The latter shine solely by certain subtle qualities which they call wit, sagacity, and delicacy. But those great and noble functions of wisdom and reason which distinguish and honor man by fair actions, by virtues, and by truly useful efforts are hardly to be found except among the former.

Masters complain that the fire of this age makes youth unmanageable, and I see that this is so. But is it not their fault? So soon as they have let this fire take its course through the senses, do they not know that one can no longer give it another course? Will a pedant's long, cold sermons efface in his pupil's mind the image of the pleasures he has conceived? Will they banish from his heart the desires which torment him? Will they stifle the ardor of a temperament which he knows

how to put to use? Will he not become enflamed against the obstacles opposed to the only happiness of which he has an idea? And in the harsh law prescribed to him without his being enabled to understand it, what will he see other than the caprice and hatred of a man who seeks to torment him? Is it strange that he rebels and hates that man in turn?

I can well conceive that in making himself pliant a master can make himself more bearable and preserve an apparent authority. But I do not see very well the use of the authority kept over one's pupil only by fomenting the vices it ought to repress. It is as though to calm an impetuous horse the equerry were to make him jump over the edge of a precipice.

This adolescent fire, far from being an obstacle to education, is the means of consummating and completing it. It gives you a hold on a young man's heart when he ceases to be weaker than you. His first affections are the reins with which you direct all his movements. He was free, and now I see him enslaved. So long as he loved nothing, he depended only on himself and his needs. As soon as he loves, he depends on his attachments. Thus are formed the first bonds linking him to his species. In directing his nascent sensibility to his species, do not believe that it will at the outset embrace all men, and that the word *mankind* will signify anything to him. No, this sensibility will in the first place be limited to his fellows, and for him his fellows will not be unknowns; rather, they will be those with whom he has relations, those whom habit has made dear or necessary to him, those whom he observes to have ways of thinking and feeling clearly in common with him, those whom he sees exposed to the pains he has suffered and sensitive to the pleasures he has tasted, those, in a word, whose nature has a more manifest identity with his own and thus make him more disposed to love himself. It will be only after having cultivated his nature in countless ways, after many reflections on his own sentiments and on those he observes in others, that he will be able to get to the point of generalizing his individual notions under the abstract idea of humanity and to join to his particular affections those which can make him identify with his species.

In becoming capable of attachment, he becomes sensitive to that of others * and thereby attentive to the signs of this attachment. Do you see what a new empire you are going to acquire over him? How many chains you have put around his heart before he notices them! What will he feel when, opening his eyes to himself, he sees what you have done for him, when he can compare himself to other young people of his age and you to other governors? I say when he sees, but resist telling him. If you tell him, he will no longer see it. If you exact obedience from him in return for the efforts you have made on his behalf, he will believe that you have trapped him. He will say to himself that, while feigning to oblige him for nothing, you aspired to put him in debt and

* Attachment can exist without being returned, but friendship never can. It is an exchange, a contract like others, but it is the most sacred of all. The word *friend* has no correlative other than itself. Any man who is not his friend's friend is most assuredly a cheat, for it is only in returning or feigning to return friendship that one can obtain it.

to bind him by a contract to which he did not consent. It will be in vain that you add that what you are demanding from him is only for himself. You are demanding in any event, and you are demanding in virtue of what you have done without his consent. When an unfortunate takes the money that one feigned to give him, and finds himself enlisted in spite of himself, you protest against the injustice.[10] Are you not still more unjust in asking your pupil to pay the price for care he did not request?

Ingratitude would be rarer if usurious benefactions were less common. We like what does us good. It is so natural a sentiment! Ingratitude is not in the heart of man, but self-interest is. There are fewer obligated ingrates than self-interested benefactors. If you sell me your gifts, I shall haggle about the price. But if you feign giving in order to sell later at your price, you are practicing fraud. It is their being free that makes these gifts priceless. The heart receives laws only from itself. By wanting to enchain it, one releases it; one enchains it by leaving it free.

When the fisherman puts a lure in the water, the fish comes and stays around it without distrust. But when caught by the hook hidden under the bait, it feels the line being pulled back and tries to flee. Is the fisherman the benefactor, and is the fish ungrateful? Does one ever see that a man forgotten by his benefactor forgets him? On the contrary, he always speaks of him with pleasure; he does not think of him without tenderness. If he finds an occasion to show his benefactor that he recalls his services by some unexpected service of his own, with what inner satisfaction does he then act to demonstrate his gratitude! With what sweet joy he gains the other's gratitude! With what transport does he say to him, "My turn has come!" This is truly the voice of nature. Never did a true benefaction produce an ingrate.

If, therefore, gratitude is a natural sentiment, and you do not destroy its effect by your errors, rest assured that your pupil, as he begins to see the value of your care, will be appreciative of it—provided that you yourself have not put a price on it—and that this will give you an authority in his heart that nothing can destroy. But until you are quite sure you have gained this advantage, take care not to lose it by insisting on what you deserve from him. To vaunt your services is to make them unendurable for him. To forget them is to make him remember them. Until it is time to treat him like a man, let the issue be never what he owes you but what he owes himself. To make him docile, leave him all his freedom; hide yourself so that he may seek you. Lift his soul to the noble sentiment of gratitude by never speaking to him of anything but his interest. I did not want him to be told that what was done was for his good before he was in a condition to understand it. In this speech he would have seen only your dependence, and he would have taken you only for his valet. But now that he begins to feel what it is to love, he also feels what a sweet bond can unite a man to what he loves; and in the zeal which makes you constantly busy yourself with him, he sees a slave's attachment no longer but a friend's affection. Nothing has so much weight in the human heart as the voice of clearly recognized friendship, for we know that it never speaks to us for anything other

than our interest. One can believe that a friend makes a mistake but not that he would want to deceive us. Sometimes one resists his advice, but one never despises it.

Finally we enter the moral order. We have just made a second step into manhood. If this were the place for it, I would try to show how the first voices of conscience arise out of the first movements of the heart, and how the first notions of good and bad are born of the sentiments of love and hate. I would show that *justice* and *goodness* are not merely abstract words—pure moral beings formed by the understanding—but are true affections of the soul enlightened by reason, are hence only an ordered development of our primitive affections; that by reason alone, independent of conscience, no natural law can be established; and that the entire right of nature is only a chimera if it is not founded on a natural need in the human heart.* But I am reminded that my business here is not producing treatises on metaphysics and morals or courses of study of any kind. It is sufficient for me to mark out the order and the progress of our sentiments and our knowledge relative to our constitution. Others will perhaps demonstrate what I only indicate here.

Since my Emile has until now looked only at himself, the first glance he casts on his fellows leads him to compare himself with them. And the first sentiment aroused in him by this comparison is the desire to be in the first position. This is the point where love of self turns into *amour-propre* and where begin to arise all the passions which depend on this one. But to decide whether among these passions the dominant ones in his character will be humane and gentle or cruel and malignant, whether they will be passions of beneficence and commiseration or of envy and covetousness, we must know what position he will feel he has among men, and what kinds of obstacles he may believe he has to overcome to reach the position he wants to occupy.

To guide him in this research, we must now show him men by means of their differences, having already showed him men by means of the accidents common to the species. Now comes the measurement of natural and civil inequality and the picture of the whole social order.

Society must be studied by means of men, and men by means of society. Those who want to treat politics and morals separately will never understand anything of either of the two. We see how men,

* Even the precept of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us has no true foundation other than conscience and sentiment; for where is the precise reason for me, being myself, to act as if I were another, especially when I am morally certain of never finding myself in the same situation? And who will guarantee me that in very faithfully following this maxim I will get others to follow it similarly with me? The wicked man gets advantage from the just man's probity and his own injustice. He is delighted that everyone, with the exception of himself, be just. This agreement, whatever may be said about it, is not very advantageous for good men. But when the strength of an expansive soul makes me identify myself with my fellow, and I feel that I am, so to speak, in him, it is in order not to suffer that I do not want him to suffer. I am interested in him for love of myself, and the reason for the precept is in nature itself, which inspires in me the desire of my well-being in whatever place I feel my existence. From this I conclude that it is not true that the precepts of natural law are founded on reason alone. They have a base more solid and sure. Love of men derived from love of self is the principle of human justice. The summation of all morality is given by the Gospel in its summation of the law.

in attaching themselves at first to the primary relations, ought to be affected by them and what passions ought to arise from them. We see that it is by the progress of the passions in turn that these relations are multiplied and become closer. It is less the strength of arms than the moderation of hearts which makes men independent and free. Whoever desires few things depends on few people. But always confusing our vain desires with our physical needs, those who have made the latter the foundations of human society have always taken the effects for the causes and have only succeeded in going astray in all their reasonings.

In the state of nature there is a de facto equality that is real and indestructible, because it is impossible in that state for the difference between man and man by itself to be great enough to make one dependent on another. In the civil state there is a de jure equality that is chimerical and vain, because the means designed to maintain it themselves serve to destroy it, and because the public power, added to that of the stronger to oppress the weak, breaks the sort of equilibrium nature had placed between them.* From this first contradiction flow all those that are observed in the civil order between appearance and reality. The multitude will always be sacrificed to the few, and the public interest to particular interest. Those specious names, justice and order, will always serve as instruments of violence and as arms of iniquity. From this it follows that the distinguished orders who claim they are useful to the others are actually useful only to themselves at the expense of their subordinates; it is on this basis that one ought to judge the consideration which is due them according to justice and reason. In order to know how each of us ought to judge his own lot, it remains to be seen whether the rank these men have grabbed is more advantageous for the happiness of those who occupy it. This is now the study which is important for us. But to do it well, we must begin by knowing the human heart.[11]

If the object were only to show young people man by means of his mask, there would be no need of showing them this; it is what they would always be seeing in any event. But since the mask is not the man and his varnish must not seduce them, portray men for them such as they are—not in order that young people hate them but that they pity them and not want to resemble them. This is, to my taste, the best-conceived sentiment that man can have about his species.

With this in view, it is important here to take a route opposed to the one we have followed until now and to instruct the young man by others' experience rather than his own. If men deceive him, he will hate them; but if, respected by them, he sees them deceive one another mutually, he will pity them. The spectacle of society, Pythagoras said, resembles that of the Olympic games. Some keep shop there and think only of their profit; others spend their persons and seek glory; others are content to see the games, and these are not the worst.[12]

I would want a young man's society to be chosen so carefully that he

* The universal spirit of the laws of every country is always to favor the strong against the weak and those who have against those who have not. This difficulty is inevitable, and it is without exception.

thinks well of those who live with him; and I would want him to be taught to know the world so well that he thinks ill of all that takes place in it. Let him know that man is naturally good; let him feel it; let him judge his neighbor by himself. But let him see that society depraves and perverts men; let him find in their prejudices the source of all their vices; let him be inclined to esteem each individual but despise the multitude; let him see that all men wear pretty much the same mask, but let him also know that there are faces more beautiful than the mask covering them.

This method, it must be admitted, has its difficulties and is not easy in practice; for if he becomes an observer too soon, if you give him practice at spying on others' actions too closely, you make him a scandalmonger and a satirist, peremptory and quick to judge. He will get an odious pleasure out of seeking for sinister interpretations of everything and of seeing nothing from the good side, even what is good. He will, at the least, get accustomed to the spectacle of vice and to seeing wicked men without disgust, as one gets accustomed to seeing unhappy men without pity. Soon the general perversity will serve him less as a lesson than as an example. He will say to himself that if man is thus, he himself ought not to want to be otherwise.

If you want to instruct him by principles and teach him, along with the nature of the human heart, the external causes which are brought to bear on it and turn our inclinations into vices, you employ a metaphysic he is not in a condition to understand by thus transporting him all of a sudden from sensible objects to intellectual objects. You fall back into the difficulty so carefully avoided up to now of giving him lessons resembling lessons, of substituting in his mind the master's experience and authority for his own experience and the progress of his reason.

To remove both of these obstacles at once and to put the human heart in his reach without risk of spoiling his own, I would want to show him men from afar, to show him them in other times or other places and in such a way that he can see the stage without ever being able to act on it. This is the moment for history. It is by means of history that, without the lessons of philosophy, he will read the hearts of men; it is by means of history that he will see them, a simple spectator, disinterested and without passion, as their judge and not as their accomplice or as their accuser.

To know men, one must see them act. In society one hears them speak. They show their speeches and hide their actions. But in history their actions are unveiled, and one judges them on the basis of the facts. Even their talk helps in evaluating them; for in comparing what they do with what they say, one sees both what they are and what they want to appear to be. The more they disguise themselves, the better one knows them.

Unhappily this study has its dangers, its disadvantages of more than one kind. It is difficult to find a viewpoint from which one can judge his fellows equitably. One of the great vices of history is that it paints men's bad sides much more than their good ones. Because history is interesting only by means of revolutions and catastrophes, so long as a

people grows and prospers calmly with a peaceful government, history says nothing of it. History begins to speak of a people only when, no longer sufficing unto itself, it gets involved in its neighbors' affairs or lets them get involved in its affairs. History makes a people illustrious only when it is already in its decline; all our histories begin where they ought to finish. We have a very precise history of peoples who are destroying themselves; what we lack is the history of peoples who are thriving. They are fortunate enough and prudent enough for history to have nothing to say of them; in fact, we see even in our day that the best-conducted governments are those of which one speaks least. We know, therefore, only the bad; the good is hardly epoch-making. It is only the wicked who are famous; the good are forgotten or made ridiculous. And this is how history, like philosophy, ceaselessly calumniates humankind.

Moreover, the facts described by history are far from being an exact portrayal of the same facts as they happened. They change form in the historian's head; they are molded according to his interests; they take on the complexion of his prejudices. Who knows how to put the reader exactly on the spot of the action to see an event as it took place? Ignorance or partiality disguise everything. Without even altering a historical deed, but by expanding or contracting the circumstances which relate to it, how many different faces one can give to it! Put the same object in different perspectives, it will hardly appear the same; nevertheless nothing will have changed but the eye of the spectator. Is it sufficient for truth's honor to tell me a true fact while making me see it quite otherwise than the way it took place? How many times did a tree more or less, a stone to the right or to the left, a cloud of dust raised by the wind determine the result of a combat without anyone's having noticed it? Does this prevent the historian from telling you the cause of the defeat or the victory with as much assurance as if he had been everywhere? Of what importance to me are the facts in themselves when the reason for them remains unknown to me, and what lessons can I draw from an event of whose true cause I am ignorant? The historian gives me one, but he counterfeits it; and critical history itself, which is making such a sensation, is only an art of conjecture, the art of choosing among several lies the one best resembling the truth.

Have you never read *Cleopatra* or *Cassandra* [13] or other books of this kind? The author chooses a known event; then, accommodating it to his views, adorning it with details of his invention, with personages who never existed and imaginary portraits, he piles fictions on fictions to make reading him more agreeable. I see little difference between these novels and your histories, unless it be that the novelist yields more to his own imagination, while the historian enslaves himself to another's. I shall add to this, if one wishes, that the former sets himself a moral goal, good or bad, which is hardly a concern for the latter.

I will be told that the fidelity of history is of less interest than the truth of morals and characters; provided that the human heart is well depicted, it is of little importance that events be faithfully reported; for, after all, it is added, what difference do facts occurring two thousand years ago make to us? That is right if the portraits are well

rendered according to nature. But if most have their model only in the historian's imagination, is this not to fall back into the difficulty one wanted to flee, and to give to the authority of the writer what one wanted to take away from that of the master? If my pupil is only going to see pictures based on fantasy, I prefer that they be drawn by my hand rather than that of another. They will at least be better suited for him.

The worst historians for a young man are those who make judgments. Facts! Facts! And let him make his own judgments. It is thus that he learns to know men. If the author's judgment guides him constantly, all he does is see with another's eye; and when that eye fails him, he no longer sees anything.

I leave modern history aside, not only because it no longer has a physiognomy and our men all resemble one another; but because our historians, mindful only of being brilliant, dream of nothing but producing highly colored portraits which often represent nothing.* Generally the ancients make fewer portraits and put less wit and more sense in their judgments. Even with them one must be very selective, and not the most judicious but the simplest must be chosen first. I would not want to put either Polybius or Sallust in the hand of a young man. Tacitus is the book of old men; young people are not ready for understanding him. One has to learn to see in human actions the primary features of man's heart before wanting to sound its depths. One has to know how to read facts well before reading maxims. Philosophy in maxims is suitable only to those who have experience. Youth ought to generalize in nothing. Its whole instruction should be in particular rules.

Thucydides is to my taste the true model of historians. He reports the facts without judging them, but he omits none of the circumstances proper to make us judge them ourselves. He puts all he recounts before the reader's eyes. Far from putting himself between the events and his readers, he hides himself. The reader no longer believes he reads; he believes he sees. Unhappily, Thucydides always speaks of war; and one sees in his narratives almost nothing but the least instructive thing in the world—that is, battles. *The Retreat of the Ten Thousand* and Caesar's *Commentaries* have pretty nearly the same wisdom and the same defect. The good Herodotus, without portraits, without maxims, but flowing, naïve, full of the details most capable of interesting and pleasing, would perhaps be the best of historians if these very details did not often degenerate into puerile simplicities more fit to spoil the taste of youth than to form it. One must already have discernment to read him. I say nothing of Livy. His turn will come. But he is political; he is rhetorical; he is everything which is unsuitable for this age.

History in general is defective in that it records only palpable and distinct facts which can be fixed by names, places, and dates, while the slow and progressive causes of these facts, which cannot be similarly assigned, always remain unknown. One often finds in a battle won or lost the reason for a revolution which even before this battle had

* See Davila, Guicciardini, Strada, Solis, Machiavelli, and sometimes de Thou himself. Vertot is almost the only one who knew how to depict without making portraits.

already become inevitable. War hardly does anything other than make manifest outcomes already determined by moral causes which historians rarely know how to see.

The philosophic spirit has turned the reflections of several writers of our age in this direction. But I doubt that the truth gains by their work. The rage for systems having taken possession of them all, each seeks to see things not as they are but as they agree with his system.

Add to all these reflections the fact that history shows actions far more than men, because it grasps the latter only in certain selected moments, in their parade clothes. It exhibits only the public man who has dressed himself to be seen. It does not follow him in his home, in his study, in his family, among his friends. It depicts him only when he plays a role. It depicts his costume far more than his person.

I would prefer to begin the study of the human heart with the reading of lives of individuals; for in them, however much the man may conceal himself, the historian pursues him everywhere. He leaves him no moment of respite, no nook where he can avoid the spectator's piercing eye; and it is when the subject believes he has hidden himself best that the biographer makes him known best. "Those who write lives," says Montaigne, "are more suited to me to the extent that they are interested in intentions more than in results, in what takes place within more than in what happens without. This is why Plutarch is my man." [14]

It is true that the genius of assembled men or of peoples is quite different from a man's character in private, and that one would know the human heart very imperfectly if he did not examine it also in the multitude. But it is no less true that one must begin by studying man in order to judge men, and that he who knew each individual's inclinations perfectly could foresee all their effects when combined in the body of the people.

We must again have recourse to the ancients here—for the reasons I have already mentioned, and also because all the intimate and low, but true and characteristic details are banished from modern style. Men are as adorned by our authors in their private lives as on the stage of the world. Propriety, no less severe in writings than in actions, now permits to be said in public only what it permits to be done in public. And since one can show men only when they are forever playing a part, they are no more known in our books than in our theaters. The lives of kings may very well be written and rewritten a hundred times; we shall have no more Suetoniuses.*

Plutarch excels in these very details into which we no longer dare to enter. He has an inimitable grace at depicting great men in small things; and he is so felicitous in the choice of his stories that often a word, a smile, or a gesture is enough for him to characterize his hero. With a joking phrase Hannibal reassures his terrified army and makes it march laughing to the battle which won Italy for him.[16] Agesilaus

* One of our historians who imitated Tacitus in the grand details was the only one to dare to imitate Suetonius and sometimes to copy Commines in the petty ones; and this very fact, which adds to the value of his book, has caused him to be criticized among us.[15]

astride a stick makes me love the Great King's conqueror.[17] Caesar passing through a poor village and chatting with his friends betrays, unthinkingly, the deceiver who said he wanted only to be Pompey's equal.[18] Alexander swallows medicine and does not say a single word; it is the most beautiful moment of his life.[19] Aristides writes his own name on a shell and thus justifies his surname.[20] Philopoemen, with his cloak off, cuts wood in his host's kitchen.[21] This is the true art of painting. Physiognomy does not reveal itself in large features, nor character in great actions. It is in bagatelles that nature comes to light. The public things are either too uniform or too artificial; and it is almost solely on these that modern dignity permits our authors to dwell.

M. de Turenne was incontestably one of the greatest men of the last century. We have had the courage to make his life interesting by means of little details which make him known and loved. But how many details have we been forced to suppress which would have made him still better known and loved. I shall mention only one which I have from a good source and which Plutarch would have been careful not to omit, but which Ramsay [22] would have been careful not to write had he known it.

One summer day when it was very hot, Viscount de Turenne, wearing a little white jacket and a cap, was at the window in his antechamber. One of his servants happened along and, deceived by his clothing, took him for a kitchen helper with whom this domestic was familiar. He quietly approached from behind and with a hand that was not light gave him a hard slap on the buttocks. The man struck turned around immediately. The valet saw with a shudder his master's face. He fell to his knees in utter despair. "My lord, I believed it was George!" "And if it had been George," shouted Turenne, while rubbing his behind, "there was no need to hit so hard." Is this, then, what you dare not tell? Wretches! Then be forever without naturalness, without vitals. Temper and harden your iron hearts in your vile propriety. Make yourselves contemptible by dint of dignity. But you, good young man, who read this story and who sense with emotion all the sweetness of soul it reveals at the very first reaction, read also about the pettiness of this great man as soon as it was a question of his birth and his name. Think that it is the same Turenne who affected giving way to his nephew everywhere in order that it be clearly seen that this child was the head of a sovereign house.[23] Set these contrasts side by side, love nature, despise opinion, and know man.

Very few people are in a condition to conceive the effects that reading directed in this way can have on a young man's completely fresh mind. We are bent over books from our childhood and accustomed to read without thinking; what we read is all the less striking to us since we already contain within ourselves the passions and the prejudices which fill history and the lives of men, and therefore all men do appears natural to us because we are outside of nature and judge others by ourselves. But picture a young man raised according to my maxims. Think of my Emile. Eighteen years of assiduous care have had as their only object the preservation of a sound judgment and a healthy heart.

Think of him at the raising of the curtain, casting his eyes for the first time on the stage of the world; or, rather, set backstage, seeing the actors take up and put on their costumes, counting the cords and pulleys whose crude magic deceives the spectators' eyes. His initial surprise will soon be succeeded by emotions of shame and disdain for his species. He will be indignant at thus seeing the whole of humankind its own dupe, debasing itself in these children's games. He will be afflicted at seeing his brothers tear one another apart for the sake of dreams and turn into ferocious animals because they do not know how to be satisfied with being men. Certainly, given the pupil's natural dispositions, if the master brings a bit of prudence and selectivity to his readings, if the master gives him a small start on the way to the reflections he ought to draw from them, this exercise will be for him a course in practical philosophy, better, surely, and better understood than all the vain speculations by which young people's minds are scrambled in our schools. When Cyneas, after having heard out the romantic projects of Pyrrhus, asks him what real good the conquest of the world will procure for him which he cannot enjoy right now without so much torment,[24] we see only a fleeting *bon mot*; but Emile will see a very wise reflection which he would have been the first to make and which will never be effaced from his mind, because this reflection finds no contrary prejudice that can prevent it from making an impression. When he then reads the life of this madman and finds that all the latter's great designs ended in his getting killed by a woman's hand, instead of admiring this pretended heroism Emile will see nothing in all the exploits of so great a captain, in all the intrigues of so great a statesman, other than so many steps on the road to that fateful tile which would terminate his life and his projects by a dishonorable death.[25]

All conquerors have not been killed; all usurpers have not failed in their enterprises; several will appear happy to minds biased by vulgar opinions. But he who does not stop at appearances but judges the happiness of men only by the condition of their hearts will see their miseries in their very successes; he will see their desires and their gnawing cares extend and increase with their fortune; he will see them getting out of breath in advancing without ever reaching their goals. He will see them as being similar to those inexperienced travelers who, setting out for the first time in the Alps, think that at each mountain they have crossed them, and when they are at a summit are discouraged to find higher mountains ahead.

Augustus, after having subjected his fellow citizens and destroyed his rivals, ruled for forty years the greatest empire which has ever existed. But did all that immense power prevent him from beating his head against the walls and filling his vast palace with his cries asking Varus for his exterminated legions back? [26] If he had conquered all his enemies, what use would all his vain triumphs have been to him when suffering of every kind was arising constantly around him, when his dearest friends made attempts on his life, and when the shame or the death of all those closest to him reduced him to tears? This un-

fortunate man wanted to govern the world and did not know how to govern his own household! What was the result of this negligence? He saw his nephew, his adopted son, and his son-in-law perish in the prime of life. His grandson was reduced to eating the stuffing of his bed in order to prolong his miserable life for a few hours. His daughter and his granddaughter died after having covered him with their infamy—one of poverty and hunger on a desert island, the other in prison by an executioner's hand. Finally, he himself, the last survivor of his unhappy family, was reduced by his own wife to leaving nothing but a monster as his successor. Such was the fate of this master of the world, so famous for his glory and his happiness.[27] Can I believe that a single one of those who admire that glory and that happiness would be willing to acquire them at the same price?

I have taken ambition as an example. But the play of all the human passions offers similar lessons to whoever wants to study history in order to know himself and to make himself wise at the expense of the dead. The time is approaching when the life of Antony will provide the young man with more relevant instruction than the life of Augustus. Emile will hardly recognize himself in the strange objects which will strike his glance during these new studies. But he will know ahead of time how to dispel the illusion of the passions before they are born; and, seeing that in all times they have blinded men, he will be warned of the way in which they can blind him in turn, if ever he yields to them. These lessons, I know, are ill suited to him; perhaps in case of need they will be too late and insufficient. But remember that they are not the lessons I wanted to draw from this study. In beginning it, I set myself another goal; and certainly, if this goal is not well fulfilled, it will be the master's fault.

Remember that as soon as *amour-propre* has developed, the relative *I* is constantly in play, and the young man never observes others without returning to himself and comparing himself with them. The issue, then, is to know in what rank among his fellows he will put himself after having examined them. I see from the way young people are made to read history that they are transformed, so to speak, into all the persons they see; one endeavors to make them become now Cicero, now Trajan, now Alexander, and to make them discouraged when they return to themselves, to make each of them regret being only himself. This method has certain advantages which I do not discount; but, as for my Emile, if in these parallels he just once prefers to be someone other than himself—were this other Socrates, were it Cato—everything has failed. He who begins to become alien to himself does not take long to forget himself entirely.

It is not philosophers who know men best. They see them only through the prejudices of philosophy, and I know of no station where one has so many. A savage has a healthier judgment of us than a philosopher does. The latter senses his own vices, is indignant at ours, and says to himself, "We are all wicked." The former looks at us without emotion and says, "You are mad." He is right. No one does the bad for the sake of the bad. My pupil is that savage, with the difference

that Emile, having reflected more, compared ideas more, seen our errors from closer up, is more on guard against himself and judges only what he knows.

It is our passions which arouse us against those of others. It is our interest which makes us hate the wicked. If they did us no harm, we would have more pity for them than hate. The harm the wicked do us makes us forget the harm they do themselves. We would pardon them their vices more easily if we knew how much they are punished by their own heart. We feel the offense, and we do not see the chastisement. The advantages are apparent; the pain is interior. He who believes he enjoys the fruit of his vices is no less tormented than if he had not succeeded. The object has changed; the anxiety is the same. They may very well show off their fortunes and hide their hearts, but their conduct shows their hearts in spite of themselves; but in order to see that, one must not have a heart like theirs.

The passions we share seduce us; those that conflict with our interests revolt us; and, by an inconsistency which comes to us from these passions, we blame in others what we would like to imitate. Aversion and illusion are inevitable when we are forced to suffer from another the harm we would do if we were in his place.

What would be required, then, in order to observe men well? A great interest in knowing them and a great impartiality in judging them. A heart sensitive enough to conceive all the human passions and calm enough not to experience them. If there is a favorable moment in life for this study, it is the one I have chosen for Emile. Earlier, men would have been alien to him; later, he would have been like them. Opinion, whose action he sees, has not acquired its empire over him. The passions, whose effect he feels, have not yet agitated his heart. He is a man; he is interested in his brothers; he is equitable; he judges his peers. Surely, if he judges them well, he will not want to be in the place of any of them; for since the goal of all the torments they give themselves is founded on prejudices he does not have, it appears to him to be pie in the sky. For him, all that he desires is within his reach. Sufficient unto himself and free of prejudices, on whom will he be dependent? He has arms, health,* moderation, few needs, and the means of satisfying them. Nurtured in the most absolute liberty, he conceives of no ill greater than servitude. He pities these miserable kings, slaves of all that obey them. He pities these false wise men, chained to their vain reputations. He pities these rich fools, martyrs to their display. He pities these conspicuous voluptuaries, who devote their entire lives to boredom in order to appear to have pleasure. He would pity even the enemy who would do him harm, for he would see his misery in his wickedness. He would say to himself, "In giving himself the need to hurt me, this man has made his fate dependent on mine."

One more step, and we reach the goal. *Amour-propre* is a useful but dangerous instrument. Often it wounds the hand making use of it and

* I believe I can confidently count health and a good constitution among the advantages acquired through his education or, rather, among the gifts of nature his education has preserved for him.

rarely does good without evil. Emile, in considering his rank in the human species and seeing himself so happily placed there, will be tempted to honor his reason for the work of yours and to attribute his happiness to his own merit. He will say to himself, "I am wise, and men are mad." In pitying them, he will despise them; in congratulating himself, he will esteem himself more, and in feeling himself to be happier than them, he will believe himself worthier to be so. This is the error most to be feared, because it is the most difficult to destroy. If he remained in this condition, he would have gained little from all our care; and if one had to choose, I do not know whether I would not prefer the illusion of the prejudices to that of pride.

Great men are not deceived about their superiority; they see it, feel it, and are no less modest because of it. The more they have, the more they know all that they lack. They are less vain about being raised above us than they are humbled by the sentiment of their poverty; and with the exclusive goods which they possess, they are too sensible to be vain about a gift they did not give themselves. The good man can be proud of his virtue because it is his. But of what is the intelligent man proud? What did Racine do not to be Pradon? What did Boileau do in order not to be Cotin?

Here the issue is entirely different. Let us always remain in the common order. I have assumed for my pupil neither a transcendent genius nor a dull understanding. I have chosen him from among the ordinary minds in order to show what education can do for man. All rare cases are outside the rules. Therefore, if as a consequence of my care Emile prefers his way of being, of seeing, and of feeling to that of other men, Emile is right. But if he thus believes himself to be of a more excellent nature and more happily born than other men, Emile is wrong. He is deceived. One must undeceive him or, rather, anticipate the error for fear that afterward it will be too late to destroy it.

The sole folly of which one cannot disabuse a man who is not mad is vanity. For this there is no cure other than experience—if, indeed, anything can cure it. At its birth, at least, one can prevent its growth. Do not get lost in fine reasonings intended to prove to the adolescent that he is a man like others and subject to the same weaknesses. Make him feel it, or he will never know it. This again is a case of an exception to my own rules; it is the case in which my pupil is to be exposed voluntarily to all the accidents that can prove to him that he is no wiser than we are. The adventure with the magician would be repeated in countless ways. I would let flatterers take every advantage of him. If giddy fellows dragged him into some folly, I would let him run the risk. If swindlers went after him at gambling, I would give him over to them so that they could make him their dupe.* I would let him be

* Moreover, our pupil will not often be caught in this trap—he who is surrounded by so many entertainments, who was never bored in his life, and who hardly knows what money is good for. Since the two motives by which one leads children are interest and vanity, these same two motives are used by courtesans and confidence men to get hold of them later. When you see their avidity aroused by prizes and rewards, when you see them at age ten applauded in a public document at school, you see how at twenty they will be made to leave their purses in a gaming house and their health in a house of ill fame. It is always a good bet that the most

flattered, fleeced, and robbed by them. And when, having cleaned him out, they ended by making fun of him, I would further thank them in his presence for lessons they were so good as to give him. The only traps from which I would carefully protect him are those of courtesans. The only consideration I would have for him would be to share all the dangers I let him run and all the affronts I let him receive. I would endure everything silently without complaint, without reproach, without ever saying a single word to him about it. And you can be certain that, if this discretion is well maintained, everything he has seen me suffer for him will make more of an impression on his heart than what he has suffered himself.

Here I cannot prevent myself from mentioning the false dignity of governors who, in order stupidly to play wise men, run down their pupils, affect always to treat them as children, and always distinguish themselves from their pupils in everything they make them do. Far from thus disheartening your pupils' youthful courage, spare nothing to lift up their souls; make them your equals in order that they may become your equals; and if they cannot yet raise themselves up to you, descend to their level without shame, without scruple. Remember that your honor is no longer in you but in your pupil. Share his faults in order to correct them. Take on the burden of his shame in order to efface it. Imitate that brave Roman who, seeing his army flee and not being able to rally it, turned and fled at the head of his soldiers, crying, "They do not flee. They follow their captain."[28] Was he dishonored for that? Far from it. In thus sacrificing his glory, he increased it. The force of duty and the beauty of virtue attract our approbation in spite of ourselves and overturn our insane prejudices. If I received a slap in fulfilling my functions with Emile, far from avenging myself for this slap, I would go everywhere to boast about it, and I doubt whether there is a man in the world vile enough not to respect me the more for it.

It is not that the pupil ought to suppose an understanding as limited as his own in the master and the same facility at letting himself be seduced. This opinion is good for a child who, knowing how to see nothing and compare nothing, takes everyone to be on his level and trusts only those who actually know how to get down to it. But a young man of Emile's age, and as sensible as he is, is not stupid enough to be thus taken in; and it would not be good if he were taken in. The confidence he ought to have in his governor is of another kind. It ought to rest on the authority of reason, on superiority of understanding, on advantages that the young man is in a condition to know and whose utility to himself he senses. A long experience has convinced him that he is loved by his guide, that the guide is a wise and enlightened man who, wishing for his happiness, knows what can procure it for him. He ought to know that in his own interest it is proper to listen to his guide's advice. Now, if the master were to let himself be deceived like the dis-

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learned member of his class will be the biggest gambler and the biggest debauché. It is true that means which were not used in childhood are not subject to the same abuse in youth. But one ought to remember that here my constant maxim is always to take a thing at its worst. I seek first to prevent the vice, and then I assume it in order to remedy it.

ciple, he would lose the right to exact deference and to give his disciple lessons. Still less should the latter suppose that the master purposely lets him be ensnared and sets traps for his simplicity. What then must be done to avoid both of these difficulties at once? That which is best and most natural: be simple and true like him, warn him of the perils to which he is exposed, and show them to him clearly and sensibly, but without exaggeration, ill humor, pedantic display, and, above all, without giving him your advice as an order until it has become one and this imperious tone is absolutely necessary. Is he obstinate after that, as he will very often be? Then say nothing more to him; leave him free; follow him; imitate him, and do it gaily and frankly. Let yourself go, enjoy yourself as much as he does, if it is possible. If the consequences become too great, you are always there to put a stop to them. And meanwhile, will not the young man, witnessing your foresight and your kindness, be at once greatly struck by the one and touched by the other? All his faults are so many bonds he provides you for restraining him in case of need. What here constitutes the master's greatest art is to provide occasions and to manage exhortations in such a way that he knows in advance when the young man will yield and when he will be obstinate. Thus the master can surround him on all sides with the lessons of experience without ever exposing him to too great dangers.

Warn him about his mistakes before he falls into them. When he has fallen into them, do not reproach him for them. You would only inflame his *amour-propre* and make it rebel. A lesson that causes revolt is of no profit. I know of nothing more inept than the phrase: "I told you so!" The best means of making him remember what one has told him is to appear to have forgotten it. Instead of reproaching him when you see him ashamed of not having believed you, gently efface this humiliation with good words. He will surely be more fond of you when he sees that you forget yourself for him, and that, instead of finishing the job of crushing him, you console him. But if you add reproaches to his sorrow, he will conceive a hatred of you and will make it a law unto himself not to listen to you anymore, as though to prove to you that he does not agree with you about the importance of your advice.

The manner of your consolations can provide further instruction for him, instruction so much the more useful in that he will not be on his guard against it. In saying to him, for example, that countless others make the same mistakes, you do not exactly fill the bill for him; you correct him by appearing only to pity him; for, to him who believes he is worth more than other men, it is a most mortifying excuse to be consoled by their example. It is to suggest that the most he can pretend to is that they be not worth more than he is.

The time of mistakes is the time of fables. By censuring the guilty party under an alien mask, one instructs him without offending him; and he understands then, from the truth which he applies to himself, that the apologue is not a lie. The child who has never been deceived by praise understands nothing of the fable I examined earlier. But the giddy young man who has just been the dupe of a flatterer conceives

marvelously that the crow was only a fool. Thus, from a fact he draws a maxim; and by means of the fable the experience he would soon have forgotten is imprinted on his judgment. There is no moral knowledge which cannot be acquired by another's or one's own experience. In the cases where this experience is dangerous, instead of having it oneself, one draws one's lesson from the story. When the test is inconsequential, it is good that the young man remain exposed to it. Then, by means of the apologue, one frames the particular cases known to him in the form of maxims.

I do not mean, however, that these maxims ought to be elaborated or even stated. Nothing is so vain or so ill conceived as the moral with which most fables end—as if this moral were not or should not be understood in the fable itself in such a way as to be palpable to the reader. Why, then, by adding this moral at the end, take from him the pleasure of finding it on his own? Talent at instruction consists in making the disciple enjoy the instruction. But in order for him to enjoy it, his mind must not remain so passive at everything you tell him that he has absolutely nothing to do in order to understand you. The master's *amour-propre* must always leave some hold for the disciple's; he must be able to say to himself, "I conceive, I discern, I act, I learn." One of the things that makes the Pantaloon [29] of Italian comedy a bore is the care he always takes to interpret to the pit platitudes which are only too well understood. I do not want a governor to be Pantaloon; still less do I want him to be an author. One must always make oneself understood, but one must not always say everything. He who says everything says little, for finally he is no longer listened to. What is the meaning of those four verses La Fontaine adds to the fable of the frog who puffs himself up? Is he afraid he will not be understood? [30] Does this great painter need to write names beneath the objects he paints? Far from thereby generalizing his moral, he particularizes it, he restricts it in a way to the examples cited and prevents its being applied to others. Before putting this inimitable author's fables into a young man's hands, I would want to cut out all these conclusions where La Fontaine makes an effort to explain what he has just said no less clearly than agreeably. If your pupil understands the fable only with the help of the explanation, be sure that he will not understand it even in that way.

It would also be important to give these fables an order that is more didactic and more in conformity with the progress of the young adolescent's sentiments and understanding. Can one conceive of anything less reasonable than following exactly the numerical order of the book without regard to need or occasion? First the crow, then the cicada, then the frog, then the two mules, etc. These two mules rankle me, because I remember having seen a child—who was being raised to become a financier, and whom they were making giddy with the function he was going to fulfill—read this fable, learn it, tell it, and retell it hundreds of times without ever drawing from it the least objection to the trade for which he was destined. Not only have I never seen children make any solid application of the fables they learned, but

I have never seen anyone take care to get them to make this application. The pretext of this study is moral instruction, but the true object of the mother and the child is only to get a whole gathering to pay attention to him reciting his fables. So he forgets them all on growing up, when it is a question no longer of reciting them but of profiting from them. To repeat, it is only men who get instruction from fables, and now is the time for Emile to begin.

I show from afar—for I also do not want to say everything—the roads deviating from the right one in order that one may learn to avoid them. I believe that in following the one I have indicated, your pupil will purchase knowledge of men and of himself as cheaply as possible, and that you will put him in a position to contemplate the games of Fortune without envying the fate of its favorites, and to be satisfied with himself without believing himself to be wiser than others. You have also begun to make him an actor in order to make him a spectator; you must finish the job; for from the pit one sees objects as they appear, but from the stage one sees them as they are. To embrace the whole, one must move back to get perspective; one must come near to see the details. But what claim has a young man to admission into the affairs of the world? What right has he to be initiated in these shadowy mysteries? The interests of his age limit him to affairs of pleasure. He still disposes only of himself; it is as though he disposed of nothing. Man is the lowest kind of merchandise; and among our important rights of property that of the person is always the least of all.

When I see that at the age of the greatest activity young people are limited to purely speculative studies, and that then without the least experience they are all of a sudden cast into the world and business, I find that reason no less than nature is offended, and I am no longer surprised that so few people know how to take care of themselves. By what bizarre turn of mind are we taught so many useless things while the art of action is counted for nothing? They claim they form us for society, and they instruct us as if each of us were going to spend his life in thinking alone in his cell or treating airy questions with disinterested men. You believe you are teaching your children how to live by training them in certain contortions of the body and certain formulas of speech signifying nothing. I, too, have taught my Emile how to live, for I have taught him how to live with himself and, in addition, how to earn his bread. But this is not enough. To live in the world, one must know how to deal with men, one must know the instruments which give one a hold over them. One must know how to calculate the action and the reaction of particular interests in civil society and to foresee events so accurately that one is rarely mistaken in one's undertakings, or at least has chosen the best means for succeeding. The laws do not permit young people to manage their own business and dispose of their own goods. But what use to them would be these precautions if up to the prescribed age they could acquire no experience? They would have gained nothing by waiting and would be just as new at things at twenty-five as at fifteen. Doubtless a young man blinded by his ignorance or deceived by his passions must be prevented from doing harm

to himself. But at any age beneficence is permitted; at any age one can, under a wise man's direction, protect the unfortunate who need only support.

Nurses and mothers are attached to children by the care they give them. The exercise of the social virtues brings the love of humanity to the depths of one's heart. It is in doing good that one becomes good; I know of no practice more certain. Busy your pupil with all the good actions within his reach. Let the interest of indigents always be his. Let him assist them not only with his purse but with his care. Let him serve them, protect them, consecrate his person and his time to them. Let him be their representative; he will never again in his life fulfill so noble a function. How many of the oppressed who would never have been heard will obtain justice when he asks for it on their behalf with that intrepid firmness given by the practice of virtue, when he forces the doors of the noble and the rich, when he goes, if necessary, to the foot of the throne to make heard the voice of the unfortunates to whom all access is closed by their poverty and who are prevented by fear of being punished for the ills done to them if they even dare to complain?

But will we make of Emile a knight errant, a redresser of wrongs, a paladin? Will he go and meddle in public affairs, play the wise man and the defender of the laws with the nobles, with the magistrates, with the prince, play the solicitor with the judges and the lawyer with the courts? I know nothing about all that. Terms of denigration and ridicule change nothing in the nature of things. He will do all that he knows to be useful and good. He will do nothing more, and he knows that nothing is useful and good for him which is not suitable to his age. He knows that his first duty is toward himself, that young people ought to distrust themselves, be circumspect in their conduct, respectful before older people, reserved and careful not to talk without purpose, modest in inconsequential things, but hardy in good deeds and courageous in speaking the truth. Such were those illustrious Romans who, before being admitted to public offices, spent their youth in prosecuting crime and defending innocence, without any other interest than that of instructing themselves in serving justice and protecting good morals.

Emile dislikes both turmoil and quarrels, not only among men *

* But if someone picks a quarrel with him, how will he behave? I answer that he will never have a quarrel, that he will never lend himself to it enough to have one. But finally, it will be pursued, who is safe from a slap or from being given the lie by a bully, a drunk, or a brave scoundrel who, in order to have the pleasure of killing his man, begins by dishonoring him? That is something else. Neither the honor nor the life of citizens must be at the mercy of a bully, of a drunk, or of a brave scoundrel, and one can no more secure oneself from such an accident than from the fall of a tile. To meet and put up with a slap or being given the lie has civil effects which no wisdom can anticipate, and for which no tribunal can avenge the injured party. The insufficiency of the laws, therefore, gives him back his independence in this. He is then the only magistrate, the only judge between the offender and himself. He is the only interpreter and minister of the natural law. He owes himself justice and is the only one who can render it, and there is no government on earth so mad as to punish him for having done himself justice in such a case. I do not say that he ought to fight a duel. That is a folly. I say that he owes himself justice, and that he is the only dispenser of it. If I were sovereign, I guarantee that, without so many vain edicts against duels, there would never be either slap or giving of the lie in my states, and that this would be accomplished by a very simple means in which the tribunals would not mix. However that may