The Adolescent Russell and the Victorian Crisis of Faith

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A wag once asked whether there had been even a single Victorian intellectual who did not experience a religious crisis of some sort. And indeed it does often seem as if such a crisis was a test of authenticity which all genuine Victorian thinkers had to pass. To be sure, doubts concerning their religious faith perplexed many Victorians, and although Charles Darwin, George Eliot, Alfred Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Hardy, and John Stuart Mill were the best-known sufferers of this spiritual turmoil, thousands of other English men and women, by no means all intellectuals, endured equal misery. The most common intellectual cause of these pervasive crises of faith was of course the challenge presented by the discoveries of nineteenth-century science—most especially those associated with the name of Darwin. Both the severity and the ubiquity of the reaction to these scientific innovations were due to the very nature of the challenge itself, for the threat posed by science to religion struck at the very root of established Christian doctrine and ethics. Questions of human purpose, responsibility, and worth were all opened to doubt and reinterpretation, as were issues of social conscience, cosmic design, and metaphysical certitude. The lives of many Victorians were riven by conflicting loyalties—by a respect for the method and discoveries of science on the one hand, and by an emotional attachment to the ancient faith and its forms on the other. As their old faith gradually ebbed and their belief in science proved to be a spiritually deficient alternative, these men and women experienced what Leslie Stephen sensitively termed "a painful discord between the imagination and the reason".[1] Confused, anxious, and beleaguered, they found themselves living in a frightening age, a time that John Stuart Mill described as at once "devoid of faith, yet terrified of scepticism".[2]

Many of these Victorian "crises" were, however, religious only in a

general sense; often they had other, and in individual cases more compelling, causes than the threat of science and the waning of belief. In many instances religious doubt was but a part, or even a by-product, of a larger personal crisis—such as an effort by some to define their emotional and intellectual selves away from the strictures of the home and thereby to be free from the overbearing prudery, authoritarianism, and emphasis on proper behaviour that dominated so much of Victorian family life. For others religious uncertainty was a consequence of a struggle to emancipate themselves from the binding emotional shackles regarding sexuality and morality that were characteristic of Victorian society. And doubts over the adequacy of the social message of Christianity in the face of widespread poverty and accelerating social change also led some to question the wisdom and authority of Christian dogma. Victorian religious crises, then, were often extremely complicated psychological experiences with wide variations in content and inspiration; they sometimes sparked, sometimes masked, sometimes accompanied, and sometimes reinforced a more general emotional turmoil. And it is this very complexity of cause and composition, combined with the radical nature of the scientific challenge itself, which explains why such crises became a pervasive, and perhaps even a defining, feature of nineteenth-century Britain.

If a religious crisis of some sort was a mandatory qualification for membership in the Victorian intellectual community, Bertrand Russell satisfied that requirement easily, for he had not merely one but two religious crises—the first as an adolescent in the 1880s and the second in 1901. But even if this plainly exaggerated and somewhat facetious demand is dropped, Russell nevertheless deserved admittance on other grounds as well. He was born when the dumpy monarch who gave her name to the age was only just passed the midpoint of her extraordinarily long reign; he came to political awareness and imbibed his "political prejudices", he recalled, "when the parliamentary duels of Disraeli and Gladstone ... were at their most brilliant"; and he was raised in a secluded, intensely loyal redoubt of the prosperous, confident, optimistic, Liberal, and high-principled Britain of the Grand Old Man.[3] Moreover, Russell believed that he deserved inclusion in the Victorian intelligentsia; he was always quick to claim a proud allegiance to that community. Russell also laid claim to the "Victorian" label because he, one of the most introspective of men, recognized within himself certain traits which were characteristically, if not uniquely, Victorian. Some of these presuppositions were intellectual and attitudinal: "I grew up in the full flood of Victorian optimism, and although the easy cheerfulness of that time is no longer possible, something remains with me of the hopefulness that then was easy."[4] Some, such as a confidence in evolutionary political liberalism and ameliorist social reform at home, the expectation of the expansion of British imperial interests and political values abroad, and the

assumption of a continuing role for him and his family in this orderly progress of political development, had distinctly political implications.

In addition, Russell identified two other distinctly Victorian qualities in his make-up: a strong moralism and a nearly obsessive concern with questions of religious belief. Both these traits he acquired at Pembroke Lodge, and both became permanent parts of his personality. The "puritan piety and austerity" of the Lodge, combined with the religious instruction offered by his grandmother, shaped his character and provided him with a set of moral principles and a code of proper behaviour he never completely abandoned.[5] Throughout his life Russell remained in many ways a nineteenth-century man, especially in personal tastes, social expectations, and ethical standards; his attachment to traditional social forms and moral values, even after they had been stripped of their Christian sanction, was simply too strong. But if Russell could never completely reject the ethical code and moral principles he imbibed as a child, he could and did renounce the explicit theology he had been taught. But this doctrinal apostasy did not come easily. It was the product of much thought and considerable hesitation, and was achieved only after Russell had experienced a tormenting religious crisis—a crisis which began while he was an adolescent and which was by no means strictly intellectual in content, inspiration, or consequence. As with many such Victorian experiences, Russell's adolescent religious crisis had a mixture of motives: a troubling scepticism of the truth of Christian dogma, a passionate yearning for relief from the choking atmosphere of Pembroke Lodge, an oppressive loneliness, and a youthful confusion over his changing sexual nature. Together these various impulses produced Russell's first religious crisis, a complicated and in many ways typically Victorian experience. Indeed, years later he recognized its essentially nineteenth-century character; his adolescent perplexities, he recalled, had been "very much those of which one reads in Victorian biographies".[6]

I

Russell passed his childhood and adolescence in the secluded, deeply pious, and restrictive surroundings of Pembroke Lodge. Largely forgotten by the outside world, his grandmother's home was very nearly a hermitage. Some of this social exile was a natural consequence of Lord and Lady Russell's age and growing infirmity. But most of the ermeticism was self-imposed; Lady Russell was determined to separate herself, her children, and her younger grandson from what she viewed as the vice and irreligion of late nineteenth-century Britain. Within the Lodge, she deliberately and solicitiously sought to create, by contrast, a loving, supportive, and high-minded environment for her family—a sanctuary safe from the noisy, grimy, and godless Britain

beyond the walls of the Park. In particular she desired to shelter young Bertrand. She seems never for an instant to have forgotten how fortunate she was to have custody of him—how she and Lord Russell had only just succeeded in saving him from the "depravity" of the Cobden-Sandersons. And she was, therefore, especially determined not to neglect her responsibility of protecting him from the crudity of this world and the horrors of public school and of ensuring him instead an affectionate, virtuous, and cultured setting for his emotional and intellectual development—one that would be spiritually nourishing, morally uplifting, and intellectually rigorous.

At the heart of this regime was religion—defined both as a set of beliefs and, more importantly, as a body of moral precepts, The specific doctrine taught was eclectic; young Bertrand was taken to the local Anglican and Presbyterian churches on alternate Sundays and instilled with the rudiments of Unitarianism at home. This theological ecumenism was not, however, worrisome to Lady Russell; as long as the basic tenets of Christian belief were imparted, she believed, canonical orthodoxy was unnecessary. Nor was this theoretical latitudinarianism expected to cause any confusion in Bertrand's mind, for Lady Russell's religion was in essence a moral code rather than a theological creed, and about that code there was no ambiguity whatever. Humility, honesty, and duty were the keys to a virtuous life for Lady Russell, and these were the values she taught Bertrand to admire above all others. He was also schooled in how to acquire such qualities. In a world permeated by sinfulness, he was told, constant attention to the state of his soul was demanded, and he was therefore admonished to examine the purity of his motives, to establish mastery over his emotions, and to remain ever-vigilant in his combat against base impulses and wicked actions. Russell's religious education was therefore not so much a theoretical instruction as it was a moral training. "I had been compelled to live in a morbid atmosphere where an unwholesome kind of morality was encouraged to such an extent as to paralyze intelligence", he remembered bitterly. "Only virtue was prized, virtue at the expense of intellect, health, happiness, and every mundane good."[7]

As a child neither the isolation of the Lodge nor his grandmother's emphasis on virtue bothered Russell. Governesses, servants, family members, and the rare visitor satisfied his interests. The Park, moreover, proved an enchanting playground; young Bertrand delighted in his romps through the overgrown gardens of the Lodge, scaling the trees in search of birds' nests and exploring hidden summer houses and gazeboes. But as an adolescent all this changed. As he grew older he came to resent his isolation and to yearn after playmates and confidants; spells of loneliness and moroseness became increasingly frequent and ever more difficult to bear. Indeed, from the age of fourteen until his departure for Cambridge at eighteen, Russell

recalled vividly, "the pain of solitude" became nearly unendurable.[8] The onset of puberty also bedevilled him. Although a tutor had warned him rather allusively about his forthcoming sexual changes, Russell did not really understand the nature of the experience when it came and was much troubled by it. Lacking anyone to confide in or to learn from, and certain that his "sexual passions of almost intolerable intensity" were evidence of his degeneracy, Russell naturally grew more sullen, secretive, and guilty.[9] A conviction of his inherent wickedness was especially distressing. As he examined the sexual fantasies which he was unable to force from his mind, he despaired of the state of his soul; the habit of moral introspection he had imbibed from Lady Russell had become a permanent part of his character and had led to an unhealthy self-absorption which in its turn both contributed to and was compounded by his sense of solitariness. The tenor of life within the Lodge also began to grate on the adolescent Russell. His grandmother's rigid sense of propriety became daily more annoying; her piety seemed more akin to sanctimony, her rules closer to shackles, and her constant supervision in truth suspicion. For all these reasons, by the age of fifteen Russell's long walks through the decaying grounds and dilapidated outbuildings of the Lodge and the Park beyond had become escapes—flights from his relatives and opportunities for self-examination free from family interference. Russell now struggled up trees not to collect birds' eggs, but to hide and even to contemplate suicide. Rummaging through rotting summer houses was no longer an adventure but a search for a retreat, and cutting through old paths choked with growth became not a sport but a deliverance. The grounds and fresh air of the Park thus provided Russell with a welcome haven from the claustrophobic fog within the Lodge itself; to his mind, Lady Russell's pure and loving atmosphere of piety had become a foul and smothering miasma of restriction.

Russell found an even more important release from his unhappiness in his schoolwork, especially his study of mathematics and science. He worked immensely hard on his lessons, retreating into the abstract world of mathematics and physics, honing his skills in more prosaic matters of problem solving, and taking pleasure in his undoubted talents. In his scientific studies Russell entered a world utterly removed from the Lodge—a world, moreover, full of laws to be comprehended, mysteries to be unravelled, and, perhaps if he were sufficiently persistent and fortunate, discoveries to be made. Indeed, it was his enthusiasm for his schoolwork that saved him from complete despondency. As he recalled, "I was kept going in these years by the desire for knowledge and for intellectual achievement."[10]

As a further emancipation from the fetters of the Lodge, Russell took to reading. Although his choice of books was almost entirely restricted to what happened to be on the shelves of his grandfather's library, and although he

was "solemnly warned not to read" many of these works for fear of contamination, he nevertheless became acquainted with many of the classics of English and European literature— reading so much, indeed, that he seriously strained his eyes from overwork.[11] Russell seized upon whatever consolation and counsel he could find in his reading, and he judged books according to their usefulness in this task. Shelley was an especially admired figure. That poet's political radicalism, atheism, romanticism, sexuality, celebration of nature, and reputation for wickedness all combined to attract Russell. Such reading had an influence of just the sort his grandmother had feared; it introduced him to a jumble of ideas and to sets of values different from those revered in the Lodge, sanctioned his own private and accumulating doubts about the superiority of these conventional values, and inspired him to yearn after release from the bonds of the Lodge. "There was a great liberation", he remembered,

> in the discovery that hopes and dreams and systems of thought which had remained vague and unexpressed for lack of sympathy in my environment had been set forth in clear and shining words by men whom the world acknowledged to be great. From books I derived courage and hope and freedom.[12]

The extensive independent reading which Russell had turned to initially as a source of escape had therefore had unintended consequences. Although it had satisfied his desire for at least a few moments of freedom from the tyranny of the Lodge, it had also provided him with something quite unexpected: the inspiration, guidance, and sustenance for a revolt against that regime.

"I rebelled against this atmosphere first in the name of intellect", Russell recalled.[13] The target of that uprising was the Christian doctrine which served as the foundation for the entire structure of life there. Tellingly, this mutiny was not over the details of the doctrine itself. As has been seen, Lady Russell had not emphasized theological consistency or sectarian loyalty in her religious teachings, and Russell's adolescent questioning of those lessons followed the same latitudinarian course. His religious doubts were not, that is, prompted by narrowly dogmatic concerns; he did not pounce on inconsistencies in the various creeds he was exposed to and his early disquietude over religion was not, therefore, evidence of his analytical precocity. Russell the notorious logic-chopper was not yet at work. His anxiety, rather, ran to far more essential doctrinal matters; he was worried about the major tenets of Christianity itself—about questions of the existence of God, free will, and immortality. Nor was this revolt initially hostile to those tenets; indeed it was not, at first, even a rebellion properly speaking. It was, rather, a wary probing, a reluctant yet determined inquiry—to

discover whether some of his doubts could be answered—and answered within the spacious confines of "orthodox" Christian opinion. This questioning turned belligerent and erupted into an authentic rebellion only as a consequence of the responses he came to and the reception he encountered in his effort.

Russell's adolescent religious questions were of two distinct, yet closely related, sorts. In the first place he was concerned to discover the intellectual justification for the moral code which set the rules he had to obey and provided the underpinnings of the cloying religiosity of the Lodge. He wondered, moreover, how could he reconcile this code with the alternate, and often laudable, moral systems he was becoming aware of through his reading in fiction, science, and history, to say nothing of finding a place in it to permit the satisfaction of his developing sexual passions. In the second place Russell sought to square the broad doctrines of Christianity with the scientific principles he was learning with such enthusiasm. He was eager, in particular, to work through the implications of the findings of nineteenth-century physics and biology for questions of the existence of God, immortality, and free will. None of these general questions are of course susceptible to easy or definitive answers, and Russell found the enterprise to be a daunting one. But he persevered in the task, and from the age of fifteen until he went up to Cambridge at eighteen, he poured much of his intellectual energy into it.

He began his questioning in the natural way: by explaining his concerns to his grandmother, uncle, and tutors. With his grandmother his results were utterly unsatisfactory; Lady Russell scoffed at him. "Ridicule, nominally amusing but really an expression of hostility, was the favourite weapon", Russell remembered.[14] When he mentioned an interest in utilitarianism, for example, "she covered me with ridicule, and ever after submitted ethical conundrums to me, telling me to solve them on utilitarian principles."[15] Lady Russell had little understanding of her grandson's perplexities. Religion was for her a simple affair; it consisted of following the moral precepts of her Covenanter ancestors and applying those maxims to every human situation. Not surprisingly, Russell learned his lesson quickly and well. Mindful of his grandmother's intellectual limitations and theological prejudices, fearful of provoking further scorn by persistent questioning or the advocacy of heretical opinions, and desirous of avoiding any additional wounds to her sensibilities, he refrained from expressing his doubts to her and retreated into a sullen silence. Russell's uncle Rollo proved more helpful; he seems to have offered at least a sympathetic ear to his nephew and to have understood the questions bothering Russell. Unfortunately for Russell, however, Rollo was not always available for such discussions; in 1883 he had married and left the Lodge and was therefore only infrequently present for the long talks Russell desired.[16] The final, and

by far the most helpful, audience for Russell's religious misgivings were his tutors. Although Lady Russell had been scrupulous in her hiring of only proper Christian gentlemen as her grandson's teachers, the very nature of the scientific subjects Russell was schooled in necessarily exposed him to ideas and values which were at variance with Lady Russell's own teachings. In the course of his lessons and readings in physics and biology and mathematics, he became aware of serious divergences between the discoveries and the laws of science he was being introduced to and the religious dogma he had imbibed at the Lodge. As he struggled with such issues, he grilled his tutors for their opinions and gave voice, even if in a halting manner, to his own suspicions that the implications of the scientific laws led irresistibly to unbelief. Even with these outsiders, however, he remained circumspect—out of fear that they might tattle to his grandmother. With only one, J. F. Ewen, "an agnostic ... [who] used to allow me to discuss religion with him", was he able to be fully candid.[17] Much to Russell's distress, however, Ewen was soon sacked, presumably because he had been suspected of infecting his young pupil with heretical views.[18] With these various avenues of family and teachers closed off to him, the adolescent Russell was therefore forced to turn his religious perplexities inward—an intellectual and emotional habit to which he had become all too accustomed—and to live an active mental life of rumination and concealment—one fed by his independent reading as well as by his schoolwork. To aid in the working through of his religious ideas, Russell carefully wrote them out in an exercise book—but in phonetic spelling and Greek letters so as to protect them from discovery.

The "Greek Exercises" is an impressive work, not so much for the subtlety of its thought or the precocity of his argumentation as for the solemnity of its purpose, the grandeur of its ambition, and the candour of its style. It is not full of dialectical originality or theological insight; its argument, rather, is so conventional that Russell was quite right to remember that many of his adolescent religious worries were typical of those of other Victorian thinkers. What is most striking about the "Greek Exercises" is its tone—a resolute and high-minded earnestness which pervades every aspect from style to form of argumentation to intent. Russell, it is clear from the first entry, considered himself to be engaged in a serious endeavour. He did not investigate religious thought flippantly, but purposefully and with all the intellectual resources he could command. He approached the subject in this manner because what was at stake, to his mind, could hardly be overvalued: the continuation of his religious faith, the state of his soul and his ultimate salvation, the intellectual dogma and code of behaviour built upon that faith, the nature of his relationship with his family, and his own emotional equilibrium and spiritual happiness. And besides this remarkable gravity of tone, the "Exercises" also possesses an undoubted drama—a

drama provided by the very nature and momentum of the argument itself as Russell, driven by the logic of his reasoning, the strength of his commitment to scientific standards of intellectual proof, and the implications of his newly-acquired scientific knowledge, is grudgingly and grimly forced to abandon more and more of his old faith until nearly none remains.

From the first entry of the "Exercises", dated 3 March 1888, Russell's education in science is evident. Most apparent is his devout homage to the gospel of science, his determination—which he would never forsake—to be always a faithful man of science. Indeed, Russell's zealous devotion to science and the "scientific" approach is so strong in the "Exercises" that by the third installment the reader senses, although this may be an instance of biographical anticipation, that Lady Russell has already lost him, that his fundamental loyalty has shifted from religion to science, from the world within the walls of the Lodge to the world without. In any case, what is certain is that Russell's commitment to science could not be plainer. "In finding reasons for belief in God", he wrote near the outset, "I shall only take account of scientific arguments."[19] And by "scientific" arguments he meant above all those which rested on reason and logic, rather than on sentiment or mysticism. As he explained later in the "Exercises", "In all things I have made the vow to follow reason, not the instincts inherited partly from my ancestors and gained gradually by them.... I endeavour to go by reason as far as possible."[20] This pledge was not made easily, nor was it sustained without a considerable emotional toll. Yet the young Russell was determined to pay the price of that pledge; he was committed to adhere to strict standards of scientific inquiry no matter what the consequences. And since the first of those standards was the exclusive use of logical reasoning, his dedication to this criterion made him, to his mind, a genuine man of science.

The "Greek Exercises" opens with a frank explanation of purpose:

> Eighteen eighty-eight March 3. I shall write about some subjects especially religious ones which now interest me. I have in consequence of a variety of circumstances come to look into the very foundations of the religion in which I have been brought up. On some points my conclusions have been to confirm my former creed, while on others I have been irresistibly led to such conclusions as would not only shock my people, but have given me much pain. I have arrived at certainty in few things but my opinions, even where not convictions[,] are on some things nearly such. I have not the courage to tell my people that I scarcely believe in immortality. I used to speak freely to Mr. Ewen on such matters, but now I cannot let out my thoughts to any one, and this is the only means I have of letting off steam. I intend to discuss some of my puzzles here.[21]

And the puzzles Russell proceeds to investigate are the predictable and intractable ones: the existence of God, the nature of free will, and the doctrine of immortality. By the end of the "Exercises" Russell had not come to any definite positions concerning these tangled and baffling problems; his personal answers were tense and ambiguous, confused and discomfiting.

Especially troubling to him was his rejection of immortality and free will. Indeed, the consequences of the "loss" of human immortality and free will for our customary ideas of human conduct and moral value distressed him intensely. The problem of locating a secure mooring for ethics especially concerned him. Where, in a mechanistic universe populated by mortal men, he asked, are we to find an anchor for an ethical code which values something besides survival and obedience? Does it in fact make any sense to speak of ethics in such circumstances? "What idea can we form of right and wrong?" under such conditions, Russell wondered. And "what becomes of conscience?"[22]

In some moods he gave vent to a despairing, almost existential creed: "I have not the parson's comfortable doctrine, that every good action has its reward, and every sin is forgiven. My whole religion is this: do your duty, and expect no reward for it, either here or hereafter."[23] But in calmer moments he embraced utilitarianism: "My rule of life, which I guide my conduct by and a departure from which I consider as a sin, is to act in the manner which I believe to be most likely to produce the greatest happiness, considering both the intensity of the happiness and the number of people made happy."[24] A large measure of the appeal of utilitarianism was its emphasis (at least to his mind) on the use of reason. The weighing of options, predicting of consequences, and calculating of benefits required by utilitarianism naturally attracted Russell to that doctrine; indeed, it was, as he recognized, the logical complement to his interests in pure mathematics and applied physics and the perfect ethical fulfillment of his vow to follow reason "in all things". "I endeavour to go by reason as far as possible", he explained. "What I take as my ideal is that which ultimately produces [the] greatest happiness of [the] greatest number. Then I can apply reason to find out the course most conducive to this end."[25]

Proclaiming a dedication to a life of reason and living with the social and emotional consequences of that commitment are of course far different things, and the adolescent Russell soon discovered that even the noblest of intentions generate their own strains. In his case, put simply, he found it difficult to love a God whose existence he accepted only because of an abstract argument and to practise an ethical code whose precepts seemed calculated and calculating; his faith seemed emotionally impoverished and spiritually deficient; and his moral code mechanical and arid. "I have really no religion," Russell admitted bitterly, "for my God, being a spirit shown merely by reason to exist, his properties utterly unknown, is no help to my life.... My doctrines, such as they are, help my daily life no more than a formula in algebra."[26] Moreover, the emotional price of his resolution to live a life of reason had proved to be much higher than he had anticipated—so much higher, indeed, that he wondered whether the cost had been worth it:

> I used never for a moment to doubt that truth was a good thing to get hold of. But now I have the very greatest doubt and uncertainty. For the search for truth has led me to these results I have put in this book, whereas, had I been content to accept the teachings of my youth, I should have remained comfortable. The search for truth has shattered most of my old beliefs, and has made me commit what are probably sins where otherwise I should have kept clear of them. I do not think it has in any way made me happier; of course it has given me a deeper character, a contempt for trifles or mockery, but at the same time it has taken away cheerfulness, and made it much harder to make bosom friends, and worst of all, it has debarred me from free intercourse with my people, and thus made them strangers to some of my deepest thoughts, which, if by any mischance I do let them out, immediately become the subject for mockery which is inexpressibly bitter to me, though not unkindly meant. Thus, in my individual case, I should say, the effects of a search for truth have been more bad than good.[27]

As he noted, "what a much happier life mine would be but for these wretched ideas of mine about theology."[28]

II

By the time he went up to Cambridge, then, Russell's religious views were in a confused and transitory state, more a source of distress than of comfort to him. Most disquieting was not his rejection of the traditional Christian doctrines he had been taught as a boy, nor his suspicion that his arguments in favour of that denial might well be mistaken. Rather, a general uncertainty plagued him. His puzzlement was more than a narrow theological confusion; it was, rather, a perplexity concerning the larger issues involved in those questions—issues of human worth and purpose, individual responsibility, and moral value. It was gnawing doubts over these broader questions that disoriented the adolescent Russell, that left him without a sturdy sense of intellectual and emotional equilibrium. Intellectually, he was wavering between belief and unbelief, between a faith in the ideas he had learned from his grandmother and an understanding of the corrosive implications of modern scientific doctrines for those ideas. Emotionally, he was

swaying between an affection for deeply cherished habits and values and a commitment to a life of science, between being a boy of Pembroke Lodge and a man of the world, between adolescence and adulthood. Russell's quandary over religion—indeed the very impulse behind the questioning itself—was therefore intimately bound up with his coming to maturity and winning of his emotional independence from his grandmother. By the age of seventeen or eighteen Russell was still in the midst of this process—torn between love of his grandmother and hatred of many of her values, between allegiance to a comforting faith he longed to believe but found lacking intellectually and loyalty to an austere doctrine he could accept intellectually but found emotionally desiccating, between passion for the romantic poetry of Shelley and respect for the cold reasoning of Newton, between burgeoning sexual impulses and a puritanical revulsion from the very idea of sexual intercourse. The adolescent Russell therefore possessed a jumble of contradictory impulses, jostling emotions, conflicting ideas, and competing values which pushed and pulled him in opposite directions and which seemed to defy reconciliation. When he left for Cambridge in October 1890, then, the emotional and intellectual tensions which had inspired the "Greek Exercises" were still unresolved in Russell. At university, he would take a mighty stride towards that ever-elusive resolution.

Notes

1 Leslie Stephen, *A History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, 2 vols. 3rd ed. (New York: P. Smith, 1949), 1: 15.
2 John Stuart Mill, *On Liberty*, ed. David Spitz (New York: Norton, 1975), p. 22.
3 *Portraits from Memory and Other Essays* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1956), p. 8.
4 *Ibid.*, p. 17.
5 *Ibid.*, p. 9.
6 *My Own Philosophy* (Hamilton, Ontario: McMaster University Library Press, 1972), p. 3.
7 *Portraits from Memory*, pp. 9–10.
8 *Ibid.*, p. 39.
9 *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell*, 3 vols. (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1967–9), 1: 39.
10 *My Philosophical Development* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1959), p. 36.
11 *Fact and Fiction* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1961), p. 31.
12 *Ibid.*, p. 11.
13 *Portraits from Memory*, p. 9.
14 "My Religious Reminiscences" in *The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell*, eds. Robert E. Egner and Lester E. Denonn (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1961), p. 32.
15 *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell*, 1: 45.
16 An example of such a conversation was recorded by Russell in his diary entry for 20 June 1890: "When everybody else was in bed, Uncle Rollo and I had a most interesting talk about Faith and Reason, in which he agreed with me wonderfully, condemning Faith in its ordinary sense altogether, and acknowledging only Reason." *See* "'A Locked Diary'" in *The Collected Papers of Bertrand Russell*, Vol. 1, eds. Kenneth Blackwell, Andrew Brink, Nicholas Griffin, Richard A. Rempel, and John G. Slater (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1983), p. 53.
17 *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell*, 1: 42.
18 *Ibid.*
19 "Greek Exercises" in *The Collected Papers of Bertrand Russell*, 1: 5.
20 *Ibid.*, pp. 10–11.
21 *Ibid.*, p. 5.
22 *Ibid.*, p. 8.
23 *Ibid.*, p. 15.
24 *Ibid.*, p. 9.
25 *Ibid.*, p. 11.
26 *Ibid.*, p. 15.
27 *Ibid.*, p. 16.
28 *Ibid.*, p. 13.