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## ERRATUM.

Page 35, for "Mr. Granley Berkeley has been peeping into a nunnery at Bridgewater"—read "Mr. Craven Berkeley has been peeping into a nunnery at Taunton."

THE  
 WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

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ART. I.—THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

1. *Commercial Tariffs and Regulations, Resources and Trade of the several States of Europe and America. Part 23. India, Ceylon, and other Oriental Countries.* By John Macgregor. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. July, 1848.
2. *The Cotton and Commerce of India considered in Relation to the Interests of Great Britain.* By John Chapman, Founder and late Manager of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company. London: John Chapman. 1851.
3. *The Culture and Commerce of Cotton in India and elsewhere, with an account of the Experiments made by the Hon. East India Company up to the Present Time.* By J. Forbes Royle, M. D., F.R.S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1851.
4. *History of the War in Afghanistan, from the unpublished Letters and Journals of Political and Military Officers employed throughout the entire Period of British Connection with that Country.* By John William Kaye. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1851.
5. *A Year on the Punjab Frontier in 1848-49.* By Major Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B., H.E.I.C.S. Second Edition. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1851.
6. *History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign on the Cutchee Hills.* By Lieut. Gen. Sir William Napier, K.C.B. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.
7. *Scinde; or, the Unhappy Valley.* By Richard F. Burton, Lieut. Bombay Army. 2 vols. Second Edition. London: Richard Bentley. 1851.

8. *Modern India; a Sketch of the System of Civil Government; to which is prefixed some Account of the Natives and Native Institutions.* By George Campbell, Bengal Civil Service. London: John Murray. 1852.
9. *An Analytical Digest of all the Reported Cases decided in the Supreme Courts of Judicature in India, in the Courts of the Hon. East India Company, and an Appeal from India, by Her Majesty in Council; together with an Introduction, Notes illustrative and explanatory, and an Appendix.* By William H. Morley, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London: Allen and Co. 1850.

HOWEVER indifferent the people of England may ordinarily be to foreign affairs, recent events have stirred them to reflection. It may be no duty or interest of ours to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, but our own welfare may be seriously imperilled by the less immediate consequences of acts we have no right or power to influence. The increase of our own wealth and population has forced us, not unwillingly, into paths of enterprise which a corresponding advance of science has opened for us; and, for the best of reasons, we have chosen to draw the materials and occasions of our well-being from the most cosmopolitan variety of sources, rightly believing that, so long as the affairs of the world take an average course of mingled good and ill, we might hope that a check in one quarter would be balanced by some new advantage in another. But we are now witnessing rather a combination of threatening influences abroad, than the common results of daily chances. Nor is it any impeachment of the principles we have adopt-

might offer the suggestion that the protenin or flesh-forming constituents of food should be taken from the animal kingdom, and the starch-like or heat-producing fuel of the system from the vegetable world. According to this hint, bread stuffs should be used less, potatoes and other roots, with fruits and leaves, more than is commonly done: and when the former are taken, it should not be along with beef and mutton, but as their substitutes; an arrangement which is closely approximated by the daily bills of fare adopted by the upper and middle classes of society,—were it only accompanied by other obediences! Such is the mixed diet, always understanding that it be thoroughly well cooked, which is the best for the less unsound; and the best for the more morbid too, as soon as their milk-diet or their altogether vegetarian fare shall have made them equal to it: if it is not mere vegetative plumpness or muscular strength that is wanted, but the perfect freedom and full activity of the whole nervous system, from the front columns of the spinal marrow to the top of the brain. On the whole, then, the stout majority of society are not very far wrong regarding the choice and mixture of their food and its quality: but it is the unanimous opinion of physicians and other observers, that we are an overfed people in the mass, just as undeniably as every fifth man is underfed; and to those two dietetic extremes, a great proportion of the constitutional disorder of the nation must be traced. It is certainly in quantity that the greatest errors are almost universally made. Temperance is therefore the virtue to be insisted on, and probably some rigour of temperance. Vegetarianism is temperate by necessity, and that constitutes the greater part of its virtues; and if anybody, who has been restored to some measure of health by the observance of it, were just to return by degrees to a mixed diet, but to restrain himself to half the quantity he used to take, one might almost promise him a nobler, if not a lustrier life. Temperance is morally better than abstinence, being a continual discipline of the will; and, in the present instance, it is physically better too. It is perhaps superior to abstinence, both physiologically and spiritually, in regard to alcoholics also, and indeed to all lawful indulgences: but temperance is difficult to many, a dreadful task to some, and impossible to not a few. It is therefore a good thing for society that the cause of abstinence has its party, grasping at the poor drunkard and anticipating the fall of the weak; for it is not necessary to join in all the generous crusades of the day

against disease and vice, in order to wish them well. At the same time, we confess ourselves so lacerated and heart-broken by the contemplation of our country's drunkenness, that it is only with diffidence that we dissent from those who condemn wines and beers and spirits as altogether bad for the constitution of man. But this is not the place to enter into that important controversy; and it has been adduced here solely for the sake of illustrating the supreme worth of the true and universal temperance, or the spirit of obedience to all the laws of man's manifold and miraculous nature,—the physical, the vegetative, the animal, the intellectual, the moral, the spiritual, and the amazing union of all these categories in one harmonious code. Temperance is the very angel of health; and health is literally nothing but another name for the wholeness of the stuff and manner of our existence.

#### ART. III.—EUROPE: ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

*Correspondence respecting the Foreign Refugees in London.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1852.

THE literature of the Continent during the last few years has been essentially political, revolutionary, and warlike. Out of ten historical works, seven at least speak to us, from a favourable point of view or otherwise, of a revolution now extinct; out of ten polemical, political, economical, or other works, seven at least proclaim or combat a revolution about to take place. The first bear the impress of terror, the last are full of gigantic hopes, though most imperfectly defined. Calm has fled from the minds of writers. Poetry is silent, as if frightened by the storm now gathering in the hearts of men. Romance becomes rarer every day; it would find no readers. Pure art is a myth. Style itself is changed; when it is not commonplace, when it retains something of that individual originality which every style ought to have, it is sharp, cutting, biting. The pen seems, as it were, sword-shaped; all the world thinks and writes as if it felt itself on the eve of a battle. From the midst of this tempest which we point out, because to sleep is to perish amid the storm, voices are heard exclaiming, "Beware! Society is in danger. Anarchy threatens us. The barbarians are at our gates. Revolutions destroy all the guarantees of order; from change to change we are

plunging into nothingness. We have conceded too much; we must retrace our steps and strengthen power at all price." Other voices reply to them,—"It is too late, your society is dead, corrupted; hasten to bury it. The salvation of the world is in us, in an entirely new order of things, in a society founded upon a basis diametrically opposed to yours." Flags cross each other in the air in infinite variety. *Liberty, Authority, Nationality, 1815, Labour, Property, Rights, Duties, Association, Individualism*—all devices are seen. It is the night of the Brocksberg—a sort of intellectual and moral chaos, to which scarcely anything analogous is to be found, unless we go back some eighteen centuries in the history of the world, to the fall of the Roman Empire, when the ancient gods were dying; when the human mind was wavering between the sceptical epicurism of the masters and the aspiration of the slaves to the UNKNOWN GOD; when the earth trembled under the steps of unknown races, impelled by a mysterious, irresistible power towards the centre of European society.

What is the signification of this prolonged and still ascending crisis, notwithstanding all the efforts which are made to overcome it? Have they, these *barbarians* of our days, a Rome in which great destinies are to be accomplished, and towards which, like Attila and his hordes, they are impelled by an invisible hand; or do they march onward to lose themselves in deserts, without object, without a tomb, without a useful memorable trace in history? Are we advancing towards anarchy or towards a new mode of things,—towards dissolution or towards a transformed life? All ask themselves this question; all could resolve it, if the point of view of each man were not narrowed by his position in some one of the adverse camps, by the now prevailing habit of judging of the depth, the intensity, and the direction of the European current by the passing ebullitions of the surface, and by a prejudice, presently to be defined, which for half a century has influenced almost all appreciations of the political situation.

And yet this question *must* be resolved. It is a vital one. It necessarily contains a rule for our actions. A law of Solon decreed that degradation should attach itself to those who in an insurrection abstained from taking part on one side or the other. It was a just and holy law, founded on the belief, then instinctive in the heart of Solon, but now comprehended and expressed in a thousand formulas, in the solidarity of humanity. It is so now more than ever. What! you are in the midst of an uprising,

not of a town, but of the whole human race; you have brute force on the one side, and right on the other; you march between prescription and martyrdom, between the scaffold and the altar; whole nations are struggling under oppression; generations are proscribed; men slaughter each other at your very doors; they die by hundreds, by thousands, fighting for or against an idea; this idea calls itself good or evil; and you, continuing the while to call yourselves men and Christians, would claim the right of remaining neutral? You cannot do so without moral degradation. Neutrality, that is to say, indifference between good and evil, the just and the unjust, liberty and oppression, is simply Atheism.

Let us, then, endeavour to distinguish all that there is of permanent from all that is merely accessory and transitory in the crisis; all that will remain, and which demands satisfaction, from that which is only a momentary ebullition, the dross or scum of metal in fusion. The question is now, how to bring forward the balance of half a century which has passed to the credit of the half century to come. We shall endeavour to do this as rapidly as possible; not as summarily, however, as their Excellencies the ambassadors of France, Austria, Russia, and of the thirty-five or thirty-six States of Germany.

Their Excellencies have very recently made a discovery which would remarkably simplify our solution if we could believe them upon their word. According to them, there are in London four or five persons who are the cause of all the disturbances of the Continent; they walk abroad, and all Europe is agitated; they associate themselves for an object, whatever it may be, and the whole of Europe associates itself with them. We have only to abandon the noblest privilege which we possess, that of exercising a free hospitality, and to drive them across the ocean, and Europe would sleep in peace under the bâton of Austria, the knout of Russia, the *cavalletto* of the Pope. Pity that Lord Granville should not have reached to the height of their Excellencies! Pity that for such a peace he should scruple to violate English law and English honour!

No; the agitation in Europe is not the work of a few individuals, of a few refugees, be they who they may; and there is something in this opinion sad and ridiculous at the same time: we say sad, because it evidently shows the inability of the "masters of the world" to comprehend and to abridge the crisis. Individuals are only powerful now so far as they are the exponents of the condition and the collective aspirations of

large bodies of men. For sixty years Europe has been convulsed by a series of political struggles which have assumed all aspects by turns, which have raised every conceivable flag, from that of pure despotism to that of anarchy, from the organization of the bourgeoisie in France and elsewhere as the dominant caste, to the *jacqueries* of the peasants of Gallicia. Thirty revolutions have taken place. Two or three royal dynasties have been engulfed in the abyss of popular fury. Nations have risen, like Greece, from the tombs where they had been for ages buried; others, like Poland, have been erased from the map. Forgotten, almost unknown races, the Slavonian race, the Roumaine race, silent until now, have disinterred their traditional titles and demanded to be represented in the Congress of nations. Kings and Queens have gone to die in exile. The Austrian Empire, the China of Europe, has been on the brink of destruction. A Pope, drawn along by the popular current, has been obliged to bless a national insurrection, and then to fly under favour of disguise from the capital of the Christian World. Vienna has twice been covered with barricades. Rome has seen the republican banner float above the Vatican. Governments, attacked and overthrown, have ten, twenty times recovered strength, drawn closer their alliances, overrun the half of Europe with their armies, annihilated revolutions, effaced by the sword, the scaffold, prison and exile, entire generations of revolutionary spirits, and crushed, as they term it, the hydra of disorder and anarchy. The heads of the hydra have sprung up again fifty for one; the struggle has recommenced at the foot of the scaffold of those who initiated it; the idea has gained strength beneath the hammer on the anvil: we are now, three years after an European restoration, three months after the *triumph of order* in France, calculating upon and arming for new struggles; and we are told that all this is the work of a few individuals, transmitting from one to another, every ten years, the inheritance of a subversive idea! As well might the conquest of the world by Christianity be attributed to the underground labour of a secret society. Christian truth emerged from the catacombs, because the whole world was thirsting for it. The ancient unity was broken; a new one was necessary. Between these two unities chaos reigned, in which humanity cannot live. It reigns now, because, amidst the ruins of an unity in which there is no longer any faith, a new unity is being elaborated. If a few men have power with the multitudes, it is that these men embody this unity in them-

selves better than all others. But though you may destroy them to-day, others will replace them to-morrow.

Europe no longer possesses unity of faith, of mission, or of aim. Such unity is a necessity in the world. Here, then, is the secret of the crisis. It is the duty of every one to examine and analyze carefully and coolly the probable elements of this new unity. But those who persist in perpetuating, by violence, or by jesuitical compromise, the external observance of the old unity, only perpetuate the crisis, and render its issue more violent.

Europe—we might say the world, for Europe is the lever of the world—no longer believes in the sanctity of royal races; she may still accept them here and there as a guarantee of stability, as a defence against the encroachments of some other dangerous element; but she no longer believes in the *principle*, in any special virtue residing in them, in a divine right consecrating and protecting them. Wherever they reign despotically, she conspires against them; wherever liberty exists under their sway, in however small a degree, she supports them under a brevet of impotence. She has invented the political axiom, "Kings reign without governing;" wherever they govern and govern badly, she overthrows them. Europe no longer believes in aristocracy, the royalty of several; she no longer believes in the inevitable physical transmission, in the perpetual inheritance of virtue, intelligence, and honour: she believes in it no longer, either scientifically or practically. Wherever an aristocracy acts well—if that ever happens to be the case—she follows its lead, not as an aristocracy, but as a doer of good; wherever it drags itself along in the pride of its old traditions—idle, ignorant, and decayed—she rids herself of it; she destroys it, either by revolutions or by ridicule. The carnival on the Continent looks to the historical order of patricians for its masks. Europe no longer believes in the Papacy; she no longer believes that it possesses right, mission, or capacity for spiritual education or guidance; she no longer believes in the immediate revelation, in the direct transmission of the designs and laws of Providence, by virtue of an election, to any individual whatsoever; five years ago she was seized with enthusiasm for a Pope who seemed disposed to bless the progress of the human race, and to constitute himself the representative of the most advanced ideas of his age; she despised him as soon as he retraced his steps and recommenced the brutal career of his predecessors. Europe no longer believes in privilege, be it

what it may, except in that which no one can destroy, because it comes from God,—the privilege of genius and virtue; she desires wealth, but she despises or hates it in the persons of those who possess it, when it is not the price of labour, or when it arrogates to itself rights of political monopoly.

Now look at the organization of Europe—is it not altogether based upon privilege, by whatever name it may be known? How then can one wonder at the struggle which is engendered within it?

Let it, then, be openly declared by every honest man, that this struggle is sacred, sacred as liberty, sacred as the human soul. It is the struggle which has for its symbol, since the commencement of the historical world, the great type of Prometheus; which has for its altar, in the midst of the march of the human race, the cross of Jesus; which has for its apostles almost all the men of genius, the thousand pillars of humanity. This war-cry which rises from the ranks of the Proletaire is the cry of our fathers, the Hussites: *The cup for all, the cup for all!* It is the logical consequence of the doctrine common to us all, the unity of God, and, therefore, of the human race. It is an effort to realize the prayer of Christ: *Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven!* Yesterday we worshipped the priest, the lord, the soldier, the master; to-day we worship MAN, his liberty, his dignity, his immortality, his labour, his progressive tendency, all that constitutes him a creature made in the image of God,—not his colour, his birth, his fortune—all that is accidental and transitory in him. We believe that every man ought to be a temple of the living God; that the altar upon which he ought to sacrifice to God is the earth, his field of trial and of labour; that the incense of his sacrifice is the task accomplished by him; that his prayer is love, his power—love realized—Association. We believe no more in that narrow dualism which established an absurd antagonism between heaven and earth, between God and his creation. We believe that the earth is the stepping-stone to heaven; that it represents a line in the immense poem of the universe, a note in the everlasting harmony of the Divine idea; and that on the accordance of our works with this harmony must depend the elevation of our actual being and our hope of progress in that transformation of life which we call death. We believe in the sacredness of individual conscience, in the right of every man to the utmost self-development compatible with the equal right of his fellows; and hence we hold that whatever de-

nies or shackles liberty is impious, and ought to be overthrown, and as soon as possible destroyed. This it is which is at the bottom of the ever-recurring struggle in Europe; this it is which prevents either armies, or persecutions, or *coups d'etat* from conquering it, and which will insure final triumph.

Now, if around this idea which we have pointed out, fatal errors, vain or absurd desires, false and immoral systems, have been gathered, is it a reason for denying—not the errors, the immoderate desires, the systems, but—the idea itself? Is the religious idea an impious thing because heresies have been engrafted upon it? Shall we deny God because the Father of all has been transformed by the monk of the Inquisition into a universal tyrant? Shall the ravings of sceptical minds make us renounce the inviolable rights, or the power of human reason?

Such reactions take place only in weak and cowardly natures—for we do not address here men who choose their part through interested and selfish motives. We repeat that it is the duty of every honest and sincere man to study, with impartiality, the true causes of this prolonged crisis which embraces two-thirds of the populations of Europe, to range himself openly on the side of justice, to combat with the same energy enemies and false friends,—atheists and heretics, those who deny the right of progress, and those who falsify and exaggerate it. A faction must not be allowed to substitute itself for Humanity; but we must not, on the other hand, allow ourselves, through intolerance or fear, to *treat Humanity as a faction*.

We ask, is there one of our readers who can boldly say, "What you have just put forward as the final object of the European agitation is evil; we recoil from it"? No! Discussion may arise upon the means selected for its realization, upon the time, more or less near, of success; not upon the essence, upon the thing, upon the idea itself.

But around this holy aspiration towards the emancipation of oppressed classes and peoples, around this great social thought which ferments in all men's minds, there has arisen such an uproar of discordant and irritated voices, such a jumbling together of petty systems, of fragmentary conceptions, representing in reality nothing but individualities excited by vanity and morbid exaltation, that the aspiration, the primitive thought, has become obscure to our eyes. We have mistaken the glare of meteors for the true and steadfast light; we have forgotten what is principal in what is

accidental and accessory; we have turned from eternal Trust for the possible realities of a day.

To some the poniarding of Rossi has appeared to be the programme of the Italian revolution; while others believe that the French revolution and the abolition of all individual property are synonymous. These men forget one thing—the revolution itself; that of 1848, which confiscated nothing, which abolished no right; that of Rome in 1849, which slaughtered none but the foreign soldiers upon its walls. In what we have just indicated there is much more than a simple, an accidental contrast—there is the indication of a constant fact, of which those who seek in good faith to appreciate the crisis should never lose sight; the radical and habitual difference between the language of parties and their acts, between the excited exaggerated ebullitions of intelligence seeking conquest and brutality repulsed by force, and its practice, its point of view when it descends into the arena of action. Proudhon in power would not organize anarchy. There is hardly an intelligent communist who, on the morrow of a revolution, would take for his programme the ideal which he had preached before; there is not one of the preachers of systematic terrorism who, invested with power, would not recoil from the application of the rules which he had promulgated in defeat. This is in the nature of all things. Besides the change which takes place in the same men in different positions, besides the difference between the unrestrained impulses of the writer or the propagandist orator, and the course, regulated by all external circumstances, of the legislator or the representative, there is the fact, that the work of preparation falls mostly into the hands of factions, whilst the practical solution of the crisis belongs to the mass, to the majority of the country. Now, the mass, the majority, never desires the impossible. It feels that it is called upon to continue, not to create Humanity. It takes tradition as its starting point; it advances, but does not break the chain; it is bound by too many habits and affections to the past. If you had fifty revolutions in Europe, not one would essay to establish communism or terror as a system. Those whom the reading of a pamphlet or an article of a paper inspires with alarm for property or for any other historical element of society, are the *enfants niais*, as the writers themselves are the *enfants terribles*, of our times.

This view is confirmed by facts. The republicans organized, under the reign of Louis Philippe, in the Society of the *Rights*

of Man, affectedly designated their different sections by the names of Robespierre and Marat. The republicans in 1848 commenced by abolishing capital punishment for political offences; property was respected; and all the acts of the triumphant party were characterized by moderation. The Italian revolutions followed the same course. The powers which issued from insurrection in Hungary, at Vienna, throughout Europe, may have committed errors; they never sullied their career with spoliation or with blood.

But besides this puerile fear, which shuts its eyes to the approaching dawn, because of the fearful phantoms which the night evokes, there exists a general prejudice, alluded to some pages back, which radically vitiates the judgments brought to bear upon the European crisis. That error consists in this, that in seeking an insight into the issue of the crisis, and the tendencies which will govern its latest stage, attention is directed exclusively to France. Some seventy years ago, we used to judge all republican ideas by our historical recollections of Sparta and Athens; now we judge all that is called liberty, equality, association, by the meaning given, or thought to be given, to these words in France. From continually fixing our eyes upon Paris, we are no longer capable of seeing or comprehending the rest of Europe—of Europe gifted with an individual life, with an individual organism, of which Paris is only one amongst many centres of activity.

This arises from an idea which we believe to be false, and which, consciously or unconsciously, prevails everywhere; namely, that in France is the initiative of the continental European movement.

In reality this initiative no longer exists. A powerful influence is naturally and inevitably exercised by a nation of thirty-five millions of men, placed in a central position, endowed with warlike habits, compact, centralized, the most decidedly One amongst European nations. But the initiative of ideas, the moral and intellectual initiative—that which adds a new element to the powers of civilization, or changes the general point of view of the labours of Humanity—the initiative exercised by the discovery of the New World, by the invention of the Press, by that of gunpowder, or by the application of steam—the political initiative which leads to a social transformation, to the emancipation of an enslaved class, to the study of a form of new organization—has never been appropriated by any single nation,—by France less than by any other. Like the flaming torches, the *lampada vita*,

which were passed from hand to hand, in the sacerdotal ceremonies of ancient Rome, it has passed from one nation to another, consecrating them all missionaries and prophets of Humanity. Were they not all destined hereafter to become brothers, fellow-labourers, equals, each according to his especial capabilities, in the great common workshop of Humanity, towards a common end,—collective perfectionment, the discovery and progressive application of the law of life? It has caused the idea of the divine Omnipotence to spring from the old eastern world; human individuality from the pagan Greco-Roman world, and more lately from the forests of old Germany; the equality of souls from the doctrine preached at Jerusalem; the democratic constitution of the City from the Tuscan and Lombard republics; commercial association from Bremen and the Hanseatic Towns; the colonizing idea from England; the sacredness of human conscience from Germany; the pre-consciousness of the unity of Europe, and of the world, twice from Rome; Art from Greece and Italy; Philosophy from all. If there is anything in this sunlike movement of the human mind which characterises France, it is not the *initiative*, it is rather the *popularization* of ideas. French intelligence creates little; it assimilates much. It is essentially constructive; the raw material comes to it from elsewhere. Supple, pliant, active, full of self confidence, instinctively monopolizing, and aided by a language clear, facile, fitted for all conversational requisites, the French mind seizes upon ideas already put forth, but too often neglected elsewhere; it fashions, ornaments, appropriates them, and throws them into circulation; often facilitating that circulation by breaking up the idea, by dividing it into fragments, as we multiply our small coinage for the benefit of the greater number. Its life, its utility, is there; and it answers to this special function, which would seem to have been assigned to it, with an *aplomb de maître* and a confidence which insures success.

*Il prend son bien où il le trouve*; it refashions it, deals with it as it only knows how, and so well that other nations often receive from it in exchange that which they themselves had originated. It is not the less true, however, that the power of initiation, of spontaneous creation, which gives a new impulse to the mind when it seems exhausted, is not, exceptions apart, the innate faculty of the French nation. She called herself, in the first period of her history, *the arm of the Church*; she has often been since *the tongue* of the thought of others. Without her,

perhaps, this thought would have long remained silent and sterile.

It is from the great Revolution of 1789 that we may date this prejudice in favour of France, whom the Peace of Utrecht had robbed of all preponderance. The bold defiance which she then threw, in the name of a great human truth, to the powers that were, the gigantic efforts by which she maintained it against the coalesced governments of old Europe, followed by the military glories of the Empire, are still working on the imagination of Europe. We all worship the echo, a little also the fact of power; and the remembrance of the great battles which led the French eagle from Paris to Rome, from the Escorial to the Kremlin, fascinates us as the image of a power which cannot die. The French Revolution has been regarded by all, historians and readers, as an European programme, as the commencement of an era; and as a consequence of this conception we see a series of secondary initiatives assigned to the people who gave the first. Every idea originating in France appears to us fatally destined to make the tour of Europe.

This conception is, in our opinion, erroneous. What we say is grave indeed; for it would tend to change entirely the point of view of all appreciations of the events of this century. Differing in this respect from all writers on the Revolution, it would be necessary for us to develop our ideas at greater length than our present space permits. We could not, however, in writing upon present European tendencies, avoid expressing a conviction which would completely modify, supposing it to be sound, our judgment upon these tendencies and their future. We must ask our readers to supply this deficiency by a fresh study of that revolutionary period, in the hope that we may find an opportunity, perhaps in examining the recent histories of the French Revolution, to bring forward our proofs.

The great French Revolution was not, philosophically speaking, a *programme*; it was a *résumé*. It did not initiate, it closed an epoch. It did not come to cast a new idea upon the world, to discover the *unknown quantity* of the problem of a new era; it came to place upon a practical ground, in the sphere of the political organization of society, a formula comprehending all the conquests of twenty-four centuries, all the great ideas morally elaborated by two historical worlds, the Pagan and the Christian world, of which, if we may allow ourselves the expression, it has brought down the balance. It took from the Pagan world its declaration of liberty, of the sovereign *moi*; from the Christian world its declaration of equality, that is to say, of

liberty for all, the logical consequence of the unity of nature in the human race; hence also is derived its motto of fraternity, the consequence of the Christian formula, *all men are the sons of God*; and it proclaimed—and herein consists its merit towards Europe—that all this ought to be realized here below. Further than this it did not go. As in every great summing up of the progress of the past, we can find the germ of that of the future, the Revolution was marked by many aspirations towards the idea of association, of a common aim, of a collective solidarity, of a religious transformation,—which idea dominates the present time; but in its official acts, in the *ensemble* of its march, in its most characteristic manifestations, it has never gone beyond the circle of progress already accomplished, the emancipation of *individuality*. This is why, after having embodied its idea in a Declaration of the *Rights* of man, of the individual, it was capable of ending with a man—with Napoleon. *Right*, that is to say, the individual asserting himself, was its life, its soul, its strength. *Duty*, that is to say, the individual submitting himself to the idea of a collective aim to be attained, has never been its directing thought; it was but the obligation, the necessity of fighting for the conquest of the rights of each; it made, so to speak, duty subservient to rights. It never rose in action to the height of putting forward a Declaration of Principles. Its definition of Life has always been, whatever efforts may have been made to pass beyond it, the materialist definition—the *right to physical well-being*. It is so even now. And, nevertheless, Europe is now agitated and unconsciously led by that other eminently religious definition—*life is a mission*, a series of duties, of sacrifices to be accomplished for others, in view of an ulterior moral progress.

France has, by its Revolution, borne witness in the civil world to the truths taught in the kingdom of souls by Christianity. She also has said, Behold the man: *Ecce homo*. She has laid down the principle of human individuality in the plenitude of its liberty in the face of her enemies, and she has overthrown them all. She has done, politically, the work of Luther; here is her glory and her strength. But she has not given the Word of the future, the aim of the individual upon earth; she has not indicated the work to be accomplished, of which liberty is only a necessary premise—the new definition of Life which is to be the starting point of an epoch. Her great formula, which the imitative mind of democracy has rendered European, *liberty, equality, fraternity*, is only a historical formula, indicating the stages of progress already attained by the human

mind. Now, every philosophical and social formula ought to contain, if it pretends to give a new initiative to the nations, an indication of the Law to be followed and of its necessary interpreter. The formula which the Italian Revolution inscribed upon the republican banner at Rome and Venice, *GOD AND THE PEOPLE*, is more advanced and more complete than that of the French republicans.

Since 1815, there has been a great want in Europe—the *initiative* has disappeared; it belongs to no country at the present time, to France less than to any other. Europe is in search of it; no one knows yet by which people it will be seized.

We must not, then—and this is the practical result which we are desirous of reaching—judge of the agitation, the aspirations, the tendencies of Europe, by France. France does not lead; she is only a member of the European commonwealth, simply one link in the chain.

There are in Europe two great questions; or, rather, the question of the transformation of authority, that is to say, of the Revolution, has assumed two forms; the question which all have agreed to call social, and the question of nationalities. The first is more exclusively agitated in France, the second in the midst of the other peoples of Europe. We say, *which all have agreed to call social*, because, generally speaking, every great revolution is social, in this, that it cannot be accomplished either in the religious, political, or any other sphere, without affecting social relations, the sources and the distribution of wealth. But that which is only a secondary consequence in political revolutions, is now the cause and the banner of the movement in France. The question there is now, above all, to establish better relations between labour and capital, between production and consumption, between the workman and his employer.

It is probable that the European initiative, that which will give a new impulse to intelligence and to events, will spring from the question of nationalities. The social question can, in effect, although with difficulty, be partly resolved by a single people; it is an internal question for each, and the French Republicans of 1848 so understood it, when, determinately abandoning the European initiative, they placed Lamartine's manifesto by the side of their aspirations towards the organization of labour. The question of nationality can only be resolved by destroying the treaties of 1815, and changing the map of Europe and its public Law. The question of *Nationalities*, rightly understood, is the Alliance of the Peoples, the balance of

powers based upon new foundations, the organization of the work that Europe has to accomplish.

We should be wrong, however, to separate the two questions; they are indissolubly connected. The men who plead the cause of the Nationalities well know that revolutions, necessarily supporting themselves on the masses, ought to satisfy their legitimate wants; they know that a revolution is sacred whenever it has for its object the progress of the millions, but that it is an unpardonable crime when it has only for its object the interest of a minority, of a caste, or of a monopoly; they know that the problem now to be resolved is, the association of all the faculties, of all the forces of humanity towards a common end, and that no movement can at the present time be simply political.

By dividing into fractions that which is in reality but one thing, by separating the social from the political question, a numerous section of French socialists has powerfully contributed to bring about the present shameful position of affairs in France. The great social idea now prevailing in Europe may be thus defined: the abolition of the proletariat; the emancipation of producers from the tyranny of capital concentrated in a small number of hands; re-division of productions, or of the value arising from productions, in proportion to the work performed; the moral and intellectual education of the operative; voluntary association between workmen gradually and peacefully, as much as possible, for individual labour paid at the will of the capitalist. This sums up all the reasonable aspirations of the present time. It is not a question of destroying, abolishing, or violently transferring property from one class to another; it is a question of extending the circle of consumers, of consequently augmenting production, of giving a larger share to producers, of opening a wide road to the operative for the acquisition of wealth and property, in short, of putting capital and the instruments of labour within reach of every man offering a guarantee of good will, capacity, and morality. These ideas are just; and they are destined eventually to triumph; historically, the time is ripe for their realization. To the emancipation of the *slave* has succeeded that of the *serf*; that of the *serf* must be followed by that of the *workman*. In the course of human progress the patriciate has undermined the despotic privilege of royalty; the bourgeoisie, the financial aristocracy, has undermined the privileges of birth; and now the people, the workers, will undermine the privilege of the proprietary and moneyed bourgeoisie; until society, founded upon labour, shall recognise no other pri-

vilage than that of virtuous intelligence, presiding, by the choice of the people enlightened by education, over the whole development of its faculties and its social capabilities.

These ideas, we repeat, are not exclusively French; they are European. They are the result of the philosophy of history, of which the seeds sown by the Italian Vico have been cultivated more particularly by the German philosophers. From the moment that the human race was regarded not only as an assemblage of individuals placed in juxtaposition, but as a collective whole, living a providentially progressive life, and realizing an educational plan which constitutes its law, the series of terms composing the civilizing progression of which we spoke a little while ago, ought to suffice, by showing the conquests of the past, to point out the necessary progress of the future. The belief in the unity of the human race, and in progress, considered not as an accidental fact, but as *law*, would naturally beget modern democracy; belief in the collective life of society would lead to the idea of association, which which colours all the efforts of modern reforms. The failure of ten revolutions lost by the bourgeoisie did the rest. It was shown that nothing now succeeds if not supported by the masses; and this support is only to be obtained by working evidently for them, by giving them an interest in the triumph of the revolutionary idea. Upon the practical ground, the existence of standing armies sold body and soul to absolutism has materially assisted in enlarging political programmes, and in impressing them with a popular and social tendency. It was necessary to find a power to oppose to this mute and blind force, which crushed ideas under the heavy step of battalions in rank and file; where could it be found if not in the people? The men of the party of progress addressed themselves to it, some through faith, others through policy, through necessity; all learned to know it, to feel for what it was ripe, by seeing it in action. Action is the thought of the people, as thought is the action of the individual. It was a sudden revelation confirming all the presentiments of science, all the aspirations of faith. Justice and duty call upon us to proclaim aloud that upon the barricades as in their passive resistance, after the victory as during the struggle, wherever they were not momentarily led astray by ambitious or mistaken men, the people acted bravely and nobly. The blouse of the workman revealed treasures of devotion, of generosity, of patience, suspected by none. At Paris, at Milan, at Rome, at Venice, in Sicily, in Hungary, at Vienna, in Poland, everywhere, the populations gave the lie, by their conduct, to the

terrors excited by what was called the unchained lion. There was neither massacre, pillage, nor anarchy. Before the signs of a great idea, at the words *Country, Liberty, Independence*, the cry of misery itself was silent. Sublime words were spoken, as by the Paris workmen, when they said, "we can suffer four months of hunger for the republic;" there were sublime acts, as the pardon granted by the people of Milan to Bolza, the man who had been their persecutor for twenty-five years, "because to pardon was a sacred thing." The women of the *Transtevere* at Rome, lodged by the Government, at the time of the bombardment, in the palaces of the exiled nobles, upon the simple promise, in the name of "God and the people," that they would commit neither theft nor injury, kept their word religiously. The people of Berlin took no other revenge for the four hundred and twenty-one victims who had fallen under the troops, on the 18th of March, 1848, than that of burning, without taking a single article, the furniture of two traitors, Preuss and Wernicke. Men who had never been included in the ranks of democracy, as Lamartine and Victor Hugo, were converted by the combatants of Paris. Even Pope Pius the Ninth was himself, for a moment, fascinated.

Principles and facts, theory and practice, thus united to prove to men who believe in progress and are willing to act for it, that the object of their efforts ought to be, and can be without difficulty at the present time, the people in its totality, irrespective of propertied or privileged classes. And as it is impossible to dream of the moral and intellectual progress of the people, without providing for its physical amelioration—as it is absurd to say, "*instruct yourself*," to a man who is working for his daily bread from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, or to tell him to *love* who sees nothing around him but the cold calculations of the speculator and the tyranny of the capitalist legislator, the social question was found inevitably grafted upon the question of political progress. Henceforward they cannot be separated but by destroying both.

But in Italy, in Hungary, in the states composing the empire of Austria, in Poland, in Germany, the social question presents nothing of a threatening, subversive, or anarchical nature. There is no hostile, profoundly reactionary sentiment between class and class, no exaggerated abnormal development of concentrated industry, no agglomerated misery rendering urgent the instant application of the remedy, no reckless putting forth of systems and solutions. Communism has made proselytes amongst the workmen of Germany; but this ebullition, produced by a

thoughtless reaction against the weakness of the revolutionary direction in 1848, is not of serious moment; with the exception of Marx, who was desirous of being the chief of a school at any price, there is not a single man of any intelligence who has given in to the notion that Communism can be established by enactment. Generally, the men who are destined to have an influence upon events believe that association must be voluntary; that it is the duty of Government to encourage, but not to impose it. The chief exceptions are found in France. Here, the question which with the other peoples is secondary, and rather the *means* than the *end*, has acquired a preponderating importance and peculiar characteristics. The special condition of interests, the existence of large manufacturing centres, the shamelessness with which the bourgeoisie has confiscated to its own advantage two revolutions made by the people, the absence of the question of national unity,—so absorbing for the other nations, and already irrevocably conquered in France,—the enthusiasm, to a certain extent factitious and transient, with which the French mind seizes upon every novelty, have all contributed in that country to give to the ideas which we have laid down a character of exclusiveness and exaggeration which they are unlikely to assume elsewhere.

French *Socialism* has forcibly stirred men's minds; it has raised up a number of problems of detail of which there was no suspicion before, and of which the solution will have a certain importance in the future; it has—and this is a positive benefit—excited a searching European inquiry into the condition of the working classes; it has uncovered the hidden sores of the system founded upon the spirit of caste and monopoly; it has incited the bourgeoisie to a reaction so ferocious and absurd, that its condemnation, as a governing caste, is consequently assured at no distant period. But it has falsified and endangered the great social European idea, raised up innumerable obstacles to its progress, and created against it furious enemies, where it ought naturally to have found friends—in the small bourgeoisie; it has kept numbers of intelligent men from entertaining the urgent question of liberty; it has divided, broken up into factions, the camp of democracy, for the union of which an ample field of conquests, already morally won, was assured. The French Socialists deny this; but for every impartial mind the state into which France has fallen must be an argument which admits of no reply.

France is still profoundly materialist, not in the aspirations of her people whenever they are collectively manifested, but in the majority

of her intellectual men, her writers, her statesmen, her political agitators. She is so almost in spite of herself, often even without knowing it, and believing herself to be the contrary. She talks of God without feeling Him, of Jesus while dressing him up in the robe of Bentham, of immortality while confining it to the earth, of European solidarity while making Paris the brain of the world. The philosophy of the eighteenth century still possesses her. She has changed her phraseology, but the thing, the parent-idea, remains. She is still commenting, under one disguise or another, on the dogma of *physical well-being*, the law of *happiness*, which the catechism of Volney drew from Bentham.

Analysis has almost destroyed in France the conception of life. The faculty of synthetic intuition, which alone gives us the power of embracing it in its unity and comprehending its law, has disappeared with the religious sentiment, giving place to a habit of dividing into fractions an intellectual question, and of fastening by turns upon one only of its manifestations, thus taking a part for the whole. Mind has become again in some sort polytheistical. Every man is a formula, every formula a fragment of the civilizing synthesis. You have mystics, materialists, eclectics; not a single philosopher. You meet with Fourierists, Communists, Proudhonians; very few French republicans, making the republic a symbol of all progressive development. French intelligence attaches itself exclusively to one face of the moral polyhedron. Each secondary end becomes for it the great end to be attained; each remedy for a malady an universal panacea. The school of St. Simon recognised in history only *critical* and *organic* epochs; it defamed the one and admired the other, forgetting that every epoch is *critical* in relation to the preceding one, *organic* in relation to itself or to the future. Other schools establish a perpetual antagonism between religion and philosophy, without ever suspecting that philosophy accepts the fall of one belief only on condition of preparing the way to a new one, and that, generally, the substantial difference between religion and philosophy is this, that the latter is—when scepticism is not taken for philosophy—the religion of the individual, whilst the former is the philosophy of the many, of collective humanity. This tendency to cut up into fragments that which ought to harmonize as a whole, is the radical vice of French *Socialism*. It has torn up the banner of the future, and each school, seizing upon one of the fragments, declares it to be the whole. Each word of the device, *liberty, equality, fraternity*, serves, separate from the other two, as the programme for a school. Each of the two great

unalterable facts, the individual and society, is the soul of a sect, to the exclusion of the other. The individual, that is to say, liberty, is destroyed in the Utopia of St. Simon, in the communism of Babeuf, and in that of his successors, by whatever name they call themselves. The social aim disappeared in Fourierism; it is openly denied by Proudhon. It would seem that it is not given to the French to understand that the *individual* and *society* are equally sacred and indestructible, and that it is the manner of reuniting and harmonizing these two things which is the aim of all the efforts of the present time.

Life is one: the individual and society are its two necessary manifestations; life considered singly and life in relation to others. Flames from a common altar, they approach each other in rising, until they unite together in God. The individual and society are sacred, not only because they are two great *facts*, which cannot be abolished, and which, consequently, we must endeavour to conciliate, but because they represent the only two *criteria* which we possess for reaching our object, the truth, namely, *conscience* and *tradition*. The manifestation of truth being progressive, these two instruments for its discovery ought to be continually transformed and perfected; but we cannot suppress them without condemning ourselves to eternal darkness; we cannot suppress or subalternize one, without irreparably mutilating our power. Individuality, that is to say, conscience, applied alone leads to anarchy; society, that is to say, tradition, if it be not constantly interpreted, and impelled upon the route of the future by the intuition of conscience, begets despotism and immobility. Truth is found at their point of intersection. It is forbidden, then, to the individual to emancipate himself from the social object which constitutes his task here below, and to society to crush or tyrannize over the individual; and, nevertheless, if we examine the basis of the French *socialist* systems, we shall find nearly all of them defective in one or other of these respects.

This system of dismembering that which is essentially one has produced its effect in the actual state of things. French democracy has separated itself into two camps, that of politics and that of socialism. The occupants of the first call themselves men of revolutionary tradition, the others, prophets, or apostles of social reform. This has produced an absurd antagonism between the men who said, *Let the nation be free, she shall then judge between us all*; and the men who, shutting themselves up in a vicious circle, said, *The nation cannot be free, unless*

she adopt our system—the vanity of the Utopist substituting itself for the collective thought. Some sects have advocated indifference to the questions of organization of power, pretending that the social transformation could take place under any form of government. Other fractions of the party have replied by reacting violently against every socialist idea; by refusing the co-operation of all those who declared themselves believers in any given system; and by exaggerating to themselves the danger of some exclusive views, destined to disappear submerged in the first storm of the popular ocean. Others, again, fearing the exactions of the working classes led astray by the doctrines of the Utopists, have desired to avoid the danger at any price, and have preached to the people during three years, as their best policy, peace, abstention from every manifestation, that of the electoral urn excepted. The bourgeoisie, systematically threatened, pointed out, as a hostile power, to the indignation of the working classes, fell back towards the *status quo*, fortifying itself in the sphere of government; the people reacted against it by organizing itself for insurrection. Anarchy entered the ranks. A man, gifted with a disastrous and terrible logic applied to a false principle, and powerful upon weak minds by his incredible audacity and by a clear and cutting rhetoric, came to throw the light of his torch upon this anarchy, and took it for his motto, with a laugh. Proudhon, an anti-socialist, summed up in himself, all the phases of socialism. He refuted one system by another; he killed off the chief of one sect by another; he contradicted himself ten times over. He enthroned Irony as queen of the world, and proclaimed the Void. It is in this void that Louis Napoleon has entered.

We have said that the first cause of this anarchical disorder of French socialism is the materialism which still governs the mind of the country. This is so true, that the worship of material interests has become its watchword. We know the exceptions, and we honour them, but they do not destroy the general fact. The great and noble question of the perfectibility of collective humanity, and the emancipation of the classes who are excluded from educational progress by the desperate struggle which they are obliged to maintain for the means of material existence, has been narrowed by the majority of French socialists to the proportions of a problem of industrial organization. That which ought only to be the indispensable means, has become in their hands the final object. They found man mistrustful, hostile, egotistical, and they

thought to soften and improve him by an increase of wealth. Doubtless they have not denied the religion of the soul, but they have neglected it; and in fixing, almost exclusively, the attention of the masses upon their material interests, they have assisted in corrupting them; they have, instead of destroying its source, enlarged the foundation of egotism in extending it from the bourgeoisie to the people. St. Simonianism, that is to say, the school which felt so strongly from the first the unity of humanity, that it had made its programme a religious one, finished by the worship of happiness, by what it termed the *rehabilitation of the flesh*, by the identification of the peaceful epoch of the future with the industrial one. Its disciples are to be found, nearly all of them, at the present time in the ranks of the existing power, whatever it may be. Fourier, still bolder, denied morality, and gave *pleasure* as the watchword of progress, legitimized all human passions, and materialized the soul by a degrading theory of enjoyment. Communism gave, as its foundation for society, men's wants; it was ever speaking of the right to happiness; it made the abolition of individual property the secret of the regeneration of the world. Proudhon, hastening to abandon the destructive character and to produce something organic, placed at the summit of the social pyramid, in the place of God, a bank of gratuitous credit. The worship of material interests spread from the chiefs to their subalterns, to the commonalty of the party, exaggerated, intolerant, vindictive, and exclusive. They continued, in the name of the red republic, the dissolving, corrupting task of Louis Philippe. They spoke of money, when they ought to have stirred up souls in the name of the honour of France; of property to be acquired, when they ought to have spoken of duty; of hatred to the bourgeoisie, whilst military dictatorship was at their doors. They now gather the bitter fruits of their error; some of them even avow it; others are only prevented from so doing by an inexcusable vanity.

Man is not changed by whitewashing or gilding his habitation; a people cannot be regenerated by teaching them the worship of enjoyment; they are not led to sacrifice by speaking to them of material rewards. It is the soul which creates to itself a body, the idea which makes for itself a habitation. The Utopist may see afar from the lofty hill the distant land which will give to society a more virgin soil, a purer air; he ought to point it out with a gesture and a word to his brothers; but he cannot take humanity in

his arms, and carry it there with a single bound; even if this were in his power, humanity would not therefore have progressed.

Progress is the consciousness of progress. Man must attain it step by step, by the sweat of his brow. The transformation of the medium in which he lives only takes place in proportion as he merits it; and he can only merit it by struggle, by devoting himself and purifying himself, by good works and holy sorrow. He must not be taught to enjoy, but rather to suffer for others, to combat for the salvation of the world. It must not be said to him, *Enjoy, life is the right to happiness*; but, rather, *Work; life is a duty, do good without thinking of the consequences to yourself*. He must not be taught, to each according to his wants, or to each according to his passions, but rather, to each according to his love. To invent formulas and organizations, and to neglect the internal man, is to desire to substitute the frame for the picture. Say to men, *Come, suffer; you will hunger and thirst; you will, perhaps, be deceived, betrayed, cursed; but you have a great duty to accomplish*: they will be deaf, perhaps, for a long time, to the severe voice of virtue; but the day that they come to you, they will come as heroes, and will be invincible. Say to them, *Arise, come and enjoy; the banquet of life awaits you; overthrow those who would prevent you from entering*: you would make egotists who would desert you at the first musket-shot, such as those who, the day after having cried *Vive la Republique*, vote for Louis Napoleon, if he but makes them tremble, or if he promises them to mingle a few grains of socialism with his despotism.

It is the instinctive belief in these things which renders the cause of the nationalities powerful and sacred. It is by this worship of the idea, of the true, of the morally just, that, in our opinion, the initiative of European progress belongs to them.

It was not for a material interest that the people of Vienna fought in 1848; in weakening the empire it could only lose power. It was not for an increase of wealth that the people of Lombardy fought in the same year; the Austrian Government had endeavoured in the year preceding to excite the peasants against the landed proprietors, as they had done in Galicia; but everywhere they had failed. They struggled, they still struggle, as do Poland, Germany, and Hungary, for country and liberty, for a word inscribed upon a banner, proclaiming to the world that they also live, think, love, and labour for the benefit of all. They speak the same language, they bear about them the impress of consanguinity, they kneel beside the same tombs, they glory in the same tradition, and they

demand to associate freely, without obstacles, without foreign domination, in order to elaborate and express their idea, to contribute their stone also to the great pyramid of history. It is something moral which they are seeking; and this moral something is at the bottom, even politically speaking, the most important question in the present state of things. It is the organization of the European task. It is no longer the savage, hostile, quarrelsome nationality of two hundred years ago which is invoked by these people. The nationality which Ancillon founded upon the following principle—*whichever people, by its superiority of strength, and by its geographical position, can do us an injury, is our natural enemy; whichever cannot do us an injury, but can by the amount of its force and by its position injure our enemy, is our natural ally*,—is the princely nationality of aristocracies or royal races. The nationality of the peoples has not these dangers; it can only spring from common effort and a common movement; sympathy and alliance ought to be its consequence. In principle, as in the ideas formally laid down by the men influencing every national party, nationality ought only to be to humanity that which the division of labour is in a workshop, the recognised symbol of association, the assertion of the individuality of a human group called by its geographical position, its traditions, and its language, to fulfil a special function in the European work of civilization.

The map of Europe has to be re-made. This is the key to the present movement; here lies the initiative. Before acting, the instrument of action must be organized; before building, the ground must be one's own. The social idea cannot be realized under any form whatsoever before this reorganization of Europe is effected, before the peoples are free to interrogate themselves, to express their vocation, and to assure its accomplishment by an alliance capable of substituting itself for the absolutist league which now reigns supreme.

Take the map of Europe. Study it synthetically in its geographical structure, in the great indications furnished by the lines of mountains and rivers, in the symmetrical arrangement of its parts. Compare the provisions of the future which this examination suggests, with the existing collocation of the principal races and idioms. Open the page of history, and seek for the signs of vitality, for the different populations, resulting from the *ensemble* of their traditions; listen, in short, to the cry which rises from the consciousness of these populations through their struggles and their martyrs. Then observe the official governmental map, such as has

been sanctioned by the treaties of 1815. In the contrast between these two you will find the definitive answer to the terrors and complaints of diplomatists. Here is the secret of the *conspiracy* which they are endeavouring to destroy, and which will destroy them. Here also is the secret of the future world.

It is in these thirteen or fourteen groups, now dismembered into fifty divisions, almost all weak and powerless before five of them possessing an irresistibly preponderating force. It is in this Germany, now divided into thirty-five or thirty-six States, a prey alternately to the ambition of Prussia and Austria, and which knows no other divisions than those of pure Teutonic nationality in the south and of Saxony in the north, united on the line of the Maine. It is in this immense race, whose outposts extend as far as central Germany in Moravia, which has not yet uttered its national cry to Europe, and which aspires to say it—in heroic Poland, whom we have so much admired only to forget her at the moment of her downfall—in the Slavonia of the south, extending its branches along the Danube, and destined to rally itself in a vast confederation, probably under the initiative of Hungary—in the Roumaine race, an Italian colony planted by Trajan in the lower basin of the Danube, which would appear to be called upon to serve as a bridge of communication between the Slavonian and the Greco-Latin races. It is in Greece, which has not risen from the tomb where it lay buried for ages to become a petty German viceroyalty, but to become, by extending itself to Constantinople, a powerful barrier against the European encroachments of Russia. It is in Spain and Portugal, destined sooner or later to be united as an Iberian peninsula. It is in the ancient land of Odin, Scandinavia, of which Sweden must some day complete the unity. It is above all in Italy, a predestined nation, which cannot resolve the question of its independence without overthrowing the empire and the papacy at the same time, and raising above the Capitol and the Vatican the banner of the inviolability of the human soul for the whole world.

We have not space for all that we would fain say upon this subject of the nationalities, of which the importance is as yet unrecognised in England. We would willingly trace the first lines of the study which we have pointed out; we would willingly apply the deductions arising from it to each of the countries which we have just named, and plunge into the details of the movement which has, since a certain number of years, acquired a practical value. This we cannot now do. But we affirm with profound con-

viction, that this movement only just initiated for some of the groups, already far advanced for the others, has attained for Italy, for Hungary, for Vienna, for a great part of Germany, and for some of the Slavonian populations, a degree of importance, which must, at no distant period, produce decisive results. It is probable that the initiative of these events will spring from Italy; it is already ripe; but let it come from where it may, it will be followed. An isolated national revolution is no longer possible. The first war-cry which arises will carry with it a whole zone of Europe, and through it Europe herself. It will be the epopee of which 1848 has been the prologue.

In the face of this crisis, which every day brings nearer to us, what is England doing and what ought she to do?

What she is doing is this. She lives from day to day banded about between a policy pretending to renew the alliance of the smaller against the menaces of the larger States, supporting itself upon a *moderate* party destitute of intelligence, energy, or strength—a policy which has no meaning when the question is between to be and not to be; and another policy which shamelessly says to the country, *We will play the spy for the sake of the established Governments.* The first timidly hesitates between that which is and that which will be; it caresses Prussia, condemned to impotence between terror of Austria and of German democracy; it seeks an ally against Austria in the Piedmontese monarchy, twice crushed at Milan and at Novarra, and which would inevitably be so a third time if it ever dared to defy again its enemy; it urges the established Governments to concessions; it recoils from their logical consequences; it irritates despotism without weakening it; it raises the hopes of the populations without realizing it; it must meet hatred from some, incredulity from others. The second openly retraces its steps towards absolutism. Both have brought England to the abdication of herself in the affairs of Europe; they are bringing her sooner or later to absolute isolation. Self-abdication and isolation: is that a life worthy of England? Are nations no longer allied, as individuals are, by duty? Ought they not to do good and to combat evil? Are they not members of the great human family? Do they not live the life of all? Ought they not to communicate something of their life to all? Can they remain strangers to the common task of leading mankind towards perfection, the realization of the educational plan assigned to humanity? And have we the right of uttering the name of religion, when crime is committed at our

very doors which we could prevent, and when we cross our arms in indifference? In 1831, we proclaimed the duty of non-intervention as the basis of European international relations. It was an irreligious and negative principle; we ought to intervene for good; we ought not to be able to intervene for evil. And yet this principle, coming between the two opposing elements, might be intelligible as a means of arriving at the true condition of the peoples and their capacity of realizing the progress which they invoke. How has it been maintained? Wherever nations have risen to organize themselves in a manner more suitable to their present belief and interest, Prussian, Austrian, or French despotism has employed its brute force upon each isolated people; England has not even protested upon the tombs of Rome and Hungary. The menace of the foreigner weighs upon the smaller States; the last sparks of European liberty are extinguished under the dictatorial veto of the retrograde powers. England—the country of Elizabeth and Cromwell—has not a word to say in favour of the principle to which she owes her existence.

If England persist in maintaining this neutral, passive, selfish part, she must expiate it. European transformation is inevitable; when it shall take place, when the struggle shall burst forth at twenty places at once, when the old combat between fact and right is decided, the people will remember that England has stood by an inert, immovable, sceptical witness of their sufferings and efforts. Ancient alliances being broken, the old State having disappeared, where will be the new ones for England? New Europe will say to her, *Live thy own life.* This life will be more and more restricted by the gradual inevitable emancipation of her colonies. England will find herself some day a third-rate power, and to this she is being brought by a want of foresight in her statesmen.

The nation must rouse herself, and shake off the torpor of her Government. She must feel that we have arrived at one of those supreme moments, in which one world is destroyed and another is to be created; in which, for the sake of others and for her own, it is necessary to adopt a new policy. This policy is that of the nationalities, that which will protect openly and boldly their free development; it is a great and a useful policy.

There is evidently an attempt at universal restoration in Europe. From Vienna it has passed to Rome; from Rome to Paris. Where will it stop? It is now hanging over Switzerland, Piedmont, and Belgium; it

tends to suppress liberty, the press, the right of asylum. When that shall be accomplished, when England shall be the only European land upon which liberty, the press, the right of asylum, shall exist, do you think that an effort will not be made to destroy them there? No army, perhaps, will succeed in landing upon her soil: but is it by invasion only that a country is destroyed? The Holy Alliance renewed, has it not ports to close, obstructions to oppose to travellers? Can it not forbid the introduction of our press, spread papal corruption, sow divisions between class and class, excite revolts in our colonies? We arm, we authorize rifle-clubs, we speak of militia; we are then in fear; and yet we repulse the most efficient means of safety that Europe offers us; we leave the people who would be our nearest allies to fall one by one under the attacks of *la terreur blanche*; we renounce, with a fatal obstinacy, the glorious rôle which the loss of the French initiative yields to the first nation willing to seize upon it, a rôle which would assure us the first influence in the Europe of the future, safety from all attempts against liberty, and the consciousness of the accomplishment of a duty towards the world. National defences! Our national defences against the Court of Rome are in Rome herself delivered from French occupation, that living insult to civilized Europe, which has no other object now than that of holding, in contempt of every right, a strategic position in Italy; our best defence against Austria is in Milan, at Venice, in Switzerland, in Hungary; against Russia, in Sweden, in Poland, in the Danubian Principalities; against France, in the alliance of the young nationalities which will shortly furnish her with the opportunity of awakening and of overthrowing that imperialism which now threatens us, because an army is its slave, with the most dangerous enterprises.

Within the last two or three months a voice has reached us from across the Atlantic, saying, *Evil is being done daily in Europe, we will not tolerate its triumph, we will no longer give Cain's answer to God who has made us free; we will not allow foreign armies to suppress the aspirations which we hold sacred, the ideas which may enlighten us. Let every people be free to live its own life. To maintain this liberty we are ready to intervene by word of mouth,—if need be, by the sword.* This cry, rising from the majority of the population, and from a part of the official world in the United States, is directed to us. It comes from a branch of our own race. Let us accept it, and rebaptize our alliance by a policy worthy of

us both. There is something great in this idea of an Anglo-American alliance coming from the lips of an exile. The laying of the first stone of that religious temple of humanity which we all foresee, is a labour well worthy the co-operation of the two worlds. We hope, nay, we believe, that there are many English hearts which echo the wishes and convictions lately uttered by one of the greatest of American statesmen, Daniel Webster. Speaking of the relations between England and the United States, he says:—

"Instead of subject colonies, England now beholds a mighty rival, rich, powerful, intelligent, like herself. And may these countries be for ever friendly rivals. May their power and greatness, sustaining themselves, be always directed to the promotion of the peace, the prosperity, the enlightenment, and the liberty of mankind; and if it be their united destiny, in the course of human events, that they shall be called upon in the cause of humanity, and in the cause of freedom, to stand against a world in arms, they are of a race and of a blood to meet that crisis without shrinking from danger, and without quailing in the presence of earthly power."\*

person who discovered the falsity of a certain doctrine (which, by the way, is nevertheless a true one, that of Malthus) *instinctively*. This kind of instinct, *i. e.*, the habit of forming opinions at the suggestion rather of feeling than of reason, is very common."\* There can be little doubt that this remark refers to a passage in the preface to Doubleday's "True Law of Population," wherein the writer says:—

"Happening many years ago, in the presence of a late relative, long since deceased, remarkable both for the sagacity and extended benevolence of his general views on philosophical subjects, to draw some of those startling, though not illogical, conclusions which seemed to flow from theories then recently broached as to this subject, and much in vogue at the time, the reply was this:—'Depend upon it, my dear nephew, that you and I may safely decline to yield an implicit assent, though we may not, on the instant, be able to refute them, to views from which consequences, such as you have drawn, legitimately flow. Though I may not live to see it, nor you, a time will come when this mystery will be unveiled, and when a perhaps now mysterious, but beyond doubt, a beneficent law will be discovered, regulating this matter, in accordance with all the rest that we see of God's moral government of the world.'"

On comparing these extracts we cannot compliment Dr. Whately, either upon the fairness of his stricture or the depth of his insight. To apply the term instinctive to the conclusion thus drawn, indicates a misunderstanding of the mental process leading to it. Not a feeling but a broad generalisation is the basis on which such a conclusion rests. He who arrives at it in the manner above implied does so by comparing, in a more or less conscious way, the alleged truth with other truths, and discovering that it is not congruous with them. By daily-accumulating experience he becomes impressed with the inherent tendency of things towards good—sees going on universally a patient self-rectification. He finds that the *vis medicatrix nature*—or rather the process which we describe by that expression—is not limited to the cure of wounds and diseases, but pervades creation. From the lowly fungus which, under varying circumstances, assumes varying forms of organization, up to the tree that grows obliquely, if it cannot otherwise get to the light—from the highest human faculty which increases or dwindles according to the demands made on it, down to the polype that changes its skin into stomach and its stomach into skin when turned inside out—he every-

ART. IV.—A THEORY OF POPULATION, DEDUCED FROM THE GENERAL LAW OF ANIMAL FERTILITY.

1. *Principles of Physiology, General and Comparative.* By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Third Edition. London. John Churchill.
2. *Outlines of Comparative Physiology, &c.* By Louis Agassiz and A. A. Gould. London. H. G. Bohn.
3. *On Parthenogenesis; or, the Successive Production of Procreating Individuals from a Single Ovum.* By Richard Owen, F.R.S., &c. London. John Van Voorst.
4. *On the Alternation of Generations.* By Joh. Japetus Sm. Steenstrup. Translated by George Busk. London. Printed for the Ray Society.
5. *The True Law of Population shown to be connected with the Food of the People.* By Thomas Doubleday, Esq. Second Edition. London. George Peirce.
6. *The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.* Edited by Robert B. Todd, M.D., F.R.S. Longman & Co.

"In a very recent publication," says Dr. Whately, "I have seen mention made of a

\* Address delivered before the New York Historical Society, Feb. 23, 1852.

\* Introductory Lectures on Political Economy, 3rd edit., p. 163.

where sees at work an essential beneficence. Equally in the attainment of fitness for a new climate, or skill in a new occupation—in the diminution of a suppressed desire, and in the growing pleasure that attends the performance of a duty—in the gradual evanescence of grief, and in the callousness that follows long-continued privations—he perceives this remedial action. Whether he contemplates the acquirement, by each race, of a liking for the mode of life circumstances dictate—whether he regards the process by which different nations are slowly forced to produce those commodities only, that it is best for the world they should produce—or whether he looks at the repeated re-establishment amongst a turbulent people, of the form of government best fitted for them—he is alike struck with the self-sufficingness of things. And when, after recognising this throughout the whole organic world, he finds that it extends to the inorganic also—when he reads that though Newton feared for the stability of the solar system, yet Laplace found that all planetary perturbations are self-neutralizing—when he thus sees that perfection exists even where so high an intelligence failed to perceive it—he is still more convinced that in all cases we shall discover harmony and completeness when we know how to look for them. Hence, if any one propounds to him a theory implying in nature an ineradicable defect, he hesitates to receive it. That the human constitution should include some condition which must ever continue to entail either physical or moral pain, is at variance with all that a wide experience teaches him. And finding the alleged fact conflict with universal facts, he concludes that it is probably untrue. He concludes this, not instinctively, but rationally, and his argument corresponds completely with the logical form—as in all other cases I have observed a certain sequence of phenomena, I infer that there will be the same sequence in this case also. Moreover, such a belief is not only a rational, but the truly religious one. Faith in the essential beneficence of things is the highest kind of faith. And considering his position, a little more of this faith would have been by no means unbecoming in the Archbishop of Dublin.

But however right the point of view from which Mr. Doubleday, influenced by his relative, has studied the population question, it does not follow that he has solved it. We are of opinion that he has not done so. There is one fact which seems to us at once fatal to his hypothesis; namely, that it does not fulfil the very condition which it purports to fulfil: it does not disclose a self-

adjusting law. The theory which Mr. Doubleday seeks to establish is, that throughout both the animal and vegetable kingdoms—

"Over feeding checks increase; whilst, on the other hand, a limited or deficient nutriment stimulates and adds to it." (P. 17.)

Or, as he elsewhere says,—

"Be the range of the natural power to increase in any species what it may, the *plethoric* state invariably checks it, and the *deplethoric* state invariably develops it; and this happens in the exact ratio of the intensity and completeness of such state, until each state be carried so far as to bring about the actual death of the animal or plant itself." (P. 20.)

In this arrangement Mr. Doubleday sees a guarantee for the maintenance of species. He argues that the plethoric state of the individuals constituting any race of organisms presupposes conditions so favourable to life that the race can be in no danger; and that rapidity of multiplication becomes needless. Conversely he argues that a deplethoric state implies unfavourable conditions—implies, consequently, unusual mortality; that is,—implies a necessity for increased fertility to prevent the race from dying out. And hence, applying the law to mankind, he infers that there is a state of body intermediate between the plethoric and the deplethoric, under which the rate of increase will not be greater than needful; and that a sufficient supply of good food to all, is the chief condition to the attainment of such a state.

Now, without denying that there is some such law of variation as this which Mr. Doubleday points out, we hold that it cannot alone constitute the law of population, because, as already hinted, it does not really disclose a self-rectifying arrangement. We shall quickly see this on applying it to the human race as now existing. Mr. Doubleday will admit, or rather, will assert, that on the average mankind are at present in the deplethoric state; he will argue that the undue rate of increase commonly complained of results from this; and he will infer that to produce a comparatively plethoric state in all is the only remedy. But how, under the alleged law, can a comparatively plethoric state ever be attained to? If the present production of necessaries of life is insufficient for the normal nutrition of the race, and if the resulting deplethoric state involves that the next generation will greatly exceed the present in numbers, then, for anything that appears to the contrary,