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The Present State of Europe

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We remember, some thirty years ago, to have heard pretenders to literature, to art, to science, to political information, or to knowledge of any sort, characterized as "Readers of Reviews." It was said of them, that, instead of investigating for themselves—instead of analyzing and dissecting the subjects with which they should be acquainted—they depended on Jeffrey and Gifford to do this for them, and feasted their minds on the more delicate titbits, served up with the best skill of those accomplished masters of literary cookery. We must say, that we did not, even then, feel the justice of this reproach. We had not forgotten the anecdote of the High Dutch doctor, who challenged the world to dispute with him *de omni scibile et quolibetente*; nor how he was discomfited by a question, the very terms of which were unintelligible to him. Here was a proof, that, more than three hundred years ago, no man could find time to make himself acquainted with all of the little that was then known. Indeed, the instances have been, at all times, rare, of men, who, while acquiring a thorough knowledge of any one art or science, have found leisure to acquaint themselves with anything beyond the group of sub-
jects to which, that of their particular study happened to belong. It has been well for the world that there have always been men inclined to such exclusive pursuit of one object. It has been well, too, for their own fame—for of such are the authors whose works survive them. And yet we suspect that many of these very authors, whose writings are of standard authority in their respective departments, were men whose conversation on other subjects might not be more instructive than that of a miss in her teens. Such men are made for cloisters, camlet gowns, and students' caps; but not for the busy, bustling world in which we now live. The chemist, indeed, has still his laboratory, and the astronomer his observatory; but the Pope is driven from the Vatican, and the schoolmaster is fairly whipped with his own birch, and barred out. The world is too much engaged in matters of life and death to be in a mood even to laugh at Dominie Sampson. It is on fire, and calls on every man to fall into line and hand buckets. There is a present demand for men of sense and virtue and energy, to take an active part in what is actually passing, and we can hardly spare any such for the instruction of future generations in the mechanism of the heavens, and the mysterious nature of double stars. The great strife of the day is between mind and brute force. The absorbing political question, in every country in Christendom, is, whether it shall be governed by the mind of the country, or remain subject to hereditary stupidity on the one hand, or, on the other, pass under the brutal dominion of mobs. Let the decision be in favor of either of these last, and there remains no more for mind but to go back to its cloister, if it can find one, or to be quenched and extinguished, if it cannot. But let the empire of mind be acknowledged and established, as the only legitimate government, and then comes the question: 'What can wisdom devise suited to the demands of the time?' To bear his part well in the preliminary struggle, and then in the consequent discussions of right and expediency, is the great duty to which the actual condition of the world calls every intellectual man.

How shall he qualify himself for it? Shall he lock himself up with Aristotle and Plato, or prepare himself to commune with the minds of living men? Is he to reject all opportunities of acquiring superficial knowledge, lest he may know nothing as he ought? Is he to make his mind
a receptacle for other men's thoughts, or a laboratory for new combinations of its own? Is he to gather up the authorities of great names, to be laid away, like a dry weed in a hortus sicus, or a bone in the scrip of a relic-hunter? or shall he charge his mind with facts and opinions, no matter whose—with theories, conjectures and hypotheses, whether true or false—with arguments, sophistries and fancies—in short, with everything, whether of the nature of food or condiment—to furnish aliment, or stimulate appetite and digestion?

We would not be understood to be the advocates, or even the apologists, of superficiality; but, in the world-wide confusion that threatens to embroil the whole human race, from the Indus to the Mississippi, we would prefer the ready command of any barbarous lingua franca, by means of which we might communicate with all with whom we may be brought in contact, to the most critical knowledge of all the dead languages which have been spoken since the dispersion of the human race. What is there in the Greek article, and the digamma, and the masoretic points, so important for us to understand, as the esoteric meaning of French "fraternity," "communism," "socialism," "the spirit of the age," "the march of mind," and other such words and phrases, which we see operating on the minds of the initiated like the sound of a trumpet. There is nothing which the enlightened part of mankind have, at this moment, so much need to find out, as "what the unenlightened would be at." To enter into their mystery—to hold communion with them, and divide the empire over their passions with those who would pound them on to mischief—hic labor, hoc opus. "Der geist der zeit ist das was ein starken in die zeit legt," says the German reformer. "The spirit of the age is that which a master-mind impresses on the age." This is their own account of the matter; and the use of intellectual training at this day is not

'a guide the way
Through fair lyceum walks, the cool retreats
Of academies, and the thymy vale,
Where, oft enchanted with sonatic sounds,
Hissus pure devolves his tuneful stream
In gentler music,'
efface the impression made by ruder minds, and stamp its own instead.

To this end no information can be too extensive, too various, or too exact. Could we attain to the perfect knowledge of every historical and statistical fact, and familiarize our minds with all the thoughts, whether wise or unwise, which have ever passed through the mind of man, there would be nothing superfluous in our store. But is this possible? *Ars longa, vita brevis,* is a saying, the truth of which has been acknowledged for centuries. But, when this was first said, and felt to be true, what was the utmost extent of the circle of knowledge that was supposed to be accessible to the human mind? What, then, was history? What was the space of earth which then was called the world? What was the sum total of all the matters with which it was then necessary to be acquainted, in order to be properly qualified to take an active part in the affairs of men? What is it now? What was the whole number of books which any man would think it necessary to read? What is it now? Before the late disturbances in Germany, the annual issue of *new works* from the press of that country was not less than ten thousand. Were these all to be read, by any one man, at the rate of thirty per day? Were they all to be rejected? Neither, certainly. What, then? Was it not desirable that certain men should employ themselves in the selection of those of most value, and recommend such to the notice of the public? Thus much, we believe, is admitted; but then it is insisted, that when this selection is made, none but a sciolist would content himself with such smattering of knowledge as may be collected from the account of a voluminous work compressed into thirty pages of a review. But what are we to do? Reviewers themselves are limited, by want of time and room. They necessarily pass by many works well deserving of notice. There are so many new publications that every body *must* read, that, with all the advantage of the division of labor among the corps of contributors, many of the most important are left unnoticed until the proper time for reviewing them has gone by. Yet, in the four reviews, the names of which are placed at the head of this article, largely, upwards of an hundred volumes are brought to the notice of the reader. Among them there is, perhaps, hardly one which a man, wishing to obtain a particular acquaint-
ance with the subject of which it treats, would not feel it indispensable to read. On the other hand, there is scarcely a subject treated by any one of them, (we suppose we may except “Dog-breaking,” for which see London Quarterly, art. 2,) of which a man of general information does not know something, and desire to know more. Hence, there is not an article which may not be read with profit. This will, perhaps, prove most emphatically true of those which the reader may most decidedly disapprove—for it is certain that the mind is more benefited by being provoked to think its own thoughts, than by imbibing the thoughts of others. It is well, therefore, to read all, or nearly all; and, when this is done, none but a man of absolute leisure can possibly find time to read, during the quarter, more than the small number of the works reviewed belonging to that particular class of studies to which his mind is particularly devoted.

But, publications of this sort are invested with a peculiar value and interest by the circumstances of the present time. The influence of the Edinburgh Review upon the public mind operated too strongly in favor of the whig party, to be left unbalanced by their antagonists, the tories. These accordingly sought out a champion worthy to contend with Jeffrey, and fixed on Gifford. From that moment commenced a gigantic struggle, which weaker combatants stood still to witness, and which gave to these two publications great political importance. The efficiency of the Review, as a weapon of party warfare, was felt by every one. It was like the introduction of gunpowder, the steam frigate, and the paixhan shot: the use of them by some, forced others to use them. Every subdivision of party must have its Review—every shade of opinion must find expression in this way. Accordingly, we have the high tory—the moderate conservative—the whig and the radical—all thus represented. Each party places its own views and purposes before the world in such form as suits itself, and he who would study the spirit of the age, and learn to anticipate the action of others, and to foresee events in their causes, is thus provided with the best means of understanding all the workings of the public mind, and acquiring that most important knowledge for the statesman—the knowledge of what others would be at.

This is precisely the most interesting and absorbing topic of the day, and, remote as we are from Europe, it hardly
merits more attention there than here. It will be our own fault if we do not come to understand it better than it is understood here. The men of Europe are too near the object to take in its gigantic proportions. Each man is too hotly engaged in the battle to see more than what passes immediately around him. Brutus chases one wing of the enemy from the field, without perceiving that on the other Cassius is routed. The spectator, from a distant hill, though too remote to hear the clang of steel or the groans of the dying, sees clearly this important fact, the timely knowledge of which might have changed the fate of the world. In this view we have read attentively all that has appeared in the leading Reviews of Great Britain, for fifteen months past, on the subject of continental disturbances, and have selected the last numbers of each as a text for our remarks.

It is not to be expected that these different Reviews should even look on any political matter in the same light. It is not their vocation to do so at any time, and there are certain well understood topics on which their differences may be said to be stereotyped. To this number every thing relating to the foreign policy of England or the domestic policy of the nations of the continent appears to belong, and the revolution of February, 1848, seems to fall exactly into that category. But that phenomenon was too startling, too portentous, to be treated as a party matter. It produced a sort of lull, just as we sometimes see the light dancing waves that are glittering in the breeze suddenly beaten down by the first sweeping blast of the storm which is presently to raise them mountain high. Men appeared to be “frightened into propriety,” and to feel that it “was no time to wrangle, when the props and pillars of our planet seemed to fail.”

The interval between the French outbreak and the decided demonstration of the chartists, and its decided failure on the 10th of April, was a season of anxiety and awe, in which men looked eagerly into each other’s eyes, each turning paler at the sight of each other’s paleness. From the generality of this remark, we of course except the chartists themselves and their oracle, the Westminster Review. To these the scenes passing in Paris, and the sufferings and convulsions of the Irish were as welcome as a storm to Mother Carey’s chickens, and the fluttering and screaming of the birds of evil omen did but increase the alarm of others. Blackwood’s, on the other hand, wore an air of defiance,
and the editor kept up the "who is afraid?" tone of John Wilson, with as much parade of assurance as if the crutch of Christopher North were any thing in his hands but the club of Hercules in the hands of Lichas. Among the other Reviews there was a sort of tacit terror, which continues to this day, in regard to this matter, and it would even appear that a more pacific spirit prevailed in all things. The interval between the conservatism of the London Quarterly and the whiggery of the Edinburgh is much narrowed, and, narrow as it is, the North British contrives to occupy a place somewhere between the two. In this enforced harmony we see signs of still remaining apprehension, as when children huddled together while listening to some tale

"Of shapes that walk at night and clank their chains
And shake the torch of hell around the murderer's bed."

They all feel that the danger is not past, that they may yet have to unite their forces to repel it, and that, as "brethren in calamity should love," it may be well to prepare themselves for that evil day by cultivating more kindly feelings toward each other.

But while we thus infer this state of apprehension from the mutual forbearance of the parties, we are bound to admit that none of them express it in words. The Westminster Review, indeed, which hoped every thing, while others feared every thing, continues to hope, and to labor for the accomplishment of its hopes. Like Voltaire, it proclaims that "nos jeunes gens verront des belles choses," and promises every thing to those who shall be so fortunate as to live in England in 1899.

Blackwood, on the other extreme, boastful and intolerant as ever, chants his never-ceasing epithalamium over the State married to the immortal Church. Dryden himself was not more sure of the immortality of his milk-white hind, of which even he might begin to doubt, were he living at this day, to see her flying from new dangers, more formidable than the "horns and hounds and Scythian shafts" which have heretofore assailed him in vain. But Dryden was too good a mythologist not to remember that Venus could not bestow immortality either on her human paramour or on the offspring of their love, and he would no more have inferred immortality for Spain from the Inquisition and the

In the antagonism of these two extremes there is a diversity of tone well worthy of notice. The one, representing established power, knows all the value of a bold face, laughs at the very name of danger, spurns at remonstrance, scorns resistance and defies opposition. The other, abiding its time, maintains an attitude at once defensive and threatening—standing resolute on guard, and, while watching for an opening to thrust, dissembling all intention to do so. The one looks on the fall of Louis Philippe as a righteous judgment for his sins against legitimacy, in the person of Charles X. The other regards it as an example of the inevitable doom, muttered in subterranean thunder against all the kings of the earth. But, as such universal denunciation might be unsafe for a subject of the majesty of England, room is left for an exception in her favor. The reviewer lays all the sin of French misrule at the door of M. Guizot, and contents himself with running a parallel between that minister and Lord John Russell, showing that the latter is following exactly in the footsteps of the former. He leaves it to others to work the problem from these data, and if they shall infer that the faults of M. Guizot called for the dethronement of Louis Philippe, the like faults of Lord John call for the dethronement of Victoria—the inference is theirs, not his. He did but furnish an innocent formula. Thus it may be seen that, while Blackwood expresses more than he feels, and says more than any rational man can be supposed to mean, the Westminster reviewer means far more than he ventures to express, and would have proclaimed from the house-tops, had the event of the 10th of April been different.

We advert to this attitude of the Westminster Review, and the manifest purposes of the party whose organ it is, merely as a fact to be considered in connection with what we have to say of the other three more moderate periodicals.

In these, and in almost all that issues from the British press, we find the prevailing idea, that the present distempered condition of Europe is nothing but a new phase of the strife of orders, which has been going on since the days of the Jacquerie and Wat Tyler. In one sense this may be true. It is a contest between classes, and the coincidence,
in point of time, between movements of this sort in different countries, not only in this instance but in all that have preceded it, shows that the particular proximate causes which operate in nations quite disconnected, are themselves but the effects of some remote general cause, of universal operation. We think that on former occasions this has been detected. We shall presently say what we suppose it to be in this instance. That it is essentially different from any that has heretofore existed we cannot doubt. If we are right in this, then it may well be questioned whether the same treatment of the disorder of the time, which has heretofore proved successful, is at all suited to the actual condition of the patient at this day.

We have at times thought, and, at the risk of being pronounced fanciful, we will venture to say so, that there is a strange and awful resemblance between this moral "pestilence that walketh in darkness," and, in twenty-four hours, accomplishes the dissolution of States, and that frightful disease which seems divinely sent to travel around the globe, admonishing all men everywhere, that "in the midst of life we are in death." Has the omen a double meaning? Is it intended not only to remind man that he himself is but a flower that is cut down in a moment, but that the forest oak, under whose shade he grew, shall also perish, and that, of all the works of his hand none shall remain? The meaning of the oracle is with him who spoke it, till the event shall interpret it. But this we know—that all attempts to treat the cholera according to any fancied analogies to known diseases have proved worse than vain, so that the first thing to the purpose that science could teach, was the danger of any reliance on such analogies, or on any thing presuming to call itself experience.

To come at once to the point, we will say that the principle which influenced in all revolutionary movements, from Runnymede to the first agitation of the question of parliamentary reform, was exactly the reverse of that which is now stirring up society from its foundations. The corpus litoris is the same, and the parties are the same, but they have changed sides. First and last, property is the real object of controversy in strife between the orders of society. For liberty, in abstracto, nations have never battled, nor do they now, nor will they ever. "High minds, of native pride and force," unbroken by habits of obedience formed in infancy,
and kept up by protracted pupilage, have been often found ready to peril every thing for the bare name of liberty. But of such the mass of no people, enured to servitude, is ever composed. By these liberty is valued at its market price, and will never be preferred before a servitude which does not interfere with ease, security or enjoyment. Still less will it be sought, not only at the expense of these, but at the hazard of life itself. The Hampdens and Pyms of England knew that they never could engage the multitude in the cause of liberty, for which they themselves were willing to peril every thing, but by identifying it with property. The man who exclaimed “Give me liberty, or give me death,” valued liberty at what it was worth to him, and no man knew better how to appreciate it by that standard, and accordingly none prized it more highly. Indeed, no one who understands the true character of the revolution which his breath blew into a flame will say that it forms any exception to the general proposition, that all revolutions growing out of the strifes of orders or classes take their rise in property.

Property, then, of old, as now, was at the bottom of all the revolutionary movements of England.* But, as we have said, the parties have changed sides. Such movements were formerly set on foot to vindicate the rights of property, but now to assail them. All the controversies of old, according to the high authority of Edmund Burke, turned on the point of taxation. In other words, they turned on the great fundamental maxim of English constitutional law, (a maxim which is of itself a constitution, and without which there can be none,) that every man’s property is absolutely his own, and can never be rightfully taken from him without his consent.” From this proposition communism proposes to eliminate the word property, of which it will not admit that any right can be predicated. If this be done, the “rights of man” will be reduced to zero, unless some other word be put in its place. Now, the communist is a republican, and, of course, he claims for all men rights of some sort, which

* It can hardly be necessary to say that, in the sense in which we here use the word, nothing is a revolution which leaves the form of government unchanged. A change of rulers is no such revolution. So, too, the insurrectionary movements of a local mob like Jack Cade’s, is without the scope of our observations. Cade was, perhaps, a genuine socialist, communist and fraternizer, but the march of mind in his day, unfortunately, had not extended far enough, and the number of the enlightened was quite too small to accomplish the great reform.
must not be invaded; so, having made the blank, he pro­poses to fill it with the word labor. We are not inclined to oppose such an amendment, with a slight qualification, to which the communist has no objection. He agrees with us “that it may be better for the laborer himself, and therefore right, that his labor should be directed by another.” Indeed, if we mistake not, the socialist goes beyond this, and, in advocating the ateliers nationaux, insists that, with the exception of those who direct, (himself being always one,) every man’s labor ought to be directed by some other. On this plan it is clear that this right to his own labor will show itself, at the end of his day’s work, in the shape of certain coins, or other property, earned by that labor. Now, as we know of no right of property that did not take its rise in labor of some sort, we have no objection to accepting the amendment of our communist. Indeed, we are at a loss to see what he gets by it, unless his idea of the right of labor involves a right in the laborer, not only to the fruits of his own labor, but also to the fruits of the labor of other men. Now, as this ex vi termini cannot be true of every body, this cannot be the meaning of the communist. What he does mean is a puzzling question, and it is this esoteric meaning of which we have already stated it is so important to find out. It is not, indeed, very hard to understand the negative proposition. When the communist affirms the right of labor we confess ourselves at a loss to tell what he means. But when he flatly denies the right of property, then he speaks plainly and not in parables. It is true this does not bring us much nearer to what we want to know. However plain the proposition itself, the consequences which socialism, communism and fraternity propose to deduce from it are still a mystery to all but the initiated.

In short, the present is a case for which “the file affords no precedent.” “The waters are out,” the landmarks are covered, and we must take our bearings from an enlarged view, that shall not only embrace the distant peaks of un­changing mountains, but extend itself to the heavens above us, and seek guidance from the everlasting principles set by the father of lights, as stars in the moral firmament. It is to no purpose to prove, what is almost self-evident, that any invasion of the right of property, by taking away all motive to individual exertion, must soon put an end to production and swiftly terminate in universal destitution. This is but
a *reductio ad absurdum*, which, in all but mathematical reasoning, often confounds without convincing. It never does convince, where it can be met by a counter argument of the same sort, proving with equal clearness the absurdity of the opposite proposition.

Nothing is easier in this case. The right to live—the right to standing-room on this God's earth, where he has placed us—gives the communist an axiomatic truth to reason from. Now, if the right of property—the right of every man to do what he will with his own, (and if it may not be *justly* exerted, it is no right,) be exerted to its full extent—then he whose allotted share of this world's goods is *nothing*, but four willing limbs, must starve in the midst of abundance, if the property-holder has no need of his labor, or refuses to employ him. So, if the land-holder shall say to the landless, "Go farther," and the same order be repeated by each lord of the soil, until he comes to the ocean's brink, he must plunge in and drown himself under the coercion of irrefragable logic. Will he do this? Will he need any logician to relieve him from this perplexing strife between unanswerable argument and the instinct of life, by assuring him that either in the premises or the conclusion of the syllogism, which has brought him to that pass, there must be something wrong? He will know this for himself, and will not wait to find out whether it is the major or the minor that is false, before he will face his persecutors, and, combining with others in the like case, turn back upon them, and, with a most triumphant *reductio ad absurdum*, sweep all the laws of property, and the holders of property, into the abyss. It is idle to inquire which is the most absurd of two logical absurdities. When put to choose between them, every man settles down in that which is most to his taste. But one absurdity may be much more *palpable* than another; and certainly the most palpable is that where a claim of right, carried out to its utmost legitimate consequences, comes in conflict, not with a logical inference, but a self-evident truth. In the first case, the blunder, which, though it escapes detection, must be somewhere, may as well be in the one chain of argument as the other. In the last, it can only be in the argument. There must be a fallacy in the reasoning which proves that which I *know* to be false; and there is nothing—not even the *fact* of his existence—of which any man can be more sure, than
of his right, in the eyes of the God who made him, to live and find foothold on this earth, where his Maker placed him. Even Bishop Berkeley admitted consciousness to be a fact, and this is, with him, an affair of inner consciousness, for the proof of which he has no need to go out of himself, even so far as to open his eyes. Take away all his senses, and this will remain.

Instead, therefore, of surrendering everything to the argument of his adversary, he becomes the assailant, and rightly insists that the champions of the right of property reconsider the matter, and find out for themselves, and without any aid from him, such modification of their claims as may be consistent with his right to live. This they have long been trying to do; for, what are poor-laws and workhouses but admissions that the right of property must give way when it comes into collision with the higher right of life? It is true, these are always spoken of as charities, and great merit is claimed for them as works of disinterested benevolence. But, let the bounty be withheld, and it will be presently seen that it had been awarded to the same sort of sturdy beggary which made Gil Blas so ready to drop money into the hat of the cripple. Certainly, if our old friend Santillane could bring himself to think of this as a good deed, having merit in the sight of God, he had a right to do so; and it was well done of the robber not to deprive him of that solace, by a peremptory demand of money or life, instead of asking a few maravedis "pour l'amour de Dieu."

If we mistake not, it was only in the progress of the French revolution of 1789 that men first opened their eyes to the insufficiency of any merely political revolution as a remedy for the disorder which had thrown the nation into convulsions. In the beginning, nothing was seen but the palpable grievance that the clergy and nobility claimed to hold two-thirds of the property of the kingdom exempt from taxation, and to throw all the burdens of the state on the remaining third held by nine-tenths of the property-holders, and on the labor of a yet larger number holding no property at all. This was a plain invasion of the right of property, and redress for this was asked at the hands of the Assembly of Notables. Had this reasonable demand been at once granted, the discovery of the deeper and more desperate evil might have been postponed; but they provoked
discussion, and this drew the attention of all men to the
fact, that in the distribution of all the good things, which
together make up the wealth of a nation, and for the man-
age and defence of which, in peace and war, all the ex-
peneses of government are incurred, nearly the whole had
fallen into the hands of a very small number, while a great
majority had nothing at all. For this distemper, the "indi-
cation," as the doctors call it, was repartition. Such was
the prescription of Robespierre and Marat. But doctors
have no taste for physic, and this was, therefore, disgustfully
condemned by the faculty of the college of the Girondists,
inaasmuch as they themselves would have had to swallow
the dose.

Such being the point in dispute, there is nothing wonder-
ful in the bloody and savage contest that grew out of it.
To confiscate the property of the crown was of course.
Then, as soon as Christianity was discovered to be an
imposture, it was manifest that the clergy was a worse than
useless burden on the State, and the property of the church
followed that of the crown. Then came the emigrant no-
bility. Convicted of incivism, their possessions met the
same doom. But still there were holders of property who
would not emigrate; and nothing could be done with them
but to drive them, by terror, into the commission of that
crime, or fasten on them some other, inferring the same
penalty.

Thus was the way prepared for the only radical remedy
for the social evil of great inequality in the distribution
of property. The confiscated estates were put to auction, as
the property of the nation, and the copious issue of assig-
nats, to the redemption of which this public domain was
pledged, placed in the hands of every man the means of
purchasing more or less of it. The result was, that every
man became the owner of some land. Every man thus
felt himself elevated by owning that sort of property the
possession of which had been so long regarded as one of
the exclusive privileges of the higher orders. Every man
acquired a pecuniary interest in the new order of things,
and there was, thenceforth, nothing so much desired by the
late tumultuous multitude as tranquillity and security. The
best government for them would be that which should give
the best promise of these. Political theories had done their
work. According to the grotesque figure of Carlyle, the
nation had swallowed all formulas, and had no more patience with politicians of the school of "Brutus the elder, or Brutus the younger," than with legitimists and reactionists. The affair of the sections of Paris effectually put down these last, and no danger from legitimacy remained but that which was threatened by foreign States. From that, much was dreaded. A restoration at that time would not merely have put down the inefficient directory, restored the authority of the crown, and brought the axe of the guillotine on the necks of those who erected it; it would have brought in the nobility and clergy, too, to reclaim their confiscated estates, and to cancel the revolutionary titles of millions."

The best security against all this was military despotism. The events of such a time never fail to point out the man fittest to wield both the truncheon and the sceptre, and to place them in his hands. The quality by which he makes himself known, and which ensures his success, is a true insight into the nature of things. He will always be the first to understand what is passing around him. It was so in this instance. Bonaparte understood it, and he saw, that all that to others seemed but wild tumult and confusion, was but the orderly operation of causes too gigantic to be appreciated a priori, and only to be estimated by their effects. To the unphilosophic mind, the stone shot from the bottom of a volcano speaks only of wild tumult within; while to the mathematician it affords the exact measure and direction of the explosive force. Looking back on the past, we can all now see what was then passing, as it was then seen by the great master-mind of the age. But he looked forward, too, to what is now passing in other countries beside France. Why cannot they who live in the midst of the scenes which he foresaw, lay to heart his prophetic words: "In fifty years all Western Europe will be Democratic or Cossack."

We say "in other countries," because it would be utterly unsafe to judge of the events preparing in Italy, Germany and its dependencies, or even in England, by what has re-

* A friend of ours, travelling about France, at that time, one day employed a peasant as a guide. He thought he was conducted somewhat circuitously, and was about to ask the reason, when his conductor, stopping short, turned and looked exultingly at a little patch of an arpent of land, and, stretching his hand over it, exclaimed, "C'est mien, Monsieur. Ah! Monsieur, depuis la Révolu
tion, nous avons tou de terre."
ently occurred in France. The difference between the revolutions of 1789 and 1848 is a subject of special wonder to those who do not look below the surface. The phenomenon of the day is that universal suffrage should result in the rejection of republicanism. "Who would have thought it!" is the universal exclamation, alike from those who hoped, and those who feared, every thing from the experiment. And what a triumphant answer is it supposed to afford to those who have all along maintained that universal suffrage could only end in social disorganization? Either the Frenchman must have changed his nature, and become the most orderly and law-abiding of the human race, or the experiment which resulted so admirably with the volatile and impulsive Celt, cannot fail of the most happy results among the sober-minded reflective Teutons, whether German or English.

So we generalize, and so we leap to conclusions. We overlook the fact that the repartition of lands in France, sixty years ago, and the singular law of inheritance peculiar to that country, have produced a greater equality in the distribution of real property, than can be found even in the United States. With us, indeed, every man might own some land; but the possession of that sort of property has never been regarded here as a privilege of rank. Men seek the most gainful occupations and investments, with, perhaps, a vague purpose of purchasing an estate in the end, and the absolute certainty of finding one to their mind, whenever they have money to buy it. But in countries full of population, originally parcelled out among the great, and held by them as the throne of their power, the eagerness to acquire real property becomes a passion. This is always found in countries where feudalism has prevailed. Every owner of land gave it a name, and with the prefix "de" or "von," assumed that name as his own—the preposition always marking him as a sort of gentilatre, or quasi noble. Hence the avidity with which the French peasant invested his handful of assignats in his rood of ground; and hence the remarkable fact that the land-holders of France are more in number than all that did actually vote in the late presidential election. Had they failed to seize the occasion to discountenance the disorders of the capital, and to restore quiet to the nation, it would have shown the French people to be utterly unlike any other in the world, and differing
from none more than from the French of '89. Impulsive
as they were, their impulses were all in accordance with
real or fancied interests; and the recent conduct of those
whose condition remains essentially the same, shows them
to be unchanged. The difference in numbers made all the
difference in results, and the couriers of June did all they
could to show themselves the legitimate descendants of the
Septembriques of old.

But was not the world in error in doubting whether the
mass of any people possessed the intelligence necessary for
a discreet use of the elective franchise. This word intelli-
genence, used in this connection, embraces three distinct ideas.

1. The moral sense, whether innate or cultivated, which
distinguishes and chooses between right and wrong. No
man who ever looked on the face of a child uttering its
first falsehood—no man who ever witnessed the feelings of
the boy whose arrow has just brought down his first bird—
will assign to the cultivation of this moral sense any higher
office than that of preserving it from destruction.

2. An acquaintance with the particular interests of the
individual man himself. May it not be doubted, whether,
among men of equal native sagacity, this is not as great, in
proportion to the extent and variety of his interests, in the
most unlearned, as in the most cultivated? We deceive
ourselves, and overrate the advantages of education, by
overlooking the fact, that a great proportion of boys of good
capacity are actually educated, while the great multitude of
duences are left in incurable ignorance. We give education,
and it not only for the work it does, but for the quality of
the material it works on.

3. An acquaintance with the interests of the community
at large, and with the best means of promoting it. And
who has this? Make this the test, and let us attend a ses-
sion of our House of Representatives, listen to what they
call their debates, and then decide how many of that body,
tried by that criterion, are worthy to be entrusted with the
elective franchise? Always strongly advocating the restric-
tion of the right of suffrage to land-holders, we never stop-
ped to consider, whether, in either of these three senses, the
class admitted to the polls be more or less intelligent than
that excluded. It was enough for us, (supposing the same
measure of intelligence in both,) that, from the nature of
the thing, the whole body of land-holders must contain a
decided majority of small landholders. Of these, taken collectively, it may be safely affirmed, "that freedom, justice, stability, and the general prosperity of the whole community, are more precious than anything that prince, nabob or demagogue can offer."

But, when we come to the question of intelligence, there is no reason to suppose that the shoemaker, or the tailor, engaged in a social occupation, in which mind may act on mind, "as iron sharpeneth iron," should have less knowledge than the farmer, between the handles of his plough. We should look for a difference the other way, and we are very sure we should find it. We should certainly find much more of that fragmentary acquaintance with public affairs, which qualifies a man to maintain discussions with men better informed, and even to be pronounced victor by his admiring companions. Others, indeed, listening to such flippant displays of perverse smartness, might come to a different conclusion, and suspect that, with less knowledge, the man might have had more sense. But these are old-fashioned thinkers, far behind the "march of mind," who, holding to the old adage, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," have small faith in any education the day-laborer can find leisure to receive, as a remedy for the evils of the time. Indeed, there are some who think that there is less to be apprehended from the ignorant than from the more intelligent of that class, which, everywhere in Europe, until of late, has been kept in a state of political disfranchisement and subjection. There is, in that class, a great deal of talent, and there is a great deal, too, in the higher classes, always ready to become the champion of that class. During the present century, this has been the favorite road of ambition to reputation, wealth and power. But for the excitments administered by men of talent, the more ignorant portion of the lower classes would be always ready to cast their suffrages in favor of benevolent men—rich enough to make their wealth a blessing to the poor; prudent enough to preserve the means of doing good; quiet and domestic in their habits, and careful to manage their private affairs successfully. These are the marks by which the ignorant poor man chooses his representative, when left to himself, in his ignorance. What a blessing, were a legislative body composed of such men, with a few exceptions, which will always be made, in favor of talent of a high
order. When the night of ignorance is broken only by the blinding light of such information as flashes from the popular orator and demagogue, we see the result in our House of Representatives and State Legislatures, and in the instructions occasionally gotten up to embarrass what little wisdom may have found its way into those bodies. Men conscious of blindness submit to be led quietly by any known friend who has eyes. It is only when they say, "We see," that their guilt and danger commence. "When the light within them is darkness, how great is that darkness!"

It is not the want of intelligence, then, that of itself disqualifies any portion of the community for having a voice in the selection of rulers. Those thus selected will not always be the most brilliant men, but they will be safe men—they may not give a brilliant administration, but they will give a safe one. This is what the interests of the lower classes demand. All their miseries may everywhere be traced to the brilliant epochs in their country's history. The talents of Louviers, Colbert, Turenne, Condé and Luxembourg prepared the miseries that drove the French people to madness. No! The want of what is commonly called "intelligence" is no disqualification, and he who is silly enough to think so should be the last to cherish the doctrine. The only disqualification is a want of that "permanent common interest" spoken of in that wise State paper, the Virginia Bill of Rights, which affords a pledge that the voter, according to such light as he has, will prefer the public good to the advancement of any separate particular interest of his own. In a country like this, where the distribution of property is yet incomplete, and where, under the existing institutions, everything is open to everybody, the mere fact of birth may be taken as a sufficient pledge, that the poorest man will prefer the permanency of those institutions and the prosperity of the country, to anything he could hope from misrule. There will be exceptions, but not more in proportion in that class than in any other—perhaps not so many. Fat offices and fat contracts are not for them. Seats in the cabinet, seats on the bench and foreign embassies are not for them. Wo to the country, if corruption were as extensively diffused among that humble class as among the enlightened patriots who, as soon as a President is elected, flock to Washington to claim the wages of
prostitution.* The government has nothing for the poor man but justice and security. These are all he can expect from that quarter, and he looks to himself for the rest.

Now France is, at this moment, the only country in Europe (perhaps in the world) where the small landholders constitute a decided majority of the whole. Were a well organized republican government actually established there, its powers would be in the hands of that class. This is the great object to be had in view in fixing the basis of representation. If that point be secured, the larger the base the better. While the line of direction falls within that the whole fabric will stand firm, even though it lean a little, as perhaps it sometimes must. This majority ought always to be in the condition to say, with Louis XIV., “L'état c'est moi.” Power, in the hands of that, is self-sustaining, needing no support from military force. Standing between the “vultus instantis tyranni” and the “civium ardor prava jubentium,” it awes both into tranquillity. It has enough in common with both to be just to both and a safe arbiter between them. Its leaning, if it leans at all, will be in favor of the weaker side, for, “in the distribution of the burthens of the State the small landholder would be more interested to tax the luxuries of the rich, which he never tastes, than the necessaries of the poor, which are equally necessary for him. If a direct tax is to be laid, there is none of which he will pay so small a proportion as the tax on land, of which he who has no land pays nothing, while much the larger part is paid by a few great proprietors. The only tax by which a man without property can be directly reached is a poll-tax; and when a hundred small landholders reflect that, of that, each of them must pay as much as the large proprietor, who owns as much land as all of them together, interest will prompt them to add, in preference, something to the land tax, of which he is to pay as much as all of them together."

* We do not mean to say that none of these are poor. They are often worse than poor. But they are persons who, claiming no affinity with the poor, ruffle it in broadcloth, Burgundy and cigars, at other people’s expense. It is the case of the ruined gambler, borrowing one more stake of the creditor, who lends only because he sees no other chance of being paid. “Did you ever,” said a friend, on Pennsylvania avenue, on the 5th of March last, “Did you ever see, at one view, so many coats that had not been paid for.” Doubtless the tailor suffers greatly.
In defensive war, who is so ready as the small landholder to put forth all the resources of the State to guard the soil which gives bread to his children? And who is so little disposed to wars of aggression and conquest? These always take their rise in the eager ambition of the higher classes, and in the reckless indifference to life and the comforts of life in the lowest, which always disposes them to enlist as soldiers. So much indisposed are small landholders to military service, that we rarely find one of them willing to enter the regular army, even as an officer. Military rank is the appanage of younger sons and younger brothers of the higher classes, and in the army we see the extremes of society meeting, in obedience to that law of affinity which always more disposes the highest and lowest to sympathize with each other than with what lies between them. The small landholder shoulders his musket to repel invasion, if necessary; but that being done, he returns to the cultivation of the soil, and leaves the horrors and glories of war, alike, to those who have a taste for such things. If the question of war or peace depends on him, he will be the last to declare for war. There is none on whom the burthens of war fall so heavily as on him. His resources are diminished by the reduced price of his productions; he has no luxuries to retrench, so as to reduce his expenditures in proportion; but, on the contrary, his necessaries demand a higher price, while he has less means of paying for them. There is a class above him, which may experience some slight inconvenience from war, and a class below him which gorges on its offal; but to him it is a blighting curse, and he hails the return of peace as an escape from ruin. So far as depends on him, the country will be saved from that dangerous passion for military glory and foreign conquest which is the characteristic and the curse of democracies.

"If the preponderance of the rich in the councils of the State is feared, there is no security so effectual as power in the hands of a class between the rich and the poor. The reciprocal jealousy of the proximate classes may always be safely relied on. There is none who looks with so much envy on the lord of broad and fertile lands, as he who draws a scanty subsistence from a small and sterile field. He gives none of his sympathy to such, and it is his pride to think that his little farm, poor as it is, makes him independent of the other's favor. There are those, in every com-
munity, who may be bought by the hundred for a glass of whiskey. The small landholders are not of these. Taken as a class, they are impassive to the corrupting influence of wealth. It is a class which never did betray a country to anarchy or despotism; a class which wealth is not rich enough to purchase, which ambition is never crafty enough to beguile. Nothing can be proposed, nothing imagined, good for that class collectively, which is not good for the community at large. There is none which feels itself so perfectly identified with the State. It not only draws its subsistence from the soil, but lives on it. The wealthy owner of large estates may dwell in cities. He values the soil, but does not learn to love it. The small farmer takes his nourishment, as it were, from the breast of his mother; the other is weaned and fed by hand, and, as he gorges his full meal, he does not take his chief delight from looking on the fair face of nature, smiling on him as in love. The man of wealth or high intellectual endowments may be tempted, by gain or ambition, to sacrifice his country. The small landholder is too sensible of his limited means to venture on any such rash experiments; he is his country's and her's only; he is altogether her's, and she is his all.

There is no country on earth to which the observations we have just quoted apply so extensively as to France. Could that people be sobered down to a right understanding of the proper function of government their task would be one of little difficulty. But, unfortunately, they have never had a government which limited itself to this, and hence they have all to learn. The wrongs perpetrated of old, under the name of conferring rights, make them slow to understand that the business of government is but to protect rights—not to confer them. Many, too, would like to take their turn, and, having seen government, all along, giving to the rich and powerful the so called right to oppress the poor and the weak, they think it but fair play to give the poor a right to plunder the rich. Thus it is that we might vainly look for just ideas on the subject in any class in the community. Indeed, it might not be easy to find any one man, in any class, who can bring himself to understand that the only proper business of government is to protect the rights of all men, in all conditions. This is quite too prosaic for them. A Frenchman loves his interest as well as another man; but the bread of life is not enough for
him—he must have it buttered with some sort of sentiment. "The revolution of '99," said Lamartine, "was the triumph of the people. The revolution of '49 is more: it is the triumph of an idea." M. Lamartine is undoubtedly a man of genius. But what people, except the French, would, for a moment, mistake for a great man a fantastic coxcomb, who is always reminding one of a peacock trying to fly with his tail spread? It was impossible that he should not come down on his head, as he has done.

Now, in every old community there will always be three great interests, into which all minor interests may be resolved: viz, the interests of the very rich, the interests of the destitute, and the interests of men of moderate property. These are always easily understood, and, if left to the last, will be properly cared for. But sentiments are infinitely various, and as everything with a Frenchman is a sentiment, there is no knowing what sentiment may get the mastery of his mind. Whatever it be, it becomes that sort of fixed idea which constitutes monomania. One makes a sentiment of his loyalty to the house of Bourbon, another to the house of Orleans, another to the memory of Napoleon. With another it is devotion to "la grande nation" and its glory, with another to liberty and le peuple, with another, to the "droits du travail," with another, to the Holy Catholic Church, and with not a few to infidelity. Each of these is, in his way, a bigot, and he who believes nothing, loves nothing and cares for nothing is as much a bigot to his unbelief and indifference as the fanatic to his faith, the loyalist to his allegiance, or the patriot to the glory of his "belle France." The Frenchman's sentiment occupies about the same place in his mind that the Italian peasant allots to his patron saint. He entertains a very high respect for God the Father, is on quite affectionate terms with the Son, and, were it not for the black eyes of his Nina, would be absolutely in love with the Virgin. But what is all this to his passionate devotion to his patron saint, who is commonly his God-father and namesake. To him he gives his whole heart, and is ready to vindicate his honor with his knife, against all the rest of the calendar. The only chance for peace between Giovanni Paolo and Pietro is in their common reverence for the Pope. Worshipping him on earth and the Virgin in heaven, the two ends of their devotion come together, and keep them from sepa-
rating on the intermediate point of the canonized patron. But let the Pope be withdrawn, as he now is, and imme-
diately they diverge. The whole hive is in a buzz, and all
attempts to settle it by clattering on the old tin pans of
"Roma antica" and "la Patria" are to little purpose.
The Pope may not be restored; ancient Rome certainly will
not be, and what the Italian means by "la patria" is known
only to himself. It may be Florence or Rome; it may be
Tuscany, or it may be all Italy. It certainly is not any
thing so definite, and at the same time so comprehensive,
as to unite all minds in any common and persistent effort.
Just so when the Frenchman talks about "le peuple." It
is not known whether he means the mob of Paris, or the
inhabitants of France proper, or all that dwell between the
Alps, the Pyrenees and the Rhine, or all who, at any time,
cowered before the swoop of Napoleon's eagles. Thus,
even they who seem to have the same fixed idea may come
to find, on comparing minds, that they have been talking
about different things, to which they give the same name.

Thus, while we feel no surprise at the results of univer-
sal suffrage in France, we are very far from anticipating a
final settlement of the affairs of that country, on any firm
and satisfactory basis. But France has claimed to take her
destiny into her own hands, and, wisely or unwisely, will
manage things her own way, with such results as God
pleases. We have dwelt so much on what has happened
there, because we wished to show that her case is peculiar,
and affords no precedent for England or Germany. The
use they seem to make of it is to compound for themselves
a sort of flattering unction, in which a principal ingredient
is the unavoidable difference between the Celt and the Teu-
ton. All the matters of which we have spoken are left out
of the preparation. We have spoken of what is peculiar
to France; we now propose to speak of some things pecu-
liar to England.

In giving birth to Adam Smith, Great Britain became
entitled to be called the mother of political economy. She
first had the advantage of receiving the revelations of that
science in the vernacular tongue. In manufacturing skill,
she was not much behind any other nation—in mercantile
enterprise and prosperity, far before them all. She had capital,
and was in condition to make a full and triumphant
application of the great principle of the division of labor.
Then came invention—for it was presently seen, that though it may be impossible to perfect a production complicated of many parts, by the sole instrumentality of machinery, yet many of these parts may be produced more cheaply, more rapidly, and of greater excellence, than when wrought by hand. "Necessity," says the proverb, "is the mother of invention." But capital is its nurse, and invention, fed from the exuberant breast of British capital, grew and flourished, and is still growing and flourishing, with a rapidity that leaves wonder standing aghast at her achievements. And now invention ministers to capital, and capital, as it increased, has invested itself in new inventions, until there seems to be no limit to the producing power of steam and iron, or to the wealth to be accumulated by these cheap, untiring servants of capital. This is all that political economy sees of the matter; and she fills the world with an exulting shout at the triumphs she has accomplished.

Coeval with the birth of political economy, a state of things existed in England, which favored these results, and blinded the eyes of her people to the possible mischief of pushing them too far. England was confessedly the best governed, the most moral, and the most religious country in the world. In these particulars she herself was not conscious of any need of improvement; and men whose opinions are entitled to some respect, even now doubt whether she has actually improved in these. Be that as it may, the only want she felt was the want of capital. She had, indeed, more of that than any other nation; but this is a want that never ceases—"an appetite that grows by feeding." It is obvious that before the invention of machinery, and even in the infancy of that invention, the growth of capital was favorable to the prosperity of labor; and it was doubtless the critical coincidence of this double growth which sustained England under the charges of two wars—either of which would have crushed her—fifty years before. True, she incurred a debt; but what is that debt but an investment of her own capital, such as the whole world could not have made in the earlier part of the last century? It is little else than a debt she owes to herself, and its existence is only one instance of the unequal distribution of property. It shows that, while the whole land of the kingdom is held by a small number of individuals, while nearly all the active capital is in the hands of a yet
smaller number, these, and a few more, hold claims upon
the nation at large, not much short of eight hundred mil-
ions. We shall speak of this hereafter. At present, our
object is to show how the inequality has arisen; and we
expect to trace it to causes of steadily increasing intensity.

The success of all political operations depends so much
upon finance that even statesmen may be pardoned for som-
times forgetting that political economy is not the whole of
political science. We suspect that this error lies near the
root of all the disorders of the time. Political economy
treats of the production, consumption and distribution of
wealth; and, confining its attention to its own proper sub-
ject, it treats of the two last only as conducive to the first.
In this view, there is no difficulty in showing that the con-
sumption most favorable to continued and increasing pro-
duction is that which allows to labor precisely that mea-
sure of subsistence which shall enable the laborer, day after
day, to return to his work, and to breed up as many new
laborers as may supply the place of those who may die in
the harness. If the demand for labor be stationary, this
requires that each man and woman together receive such
wages as may maintain the two, and enable them to raise
two children, and no more. More than this would be
wasted from the fund of new capital, to be employed in new
production. Should they, unfortunately, have more than
two, one at least should be left to perish—for it is enough
for political economy, that none will be starved off but such
as can be spared from the great business of production.

Political economy proves, moreover, by arguments that
no one pretends to controvert, that the accumulation of capi-
tal in a few hands (which is another name for great ine-
quality in the distribution of wealth) is most favorable to
the increase of production. Hence she insists that it is un-
wise in labor to contend for a more equal distribution and
consumption, since that would derange the system best cal-
culated to produce a steady income of the fund to be dis-
tributed and consumed. At this point political economy
closes the argument. She thinks it unnecessary to add any
thing more, and is quite sure that nothing of consequence
can be urged on the other side.

But, when we come to examine the *modus operandi* by
which the accumulation of capital in a few hands is to
promote production, we find it to be this: The number of
capitalists or employers being small, there will be little competition among them to raise the wages of labor. On the other hand, the laborers being many, the competition between them may be expected to keep down, and even to reduce, the price of labor. Now, as labor is the great instrument of production, and as labor can only work when capital finds work for it, then, the lower the rate of wages, the more labor will a given amount of capital employ, and consequently the greater the production. \textit{Q. E. D.} And so Juggernaut reaches his temple, followed by a shouting crowd of worshippers, and taking no account of the victims whose mangled limbs strew the path of his triumphal car.

But, while Great Britain was thus prepared to give a fair trial to one principle of the new science of political economy, she was in a condition which made it impossible for her to apply another, and by far the most important of all. The necessities of her treasury made free trade an impossibility to her. Experience has shown that no tax is so little felt, and so cheerfully paid, as a tax on the exchanges of commerce. A very small part of the burden is borne by him who actually pays it, and that part he is quite willing to bear, because, at the moment, he is reaping his harvest of profit. For thus says political economy:

"Whenever an article is produced by one day's labor of the producer, which another, who has need of it, cannot produce by less than two days' labor, it is better for the latter, by two to one, that he should give the former the price of one day's labor for the article, than that he should produce a like article for himself. If, at the same time, the latter has produced, by one day's labor, a different article, of which the former has need, and which he could not produce by less than two days' labor, it is better, by two to one, for both parties, that they should exchange productions, than that each should produce for himself an article like that produced by the other. In such exchange, each party saves half the price, or, in other words, each makes a profit of 100 per cent. by the exchange."

Two considerations point to this profit on commercial exchanges as the most convenient fund for taxation. He who pays it is in the present receipt of money to meet the demand, and is well aware that only a small part of the burden will rest on him. That part he pays cheerfully, because it is not taken from his previous store, but only so-
much deducted from a new acquisition. At such moments men are always found to part with money freely. The tax on legacies is levied on this principle.

A consideration not entitled to so much influence, but which is allowed to have much more, is, that they on whom the burden of the tax actually falls bear it unconsciously, and, therefore, without complaint. The great multitude in the United States cannot be made to understand that they pay anything into the federal treasury, which swallows up ten times as much of their substance as the State taxes, of which they are always complaining.

Besides the facility which the custom house affords for the collection of the tax on foreign exchanges, the protection and facilities afforded to such transactions by government furnish a fair excuse for imposing it. "The laborer is worthy of his hire"—"they that preach the gospel should live by the gospel;" and, by parity of reason, the navy has a fair claim to be maintained by the commerce which flourishes under its protection. It follows, from all these considerations, that the import is not only the most productive source of revenue, but the last that any government will think of surrendering or curtailing.

But, Great Britain, for the last seventy years, has not been in condition to surrender anything. Staggering under a load of debt, and maintaining a large army, and the largest navy in the world, no retrenchment she can make in her civil list, and other minor branches of expenditure, can have any sensible effect on the amount of revenue necessary to carry on the government. Hence, however sensible of the advantages of free trade to the prosperity of her people, she has never been in condition to avail herself of them. On the contrary, she takes the lion's share of the profit of all exchanges which pass through her custom house. But it is a law of trade, well understood, that this profit, if left to be disposed of by the parties to the exchanges, would be divided equally between the foreign producer of the raw material and the English producer of the manufactured article. Let Great Britain take from this 40 per cent. by way of impost, and the fund of profit so to be divided will be 60, and not 100. Each party, therefore, loses 20, and thus the foreign Chapman is indirectly made to pay 20 per cent. into the British treasury. The foreign nation has no means of preventing this, and can only indemnify itself by an op-
eration which shall make the British producer, in the same indirect way, pay 20 per cent. into the treasury of that nation. This is effected by laying a countervailing impost of 40 per cent. on the same fund of profit, which further reduces that fund to 20, and this is all that remains to be shared between the parties to the exchange. This expedient has been so extensively adopted, that free trade is everywhere unknown, and that Great Britain, in particular, has derived no benefit from this, which, of all the discoveries of political economy, is most important to individual prosperity.

It is hard to contrive a tax which shall not bear most heavily on the poor. Whether it be a tax on property or on consumption, of which each man will pay only in proportion to what he has, or to what he consumes, there will always be this essential difference between those who have something to spare and those who have nothing; it will be a tax on the superfluities of the one and on the necessaries of the other. An income tax, from which small incomes are exempt, forms the only exception—for a tax on articles the poor man never uses, hardly ever fails to affect the prices of similar articles that he does use. A tax on silks increases the number of those who content themselves with fine cottons, and so raises the price of these, and increases the number of those who must put up with coarse cottons. This comes home to the poorest man, and adds a few cents, that he can ill spare, to the cost of his poor wife's Sunday gown. But imposts and excises insinuate themselves into the substance of every thing that the poorest man can eat, drink or wear—so that as the poor woman divided her one pence between her five children, the tax-gatherer stood by and took a child's share. Taxation, in this extent, may be truly said to "to grind the faces of the poor." It not only strips the poor man of his covering, but eats into his flesh.

To a certain extent, as we have said, this mischief is unavoidable. But it is sometimes unnecessarily and cruelly aggravated. It rarely happens that they who have the management of public affairs fail to find out that anything that affects injuriously any one interest, may be brought to act beneficially on some other—relatively at least, if not absolutely. The impost is a tax on the exchange of the productions of agriculture, or of the productions of manufacture, for the productions of commerce. If either agri-
culture or manufactures can prevail to throw this tax more heavily on the productions of the other than its own, then the one interest is unduly depressed, and the other at least relatively, and often absolutely, advanced. Let the power to make this unequal distribution of the burden coincide with the interest to be advanced, and it will surely be done. This we of the Southern States of this Union know to our cost. In a country like England, the necessary protection of the rights of property is supposed to demand that political power be associated with property; and so it is. As the only visible, tangible and permanent property is land, land has been made the basis, the throne of political power. Hence, the landholder, in his capacity of ruler, has taken care to provide for his interest as an individual, by throwing the burden of the impost exclusively on the exchanges effected between manufactures and commerce, and to secure to himself a monopoly price in his negotiations with the other two. This monopoly has all the effect of a tax, except that the proceeds of it do not go into the treasury, but into the pockets of the tenantry, to be handed over to the land-lords (significantly so named) in the shape of extravagant rents. The progressive rise of rents, under this system, may furnish a sort of measure of the progressive inequality of property produced by it. The productiveness of land remaining the same, every dollar of additional rent is a dollar added to the income of the wealthy landholder, and taken from the consumers of bread. This is the great staple of the land of England, and regulates the price of all the other produce of the soil. This is the poor man's staff of life; and whether the advanced price of bread produced by the corn-laws goes into the treasury, or to the landowner, he, in proportion to his consumption of food, pays more to the tax, or the monopoly, than any other. But what could he do? "Groanings that could not be uttered" were the only voice of his sufferings. Who was there to make intercession for him, and hear and interpret these to the ear of power.

The interest of the manufacturer was identical with his own, but, for a long time, the manufacturer was too prosperous to complain of anything. He lost sight of all this, in the blaze of success which attended his improvements in productive industry by means of machinery. These have been the wonder and glory of the age. At their first ap-
pearance they excited some uneasiness in the unenlightened mass of operatives, whose rude minds abruptly seized on the conclusion that they must be ruined by the competition of machinery. The hand-loom weavers rose up in wrath, and made war on the power-loom. It was vain to tell them that the inconvenience was but temporary—that the invention itself would furnish new and profitable employment to labor, and that the cheapening of one article of cotton cloth was a vital addition to the wages of all labor. The weavers could plainly see that whatever part of this addition others might receive, would be paid at their expense, and were slow to believe that they could do as well in any new trade as in that which they had already learned. They were, therefore, so unreasonable as to expect and insist, that, for their sakes, the master-weaver should forbear to employ his capital in the creation of a cheap iron man, who, wearing no clothes, and consuming only coal and water, instead of beef and beer, would do more and better work than all of them together. As is always the case, in strong governments, they who would not hear reason had to submit to force.

Thus coerced, the weaver had to look for other employment, choosing, of course, those most germane to his proper calling. In this way he made shift to live. But, one by one, machinery was brought to bear on other employments too, and crowd after crowd of operatives were driven to find some new occupation. As the number of those to which it was found that machinery could be successfully applied increased, the number of places of refuge for discarded labor diminished, until, turn where he will, the laborer finds himself anticipated by an iron man, who does ten times his work at half the price necessary to maintain him and his family.

While this was going on, the political economist was busy proving, by argument and instance, that it ought not to be so. One instance was enough for him, and one being found, it has been stereotyped for his use. It is that of the printing press. We are told to compare the small number of persons employed in transcribing, before the invention of the printing press, with the multitudes now engaged in the various branches of publication. We are called on to observe, how, as machinery improved, that multitude steadily increased. "Que voulez vous?" says M. Say. "Here is
a demand for labor steadily increasing, with a steadily increasing improvement in machinery; and, if such be the result in this one instance, why not in all?"

If M. Say will show another case in which the demand is created by the supply he will probably find a like result. This was clearly the case with the printing press. When no author was to be met with except in manuscript, the number of those who knew enough of reading to understand the mystery of "the speaking leaf" was necessarily small. They who could actually read were but few, and of these, the portion whose opportunities of reading were such as to inspire a taste for it was so inconsiderable, that they constituted a small and privileged class. To be able to read was admitted, by the rigid rules of the common law of England, to be incontrovertible proof that the man endowed with that faculty was a clergyman. Even within the present century, the price of books was not such as to enable a poor man to form a taste for reading. It is only of late that, by dint of gigantic machinery, the supply has been made to overtake the demand it created. That it has now done so we have no doubt, and we look for an distant day, when the overloaded shelves of the booksellers shall come down with a crash that shall proclaim it to the world that cheap printing has destroyed itself.

But though printing and its attendants should still continue to furnish an occupation increasing with the increase of production, we know it to be an exception to the general law of supply and demand. Nothing like this will be found in the cotton spinner or hand-loom weaver, though these examples are most favorable to the doctrine of M. Say. The cheapening of the productions of the spindle and loom had an effect which showed that, until then, men had been content to go half-clothed. But it was not long before every one was fully clothed, and then the laborer presently began to find himself de trop. So, doubtless, could shoes be cheapened very much. We should soon find men wearing shoes who had hitherto gone barefoot. Old shoes would be laid aside for new, and some would have two pair of shoes who now have only one. While this is going on the shoemaker is still in demand, and lives by his trade as formerly. But let a machine be introduced, (and we see it intimated that one has been just invented,) by which fifty pair of shoes can be produced as easily as one pair is now,
and the shoemaker who can carry a hod will find it a losing business to make shoes even for himself.

Something like thirty years ago the straw-platt makers of Bedford, in England, presented a petition to the Duchess of that ilk, praying her to do something for them. What she could do she did. She had rank, beauty and authority in the world of fashion. She ordered a bonnet a yard wide, and wore it to the theatre. The fashion spread. The demand for straw-platt increased three-fold and the price doubled, so that the poor women had good reason to bless their benefactress. It is true that, in conferring this benefit, she imposed a heavy tax on others, who had to pay for twice as much straw-platt as before, at double price. It was a tax from which the votaries of fashion could not escape. It was felt even here, and we remember paying it at the distance of three thousand miles. It is only of late that we found out how it came to pass. But mark the event. The business became too large and profitable to be left to the fingers of the poor women. The capitalist brought his iron man into the field. Many years ago we saw a notice of a machine, with which one little girl could do the work of fifteen women. What became of them? What can the Duchess of Bedford do for them now? What can they do for themselves? Their occupation is gone. The invention of the capitalists defeated itself, for the straw-platt thus becoming cheap, the fine Leghorn bonnet ceased to be a mark of wealth in the wearer, and has long gone out of fashion.

Thus it is that machinery has been as the nether millstone to the grinding oppression of the landed aristocracy, and thus the steam engine has been to England like the great, hideous, high-trotting, demon dromedary of the hag mother of the Caliph Vathek, on which she rode into the hall of Eblis, there to dwell forever in pomp and splendor, with an undying flame eating, but not consuming, her heart.

We very much deceive ourselves if we have not laid bare the root of the evil of the time. Would to God it were as easy to eradicate it. More than thirty years ago (in 1816) Sir Robert Peel saw it, and expressed his apprehensions that “that great effort of British ingenuity whereby the machinery of manufactures was brought to perfection, instead of being a blessing to the nation might be converted into the bitterest curse.” He has been grubbing at it ever since, and his efforts have been rewarded by the hostility of the landed
nristocracy. His income tax, and his abrogation of their monopoly of bread, have driven him from office into the proudest position ever occupied by any British subject. If England is not doomed, she will recall him to his post. But has she a right to do so? "Men," said Burke, "have no right to expect to be served in spite of themselves." Even he might be unequal to the task, and he has a right to be remembered by posterity, not as a Milo caught in the cleft of the oak he had rent, but as the man who might have saved his country had she been worthy to be saved.

We hope to be pardoned for this digression, and return to our subject.

The standard of wages is the result of innumerable bargains, freely made between laborers and employers, and corresponds with the average of these. It will be high or low, according to the competition among capitalists for labor, and among laborers for employment. No law can regulate it, but on principles which would justify the interference of law in all the private concerns of men, leaving no shadow of liberty to any one.

If the demand for labor be so small that a sufficient number to do all that is to be done can be found having no families, the competition among them will bring wages down to that which will supply the means of returning daily to daily labor, with renewed strength, and no more. If the necessary number cannot be had, without enlisting such as have wives, the wages of all will rise to the point at which the husband can maintain his wife, or something will be found for her to do, by which she can earn her own bread. If it be further necessary to drum into the service all who have two children, then enough for the maintenance of two children will be added to the wages of all, and the same will be true of any greater number of children. Finally, let the demand be such that no man can be spared from work, and the wages will rise to a point at which the laborer will have the means of supporting as many children as God may send, and they who have none, with industry and economy, may get rich.

In the ordinary course of nature, the transition from one of these conditions to another is not made suddenly. The capitalist, in debating with himself what wages is best to give, looks not only to the present but the future demand for labor. Hence wages are rarely in exact conformity to
the present demand. They will be so if the demand is stationary; but if it is increasing the capitalist will see his own interest in giving something more—if declining, he has no such motive for liberality, and the laborer will find himself constrained to take less. Thus, let the present demand call for none but bachelors, still, if something more than food and raiment be not given, a few years will sweep away the present supply, and there will be none to replace it. This may do, if the demand is not only small but declining. But let it be stationary or advancing, and the capitalist will presently see that, for his own sake, it is better to give something more than the minimum to encourage marriage. It is curious to see how, though no man understands the hundredth part of the conditions of this problem, yet the average of the judgments of all concerned—both laborers and employers—does hit the truth with all needful certainty, and result in the establishment of a standard adapted to the truth. Hence, men versed in political economy and statistics are at no loss, from a comparison of wages with the price of subsistence, to decide whether, at any time, the demand for labor is advancing, stationary or declining.

But this proposition is never true, to this extent, except when the supply of labor is left to nature. So, even if this were so, it might be next to impossible to arrive at any certain result, when unseen or unappreciable causes are at work to unsettle the prices of the various necessaries into which the laborer must commute his wages. In England, both considerations at this time unite to make it hard to say whether there is any fixed standard of wages there, or to infer, from what is known, whether the demand for labor is stationary, advancing or declining. That the latter is the case we believe, but the figures to prove it cannot be had. In the early part of this century it was understood to be stationary, and the standard of wages was said to be graduated to the subsistence of a male and female laborer and two children. If this account of the matter were true, (and it is believed to have been so,) then these data would indicate just as many laborers at the command of capital as there were thirty years ago. But such has been the effect of government interference, with its work-houses and poor-laws, that each pair of laborers has come nearer raising three children than two. Certain it is that the last census shows a great increase in the population of the kingdom.
since 1815. It will follow, therefore, either that the calculation then made was erroneous, or that the supply of labor must very much exceed the demand, unless something has happened since that time to increase the demand for labor very much.

There has indeed been, in the mean time, an unexampled increase of capital, which might employ all the additional labor. But that increase is itself the result of a new bargain between capital and a new sort of labor, which fully satisfies the demand, works for lower wages, and underbids and starves out the unfortunate wretch of flesh and blood, whose feeble limbs and failing breath find it vain to contend with iron and steam. In short, we think we have shown that the men of iron, sprung from the brains of inventors, are equal to a much larger addition to the population than that which nature has furnished. It is obvious to every one that this has been attended with an awful derangement of the industrial business of the country, and the common name given to this mischief is *overproduction*.

A grosser absurdity than this cannot be conceived. As long as the world affords a market for all of any article not wanted for home consumption, and is prepared to give, in exchange for it, other articles which are wanted, there can be no overproduction. There may be a superfluity of some, or all of the good things of life, but that is a state of things of which no one would complain. The obvious and tangible mischief is, that many persons are suffering, and not a few perishing, for want of the necessaries of life, which, in other countries, having free commercial intercourse in these articles with Great Britain, are rotting on the hands of the producer. There is, indeed, a similar glut of manufactured goods in the home market, and this is cited as an evidence of overproduction. But what if these goods were offered in exchange for foreign corn. Would not the offer be accepted, and would there not then be enough for all? But there is no thought of this. As soon as the manufacturer has disposed of as many of his wares as will satisfy the wants of those who furnish his raw material, and of those who supply the luxuries and elegancies to his house, equipage, table and person, he stops there. *His* wants are all supplied, and, finding a surplus still in his hands, he calls that a glut. Let him hand it over to his starving operative, in such increase of wages as will enable the poor
wretch to live. He will know what to do with it, and the glut will soon disappear. Certainly the more a country produces of what she does not want for her own consumption, the more she has to give in exchange for what she does want. Were all that England now produces consumed as it is, and were as much more added to her production, and that additional quantity exchanged for the corn, flour, beef, pork, &c., &c., of the United States, would any one in England go to bed hungry? Surely overproduction cannot be the evil, if doubling the production would furnish a complete remedy.

But we conceive that the evil is not in excess or deficiency of production. Overproduction is impossible, and that there is no deficiency we think is demonstrable. The machinery of England is said to accomplish more than all the inhabitants of the earth could do without machinery. By such labor all the inhabitants of the earth were fed and clothed one hundred years ago. How, then, shall it not be sufficient for the few millions of the British Isles? Has the experiment ever been made? Has Great Britain, after gathering in her own harvests, steadily applied her surplus manufactures to the purchase of as much more of the staff of life as would feed every man, woman and child in the kingdom? Were she to do this, would there not still be enough of surplus to procure as many of the elegancies and luxuries of life as ought to satisfy the tastes of her aristocracy of wealth? If not, should she try this experiment and yet not have enough to buy bread for all, it would be a case for charity, which ought to be extended to her, as it was the other day to Ireland, from all parts of the world. She would feel that she had a claim to it. She would prove, from Scripture, a right to it. For the sentence that doomed man to “eat his bread in the sweat of his face” has a two-fold meaning. It means that “he that works not shall not eat,” and also that “he that works shall eat.” The toiling millions that go supperless to bed have a right to a supper, whether bargained for or not, from somebody, and on whom can that claim be so strong as on those their toil has enriched? Certainly there is much in the condition of that starving multitude that calls for all our sympathy; but in that of Great Britain, as a nation, nothing whatever. On the contrary, she is proud to acknowledge that all the world has claims on her, and these she discharges with a zeal
which would command universal applause could we overlook the untold miseries at home, to which she affords no relief. What should we say to a farmer who, producing nothing but grain for market, should lay out all his surplus in the purchase of silks and satins, nicknacks and gewgaws for his family, and broadcloth, champagne and Burgundy for himself, and in building, adorning and furnishing his palace-residence, leaving his negroes to go naked? Or let the slave-owner be a manufacturer, who disposes of all his surplus for like purposes, leaving his negroes to cry for bread. We should pity them—not him—and charity to them, what would it be but superfluous, unmerited bounty to him? Is it not plain that the thing amiss is distribution, not production?

Such cases as we have just supposed do not happen. And why? We beg the political economist, the philanthropist, the political philosopher, and even the statesman, to answer. It is because the relation between the master and laborer is permanent—life-long and more. It is a thing growing out of the past and entering into the future—"a partnership," as Burke says, "not only between the living, but between the living and the dead, and those who are yet to be born." It is not such a connexion as may be formed by cash payments, for the labor of a day, a week, or a month; but such a one as is formed for life, by a faithful engagement, faithfully performed, to furnish employment to the laborer, to guide and direct his exertions, to husban and realize their fruits, and to give him his due share, in food and raiment, and paternal care to him and his wife, and his little ones, so that none shall want, in health or in sickness. Instead of superfluous wages, if he has no children, and too little if he has many, his wages are exactly proportioned to the number of his children. Instead of abundance when in health, and when the wants of nature are few, gross, and easily supplied, and nothing when, in sickness, every organ of his frame is craving sustenance or solace, his wages are most when his wants are greatest, though his services be then less than nothing.

"Never," says Carlyle, "never on this-earth was the relation of man to man carried on by cash payment alone." "Cash payment never could, except for a few years, be the union bond of man to man." "Guth, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, has been greatly pitied. Guth, with brass col-
lar around his neck, tending Cedric's pigs in the wood, is not what I call an exemplar of human felicity; but Gurth with the sky above him, with the free air and tinted bosom and umbrage around him, and in him, at least, the certainty of supper and social lodging when he came home, Gurth to me seems happy in comparison with many a Lancashire and Buckinghamshire man of these days, not born thrall of any body. Gurth's brass collar did not gall him—Cedric deserved to be his master. The pigs were Cedric's, but Gurth, too, would get his parings of them. Gurth had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling himself related indissolubly, though in a rude brass collar way, to his fellow mortals on this earth. He had superiors, inferiors, equals. Gurth is now emancipated long since—he has what we call liberty. Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty, when it becomes the liberty to die by starvation, is not so divine."

We quote from Carlyle, not as adopting or censoring what he says, though we know no man who thinks more profoundly and wisely, but we quote him and his ideas as facts to be considered in the estimate of English affairs. He is a great fact, for he is the voice of sentiments and thoughts struggling for utterance in ten thousand hearts and minds. He is indeed the only writer in England who has the courage to look this matter in the face, the sense to understand it fully, and the candor to discuss it fairly. It might seem superfluous to make large extracts from works supposed to be in the hands of every man, but we regret to say that they are not read in this country as they deserve to be. Multitudes shrink from the toil of thought which the topics of which he treats demand, and charge this on him as obscurity. The everlasting schoolmaster backs them with his pedantry, and tells them they are not bound to understand a writer who makes the superlative of a trisyllable by adding the sign of the superlative instead of prefixing the word "most." "Not one of the four angles of any book he ever wrote is a right angle." That must be admitted. He uses words, too, which may not be found in any dictionary—though no scholar will mistake their meaning—and idioms which, but for his familiarity with the German language, would never have occurred to him. These things stand as a sufficient excuse for not understanding, and therefore not reading, what a shallow thinker would
not understand, even in the simple and graceful vernacular of Addison, Hume and Goldsmith. Indeed, so far are we from censuring a style, the taste of which we do not particularly admire, that we are bound to admit that he has, in many instances, succeeded most felicitously in the expression of thoughts, which, but for his peculiar forms of speech, might never have found “voice and utterance.” Sometimes, too, he utters tones that sound like prophecy, and are, like all prophecy, mysterious. It is not for man to “know the end from the beginning,” and the prophecies of Scripture themselves are never so distinct as to enable us to foresee the future. He who thinks he so understands them most surely misunderstands them. It is the office of the event to verify the prophecy, not that of the prophecy to enable men to anticipate the event. “I tell you before it come to pass,” said the Saviour, not that you may know what is to come to pass; no such thing, but “that when it shall come to pass ye may know that I am He.” It is enough for this if the prophecy can be read by the event. Inspiration teaches no more than enough for this, and what more can be expected from uninspired man? The prophetic passages of Carlyle remind one continually of “rapt Isaiah’s strain,” and we find our hair rise and our blood run cold as we read.

We said, in the outset, that the political problem of the present day is one to which no known formula will apply, and we have endeavored to show something of the peculiarities of “this strange new to-day.” “The English legislature,” says Carlyle, “like the English people, is of slow temper, essentially conservative. It is an instinct worthy of all honor, akin to all strength and wisdom. The future is hereby not dissevered from the past, but based continuously on it, grows with all the vitalities of the past, and is rooted down deep into the beginnings of us. The English legislature is entirely repugnant to believe in new epochs. The English legislature does not occupy itself with epochs—has, indeed, other business to do than looking at the time horologe and hearing it tick. Nevertheless, new epochs do actually come, and, with them, new imperious necessities—so that even an English legislature has to look up and admit, though with reluctance, that the hour has struck. The hour having struck, let us not say ‘impossible.’ It will have to be possible. Contrary to the habits
of Parliament, the habits of Government.' Yes: but did any Parliament ever sit in the year forty-three (49) before?

One of the most original, unexampled years and epochs, in several important respects totally unlike any other. For time, all tedious and all ferocious, does move on, and the seven sleepers, awaking hungry, after a hundred years, find it is not their own nurses who can now give them suck."

The questions of "this new to-day," according to Carlyle, constitute a sort of sphinx riddle, which nations and men must solve at their peril. "Such a sphinx," says he, is "this life of our's to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the sphinx, is of womanly, celestial loveliness and tenderness, the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestal beauty, which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom. But there is also a darkness, a ferocity, a fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned—one still half imprisoned—the inarticulate lovely still incased in the inarticulate chaotic. How true! And does she not propose her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, with mild voice, yet with terrible significance: "Knowest thou the meaning of this day? What thou canst do to-day wisely attempt to do." Nature, universe, destiny, existence, howsoever we name this grand, unnameable fact, in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee; answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself: the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws. Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring. Thou art not now her victorious bridgroom; thou art her mangled victim, scattered on the precipices, as a slave found treacherous and recreant ought to be and must."

"Foolish men imagine that, because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice but an accidental justice here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed, some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death. In the centre of the world-whirlwind, verily now, as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is just. Oh brother! can it be needful now, at this late epoch of experience, after eighteen centuries of Christian preaching, for
one thing to remind thee of such a fact, which all manner
of Mahometans, pagan Romans, Jews, Scythians and hea-
then Greeks, and, indeed, more or less, all men that God
made, have managed at one time to see into—nay, which
thou thyself, till redemption struggled the inner life of thee,
hadst once some inkling of. That there is justice here be-
low, and even at bottom, that there is nothing but justice.
Forget that thou hast forgotten them all. Success will
never more attend thee—how can it? Thou hast the whole
universe against thee. No more success, mere sham suc-
cess, for a day and days, rising even higher—towards its
Temple Rock. Alas! how in thy soft-hung longacre
vehicle of polished leather, to the bodily eye of redemption
philosophy of expediencies, club-room moralities, Parlia-
mentary majorities, to the mind's eye thou beautifully roll-
est; but knowest thou whitherward? It is towards the
road's end. Old uses and work, established methods and
habitudes, once true and wise, man's noblest tendency, his
perseverance, and man's ignoblest, his inattention, whatsoever
of noble or ignoble conservatism there is in men or nations,
all this is as a road to thee, paved through the abyss, till all
this end; till man's bitter necessities can endure thee no
more; till nature's patience with thee is done, and there is
no road or footing any further, and the abyss yawns sheer."

"What is justice? That, on the whole, is the question
of the sphinx to us. The law of fact is that justice must
and will be done. The sooner the better, for the time
grows stringent, frightfully pressing. 'What is justice?'
ask many to whom cruel fact alone will be able to prove
responsive. It is like jesting Pilate asking 'What is truth?'
Jesting Pilate had not the smallest chance to ascertain what
was truth. He could not have known it had a God shown
it to him. Thick serene opacity, thicker than amnesia,
veiled those smiling eyes of his to truth—the inner retina
of them was gone, paralytic, dead. He looked at truth and
discerned not, there where he stood. 'What is justice?'
The clothed, embodied justice that sits in Westminster Hall,
with penalties, parchments, tipstaffs is very visible. But
the unembodied justice, whereof that other is either an em-
blem, or else a fearful indescribability, is not so visible.
For the unembodied justice is of heaven, a spirit, and di-
venity of heaven, invisible to all but the noble and pure of
soul. The impure, ignoble, gaze with eyes, and she is not
They will prove it to you by logic, by endless Hansard debates; by bursts of Parliamentary eloquence. It is not consolatory to behold. For properly, as many men as there are in a nation, who can withal see heaven's invisible justice, and know it to be, on earth also, omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a nation and perdition. So many, and no more. Heavy-laden England, how many hast thou in this hour? The Supreme Power sends new, and ever new, all born at least with hearts of flesh, and not of stone, and heavy misery itself, once heavy enough, will prove didactic.

"Day's wages for day's work. The progress of human society consists even in this same, the better apportioning of wages to work. Give me this, you have given me all. Pay to every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and done and deserved—to this man broad lands and honors, to that man high gibbets and treadmill. What more have I to ask? Heaven's kingdom, which we daily pray for, has come; God's will is done on earth as it is in heaven. This is the radiance of celestial justice, in the light, or in the fire of which all impediments, vested interests, and iron cannon are, more and more, melting like wax and disappearing from the pathways of men. A thing ever struggling forward, irrepressible, advancing inevitable, perfecting itself, all days more and more, never to be perfect till the general doomsday, the ultimate consummation and last of all earthy days. And yet, withal, we have to remark that imperfect human society holds itself together and finds place under the sun, in virtue simply of some approximation to perfection being actually made and put in practice. We remark farther, that there are supportable approximations and likewise insupportable. With some, almost without any approximations, men are apt, perhaps too apt, to rest indolently patient, and say 'it will do.' Thus poor Manchester manual workers mean only by day's wages for day's work, certain coins of money, necessary to keep them living, in return for their work, such modicum of food, clothes and fuel as will enable them to continue their work itself. They, as yet, clamor for no more; the rest, still inarticulate, cannot yet shape itself into a demand at all, and only lies in them a dumb wish, perhaps still more inarticulate, as a dumb unconscious want. This is the supportable approximation they would rest patient with,
that, by their work they would be kept alive to work more. This once grown unattainable, I think your approximation may consider itself to have reached the insupportable stage, and may prepare, with whatever difficulty, for one of two things: for changing or perishing. With the millions no longer able to live, how can the units be kept living. It is too clear, the nation itself is on the way to suicidal death."

"And now the world will have to pause a little and take up that other side of the problem," (distribution,) "and, in right earnest, strive for some solution of that. For it has become pressing. What is the use of your spun shirts? They hang there, by the million, unsaleable; and here, by the million, are diligent barebacks that can get no hold of them. Shirts are useful for covering human backs; useless otherwise, an unbearable mockery otherwise. You have fallen terribly behind with that side of the problem. Manchester insurrections, French revolutions, and thousand-fold phenomena, great and small, announce loudly that you must bring it forward a little again. Never, till now, in the history of the earth, which, to this hour, nowhere refuses to grow corn if you will plough it, to yield shirts if you will spin and weave it, did the mere manual two-handed worker (however it might fare with other workers) cry in vain for such wages as he means by fair wages, namely, food and warmth. The godlike could not and cannot be paid, but the earthly always could. Why the four-footed worker has always got all that this two-handed one is clamoring for. There is not a horse in England, able and willing to work, but has due food and lodging, and goes about sleek-coated, satisfied in heart. And you say it is impossible! Brothers, I answer, if for you it is impossible what is to become of you? It is impossible for us to believe it to be impossible. The human brain, looking at these sleek English horses, refuses to believe in such impossibility for English men. Do you depart quickly—clear the way lest worse befall. We, for our share, do purpose, with full view of the enormous difficulty, with total disbelief in the impossibility, to endeavor, while life is in us, and to die endeavoring, we and our sons, till we attain it or have all died and ended."

We repeat that we quote these passages not as authority for what we have advanced, in the common acceptation of the word authority, but we cite the man and his words as
a part of the facts of our case. We do believe that the solution of the questions here indistinctly stated is the great task of statesmanship in the nineteenth century. It is not for us even to hazard a guess at the solution of the sphinx riddle. We are not of the number to whom it is propounded, and besides, we too have one of our own to solve. Carlyle, after hinting at the probable efficacy of education and emigration, both of which we think too slow for the disease, declines any responsibility for the prescription, in the following characteristic passage.

"For the rest, let not any Parliament, aristocracy, millenocracy or member of the governing class condemn with much triumph this small specimen of remedial measures, or ask, with the least anger of this editor, 'What is to be done? How that alarming problem of the working classes is to be managed?' Editors are not here foremost of all to say how. A certain editor thanks the Gods that nobody pays him three hundred thousand a year, two hundred thousand, twenty thousand, or any similar sum of cash, for saying how, and that his wages are very different, and his work somewhat fitter for him. An editor's stipulated work is to apprise thee that it must be done. The way to do it is to try it, knowing that thou shalt die if it be not done. There is the bare back—there is the web of cloth—thou shalt cut me a coat to cover that bare back, thou whose trade it is. Impossible! Hapless fraction! dost thou discern fate, then, half unveiling herself in the gloom of the future, with her gibbet cords, her steel whips, and very authentic tailor's hell waiting to see whether it is possible. Out with thy scissors and cut that cloth or thy own windpipe."

For ourselves we say that this is the question of the age, and that the answer must come from the man of the age. We use the singular advisedly. The adage, "that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," is true enough as applied to the every day business of common life, into which the commonest men may be supposed to have some insight. Not so in cases like this. All consultation here is a Babel-clamor. He who is to solve this problem has no words to waste on others. They would not understand him. It is with himself only that he is to commune, shutting himself up in the darkness and silence of his own mind.

But who is he? Had the like question been asked in
France fifty-four years ago, would any one have named the man who was, even then, in the secret of his own thoughts, preparing to furnish a triumphant solution to the enigma of that day? God never leaves himself without a witness, and never, until he shall give over a people to swift destruction, will he leave himself without a vicegerent to govern them. Such a one is always "walking among them, whom they know not, but whose shoe-latches the great ones of the earth are not worthy to unloose." Just one hundred years ago such a one was toiling through the passes of the Alleghany, leaning on his Jacob staff, and, in the depth of that wilderness, preparing himself, by communion only with God and his own brave upright heart, to render to his own country and to the world, the noblest service ever performed by man. Such men are never foreknown, and it is vain to seek them. The event that calls for them makes them known.

There is nothing earthly that men do so truly venerate and trust in as a great man. There is nothing, next after the craving of the human heart for the revelation of a God of wisdom, justice and mercy, that men so feel the need of as the bodily presence of one most like him on earth, to whom they may look up, whose wisdom is to be their wisdom, whose justice and mercy are to be for them. Their misfortune is, that in their eagerness for such they are always ready to imagine such, "and when the God is an ape what must be the worshippers?" But let the true man show himself, and there is no more mistake. Whether he come from Nazareth or Bethlehem, from Corsica or Paris, they do not stop to ask. When the ship is laboring, with breakers under her lee, and one springs to the helm and lays her head to the wind, men do not inquire of his right to be there. His voice is heard above the storms, and they obey it as the voice of a God. Go into a deliberative body. Is there a great man there, or the nearest approximation to a great man the unhappy time affords? You ask for him. You fix your eyes on him. His countenance, his bearing, his gestures occupy you wholly. The rest are but the figures in the "shin-piece" in the capitol, whose legs attract more notice than their heads. Unfortunate for man were it otherwise.

There is work for such a man, and if God has vouchsafed such a man to this generation he will know his work and
do it. There is no need of a revolution to call him forth or to perfect his work. The way to the prime ministry is as open to every man in the kingdom as it was to Chatham or Canning, and the power of the minister, backed by a confiding House of Commons, is equal to every emergency. Let the right man show himself, and the needful confidence will not be lacking any more than the needful power. The three estates of the realm are ever present in Parliament. To some purposes this is a fiction; but when a thing is to be done by those who are there represented, for the benefit of those who are not there, it is, for that purpose, no fiction. Blackwood and the tories may clamor about invasions of the right of property, but if they to whom the property belongs choose to put the act by which they dispose of it into the form of a statute, we see no more to be objected to it than to certain annual statutes, which import that “the Lords and Commons of Great Britain do give and grant to the Crown” certain taxes for the support of government. The power to ascertain the duties of property, while securing its rights, is clearly within the competency of a body in which every acre of land in the kingdom is represented. Let the landholder endeavor conscientiously to apportion the interest of his paltry evanescent fee simple “to him and to his heirs forever,” as he presumptuously calls it, and that of the great allodial proprietor, whose it has been, and is, and will be, from everlasting to everlasting. None but a socialist or communist questions his fee simple; but the Lord of the Fee, whose liegeman he is, calls on him for aid to rescue his children from captivity. Let him see to it that it be duly paid. There is no danger that men will wrong themselves. Let them be careful that they do no wrong to Him.

We have extended our remarks to an unreasonable length, and yet have not said the half of what we propose to say. For the present we leave the subject here, hoping to find a proper occasion for resuming it.