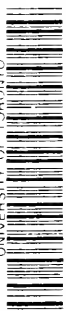


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# THE FRIEND:

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*A SERIES OF ESSAYS,*

IN THREE VOLUMES,

TO AID IN THE FORMATION OF FIXED PRINCIPLES IN

POLITICS, MORALS, AND RELIGION,

WITH

LITERARY AMUSEMENTS INTERSPERSED.



BY S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.



*A NEW EDITION.*



Accipe principium rursus, formamque coactam  
Desere: mutatâ melior procede figurâ.

CLAUDIAN.



VOL. III.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR REST FENNER, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1818.

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Now for the writing of this werke,  
I, who am a lonesome clerke,  
Purposed for to write a book  
After the world, that whilome took  
Its course in oldè days long passed:  
But for men sayn, it is now lassed  
In worsè plight than it was tho,  
I thought me for to touch also  
The world which neweth every day—  
So as I can, so as I may,  
Albeit I sickness have and pain,  
And long have had, yet would I fain  
Do my mind's hest and besinnes,  
That in some part, so as I guess,  
The gentle mind may be advised.

GOWER, *Pro. to the Confess. Amantis.*

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## Introduction.



Παρά Σέξτου τὴν ἔννοιαν τῶν κατὰ φύσιν ζῆν.  
καὶ τὸ σέμνον ἀπλάτως, ὡσεὶ κολακείας μὲν πάσης  
προσενερέραν εἶναι τὴν ὁμιλίαν αὐτῶν, αἰδεσιμώτατον  
δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἔκεινον τὸν κáιρον εἶναι. καὶ ἅμα μὲν  
ἀπαθέτατον εἶναι, ἅμα δὲ φιλοσοργότατον· καὶ τό  
ἰδεῖν ἄνθρωπον σαφῶς ἔλάχισον τῶν ἑαυτοῦ καλῶν  
ἡγουμενον τὴν αὐτοῦ πολυμαθίην.

M. ANTON. βιβ. α.

*Translation.*—From Sextus, and from the contempla-  
tion of his character, I learnt what it was to live a life  
in harmony with nature ; and that seemliness and dignity  
of deportment, which ensured the profoundest reverence  
at the very same time that his company was more winning  
than all the flattery in the world. To him I owe likewise  
that I have known a man at once the most dispassionate.

and the most affectionate, and who of all his attractions set the least value on the multiplicity of his literary requisitions. *M. Anton. Book I.*



*To the Editor of the Friend.*

Sir,

I HOPE you will not ascribe to presumption, the liberty I take in addressing you, on the subject of your Work. I feel deeply interested in the cause you have undertaken to support; and my object in writing this letter is to describe to you, in part from my own feelings, what I conceive to be the state of many minds, which may derive important advantage from your instructions.

I speak, Sir, of those who, though bred up under our unfavourable system of education, have yet held at times some intercourse with nature, and with those great minds whose works have been moulded by the spirit of nature: who, therefore, when they pass from the seclusion and constraint of early study, bring with them into the new scene of the world, much of the pure sensibility which is the spring of all that is greatly good in thought

and action. To such the season of that entrance into the world is a season of fearful importance; not for the seduction of its passions, but of its opinions. Whatever be their intellectual powers, unless extraordinary circumstances in their lives have been so favourable to the growth of meditative genius, that their speculative opinions must spring out of their early feelings, their minds are still at the mercy of fortune: they have no inward impulse steadily to propel them: and must trust to the chances of the world for a guide. And such is our present moral and intellectual state, that these chances are little else than variety of danger. There will be a thousand causes conspiring to complete the work of a false education, and by enclosing the mind on every side from the influences of natural feeling, to degrade its inborn dignity, and finally bring the heart itself under subjection to a corrupted understanding. I am anxious to describe to you what I have experienced or seen of the dispositions and feelings that will aid every other cause of danger, and tend to lay the mind open to the infection of all those false-

hoods in opinion and sentiment, which constitute the degeneracy of the age.

Though it would not be difficult to prove, that the mind of the country is much enervated since the days of her strength, and brought down from its moral dignity, it is not yet so forlorn of all good,—there is nothing in the face of the times so dark and saddening, and repulsive—as to shock the first feelings of a generous spirit, and drive it at once to seek refuge in the elder ages of our greatness. There yet survives so much of the character bred up through long years of liberty, danger, and glory, that even what this age produces bears traces of those that are past, and it still yields enough of beautiful, and splendid, and bold, to captivate an ardent but untutored imagination. And in this real excellence is the beginning of danger: for it is the first spring of that excessive admiration of the age which at last brings down to its own level a mind born above it. If there existed only the general disposition of all who are formed with a high capacity for good, to be rather credulous of excellence than suspiciously and severely just,

the error would not be carried far :—but there are, to a young mind, in this country and at this time, numerous powerful causes concurring to inflame this disposition, till the excess of the affection above the worth of its object, is beyond all computation. To trace these causes it will be necessary to follow the history of a pure and noble mind from the first moment of that critical passage from seclusion to the world, which changes all the circumstances of its intellectual existence, shews it for the first time the real scene of living men, and calls up the new feeling of numerous relations by which it is to be connected with them.

To the young adventurer in life, who enters upon his course with such a mind, every thing seems made for delusion. He comes with a spirit whose dearest feelings and highest thoughts have sprung up under the influences of nature. He transfers to the realities of life the high wild fancies of visionary boyhood : he brings with him into the world the passions of solitary and untamed imagination, and hopes which he has learned from dreams. Those dreams have been of the great and wonderful,

and lovely, of all which in these has yet been disclosed to him: his thoughts have dwelt among the wonders of nature, and among the loftiest spirits of men—heroes, and sages, and saints;—those whose deeds, and thoughts, and hopes, were high above ordinary mortality, have been the familiar companions of his soul. To love and to admire has been the joy of his existence. Love and admiration are the pleasures he will demand of the world. For these he has searched eagerly into the ages that are gone: but with more ardent and peremptory expectation he requires them of that in which his own lot is cast: for to look on life with hopes of happiness is a necessity of his nature, and to him there is no happiness but such as is surrounded with excellence.

See first how this spirit will affect his judgment of moral character, in those with whom chance may connect him in the common relations of life. It is of those with whom he is to live, that his soul first demands this food of her desires. From their conversation, their looks, their actions, their lives, she asks for excellence. To ask from all and to ask in

vain, would be too dismal to bear : it would disturb him too deeply with doubt and perplexity, and fear. In this hope, and in the revolting of his thoughts from the possibility of disappointment, there is a preparation for self-delusion : there is an unconscious determination that his soul shall be satisfied ; an obstinate will to find good every where. And thus his first study of mankind is a continued effort to read in them the expression of his own feelings. He catches at every uncertain shew and shadowy resemblance of what he seeks ; and unsuspecting in innocence, he is first won with those appearances of good which are in fact only false pretensions. But this error is not carried far : for there is a sort of instinct of rectitude, which like the pressure of a talisman given to baffle the illusions of enchantment, warns a pure mind against hypocrisy.—There is another delusion more difficult to resist and more slowly dissipated. It is when he finds, as he often will, some of the real features of excellence in the purity of their native form. For then his rapid imagination will gather round them all the kindred features that are

wanting to perfect beauty ; and make for him, where he could not find, the moral creature of his expectation :—peopling, even from this human world, his little circle of affection, with forms as fair as his heart desired for its love.

But when, from the eminence of life which he has reached, he lifts up his eyes, and sends out his spirit to range over the great scene that is opening before him and around him,—the whole prospect of civilized life—so wide and so magnificent :—when he begins to contemplate, in their various stations of power or splendour, the leaders of mankind—those men on whose wisdom are hung the fortunes of nations—those whose genius and valour wield the heroism of a people ;—or those, in no inferior “ pride of place,” whose sway is over the mind of society,—chiefs in the realm of imagination,—interpreters of the secrets of nature, —rulers of human opinion——what wonder, when he looks on all this living scene, that his heart should burn with strong affection, that he should feel that his own happiness will be for ever interwoven with the interests of mankind ? —Here then the sanguine hope with which he



looks on life, will again be blended with his passionate desire of excellence; and he will still be impelled to single out some, on whom his imagination and his hopes may repose. To whatever department of human thought or action his mind is turned with interest, either by the sway of public passion or by its own impulse, among statesmen, and warriors, and philosophers, and poets, he will distinguish some favoured names on which he may satisfy his admiration. And there, just as in the little circle of his own acquaintance, seizing eagerly on every merit they possess, he will supply more from his own credulous hope, completing real with imagined excellence, till living men, with all their imperfections, become to him the representatives of his perfect ideal creation:—Till, multiplying his objects of reverence, as he enlarges his prospect of life, he will have surrounded himself with idols of his own hands, and his imagination will seem to discern a glory in the countenance of the age, which is but the reflection of its own effulgence.

He will possess, therefore, in the creative power of generous hope, a preparation for

illusory and exaggerated admiration of the age in which he lives:—and this pre-disposition will meet with many favouring circumstances, when he has grown up under a system of education like ours, which (as perhaps all education must that is placed in the hands of a distinct and embodied class, who therefore bring to it the peculiar and hereditary prejudices of their order) has controuled his imagination to a reverence of former times, with an unjust contempt of his own.—For no sooner does he break loose from this controul, and begin to feel, as he contemplates the world for himself, how much there is surrounding him on all sides, that gratifies his noblest desires, than there springs up in him an indignant sense of injustice, both to the age and to his own mind: and he is impelled warmly and eagerly to give loose to the feelings that have been held in bondage, to seek out and to delight in finding excellence that will vindicate the insulted world, while it justifies too, his resentment of his own undue subjection, and exalts the value of his new found liberty.

Add to this, that secluded as he has been from knowledge, and, in the imprisoning circle of one system of ideas, cut off from his share in the thoughts and feelings that are stirring among men, he finds himself, at the first steps of his liberty, in a new intellectual world. Passions and powers which he knew not of, start up in his soul. The human mind, which he had seen but under one aspect, now presents to him a thousand unknown and beautiful forms. He sees it, in its varying powers, glancing over nature with restless curiosity, and with impetuous energy striving for ever against the barriers which she has placed around it; sees it with divine power creating from dark materials living beauty, and fixing all its high and transported fancies in imperishable forms.—In the world of knowledge, and science, and art, and genius, he treads as a stranger:—in the confusion of new sensations, bewildered in delights, all seems beautiful; all seems admirable. And therefore he engages eagerly in the pursuit of false or insufficient philosophy; he is won by the allurements of licentious art; he follows with

wonder the irregular transports of undisciplined imagination.—Nor where the objects of his admiration are worthy, is he yet skilful to distinguish between the acquisitions which the age has made for itself, and that large proportion of its wealth which it has only inherited: but in his delight of discovery and growing knowledge, all that is new to his own mind seems to him new-born to the world.—To himself every fresh idea appears instruction: every new exertion, acquisition of power: he seems just called to the consciousness of himself, and to his true place in the intellectual world; and gratitude and reverence towards those to whom he owes this recovery of his dignity, tends much to subject him to the dominion of minds that were not formed by nature to be the leaders of opinion.

All the tumult and glow of thought and imagination, which seizes on a mind of power in such a scene, tends irresistibly to bind it by stronger attachment of love and admiration to its own age. And there is one among the new emotions which belong to its entrance on the world—one—almost the noblest of all—in

which this exaltation of the age is essentially mingled. The faith in the perpetual progression of human nature towards perfection, gives birth to such lofty dreams, as secure to it the devout assent of imagination; and it will be yet more grateful to a heart just opening to hope, flushed with the consciousness of new strength, and exulting in the prospect of destined achievements. There is, therefore, almost a compulsion on generous and enthusiastic spirits, as they trust that the future shall transcend the present, to believe that the present transcends the past. It is only on an undue love and admiration of their own age, that they can build their confidence in the amelioration of the human race. Nor is this faith, —which, in some shape, will always be the creed of virtue,—without apparent reason, even in the erroneous form in which the young adopt it. For there is a perpetual acquisition of knowledge and art,—an unceasing progress in many of the modes of exertion of the human mind,—a perpetual unfolding of virtues with the changing manners of society:—and it is not for a young mind to compare what is

gained with what has passed away ; to discern that amidst the incessant intellectual activity of the race, the intellectual power of individual minds may be falling off ; and that amidst accumulating knowledge lofty science may disappear :—and still less, to judge, in the more complicated moral character of a people, what is progression, and what is decline.

Into a mind possessed with this persuasion of the perpetual progress of man, there may even imperceptibly steal both from the belief itself, and from many of the views on which it rests—something like a distrust of the wisdom of great men of former ages, and with the reverence—which no delusion will ever overpower in a pure mind—for their greatness, a fancied discernment of imperfection ;—of incomplete excellence, which wanted for its accomplishment the advantages of later improvements : there will be a surprize, that so much should have been possible in times so ill prepared ; and even the study of their works may be sometimes rather the curious research of a speculative enquirer, than the devout contemplation of an enthusiast ; the watchful and

obedient heart of a disciple listening to the inspiration of his master.

Here then is the power of delusion that will gather round the first steps of a youthful spirit, and throw enchantment over the world in which it is to dwell.—Hope realizing its own dreams:—Ignorance dazzled and ravished with sudden sunshine:—Power awakened and rejoicing in its own consciousness:—Enthusiasm kindling among multiplying images of greatness and beauty ; and enamoured, above all, of one splendid error :—and, springing from all these, such a rapture of life and hope, and joy, that the soul, in the power of its happiness, transmutes things essentially repugnant to it, into the excellence of its own nature :—these are the spells that cheat the eye of the mind with illusion. It is under these influences that a young man of ardent spirit gives all his love, and reverence, and zeal, to productions of art, to theories of science, to opinions, to systems of feeling, and to characters distinguished in the world, that are far beneath his own original dignity.

Now as this delusion springs not from his

worse but his better nature, it seems as if there could be no warning to him from within of his danger: for even the impassioned joy which he draws at times from the works of Nature, and from those of her mightier sons, and which would startle him from a dream of unworthy passion, serves only to fix the infatuation:—for those deep emotions, proving to him that his heart is uncorrupted, justify to him *all* its workings, and his mind confiding and delighting in itself, yields to the guidance of its own blind impulses of pleasure. His chance, therefore, of security, is the chance that the greater number of objects occurring to attract his honourable passions, may be worthy of them. But we have seen that the whole power of circumstances is collected to gather round him such objects and influences as will bend his high passions to unworthy enjoyment. He engages in it with a heart and understanding unspoiled: but they cannot long be misapplied with impunity. They are drawn gradually into closer sympathy with the falsehoods they have adopted, till, his very nature seeming to change under the corruption, there disappears



from it the capacity of those higher perceptions and pleasures to which he was born : and he is cast off from the communion of exalted minds, to live and to perish with the age to which he has surrendered himself.

If minds under these circumstances of danger are preserved from decay and overthrow, it can seldom, I think, be to themselves that they owe their deliverance. It must be to a fortunate chance which places them under the influence of some more enlightened mind, from which they may first gain suspicion and afterwards wisdom. There is a philosophy, which, leading them by the light of their best emotions to the principles which should give life to thought and law to genius, will discover to them in clear and perfect evidence, the falsehood of the errors that have misled them ; and restore them to themselves. And this philosophy they will be willing to hear and wise to understand : but they must be led into its mysteries by some guiding hand ; for they want the impulse or the power to penetrate of themselves the recesses.

If a superior mind should assume the protection of others just beginning to move among

the dangers I have described, it would probably be found, that delusions springing from their own virtuous activity, were not the only difficulties to be encountered. Even after suspicion is awakened, the subjection to falsehood may be prolonged and deepened by many weaknesses both of the intellectual and moral nature; weaknesses that will sometimes shake the authority of acknowledged truth.—There may be intellectual indolence; an indisposition in the mind to the effort of combining the ideas it actually possesses, and bringing into distinct form the knowledge, which in its elements is already its own:—there may be, where the heart resists the sway of opinion, misgivings and modest self-mistrust, in him who sees, that if he trusts his heart, he must slight the judgment of all around him:—there may be too habitual yielding to authority, consisting, more than in indolence or diffidence, in a conscious helplessness, and incapacity of the mind to maintain itself in its own place against the weight of general opinion;—and there may be too indiscriminate, too undisciplined a sympathy with others, which by the

mere infection of feeling will subdue the reason. —There must be a weakness in dejection to him who thinks, with sadness, if his faith be pure, how gross is the error of the multitude, and that multitude how vast:—a reluctance to embrace a creed that excludes so many whom he loves, so many whom his youth has revered:—a difficulty to his understanding to believe that those whom he knows to be, in much that is good and honourable, his superiors, can be beneath him in this which is the most important of all:—a sympathy pleading importunately at his heart to descend to the fellowship of his brothers, and to take their faith and wisdom for his own.—How often, when under the impulses of those solemn hours, in which he has felt with clearer insight and deeper faith his sacred truths, he labours to win to his own belief those whom he loves, will he be checked by their indifference or their laughter! and will he not bear back to his meditations a painful and disheartening sorrow,—a gloomy discontent in that faith which takes in but a portion of those whom he wishes to include in all his blessings! Will

he not be enfeebled by a distraction of inconsistent desires, when he feels so strongly that the faith which fills his heart, the circles within which he would embrace all he loves—would repose all his wishes and hopes, and enjoyments, is yet commensurate with his affections?

Even when the mind, strong in reason and just feeling united, and relying on its strength, has attached itself to Truth, how much is there in the course and accidents of life that is for ever silently at work for its degradation. There are pleasures deemed harmless, that lay asleep the recollections of innocence:—there are pursuits held honourable, or imposed by duty, that oppress the moral spirit:—above all there is that perpetual connection with ordinary minds in the common intercourse of society;—that restless activity of frivolous conversation, where men of all characters and all pursuits mixing together, nothing may be talked of that is not of common interest to all—nothing, therefore, but those obvious thoughts and feeling that float over the surface of things:—and all which is drawn from the depth of Nature, all which impassioned feeling has made origi-

nal in thought, would be misplaced and obtrusive. The talent that is allowed to shew itself is that which can repay admiration by furnishing entertainment:—and the display to which it is invited is that which flatters the vulgar pride of society, by abasing what is too high in excellence for its sympathy. A dangerous seduction to talents—which would make language—that was given to exalt the soul by the fervid expression of its pure emotions—the instrument of its degradation. And even when there is, as the instance I have supposed, too much uprightness to choose so dishonourable a triumph, there is a necessity of manners, by which every one must be controlled who mixes much in society, not to offend those with whom he converses by his superiority; and whatever be the native spirit of a mind, it is evident that this perpetual adaptation of itself to others—this watchfulness against its own rising feelings, this studied sympathy with mediocrity—must pollute and impoverish the sources of its strength.

From much of its own weakness, and from all the errors of its misleading activities, may

generous youth be rescued by the interposition of an enlightened mind: and in some degree it may be guarded by instruction against the injuries to which it is exposed in the world. *His* lot is happy who owes this protection to friendship: who has found in a friend the watchful guardian of his mind. He will not be deluded, having that light to guide: he will not slumber with that voice to inspire; he will not be desponding or dejected, with that bosom to lean on.—But how many must there be whom Heaven has left unprovided, except in their own strength; who must maintain themselves, unassisted and solitary, against their own infirmities and the opposition of the world! For such there may be yet a protector. If a teacher should stand up in their generation, conspicuous above the multitude in superior power, and yet more in the assertion and proclamation of disregarded Truth—to Him—to his cheering or summoning voice all hearts would turn, whose deep sensibility has been oppressed by the indifference, or misled by the seduction of the times. Of one such teacher who has been given to our own age, you have

described the power when you said, that in his annunciation of truths he seemed to speak in thunders. I believe that mighty voice has not been poured out in vain: that there are hearts that have received into their inmost depths all its varying tones: and that even now, there are many to whom the name of WORDSWORTH calls up the recollection of their weakness, and the consciousness of their strength.

To give to the reason and eloquence of one man, this complete control over the minds of others, it is necessary, I think, that he should be born in their own times. For thus whatever false opinion of pre-eminence is attached to the Age, becomes at once a title of reverence to him: and when with distinguished powers he sets himself apart from the Age, and above it as the Teacher of high but ill-understood Truths, he will appear at once to a generous imagination, in the dignity of one whose superior mind outsteps the rapid progress of society, and will derive from illusion itself the power to disperse illusions. It is probable too, that he who labours under the errors I have described, might feel the power of Truth in a

writer of another age, yet fail in applying the full force of his principles to his own times: but when he receives them from a living Teacher, there is no room for doubt or misapplication. It is the errors of his own generation that are denounced; and whatever authority he may acknowledge in the instructions of his Master, strikes, with inevitable force, at his veneration for the opinions and characters of his own times.—And finally there will be gathered round a living Teacher, who speaks to the deeper soul many feelings of human love, that will place the infirmities of the heart peculiarly under his controul; at the same time that they blend with and animate the attachment to his cause. So that there will flow from him something of the peculiar influence of a friend: while his doctrines will be embraced and asserted, and vindicated with the ardent zeal of a disciple, such as can scarcely be carried back to distant times, or connected with voices that speak only from the grave.

I have done what I proposed. I have related to you as much as I have had opportunities of knowing of the difficulties from within



and from without, which may oppose the natural developement of true feeling and right opinion, in a mind formed with some capacity for good: and the resources which such a mind may derive from an enlightened contemporary writer.—If what I have said be just, it is certain that this influence will be felt more particularly in a work, adapted by its mode of publication to address the feelings of the time, and to bring to its readers repeated admonition and repeated consolation.

I have perhaps presumed too far in trespassing on your attention, and in giving way to my own thoughts: but I was unwilling to leave any thing unsaid which might induce you to consider with favour the request I was anxious to make, in the name of all whose state of mind I have described, that you would at times regard us more particularly in your instructions. I cannot judge to what degree it may be in your power to give the Truth you teach, a controul over understandings that have matured their strength in error; but in our class I am sure you will have docile learners.

MATHETES.

THE FRIEND might rest satisfied that his exertions thus far have not been wholly unprofitable, if no other proof had been given of their influence, than that of having called forth the foregoing letter, with which he has been so much interested, that he could not deny himself the pleasure of communicating it to his readers.—In answer to his Correspondent, it need scarcely here be repeated, that one of the main purposes of his work is to weigh, honestly and thoughtfully, the moral worth and intellectual power of the age in which we live; to ascertain our gain and our loss; to determine what we are in ourselves positively, and what we are compared with our ancestors; and thus, and by every other means within his power, to discover what may be hoped for future times, what and how lamentable are the evils to be feared, and how far there is cause for fear. If this attempt should not be made wholly in vain, my ingenuous Correspondent, and all who are in a state of mind resembling that of which he gives so lively a picture, will be enabled more readily and surely to distinguish false from legitimate objects of

admiration: and thus may the personal errors which he would guard against, be more effectually prevented or removed, by the developement of general truth for a general purpose, than by instructions specifically adapted to himself or to the class of which he is the able representative. There is a life and spirit in knowledge which we extract from truths scattered for the benefit of all, and which the mind, by its own activity, has appropriated to itself—a life and spirit, which is seldom found in knowledge communicated by formal and direct precepts, even when they are exalted and endeared by reverence and love for the teacher.

Nevertheless, though I trust that the assistance which my Correspondent has done me the honour to request, will in course of time flow naturally from my labours, in a manner that will best serve him, I cannot resist the inclination to connect, at present, with his letter a few remarks of direct application to the subject of it—*remarks*, I say, for to such I shall confine myself, independent of the main point out of which his complaint and request both proceed, I mean the assumed inferiority of the

present age in moral dignity and intellectual power, to those which have preceded it. For if the fact were true, that we had even surpassed our ancestors in the best of what is good, the main part of the dangers and impediments which my Correspondent has feelingly pourtrayed, could not cease to exist for minds like his, nor indeed would they be much diminished; as they arise out of the constitution of things, from the nature of youth, from the laws that govern the growth of the faculties, and from the necessary condition of the great body of mankind. Let us throw ourselves back to the age of Elizabeth, and call up to mind the heroes, the warriors, the statesmen, the poets, the divines, and the moral philosophers, with which the reign of the virgin queen was illustrated. Or if we be more strongly attracted by the moral purity and greatness, and that sanctity of civil and religious duty, with which the tyranny of Charles the First was struggled against, let us cast our eyes, in the hurry of admiration, round that circle of glorious patriots—but do not let us be persuaded, that each of these, in his

course of discipline, was uniformly helped forward by those with whom he associated, or by those whose care it was to direct him. Then as now, existed objects, to which the wisest attached undue importance; then, as now, judgment was misled by factions and parties—time wasted in controversies fruitless, except as far as they quickened the faculties; then as now, minds were venerated or idolized, which owed their influence to the weakness of their contemporaries rather than to their own power. Then, though great actions were wrought, and great works in literature and science produced, yet the general taste was capricious, fantastical, or groveling: and in this point as in all others, was youth subject to delusion, frequent in proportion to the liveliness of the sensibility, and strong as the strength of the imagination. Every age hath abounded in instances of parents, kindred, and friends, who, by indirect influence of example, or by positive injunction and exhortation have diverted or discouraged the youth, who, in the simplicity and purity of nature, had determined to follow his intellectual genius through good and through evil, and had

devoted himself to knowledge, to the practice of virtue and the preservation of integrity, in slight of temporal rewards. Above all, have not the common duties and cares of common life, at all times exposed men to injury, from causes whose action is the more fatal from being silent and unremitting, and which, wherever it was not jealously watched and steadily opposed, must have pressed upon and consumed the diviner spirit.

There are two errors, into which we easily slip when thinking of past times. One lies in forgetting in the excellence of what remains, the large overbalance of worthlessness that has been swept away. Ranging over the wide tracts of antiquity, the situation of the mind may be likend to that of a traveller\* in some unpeopled part of America, who is attracted to the burial place of one of the primitive inhabitants. It is conspicuous upon an eminence, "a mount upon a mount!" He digs into it, and finds that it contains the bones of a man of mighty stature: and he is tempted to give way to a belief, that as there were giants in those

\* Vide Ashe's Travels in America.

days, so that all men were giants. But a second and wiser thought may suggest to him, that this tomb would never have forced itself upon his notice, if it had not contained a body that was distinguished from others, that of a man who had been selected as a chieftain or ruler for the very reason that he surpassed the rest of his tribe in stature, and who now lies thus conspicuously inhumed upon the mountain-top, while the bones of his followers are laid unobtrusively together in their burrows upon the plain below. The second habitual error is, that in this comparison of ages we divide time merely into past and present, and place these in the balance to be weighed against each other, not considering that the present is in our estimation not more than a period of thirty years, or half a century at most, and that the past is a mighty accumulation of many such periods, perhaps the whole of recorded time, or at least the whole of that portion of it in which our own country has been distinguished. We may illustrate this by the familiar use of the words Ancient and Modern, when applied to poetry—what can be more inconsiderate or

unjust than to compare a few existing writers with the whole succession of their progenitors? The delusion, from the moment that our thoughts are directed to it, seems too gross to deserve mention; yet men will talk for hours upon poetry, balancing against each other the words Ancient and Modern, and be unconscious that they have fallen into it.

These observations are not made as implying a dissent from the belief of my Correspondent, that the moral spirit and intellectual powers of this country are declining; but to guard against *unqualified* admiration, even in cases where admiration, has been rightly fixed, and to prevent that depression, which must necessarily follow, where the notion of the peculiar unfavourableness of the present times to dignity of mind, has been carried too far. For in proportion as we imagine obstacles to exist out of ourselves to retard our progress, will, in fact, our progress be retarded.—Deeming then, that in all ages an ardent mind will be baffled and led astray in the manner under contemplation, though in various degrees, I shall at present content myself with a few practical and desultory comments upon some of



those general causes, to which my correspondent justly attributes the errors in opinion, and the lowering or deadening of sentiment, to which ingenuous and aspiring youth is exposed. And first, for the heart-cheering belief in the perpetual progress of the species towards a point of unattainable perfection. If the present age do indeed transcend the past in what is most beneficial and honorable, he that perceives this, being in no error, has no cause for complaint; but if it be not so, a youth of genius might, it should seem, be preserved from any wrong influence of this faith, by an insight into a simple truth, namely, that it is not necessary, in order to satisfy the desires of our nature, or to reconcile us to the economy of providence, that there should be at all times a continuous advance in what is of highest worth. In fact it is not, as a writer of the present day has admirably observed, in the power of fiction, to pourtray in words, or of the imagination to conceive in spirit, actions or characters of more exalted virtue, than those which thousands of years ago have existed upon earth, as we know from the records of authentic history. Such is

the inherent dignity of human nature, that there belong to it sublimities of virtues which all men may attain, and which no man can transcend: and though this be not true in an equal degree, of intellectual power, yet in the persons of Plato, Demosthenes, and Homer,—and in those of Shakespeare, Milton, and Lord Bacon,—were enshrined as much of the divinity of intellect as the inhabitants of this planet can hope will ever take up its abode among them. But the question is not of the power or worth of individual minds, but of the general moral or intellectual merits of an age—or a people, or of the human race. Be it so—let us allow and believe that there is a progress in the species towards unattainable perfection, or whether this be so or not, that it is a necessity of a good and greatly-gifted nature to believe it—surely it does not follow, that this progress should be constant in those virtues, and intellectual qualities, and in those departments of knowledge, which in themselves absolutely considered are of most value—things independant and in their degree indispensable. 'The progress of the species neither is nor can be

like that of a Roman road in a right line. It may be more justly compared to that of a river, which both in its smaller reaches and larger turnings, is frequently forced back towards its fountains, by objects which cannot otherwise be eluded or overcome; yet with an accompanying impulse that will ensure its advancement hereafter, it is either gaining strength every hour, or conquering in secret some difficulty, by a labour that contributes as effectually to further it in its course, as when it moves forward uninterrupted in a line, direct as that of the Roman road with which we began the comparison.

It suffices to content the mind, though there may be an apparent stagnation, or a retrograde movement in the species, that something is doing which is necessary to be done, and the effects of which, will in due time appear;—that something is unremittingly gaining, either in secret preparation or in open and triumphant progress. But in fact here, as every where, we are deceived by creations which the mind is compelled to make for itself: we speak of the species not as an aggre-

gate, but as endued with the form and separate life of an individual. But human kind, what is it else than myriads of rational beings in various degrees obedient to their Reason ; some torpid, some aspiring ; some in eager chace to the right hand, some to the left ; these wasting down their moral nature, and these feeding it for immortality ? A whole generation may appear even to sleep, or may be exasperated with rage—they that compose it, tearing each other to pieces with more than brutal fury. It is enough for complacency and hope, that scattered and solitary minds are always labouring somewhere in the service of truth and virtue ; and that by the sleep of the multitude, the energy of the multitude may be prepared ; and that by the fury of the people, the chains of the people may be broken. Happy moment was it for England when her Chaucer, who has rightly been called the morning star of her literature, appeared above the horizon—when her Wickliff, like the sun, “ shot orient beams” through the night of Romish superstition !— Yet may the darkness and the desolating hurri-  
can which immediately followed in the wars

of York and Lancaster, be deemed in their turn a blessing, with which the land has been visited.

May I return to the thought of progress, of accumulation, of increasing light, or of any other image by which it may please us to represent the improvement of the species? The hundred years that followed the usurpation of Henry the Fourth, were a hurling-back of the mind of the country, a delapidation, an extinction; yet institutions, laws, customs, and habits, were then broken down, which would not have been so readily, nor perhaps so thoroughly destroyed by the gradual influence of increasing knowledge; and under the oppression of which, if they had continued to exist, the virtue and intellectual prowess of the succeeding century could not have appeared at all, much less could they have displayed themselves with that eager haste, and with those beneficent triumphs which will to the end of time be looked back upon with admiration and gratitude.

If the foregoing obvious distinctions be once clearly perceived, and steadily kept in view,

I do not see why a belief in the progress of human nature towards perfection, should dispose a youthful mind, however enthusiastic, to an undue admiration of his own age, and thus tend to degrade that mind.

But let me strike at once at the root of the evil complained of in my Correspondent's letter.—Protection from any fatal effect of seductions, and hindrances which opinion may throw in the way of pure and high-minded youth, can only be obtained with certainty at the same price by which every thing great and good is obtained, namely, steady dependence upon voluntary and self-originating effort, and upon the practice of self-examination, sincerely aimed at and rigorously enforced. But how is this to be expected from youth? Is it not to demand the fruit when the blossom is barely put forth, and is hourly at the mercy of frosts and winds? To expect from youth these virtues and habits, in that degree of excellence to which in mature years they *may* be carried, would indeed be preposterous. Yet has youth many helps and aptitudes, for the discharge of these difficult duties, which are withdrawn for

the most part from the more advanced stages of life. For youth has its own wealth and independence; it is rich in health of body and animal spirits, in its sensibility to the impressions of the natural universe, in the conscious growth of knowledge, in lively sympathy and familiar communion with the generous actions recorded in history, and with the high passions of poetry; and, above all, youth is rich in the possession of time, and the accompanying consciousness of freedom and power. The young man feels that he stands at a distance from the season when his harvest is to be reaped,—that he has leisure and may look around—may defer both the choice and the execution of his purposes. If he makes an attempt and shall fail, new hopes immediately rush in, and new promises. Hence, in the happy confidence of his feelings, and in the elasticity of his spirit, neither worldly ambition, nor the love of praise, nor dread of censure, nor the necessity of worldly maintenance, nor any of those causes which tempt or compel the mind habitually to look out of itself for support; neither these, nor the passions of

envy, fear, hatred, despondency, and the rankling of disappointed hopes, (all which in after life give birth to, and regulate the efforts of men, and determine their opinions) have power to preside over the choice of the young, if the disposition be not naturally bad, or the circumstances have not been in an uncommon degree unfavourable.

In contemplation, then, of this disinterested and free condition of the youthful mind, I deem it in many points peculiarly capable of searching into itself, and of profiting by a few simple questions—such as these that follow. Am I chiefly gratified by the exertion of my power from the pure pleasure of intellectual activity, and from the knowledge thereby acquired? In other words, to what degree do I value my faculties and my attainments for their own sakes? or are they chiefly prized by me on account of the distinction which they confer, or the superiority which they give me over others? Am I aware that immediate influence and a general acknowledgment of merit, are no necessary adjuncts of a successful adherence to study and meditation, in those departments of know-



ledge which are of most value to mankind? that a recompence of honours and emoluments is far less to be expected—in fact, that there is little natural connection between them? Have I perceived this truth? and, perceiving it, does the countenance of philosophy continue to appear as bright and beautiful in my eyes?—Has no haze bedimmed it? has no cloud passed over and hidden from me that look which was before so encouraging? Knowing that it is my duty, and feeling that it is my inclination, to mingle as a social being with my fellow men; prepared also to submit cheerfully to the necessity that will probably exist of relinquishing, for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, the greatest portion of my time to employments where I shall have little or no choice how or when I am to act; have I, at this moment, when I stand as it were upon the threshold of the busy world, a clear intuition of that pre-eminence in which virtue and truth (involving in this latter word the sanctities of religion) sit enthroned above all denominations and dignities which, in various degrees of exaltation, rule over the desires of men?—Do I feel that,

if their solemn mandates shall be forgotten, or disregarded, or denied the obedience due to them when opposed to others, I shall not only have lived for no good purpose, but that I shall have sacrificed my birth-right as a rational being; and that every other acquisition will be a bane and a disgrace to me? This is not spoken with reference to such sacrifices as present themselves to the youthful imagination in the shape of crimes, acts by which the conscience is violated; such a thought, I know, would be recoiled from at once, not without indignation; but I write in the spirit of the ancient fable of Prodicus, representing the choice of Hercules.—Here is the **WORLD**, a female figure approaching at the head of a train of willing or giddy followers:—her air and deportment are at once careless, remiss, self-satisfied, and haughty:—and there is **INTELLECTUAL PROWESS**, with a pale cheek and serene brow, leading in chains Truth, her beautiful and modest captive. The one makes her salutation with a discourse of ease, pleasure, freedom, and domestic tranquillity; or, if she invite to labour, it is labour in the busy and

beaten tract, with assurance of the complacent regards of parents, friends, and of those with whom we associate. The promise also may be upon her lip of the huzzas of the multitude, of the smile of kings, and the munificent rewards of senates. The other does not venture to hold forth any of these allurements; she does not conceal from him whom she addresses the impediments, the disappointments, the ignorance and prejudice which her follower will have to encounter, if devoted when duty calls, to active life; and if to contemplative, she lays nakedly before him, a scheme of solitary and unremitting labour, a life of entire neglect perhaps, or assuredly a life exposed to scorn, insult, persecution, and hatred; but cheered by encouragement from a grateful few, by applauding conscience, and by a prophetic anticipation, perhaps, of fame—a late, though lasting consequence. Of these two, each in this manner soliciting you to become her adherent, you doubt not which to prefer,—but oh! the thought of moment is not preference, but the *degree* of preference; the passionate and pure

choice, the inward sense of absolute and unchangeable devotion.

I spoke of a few simple questions—the question involved in this deliberation *is* simple ; but at the same time it is high and awful : and I would gladly know whether an answer can be returned satisfactory to the mind.—We will for a moment suppose that it can not ; that there is a startling and a hesitation.—Are we then to despond ? to retire from all contest ? and to reconcile ourselves at once to cares without a generous hope, and to efforts in which there is no more moral life than that which is found in the business and labours of the unfavoured and unaspiring many ? No—but if the enquiry have not been on just grounds satisfactorily answered, we may refer confidently our youth to that nature of which he deems himself an enthusiastic follower, and one who wishes to continue no less faithful and enthusiastic.—We would tell him that there are paths which he has not trodden ; recesses which he has not penetrated, that there is a beauty which he has not seen, a pathos

which he has not felt—a sublimity to which he hath not been raised. If he have trembled because there has occasionally taken place in him a lapse of which he is conscious; if he foresee open or secret attacks, which he has had intimations that he will neither be strong enough to resist, nor watchful enough to elude, let him not hastily ascribe this weakness, this deficiency, and the painful apprehensions accompanying them, in any degree to the virtues or noble qualities with which youth by nature is furnished; but let him first be assured, before he looks about for the means of attaining the insight, the discriminating powers, and the confirmed wisdom of manhood, that his soul has more to demand of the appropriate excellencies of youth, than youth has yet supplied to it;—that the evil under which he labours is not a superabundance of the instincts and the animating spirit of that age, but a falling short, or a failure.—But what can he gain from this admonition? he cannot recall past time; he cannot begin his journey afresh; he cannot untwist the links by which, in no undelightful harmony, images and sentiments are wedded

in his mind. Granted that the sacred light of childhood is and must be for him no more than a remembrance. He may, notwithstanding, be remanded to nature; and with trust worthy hopes; founded less upon his sentient than upon his intellectual being—to nature, as leading on insensibly to the society of reason; but to reason and will, as leading back to the wisdom of nature. A re-union, in this order accomplished, will bring reformation and timely support; and the two powers of reason and nature, thus reciprocally teacher and taught, may advance together in a track to which there is no limit.

We have been discoursing (by implication at least) of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and youth, of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plentuously as morning dew-drops—of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance—of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters—of images uncalled for and rising up like exhalations—of hopes plucked like beautiful wild flowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a

living forehead:—in a word, we have been treating of nature as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties by a process of smoothness and delight. We have made no mention of fear, shame, sorrow, nor of ungovernable and vexing thoughts; because, although these have been and have done mighty service, they are overlooked in that stage of life when youth is passing into manhood—overlooked, or forgotten. We now apply for succour which we need, to a faculty that works after a different course: that faculty is Reason: she gives more spontaneously, but she seeks for more; she works by thought, through feeling; yet in thoughts she begins and ends.

A familiar incident may elucidate this contrast in the operations of nature, may render plain the manner in which a process of intellectual improvements, the reverse of that which nature pursues is by reason introduced: There never perhaps existed a school-boy who, having when he retired to rest, carelessly blown out his candle, and having chanced to notice, as he lay upon his bed in the ensuing darkness,

the sullen light which had survived the extinguished flame, did not, at some time or other, watch that light as if his mind were bound to it by a spell. It fades and revives—gathers to a point—seems as if it would go out in a moment,—again recovers its strength, nay becomes brighter than before: it continues to shine with an endurance, which in its apparent weakness is a mystery—it protracts its existence so long, clinging to the power which supports it, that the observer, who had laid down in his bed so easy-minded, becomes sad and melancholy: his sympathies are touched—it is to him an intimation and an image of departing human life,—the thought comes nearer to him—it is the life of a venerated parent, of a beloved brother or sister, or of an aged domestic; who are gone to the grave, or whose destiny it soon may be thus to linger, thus to hang upon the last point of mortal existence, thus finally to depart and be seen no more. This is nature teaching seriously and sweetly through the affections—melting the heart, and, through that instinct of tenderness, developing the understanding.—In this



instance the object of solicitude is the bodily life of another. Let us accompany this same boy to that period between youth and manhood, when a solicitude may be awakened for the moral life of himself. — Are there any powers by which, beginning with a sense of inward decay that affects not however the natural life, he could call to mind the same image and hang over it with an equal interest as a visible type of his own perishing spirit?—Oh! surely, if the being of the individual be under his own care—if it be his first care—if duty begin from the point of accountableness to our conscience, and, through that, to God and human nature;—if without such primary sense of duty, all secondary care of teacher, of friend, or parent, must be baseless and fruitless; if, lastly, the motions of the soul transcend in worth those of the animal functions, nay give to them their sole value; then truly are there such powers: and the image of the dying taper may be recalled and contemplated, though with no sadness in the nerves, no disposition to tears, no unconquerable sighs, yet with a melancholy in the soul,

a sinking inward into ourselves from thought to thought, a steady remonstrance, and a high resolve.—Let then the youth go back, as occasion will permit, to nature and to solitude, thus admonished by reason, and relying upon this newly acquired support. A world of fresh sensations will gradually open upon him as his mind puts off its infirmities, and as instead of being propelled restlessly towards others in admiration, or too hasty love, he makes it his prime business to understand himself. New sensations, I affirm, will be opened out—pure, and sanctioned by that reason which is their original author; and precious feelings of disinterested, that is self-disregarding joy and love may be regenerated and restored:—and, in this sense, he may be said to measure back the track of life he has trod.

In such disposition of mind let the youth return to the visible universe: and to conversation with ancient books; and to those, if such there be, which in the present day breathe the ancient spirit: and let him feed upon that beauty which unfolds itself, *not* to his eye as

it sees carelessly the things which cannot possibly go unseen, and are remembered or not as accident shall decide, but to the thinking mind; which searches, discovers, and treasures up,—infusing by meditation into the objects with which it converses an intellectual life; whereby they remain planted in the memory, now, and for ever. Hitherto the youth, I suppose, has been content for the most part to look at his own mind, after the manner in which he ranges along the stars in the firmament with naked unaided sight: let him now apply the telescope of art—to call the invisible stars out of their hiding places; and let him endeavour to look through the system of his being, with the organ of reason; summoned to penetrate, as far as it has power, in discovery of the impelling forces and the governing laws.

These expectations are not immoderate: they demand nothing more than the perception of a few plain truths; namely, that knowledge efficacious for the production of virtue, is the ultimate end of all effort, the sole dispenser of complacency and repose. A perception also

is implied of the inherent superiority of contemplation to action. The FRIEND does not in this contradict his own words, where he has said heretofore, that “doubtless it is nobler to act than to think.” In those words, it was his purpose to censure that barren contemplation, which rests satisfied with itself in cases where the thoughts are of such quality that they may be, and ought to be embodied in action. But he speaks now of the general superiority of thought to action ;—as proceeding and governing all action that moves to salutary purposes : and, secondly, as leading to elevation, the absolute possession of the individual mind, and to a consistency or harmony of the being within itself, which no outward agency can reach to disturb or to impair :—and lastly, as producing works of pure science ; or of the combined faculties of imagination, feeling, and reason ;—works which, both from their independence in their origin upon accident, their nature, their duration, and the wide spread of their influence, are entitled rightly to take place of the noblest and most beneficent deeds of heroes, statesmen, legislators, or warriors.

Yet, beginning from the perception of this established superiority, we do not suppose that the youth, whom we wish to guide and encourage, is to be insensible to those influences of wealth, or rank, or station, by which the bulk of mankind are swayed. Our eyes have not been fixed upon virtue which lies apart from human nature, or transcends it. In fact there is no such virtue. We neither suppose nor wish him to undervalue or slight these distinctions as modes of power, things that may enable him to be more useful to his contemporaries; nor as gratifications that may confer dignity upon his living person; and, through him, upon those who love him; nor as they may connect his name, through a family to be founded by his success, in a closer chain of gratitude with some portion of posterity, who shall speak of him, as among their ancestry, with a more tender interest than the mere general bond of patriotism or humanity would supply. We suppose no indifference to, much less a contempt of, these rewards; but let them have their due place; let it be ascertained, when the soul is searched into, that they are

only an auxiliary motive to exertion, never the principal or originating force. If this be too much to expect from a youth who, I take for granted, possesses no ordinary endowments, and whom circumstances with respect to the more dangerous passions have favoured, then, indeed, must the noble spirit of the country be wasted away: then would our institutions be deplorable; and the education prevalent among us utterly vile and debasing.

But my Correspondent, who drew forth these thoughts, has said rightly, that the character of the age may not without injustice be thus branded: he will not deny that, without speaking of other countries, there is in these islands, in the departments of natural philosophy, of mechanic ingenuity, in the general activities of the country, and in the particular excellence of individual minds, in high stations civil or military, enough to excite admiration and love in the sober-minded, and more than enough to intoxicate the youthful and inexperienced.—I will compare, then, an aspiring youth, leaving the schools in which he has been disciplined, and preparing to bear a part in the concerns of

the world, I will compare him in this season of eager admiration, to a newly-invested knight appearing with his blank unsignalized shield, upon some day of solemn tournament, at the Court of the Fairy-queen, as that sovereignty was conceived to exist by the moral and imaginative genius of our divine Spenser. He does not himself immediately enter the lists as a combatant, but he looks round him with a beating heart: dazzled by the gorgeous pageantry, the banners, the impresses, the ladies of overcoming beauty, the persons of the knights—now first seen by him, the fame of whose actions is carried by the traveller, like merchandize, through the world; and resounded upon the harp of the minstrel.—But I am not at liberty to make this comparison. If a youth were to begin his career in such an assemblage, with such examples to guide and to animate, it will be pleaded, there would be no cause for apprehension: he could not falter, he could not be misled. But ours, is notwithstanding its manifold excellences, a degenerate age: and recreant knights are among us far outnumbering the true. A false Gloriana in these

days imposes worthless services, which they who perform them, in their blindness, know not to be such; and which are recompenced by rewards as worthless—yet eagerly grasped at, as if they were the immortal guerdon of virtue.

I have in this declaration insensibly overstepped the limits which I had determined not to pass: let me be forgiven; for it is hope which hath carried me forward. In such a mixed assemblage as our age presents, with its genuine merit and its large overbalance of alloy, I may boldly ask into what errors, either with respect to person or thing, could a young man fall, who had sincerely entered upon the the course of moral discipline which has been recommended, and to which the condition of youth, it has been proved, is favourable? His opinions could no where deceive him beyond the point to which, after a season, he would find that it was salutary for him to have been deceived. For, as that man cannot set a right value upon health who has never known sickness, nor feel the blessing of ease who has been through his life a stranger to pain, so can there be no confirmed and passionate love of



truth for him who has not experienced the hollowness of error.—Range against each other as advocates, oppose as combatants, two several intellects, each strenuously asserting doctrines which he sincerely believes; but the one contending for the worth and beauty of that garment which the other has outgrown and cast away. Mark the superiority, the ease, the dignity, on the side of the more advanced mind, how he overlooks his subject, commands it from centre to circumference, and hath the same thorough knowledge of the tenets which his adversary, with impetuous zeal, but in confusion also, and thrown off his guard at every turn of the argument, is labouring to maintain! If it be a question of the fine arts (poetry for instance) the riper mind not only sees that his opponent is deceived; but, what is of far more importance, sees *how* he is deceived. The imagination stands before him with all its imperfections laid open; as duped by shews, enslaved by words, corrupted by mistaken delicacy and false refinement,—as not having even attended with care to the reports of the senses, and therefore deficient grossly in the rudiments of

her own power. He has noted how, as a supposed necessary condition, the understanding sleeps in order that the fancy may dream. Studied in the history of society, and versed in the secret laws of thought, he can pass regularly through all the gradations, can pierce infallibly all the windings, which false taste through ages has pursued—from the very time when first, through inexperience, heedlessness, or affectation, she took her departure from the side of Truth, her original parent.—Can a disputant thus accoutered be withstood?—to whom, further, every movement in the thoughts of his antagonist is revealed by the light of his own experience; who, therefore, sympathises with weakness gently, and wins his way by forbearance; and hath, when needful, an irresistible power of onset,—arising from gratitude to the truth which he vindicates, not merely as a positive good for mankind, but as his own especial rescue and redemption.

I might here conclude: but my Correspondent towards the close of his letter, has written so feelingly upon the advantages to be derived, in his estimation, from a living instructor, that

I must not leave this part of the subject without a word of direct notice. The FRIEND cited, some time ago, a passage from the prose works of Milton, eloquently describing the manner in which good and evil grow up together in the field of the world almost inseparably; and insisting, consequently, upon the knowledge and survey of vice as necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of Truth.

If this be so, and I have been reasoning to the same effect in the preceding paragraph, the fact, and the thoughts which it may suggest, will, if rightly applied, tend to moderate an anxiety for the guidance of a more experienced or superior mind. The advantage, where it is possessed, is far from being an absolute good: nay, such a preceptor, ever at hand, might prove an oppression not to be thrown off, and a fatal hinderance. Grant that in the general tenor of his intercourse with his pupil he is forbearing and circumspect, inasmuch as he is rich in that knowledge (above all other necessary for a teacher) which cannot exist without a liveliness of memory, preserving for him an

unbroken image of the winding, excursive, and often retrograde course, along which his own intellect has passed. Grant that, furnished with these distinct remembrances, he wishes that the mind of his pupil should be free to luxuriate in the enjoyments, loves, and admirations appropriated to its age; that he is not in haste to kill what he knows will in due time die of itself; or be transmuted, and put on a nobler form and higher faculties otherwise unattainable. In a word, that the teacher is governed habitually by the wisdom of patience waiting with pleasure. Yet perceiving how much the outward help of art can facilitate the progress of nature, he may be betrayed into many unnecessary or pernicious mistakes where he deems his interference warranted by substantial experience. And in spite of all his caution, remarks may drop insensibly from him which shall wither in the mind of his pupil a generous sympathy, destroy a sentiment of approbation or dislike, not merely innocent but salutary; and for the inexperienced disciple how many pleasures may be thus cut off, what joy, what admiration and what love! while in their stead

are introduced into the ingenuous mind misgivings, a mistrust of its own evidence, dispositions to affect to feel where there can be no real feeling, indecisive judgements, a superstructure of opinions that has no base to support it, and words uttered by rote with the impertinence of a parrot or a mocking-bird, yet which may not be listened to with the same indifference, as they cannot be heard without some feeling of moral disapprobation.

These results, I contend, whatever may be the benefit to be derived from such an enlightened Teacher, are in their degree inevitable. And by this process, humility and docile dispositions may exist towards the Master, endued as he is with the power which personal presence confers; but at the same time they will be liable to over-step their due bounds, and to degenerate into passiveness and prostration of mind. This towards him! while, with respect to other living men, nay even to the mighty spirits of past times, there may be associated with such weakness a want of modesty and humility. Insensibly may steal in presumption and a habit of sitting in

judgement in cases where no sentiment ought to have existed but diffidence or veneration. Such virtues are the sacred attributes of Youth; its appropriate calling is not to distinguish in the fear of being deceived or degraded, not to analyze with scrupulous minuteness, but to accumulate in genial confidence; its instinct, its safety, its benefit, its glory, is to love, to admire, to feel, and to labour. Nature has irrevocably decreed, that our prime dependence in all stages of life after Infancy and Childhood have been passed through (nor do I know that this latter ought to be excepted) must be upon our own minds; and that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself.

What has been said is a mere sketch; and that only of a part of the interesting country into which we have been led: but my Correspondent will be able to enter the paths that have been pointed out. Should he do this and advance steadily for a while, he needs not fear any deviations from the truth which will be finally injurious to him. He will not long have his admiration fixed upon unworthy ob-

jects; he will neither be clogged nor drawn aside by the love of friends or kindred, betraying his understanding through his affections; he will neither be bowed down by conventional arrangements of manners producing too often a lifeless decency: nor will the rock of his spirit wear away in the endless beating of the waves of the world: neither will that portion of his own time, which he must surrender to labours by which his livelihood is to be earned or his social duties performed, be unprofitable to himself indirectly, while it is directly useful to others: for that time has been primarily surrendered through an act of obedience to a moral law established by himself, and therefore he moves then also along the orbit of perfect liberty.

Let it be remembered, that the advice requested does not relate to the government of the more dangerous passions, or to the fundamental principles of right and wrong as acknowledged by the universal conscience of mankind. I may therefore assure my youthful Correspondent, if he will endeavour to look into himself in the manner which I have ex-

horted him to do, that in him the wish will be realized, to him in due time the prayer granted, which was uttered by that living Teacher of whom he speaks with gratitude as of a benefactor, when, in his character of philosophical Poet, having thought of Morality as implying in its essence voluntary obedience, and producing the effect of order, he transfers in the transport of imagination, the law of moral to physical natures, and having contemplated, through the medium of that order, all modes of existence as subservient to one spirit, concludes his address to the power of Duty in the following words:

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
 I call thee: I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
*The confidence of reason give!*  
*And in the light of Truth thy Bondman let me live!*

W. W.



# THE FRIEND.

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## Section the Second.

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ON THE

FOUNDATIONS

OF

MORALS AND RELIGION,

AND THE

*DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND REQUISITE FOR A TRUE  
UNDERSTANDING OF THE SAME.*

I know, the seeming and self-pleasing wisdom of our times consists much in cavilling and unjustly carping at all things that see light, and that there are many who earnestly hunt after the publike fame of Learning and Judgment by this easily trod and despicable path, which, notwithstanding, they tread with as much confidence as folly : for that, oftentimes, which they vainly and unjustly brand with opprobrie, outlives *their* fate, and flourisheth when it is forgot that ever any such, as *they*, had Being. —*Dedication to Lord Herbert of Ambrose Parey's Works by Thomas Johnson, the Translator, 1634.*

## ESSAY I.



We cannot but look up with reverence to the advanced natures of the naturalists and moralists in highest repute amongst us: and wish they had been heightened by a more noble principle, which had crowned all their various sciences with the principal science, and in their brave strayings after truth helpt them to better fortune than only to meet with her handmaids, and kept them from the fate of Ulysses, who wandering through the shades met all the ghosts, yet could not see the queen.

*J. H. (JOHN HALL?) his Motion to the Parliament of England concerning the Advancement of Learning.*



THE preceding section had for its express object the principles of our duty as citizens, or morality as applied to politics. According to his scheme there remained for THE FRIEND first, to treat of the principles of morality generally, and then on those of religion. But since the commencement of this edition, the question has repeatedly arisen in my mind, whe-

ther morality can be said to have any principle distinguishable from religion, or religion any substance divisible from morality? Or should I attempt to distinguish them by their objects, so that morality were the religion which we owe to things and persons of this life, and religion our morality toward God and the permanent concerns of our own souls, and those of our brethren: yet it would be evident, that the latter must involve the former, while any pretence to the former without the latter would be as bold a mockery as, if having withheld an estate from the rightful owner, we should seek to appease our conscience by the plea, that we had not failed to bestow alms on him in his beggary. It was never my purpose, and it does not appear to be the want of the age, to bring together the rules and inducements of worldly prudence. But to substitute these for the laws of reason and conscience, or even to confound them under one name, is a prejudice, say rather a profanation, which I became more and more reluctant to flatter by even an appearance of assent, though it were only in a point of form and technical arrangement.

At a time, when my thoughts were thus employed, I met with a volume of old tracts, published during the interval from the captivity of Charles the First to the restoration of his son. Since my earliest manhood it had been among my fondest regrets, that a more direct and frequent reference had not been made by our historians to the books, pamphlets, and flying sheets of that momentous period, during which all the possible forms of truth and error (the latter being themselves for the greater part caricatures of truth) bubbled up on the surface of the public mind, as in the ferment of a chaos. It would be difficult to conceive a notion or a fancy, in politics, ethics, theology, or even in physics and physiology, which had not been anticipated by the men of that age: in this as in most other respects sharply contrasted with the products of the French revolution, which was scarcely more characterized by its sanguinary and sensual abominations than (to borrow the words of an eminent living poet) by

A dreary want at once of books and men.

The parliament's army was not wholly com-

posed of mere fanatics. There was no mean proportion of enthusiasts: and that enthusiasm must have been of no ordinary grandeur, which could draw from a common soldier, in an address to his comrades, such a dissuasive from acting in “the cruel spirit of fear!” such and such sentiments, as are contained in the following extract, which I would fain rescue from oblivion,\* both for the honor of our forefathers, and in proof of the intense difference between the republicans of that period, and the democrats, or rather demagogues, of the present. “I judge it ten times more honorable for a single person, in witnessing a truth to oppose the world in its power, wisdom and authority, this standing in its full strength, and he singly and nakedly, than fighting many battles by force of arms, and gaining them all. I have no life but truth: and if truth be ad-

\* The more so because every year consumes its quota. The late Sir Wilfred Lawson’s predecessor, from some pique or other, left a large and unique collection, of the pamphlets published from the commencement of the Parliament war to the restoration, to his butler, and it supplied the chandlers’ and druggists’ shops of Penrith and Kendal for many years.

vanced by my suffering, then my life also. If truth live, I live: if justice live, I live: and these cannot die, but by any man's suffering for them are enlarged, enthroned. Death cannot hurt me. I sport with him, am above his reach. I live an immortal life. What we have within, that only can we see without. I cannot *see* death: and he that hath not this freedom is a slave. He is in the arms of that, the phantom of which he beholdeth and seemeth to himself to flee from. Thus, you see that the king hath a will to redeem his present loss. You see it by means of the lust after power in your own hearts. For my part I condemn his unlawful seeking after it. I condemn his falsehood and indirectness therein. But if he should not endeavor the restoring of the kingliness to the realm, and the dignity of its kings, he were false to his trust, false to the majesty of God that he is intrusted with. The desire of recovering his loss is justifiable. Yea, I should condemn him as unbelieving and pusillanimous, if he should not hope for it. But here is his misery and yours too at present, that ye *are* unbelieving and pusillanimous, and

are, both alike, pursuing things of hope in the spirit of fear. Thus you condemn the parliament for acknowledging the king's power so far as to seek to him by a treaty; while by taking such pains against him you manifest your own belief that he hath a great power—which is a wonder, that a prince despoiled of all his authority, naked, a prisoner, destitute of all friends and helps, wholly at the disposal of others, tied and bound too with all obligations that a parliament can imagine to hold him, should yet be such a terror to you, and fright you into such a large remonstrance, and such perilous proceedings to save yourselves from him. Either there is some strange power in him, or you are full of fear that are so affected with a shadow.

But as you give testimony to his power, so you take a course to advance it; for there is nothing that hath any spark of God in it, but the more it is suppressed, the more it rises. If you did indeed believe, that the original of power were in the people, you would believe likewise that the concessions extorted from the king would rest with you, as, doubtless, such



of them as in righteousness ought to have been given, would do ; but that your violent courses disturb the natural order of things, on which they still tend to their centre : and so far from being the way to secure what we have got, they are the way to lose them, and (for a time at least) to set up princes in a higher form than ever. For all things by force compelled from their nature will fly back with the greater earnestness on the removal of that force : and this, in the present case, must soon weary itself out, and hath no less an enemy in its own satiety than in the disappointment of the people.

Again: you speak of the king's reputation-- and do not consider that the more you crush him, the sweeter the fragrance that comes from him. While he suffers, the spirit of God and glory rests upon him. There is a glory and a freshness sparkling in him by suffering, an excellency that was hidden, and which you have drawn out. And naturally men are ready to pity sufferers. When nothing will gain me, affliction will. I confess his sufferings make *me* a royalist, who never cared for him.

He that doth and can suffer shall have my heart: you had it while you suffered. But now your severe punishment of him for his abuses in government, and your own usurpations, will not only win the hearts of the people to the oppressed suffering king, but provoke them to rage against you, as having robbed them of the interest which they had in his royalty. For the king is in the people, and the people in the king. The king's being is not solitary, but as he is in union with his people, who are his strength in which he lives; and the people's being is not naked, but an interest in the greatness and wisdom of the king who is their honor which lives in them. And though you will disjoin yourselves from kings, God will not, neither will I. God is king of kings, kings' and princes' God, as well as people's, theirs as well as ours, and theirs eminently (as the speech enforces, God of Israel, that is, Israel's God above all other nations: and so king of kings), by a near and especial kindred and communion. Kingliness agrees with all Christians, who are indeed Christians. For they are themselves of a royal nature,

made kings with Christ, and cannot but be friends to it, being of kin to it: and if there were not kings to honor, they would want one of the appointed objects to bestow that fulness of honor which is in their breasts. A virtue would lie unemployed within them, and in prison, pining and restless from the want of its outward correlative. It is a bastard religion, that is inconsistent with the majesty and the greatest of the most splendid monarch. Such spirits are strangers from the kingdom of heaven. Either they know not the glory in which God lives: or they are of narrow minds that are corrupt themselves, and not able to bear greatness, and so think that God will not, or cannot, qualify men for such high places with correspondent and proportionable power and goodness. Is it not enough to have removed the malignant bodies which eclipsed the royal sun, and mixed their bad influences with his? And would you extinguish the sun itself to secure yourselves! O! *this is the spirit of bondage to fear, and not of love and a sound mind.* To assume the office and the name of champions for the common interest, and of Christ's soldiers,

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and yet to act for self safety is so poor and mean a thing that it must needs produce most vile and absurd actions, the scorn of the old pagans, but for Christians who in all things are to love their neighbor as themselves, and God above both, it is of all affections the unworthiest. Let me be a fool and boast, if so I may shew you, while it is yet time, a little of that rest and security which I and those of the same spirit enjoy, and which you have turned your backs upon ; self, like a banished thing, wandering in strange ways. First, then, I fear no party, or interest, for I love all, I am reconciled to all, and therein I find all reconciled to me. I have enmity to none but the son of perdition. It is enmity begets insecurity : and while men live in the flesh, and in enmity to any party, or interest, in a private, divided, and self good, there will be, there cannot but be, perpetual wars : except that one particular should quite ruin all other parts and live alone, which the universal must not, will not suffer. For to admit a part to devour and absorb the others, were to destroy the whole, which is God's presence therein ; and such a mind in

any part doth not only fight with another part, but against the whole. Every faction of men, therefore, striving to make themselves absolute, and to owe their safety to their strength, and not to their sympathy, do directly war against God who is love, peace, and a general good, gives being to all and cherishes all, and, therefore, can have neither peace or security. But we being enlarged into the largeness of God, and comprehending all things in our bosoms by the divine spirit, are at rest with all, and delight in all: for we know nothing but what is, in its essence, in our own hearts. Kings, nobles, are much beloved of us, because they are in us, of us, one with us, we as Christians being kings and lords by the anointing of God."

Speculative minds have been rare, though not equally rare, in all ages and countries of civilized man. With us the very word seems to have abdicated its legitimate sense. Instead of designating a mind so constituted and disciplined as to find in its own wants and instincts an interest in truths for their TRUTH'S SAKE, it is now used to signify a practical schemer, one who ventures beyond the bounds of experience

will against which she had herself been the first to remonstrate. For with that unhealthy preponderance of impulse over motive, which, though no part of genius, is too often its accompaniment, he lives in continued hostility to prudence, or banishes it altogether; and thus deprives virtue of her guide and guardian, her prime functionary, yea, the very organ of her outward life. Hence a benevolence that squanders its shafts and still misses its aim, or like the charmed bullet that, levelled at the wolf, brings down the shepherd! Hence desultoriness, extremes, exhaustion——

And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness!

WORDSWORTH.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that these eyils are the disease of the *man*, while the records of biography furnish ample proof, that genius, in the higher degree, acts as a preservative against them: more remarkably, and in more frequent instances, when the imagination and preconstructive power have taken a scientific or philosophic direction: as in Plato, indeed in almost all the first-rate philosophers—in Kepler, Milton,



Boyle, Newton, Leibnitz, and Berkley. At all events, a certain number of speculative minds is necessary to a cultivated state of society, as a condition of its progressiveness: and nature herself has provided against any too great increase in this class of her productions. As the gifted masters of the divining Rod to the ordinary miners, and as the miners of a country to the husbandmen, mechanics, and artisans, such is the proportion of the *Trismegisti*, to the sum total of speculative minds, even of those, I mean, that are truly such; and of these again, to the remaining mass of useful laborers and “*operatives*” in science, literature, and the learned professions.

This train of thought brings to my recollection a conversation with a friend of my youth, an old man of humble estate; but in whose society I had great pleasure. The reader will, I hope, pardon me if I embrace the opportunity of recalling old affections, afforded me by its fitness to illustrate the present subject. A sedate man he was, and had been a miner from his boyhood. Well did he represent the old “*long syne*,” when every trade was a mystery and

had its own guardian saint ; when the sense of self-importance was gratified *at home*, and Ambition had a hundred several lotteries, in one or other of which every freeman had a ticket, and the only blanks were drawn by Sloth, Intemperance, or inevitable Calamity ; when the detail of each art and trade (like the oracles of the prophets, interpretable in a double sense) was ennobled in the eyes of its professors by being spiritually *improved* into symbols and mementos of all doctrines and all duties, and every craftsman had, as it were, two versions of his Bible, one in the common language of the country, another in the acts, objects, and products of his own particular craft. There are not many things in our elder popular literature, more interesting to me than those contests, or Amoibeian eclogues, between workmen for the superior worth and dignity of their several callings, which used to be sold at our village fairs, in stitched sheets, neither untitled nor undecorated, though without the superfluous costs of a separate title-page.

With this good old miner I was once walking through a corn-field at harvest-time, when

that part of the conversation, to which I have alluded, took place. At times, said I, when you were delving in the bowels of the arid mountain or foodless rock, it must have occurred to your mind as a pleasant thought, that in providing the scythe and the sword you were virtually reaping the harvest and protecting the harvest-man. Ah! he replied with a sigh, that gave a fuller meaning to his smile, out of all earthly things there come both good and evil: the good through God, and the evil from the evil heart. From the look and weight of the ore I learnt to make a near guess, how much iron it would yield; but neither its heft, nor its hues, nor its breakage would prophecy to me, whether it was to become a thievish pick-lock, a murderer's dirk, a slave's collar, or the woodman's axe, the feeding plough-share, the defender's sword, or the mechanic's tool. So, perhaps, my young friend! I have cause to be thankful, that the opening upon a fresh vein gives me a delight so full as to allow no room for other fancies, and leaves behind it a hope and a love that support me in my labor, even for the labor's sake. .

As, according to the eldest philosophy, life being in its own nature aeriform, is under the necessity of renewing itself by inspiring the connatural, and therefore assimilable air, so is it with the intelligential soul with respect to truth: for it is itself of the nature of truth. *Γενομένη ἐκ θεωρίας, καὶ θέαμα θεῶν, φύσιν ἔχει φιλοθεάμονα ὑπάρχει.* PLOTINUS. But the occasion and brief history of the decline of true speculative philosophy, with the origin of the separation of ethics from religion, I must defer to the following number.

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POSTSCRIPT.

As I see many good, and can anticipate no ill consequences, in the attempt to give distinct and appropriate meanings to words hitherto synonymous, or at least of indefinite and fluctuating application, if only the *proposed* sense be not *passed* upon the reader as the existing and authorized one, I shall make no other apology for the use of the word, Ta-

lent, in this preceding Essay and elsewhere in my works than by annexing the following explanation. I have been in the habit of considering the qualities of intellect, the comparative eminence in which characterizes individuals and even countries, under four kinds—GENIUS, TALENT, SENSE, and CLEVERNESS. The first I use in the sense of most general acceptance, as the faculty which *adds* to the existing stock of power, and knowledge by new views, new combinations, &c. In short, I define GENIUS, as originality in intellectual construction: the moral accompaniment, and actuating principle of which consists, perhaps, in the carrying on of the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.

By TALENT, on the other hand, I mean the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others and already existing in books or other conservatories of intellect.

By SENSE I understand that just balance of the faculties which is to the judgment what health is to the body. The mind seems to act *en masse*,

by a synthetic rather than an analytic process: even as the outward senses, from which the metaphor is taken, perceive immediately, each as it were by a peculiar tact or intuition, without any consciousness of the mechanism by which the perception is realized. This is often exemplified in well-bred, unaffected, and innocent women. I know a lady, on whose judgment, from constant experience of its rectitude, I could rely almost as on an oracle. But when she has sometimes proceeded to a detail of the grounds and reasons for her opinion—then, led by similar experience, I have been tempted to interrupt her with—“ I will take your advice,” or, “ I shall act on your opinion: for I am sure, you are in the right. But as to the *fors* and *because*s, leave them to me to find out.” The general accompaniment of Sense is a disposition to avoid extremes, whether in theory or in practice, with a desire to remain in sympathy with the *general mind* of the age or country, and a feeling of the necessity and utility of *compromise*. If Genius be the initiative, and Talent the administrative, Sense

is the *conservative*, branch, in the intellectual republic.

By CLEVERNESS (which I dare not with Dr. Johnson call a *low* word, while there is a sense to be expressed which it alone expresses)

• I mean a comparative readiness in the invention and use of means, for the realizing of objects and ideas—often of such ideas, which the man of genius only could have originated, and which the clever man perhaps neither fully comprehends nor adequately appreciates, even at the moment that he is prompting or executing the machinery of their accomplishment.

• In short, Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain in the hand. In literature Cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit, Genius and Sense by humour.

If I take the three great countries of Europe, in respect of intellectual character, namely, Germany, England, and France, I should characterize them thus—premising only that in the first line of the two first tables I mean to imply that Genius, rare in all countries, is equal in both of these, the instances equally

numerous—and characteristic therefore not in relation to each other, but in relation to the third country. The other qualities are more general characteristics.

*GERMANY.*

GENIUS,  
TALENT,  
FANCY.

The latter chiefly as exhibited in wild combination and in pomp of ornament. N. B. *Imagination* is implied in Genius.

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*ENGLAND.*

GENIUS,  
SENSE,  
HUMOUR.

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*FRANCE.*

CLEVERNESS,  
TALENT,  
WIT.

So again with regard to the forms and effects, in which the qualities manifest themselves, i. e. intellectually.



## GERMANY.

IDEA, or Law anticipated,\*

TOTALITY,†

DISTINCTNESS,

\* This as co-ordinate with Genius in the first table, applies likewise to the few only : and conjoined with the two following qualities, as general characteristics of German intellect, includes or supposes, as its consequences and accompaniments speculation, system, method ; which in a somewhat lower class of minds appear as notionality (or a predilection for *noumena*, mundus intelligibilis, as contra-distinguished from *phænomena*, or mundus sensibilis) scheme ; arrangement ; orderliness.

† In totality I imply encyclopædic learning, exhaustion of the subjects treated of, and the passion for completion and the love of the complete.

## ENGLAND.

LAW discovered,‡

SELECTION,

CLEARNESS.

‡ See the following *Essays on Method*. It might have been expressed—as the contemplation of ideas *objectively*, as existing powers, while the German of equal genius is predisposed to contemplate law *subjectively*, with anticipation of a correspondent in nature.

## FRANCE.

THEORY invented,  
 PARTICULARITY.\*  
 PALPABILITY.

\* Tendency to individualize, embody, insulate, *ex. gr.* the vitreous and the resinous fluids instead of the positive and negative forces of the power of electricity. Thus too, it was not sufficient that oxygen was the principal, and with one exception, the only then known acidifying substance; the power and principle of acidification must be embodied and as it were impersonated and *hypostasized* in this gas. Hence the *idolism* of the French, here expressed in one of its results, *viz.* palpability. Ideas are out of the question; but whatever is admitted to be *conceivable* must be *imageable*, and the imageable must be fancied tangible—the non-apparency of either or both being accounted for by the disproportion of our senses, not by the nature of the conceptions.

Lastly, we might exhibit the same qualities in their moral, religious, and political manifestations: in the cosmopolitanism of Germany, the contemptuous nationality of the Englishman, and the ostentatious and boastful nationality of the Frenchman. The craving of sympathy marks the German: inward pride the Englishman: vanity the Frenchman. So again, en-

thusiasm, visionariness seems the tendency of the German : zeal, zealotry of the English : fanaticism of the French. But the thoughtful reader will find these and many other characteristic points contained in, and deducible from the relations in which the mind of the three countries bears to TIME.

*GERMANY.*

PAST and FUTURE.

*ENGLAND.*

PAST and PRESENT.

*FRANCE.*

THE PRESENT.

A whimsical friend of mine, of more genius than discretion, characterizes the Scotchman of literature (confining his remark, however, to the period since the Union) as a dull Frenchman and a superficial German. But when I recollect the splendid exceptions of HUME, ROBERTSON, SMOLLETT, REID, THOMSON (if this last instance be not objected to as savouring of geographical pedantry, that truly amiable man and genuine poet having been born but a few

furlongs from the English border), DUGALD STEWART, BURNS, WALTER SCOTT, HOG and CAMPBELL—not to mention the very numerous physicians and prominent dissenting ministers, born and bred beyond the Tweed—I hesitate in recording so wild an opinion, which derives its plausibility, chiefly from the circumstance so honorable to our northern sister, that Scotchmen generally have more, and a more learned, education than the same ranks in other countries, below the first class; but in part likewise, from the common mistake of confounding the general character of an emigrant, whose objects are in one place and his best affections in another, with the particular character of a Scotchman: to which we may add, perhaps, the clannish spirit of provincial literature, fostered undoubtedly by the peculiar relations of Scotland, and of which therefore its metropolis may be a striking, but is far from being a solitary, instance.

## ESSAY II.



Ἡ ὄδος κατῶ.

The road downward.

HERACLIT. *Fragment.*



AMOUR de moi même ; mais bien calculè : was the motto and maxim of a French philosopher. Our fancy inspirited by the more imaginative powers of hope and fear enables us to present to ourselves the future as the present : and thence to accept a scheme of self-love for a system of morality. And doubtless, an enlightened self-interest would recommend the same course of outward conduct, as the sense of duty would do ; even though the motives in the former case had respect to this life exclusively. But to show the desirableness of an object, or the contrary, is one thing : to excite the desire, to constitute the aversion, is another : the one being to the

other as a common guide-post to the "chariot instinct with spirit," which at once directs and conveys, or (to use a more trivial image) as the hand, and hour-plate, or at the utmost the regulator, of a watch to the spring and wheel-work, or rather to the whole watch. Nay, where the sufficiency and exclusive validity of the former are adopted as the *maxim* (*regula maxima*) of the moral sense, it would be a fairer and fuller comparison to say, that it is to the latter as the dial to the sun, indicating its path by intercepting its radiance.

But let it be granted, that in certain individuals from a happy evenness of nature, formed into a habit by the strength of education, the influence of example, and by favorable circumstances in general, the actions diverging from self-love as their center should be precisely the same as those produced from the Christian principle, which requires of us that we should place our self and our neighbor at an equi-distance, and love both alike as modes in which we realize and exhibit the love of God above all: wherein would the difference be *then*? I answer boldly: even in that, for

which all actions have their whole worth and their main value—in the *agents* themselves. So much indeed is this of the very substance of genuine morality, that wherever the latter has given way in the general opinion to a scheme of ethics founded on utility, its place is soon challenged by the spirit of HONOR. Paley, who degrades the spirit of honor into a mere club-law among the higher classes originating in selfish convenience, and enforced by the penalty of excommunication from the society which habit had rendered indispensable to the happiness of the individuals, has misconstrued it not less than Shaftsbury, who extols it as the noblest influence of noble natures. The spirit of honor is more indeed than a mere conventional substitute for honesty; but on the other hand instead of being a finer form of moral life, it may be more truly described as the shadow or ghost of virtue deceased. For to take the word in a sense, which no man of honor would acknowledge, may be allowed to the writer of satires, but not to the moral philosopher. Honor implies a reverence for the invisible and supersensual in our nature, and so far it is

virtue; but it is a virtue that neither understands itself or its true source, and therefore often unsubstantial, not seldom fantastic, and always more or less capricious. Abstract the notion from the lives of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, or Henry the Fourth of France: and then compare it with the 1 Corinth. xiii. and the epistle to Philemon, or rather with the realization of this fair ideal in the character of St. Paul\* himself. I know not a better test. Nor

\* This has struck the better class even of infidels. Collins, one of the most learned of our English Deists, is said to have declared, that contradictory as miracles appeared to his reason, he would believe in them notwithstanding, if it could be proved to him that St. Paul had asserted any one as having been worked *by himself* in the modern sense of the word, *miracle*; adding, “*St. Paul was so perfect a gentleman and a man of honor!*” When I call duelling, and similar aberrations of honor, a moral heresy, I refer to the force of the Greek *ἀιθέσις*, as signifying a principle or opinion taken up by THE WILL for *the will's sake*, as a proof and pledge to itself of its own power of self-determination, independent of all other motives. In the gloomy gratification derived or anticipated from the exercise of this awful power—the condition of all moral good while it is latent, and hidden, as it were, in the center; but the essential cause of fiendish guilt, when it makes itself existential and



can I think of any investigation, that would be more instructive where it would be *safe*, but none likewise of greater delicacy from the probability of misinterpretation, than a history of the rise of HONOR in the European monarchies as connected with the corruptions of Christianity; and an inquiry into the specific causes of the inefficacy which has attended the combined efforts of divines and moralists against the practice and obligation of duelling.

Of a widely different character from this moral *ἄπειρος*, yet as a derivative from the same root, we may contemplate the heresies of the

peripheric—*si quando in circumferentiam erumpat: (in both cases I have purposely adopted the language of the old mystic theosophers)*—I find the only explanation of a moral phænomenon not very uncommon in the last moments of condemned felons—viz. the obstinate denial, not of the main guilt, which might be accounted for by ordinary motives, but of some particular act, which had been proved beyond all possibility of doubt, and attested by the criminal's own accomplices and fellow-sufferers in their last confessions: and this too an act, the non-perpetration of which, if believed, could neither mitigate the sentence of the law, nor even the opinions of men after the sentence had been carried into execution.

Gnostics in the early ages of the church, and of the family of love, with other forms of Antinomianism, since the Reformation to the present day. But lest in uttering truth I should convey falsehood and fall myself into the error which it is my object to expose, it will be requisite to distinguish an apprehension of the *whole* of a truth, even where that apprehension is dim and indistinct, from a *partial* perception of the same rashly *assumed*, as a perception of the whole. The first is rendered inevitable in many things for many, in some points for all, men from the progressiveness no less than from the imperfection of humanity, which itself dictates and enforces the precept, Believe that thou mayest understand. The most knowing must at times be content with the *facit* of a sum too complex or subtle for us to follow nature through the antecedent process. The Greek verb, *συνείναι*, which we render by the word, understand, is literally the same as our own idiomatic phrase, to go along with. Hence in subjects not under the cognizance of the senses wise men have always attached a high value to general and long-continued assent, as a presump-

tion of truth. After all the subtle reasonings and fair analogies which logic and induction could supply to a mighty intellect, it is yet on this ground that the Socrates of Plato mainly rests his faith in the immortality of the soul, and the moral Government of the universe. It had been held by all nations in all ages, but with deepest conviction by the best and wisest men, as a belief connatural with goodness and akin to prophecy. The same argument is adopted by Cicero, as the principal ground of his adherence to divination. *Gentem quidem nullam video neque tam humanam atque doctam, neque tam immanem tamque barbaram, quæ non significari futura et a quibusdam intelligi prædique posse censeat.\** I

\* (*Translation.*)—I find indeed no people or nation, however civilized and cultivated, or however wild and barbarous, but have deemed that there are antecedent signs of future events, and some men capable of understanding and predicting them.

I am tempted to add a passage from my own translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, the more so that the work has been long ago *used up*, as "*winding sheets for pilchards*," or extant only by (as I would fain flatter myself) the kind partiality of the trunk-makers: though

confess, I can never read the *De Divinatione* of this great orator, statesman, and patriot, without feeling myself inclined to consider this opinion as an instance of the second class, namely, of fractional truths integrated by fancy, passion, accident, and that preponderance of with exception of works for which public admiration supersedes or includes individual commendations, I scarce remember a book that has been more honored by the express attestations in its favor of eminent and even of popular literati, among whom I take this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments to the author of *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering*, &c. How (asked Ulysses, addressing his guardian goddess) shall I be able to recognize Proteus, in the swallow that skims round our houses whom I have been accustomed to behold as a swan of Phœbus, measuring his movements to a celestial music? In both alike, she replied, thou canst recognize the god.

So supported, I dare avow that I have thought my translation worthy of a more favourable reception from the public and their literary guides and purveyors. But when I recollect, that a much better and very far more valuable work, the Rev. Mr. Carey's incomparable translation of Dante, had very nearly met with the same fate, I lose all right, and, I trust, all inclination to complain: an inclination, which the mere sense of its folly and uselessness will not always suffice to preclude.

the positive over the negative in the memory, which makes it no less tenacious of coincidences than forgetful of failures.

COUNTESS. What? dost thou not believe, that oft  
in dreams

A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN. I will not doubt that there have  
been such voices;

Yet I would not call *them*

Voices of *warning*, that announce to us

Only the inevitable. As the sun,

Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image

In the atmosphere: so often do the spirits

Of great events stride on before the events

And in to-day already *walks* to-morrow.

That which we read of the Fourth Henry's death

Did ever vex and haunt me, like a tale

Of my own future destiny. The king

Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,

Long ere Ravillac arm'd himself therewith.

His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma

Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth

Into the open air. Like funeral knells

Sounded that coronation festival;

And still with boding sense he heard the tread

Of those feet, that even then were seeking him

Throughout the streets of Paris.

*Wallenstein*, part ii. act v. scene i.

I am indeed firmly persuaded, that no doctrine was ever widely diffused, among various nations through successive ages, and under different religions (such, for instance, as the tenets of original sin and of redemption, those fundamental articles of every known religion professing to have been *revealed*), which is not founded either in the nature of things, or in the necessities of human nature. Nay, the more strange and irreconcilable such a doctrine may appear to the understanding, the judgments of which are grounded on general rules abstracted from the world of the senses, the stronger is the presumption in its favor. For whatever satirists may say, or sciolists imagine, the human mind has no predilection for absurdity. I would even extend the principle (proportionately I mean) to sundry tenets, that from their strangeness or dangerous tendency, appear only to be generally reprobated, as eclipses in the belief of barbarous tribes are to be frightened away by noises and execrations; but which rather resemble the luminary itself in this one respect, that after a longer or shorter interval of occultation, they are still found to re-emerge.

It is these, the re-appearance of which (nomine tantum mutato), from age to age, gives to ecclesiastical history a deeper interest than that of romance and scarcely less wild, for every philosophic mind. I am far from asserting that such a doctrine (the Antinomian, for instance, or that of a latent mystical sense in the words of Scripture and the works of nature, according to Emanuel Swedenborg) shall be always the best possible, or not a distorted and dangerous, as well as partial, representation of the truth, on which it is founded. For the same body casts strangely different shadows in different positions and different degrees of light. But I dare, and do, affirm that it always does shadow out some important truth, and from *it* derives its main influence over the faith of its adherents, obscure as their perception of this truth may be, and though they may themselves attribute their belief to the supernatural gifts of the founder, or the miracles by which his preaching had been accredited. *See Wesley's Journal.* But we have the highest possible authority, that of Scripture itself, to justify us in putting the question :

Whether miracles can, of themselves, work a true conviction in the mind? There are spiritual truths which must derive their evidence from within, which whoever rejects, "neither will he believe though a man were to rise from the dead" to confirm them. And under the Mosaic law a miracle in attestation of a false doctrine subjected the miracle-worker to death: whether really or only seemingly supernatural, makes no difference in the present argument, its power of convincing, whatever that power may be, whether great or small, depending on the fulness of the belief in its miraculous nature. *Est quibus esse videtur.* Or rather, that I may express the same position in a form less likely to offend, is not a true *efficient* conviction of a moral truth, is not "the creating of a new heart," which collects the energies of a man's whole being in the focus of the conscience, the one essential miracle, the same and of the same evidence to the ignorant and the learned, which no superior skill can counterfeit, human or dæmoniacal? Is it not emphatically that leading of the Father, without which no man can come to Christ? Is it not that



implication of doctrine in the miracle, and of miracle in the doctrine, which is the bridge of communication between the senses and the soul? That predisposing warmth that renders the understanding susceptible of the specific impression from the historic, and from all other outward, seals of testimony? Is not this the one infallible criterion of miracles, by which a man can *know* whether they be of God? The abhorrence in which the most savage or barbarous tribes hold witchcraft, in which however their belief is so intense\* as even to control the springs of life,—is not this abhorrence of witchcraft under so full a conviction of its reality a proof, how little of divine, how little fitting to our nature, a miracle is, when insulated from spiritual truths, and disconnected from religion as its end? What then can we think of a theological theory, which adopting a scheme of prudential legality, common to it with “the sty of Epicurus”

\* I refer the reader to Hearne’s Travels among the Copper Indians, and to Bryan Edwards’s account of the Oby in the West Indies, grounded on judicial documents and personal observation.

as far at least as the *springs* of moral action are concerned, makes its whole *religion* consist in the belief of miracles! As well might the poor African prepare for himself a fetisch by plucking out the eyes from the eagle or the lynx, and enshrining the same, worship in them the power of vision. As the tenet of professed Christians (I speak of the principle not of the men, whose hearts will always more or less correct the errors of their understandings) it is even more absurd, and the pretext for such a religion more inconsistent than the religion itself. For they profess to derive from it their whole faith in that futurity, which if they had not previously believed on the evidence of their own consciences, of Moses and the Prophets, they are assured by the great Founder and Object of Christianity, that neither will they believe it, in any spiritual and profitable sense, though a man should rise from the dead.

For myself, I cannot resist the conviction, built on particular and general history, that the extravagancies of Antinomianism and Solifidianism are little more than the counteractions to this Christian paganism: the play, as

it were, of antagonist muscles. The feelings will set up their standard against the understanding, whenever the understanding has renounced its allegiance to the reason: and what is faith, but the personal realization of the reason by its union with the will? If we would drive out the demons of fanaticism from the people, we must begin by exorcising the spirit of Epicureanism in the higher ranks, and restore to their teachers the true Christian *enthusiasm*,\* the vivifying influences of the altar, the censer, and the sacrifice. They must neither be ashamed of, nor disposed to explain away, the articles of prevenient and auxiliary grace, nor the necessity of being born again to the life from which our nature had become apostate. They must administer indeed the necessary medicines to the sick, the motives of fear as well as of hope; but they must not withhold from them the idea of health, or conceal from them that the medicines for the sick are not

\* The original meaning of the Greek, Euthousiasmos, is: the influence of the divinity such as was supposed to take possession of the priest during the performance of the services at the altar.

the diet of the healthy. Nay, they must make it a part of the curative process to induce the patient, on the first symptoms of recovery, to look forward with prayer and aspiration to that state, in which *perfect love shutteth out fear*. Above all, they must not seek to make the mysteries of faith what the world calls *rational* by theories of original sin and redemption borrowed analogically from the imperfection of human law-courts and the coarse contrivances of state expedience.

Among the numerous examples with which I might enforce this warning, I refer, not without reluctance, to the most eloquent, and one of the most learned of our divines; a rigorist, indeed, concerning the authority of the Church, but a Latitudinarian in the articles of its faith; who stretched the latter almost to the advanced posts of Socinianism, and strained the former to a hazardous conformity with the assumptions of the Roman hierarchy. With what emotions must not a pious mind peruse such passages as the following:—"Death reigned upon them whose sins could not be so imputed as Adam's was; but although it was not wholly imputed

upon their own account, yet it was imputed upon their's and Adam's. *For God was so exasperated with mankind, that being angry he would still continue that punishment to lesser sins and sinners, which he had first threatened to Adam only.* The case is this: Jonathan and Michal were Saul's children. It came to pass, that seven of Saul's issue were to be hanged; all equally innocent—*equally culpable.\** David took the five sons of Michal, for she had left him unhandsomely. Jonathan was his friend, and therefore he spared *his* son, Mephibosheth. Here it was indifferent as to the guilt of the persons (*observe, no guilt was attached to either of them*) whether David should take the sons of Michael or of Jonathan; but it is likely that, as upon the kindness which David had to Jonathan, he saved his son, so upon the just provocation of Michael, he made that evil to fall upon them, which, it may be, they should not have suffered, if their mother

\* These two words are added without the least ground in scripture, according to which (2 Samuel, xxi.) no charge was laid to them but that they were the children of Saul! and sacrificed to a point of state expedience.

had been kind. ADAM WAS TO GOD, AS MICHAL TO DAVID!!! (TAYLOR'S *Polem. Tracts*, p. 711.) And this, with many passages equally gross, occurs in a refutation of the doctrine of original sin, on the ground of its incongruity with reason, and its incompatibility with God's justice! *Exasperated* with those whom the Bishop has elsewhere, in the same treatise, declared to have been "innocent and most unfortunate"—the two things that most conciliate love and pity! Or, if they did not remain innocent, yet, those whose abandonment to a mere nature, while they were subjected to a law above nature, he affirms to be *the irresistible cause* that they, one and all, *did sin!*—and this at once illustrated and justified by one of the worst actions of an imperfect mortal! So far could the resolve to coerce all doctrines within the limits of reason (i. e. the individual's power of comprehension) and the prejudices of an Arminian against the Calvinist preachers, carry an highly-gifted and exemplary divine. Let us be on our guard, lest similar effects should result from the zeal, however well-grounded in some respects, against the Church

Calvinists of our days. The writer's belief is, perhaps, equi-distant from that of both parties, the Grotian and the Genevan. But, confining my remark exclusively to the doctrines and the practical deductions from them, I could never read Bishop Taylor's Tract on the doctrine and practice of Repentance, without being tempted to characterize high Calvinism as (comparatively) a lamb in wolf's skin, and strict Arminianism as approaching to the reverse.

Actuated by these motives, I have devoted the following essay to a brief history of the rise and occasion of the Latitudinarian system in its first birth-place in Greece, and a faithful exhibition both of its parentage and its offspring. The reader will find it strictly correspondent to the motto of both essays, *ἡ ὁδὸς κατῶ*—the way downwards.

### ESSAY III.

ON THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE SECT OF  
SOPHISTS IN GREECE.



Ἡ ὄδος κατῶ.

The road downward.

HERACLIT. *Fragment.*



As Pythagoras, (584 A. C.) declining the title of the wise man, is said to have first named himself PHILOSOPHER, or lover of wisdom, so Protagoras, followed by Gorgias, Prodicus, &c. (444 A. C.) found even the former word too narrow for his own opinion of himself, and first assumed the title of SOPHIST: this word originally signifying one who professes the power of making others wise, a wholesale and retail *dealer* in wisdom—a *wisdom-monger*, in the same sense as we say, an iron-monger. In this and not in their abuse of the arts of reasoning, have Plato and Aristotle



placed the *essential* of the sophistic character. Their sophisms were indeed its natural products and accompaniments, but must yet be distinguished from it, as the fruits from the tree. Ἐμποροὶ τῖς, κάπηλος, ἀντοπώλης πέρι τὰ τῆς ψίχης μαθήματα—a vender, a market-man, in moral and intellectual knowledges (*connoissances*)—one who hires himself out or puts himself up at auction, as a carpenter and upholsterer to the heads and hearts of his customers—such are the phrases, by which Plato at once describes and satirizes the proper sophist. Nor does the Stagyrite fall short of his great master and rival in the reprobation of these professors of wisdom, or differ from him in the grounds of it. He too gives the baseness of the motives joined with the impudence and delusive nature of the pretence as the generic character.

Next to this pretence of selling wisdom and eloquence, they were distinguished by their itinerancy. Athens was, indeed, their great emporium and place of rendezvous; but by no means their domicile. Such were Protagoras, Gorgias, Prodicus, Hippias, Polus, Callicles, Thrasymachus, and a whole host of sophists

minorum gentium: and though many of the tribe, like the Euthydemus and Dionysiodorus so dramatically portrayed by Plato, were mere empty disputants, *sleight-of-word* jugglers, this was far from being their common character. Both Plato and Aristotle repeatedly admit the brilliancy of their talents and the extent of their acquirements. The following passage from the *Timæus* of the former will be my best commentary as well as authority. "The race of sophists, again, I acknowledge for men of no common powers, and of eminent skill and experience in many and various kinds of knowledge, and these too not seldom truly fair and ornamental of our nature; but I fear that somehow, as being itinerants from city to city, loose from all permanent ties of house and home, and everywhere aliens, they shoot wide of the proper aim of man whether as philosopher or as citizen." The few remains of Zeno the Eleatic, his paradoxes against the reality of motion, are mere identical propositions spun out into a sort of whimsical conundrums, as in the celebrated paradox entitled Achilles and the Tortoise, the whole plausibility of which

rests on the trick of assuming a minimum of time while no minimum is allowed to space, joined with that of exacting from Intelligibilia (Νόμιστα) the conditions peculiar to objects of the senses (φαινόμενα). The passages still extant from the works of Gorgias, on the other hand, want nothing but the form \* of a premise to undermine by a legitimate deductio ad absurdum all the philosophic systems that had been hitherto advanced with the exception of the Heraclitic, and of that too as it was generally understood and interpreted. Yet Zeno's name was and ever will be held in reverence by philosophers; for his object was as grand as his motives were honorable—that of assigning the limits to the claims of the senses, and of subordinating them to the pure reason: while Gorgias will ever be cited as an instance of prostituted genius from the immoral nature of

\* Viz. *If* either the world itself as an animated whole, according to the Italian school; or if atoms, according to Democritus; or any one primal element, as water or fire, according to Thales or Empedocles, or if a nous, as explained by Anaxagoras; be assumed as the absolutely first; *then*, &c.

his object and the baseness of his motives. These and not his sophisms constituted him a *sophist*, a sophist whose eloquence and logical skill rendered him only the more pernicious.

Soon after the repulse of the Persian invaders, and as a heavy counter-balance to the glories of Marathon and Plataea, we may date the commencement of that corruption first in private and next in public life, which displayed itself more or less in all the free states and communities of Greece, but most of all in Athens. The causes are obvious, and such as in popular republics have always followed, and are themselves the effects of, that passion for military glory and political preponderance, which may well be called the bastard and the parricide of liberty. In reference to the fervid but light and sensitive Athenians, we may enumerate, as the most operative, the giddiness of sudden aggrandizement; the more intimate connection and frequent intercourse with the Asiatic states; the intrigues with the court of Persia; the intoxication of the citizens at large, sustained and increased by the continued allusions to their recent exploits, in the flatteries of

the theatre, and the funereal panegyrics; the rage for amusement and public shows; and lastly the destruction of the Athenian constitution by the ascendancy of its democratic element. During the operation of these causes, at an early period of the process, and no unimportant part of it, the SOPHISTS made their first appearance. Some of these applied the lessons of their art in their own persons, and traded for gain and gainful influence in the character of demagogues and public orators; but the greater number offered themselves as instructors, in the arts of persuasion and temporary impression, to as many as could come up to the high prices, at which they rated their services. Νεων και πλουσιων ερμισσοι θηρευται (*these are Plato's words*)—*Hireling hunters of the young and rich*, they offered to the vanity of youth and the ambition of wealth a substitute for that authority, which by the institutions of Solon had been attached to high birth and property, or rather to the moral discipline, the habits, attainments, and directing motives, on which the great legislator had calculated (not indeed as necessary or constant accompaniments, but

yet) as the regular and ordinary results of comparative opulence and renowned ancestry.

The loss of this stable and salutary influence was to be supplied by the arts of popularity. But in order to the success of this scheme, it was necessary that the people themselves should be degraded into a populace. The cupidity for dissipation and sensual pleasure in all ranks had kept pace with the increasing inequality in the means of gratifying it. The restless spirit of republican ambition, engendered by their success in a just war, and by the romantic character of that success, had already formed a close alliance with luxury in its early and most vigorous state, when it acts as an appetite to enkindle, and before it has exhausted and dulled the vital energies by the habit of enjoyment. But this corruption was now to be introduced into the *citadel* of the moral being, and to be openly defended by the very arms and instruments, which had been given for the purpose of preventing or chastising its approach. The understanding was to be corrupted by the perversion of the reason, and the feelings through the medium of the understand-

ing. For this purpose all fixed principles, whether grounded on reason, religion, law, or antiquity, were to be undermined, and then, as now, chiefly by the sophistry of submitting all positions alike, however heterogeneous, to the criterion of the mere understanding, disguising or concealing the fact, that the rules which alone they applied, were abstracted from the objects of the senses, and applicable exclusively to things of quantity and relation. At all events, the minds of men were to be sensualized ; and even if the arguments themselves failed, yet the principles so attacked were to be brought into doubt by the mere frequency of hearing *all* things doubted, and the most sacred of all now openly denied, and now insulted by sneer and ridicule. For by the constitution of our nature, as far as it is *human* nature, so awful is truth, that as long as we have faith in its attainability and hopes of its attainment, there exists no bribe strong enough to tempt us wholly and permanently from our allegiance.

Religion, in its widest sense, signifies the act and habit of reverencing THE INVISIBLE, as the highest both in ourselves and in nature. To

this the senses and their immediate objects are to be made subservient, the one as its organs, the other as its exponents: and as such therefore, having on their own account no true *value*, because no inherent *worth*. They are a *language*, in short: and taken independently of their representative function, from *words* they become mere empty *sounds*, and differ from *noise* only by exciting expectations which they cannot gratify—fit ingredients of the idolatrous *charm*, the potent Abracadabra, of a sophisticated race, who had sacrificed the religion of faith to the superstition of the senses, a race of animals, in whom the presence of reason is manifested solely by the absence of instinct.

The same principle, which in its application to the whole of our being becomes religion, considered *speculatively* is the basis of *metaphysical* science, that, namely, which requires an evidence beyond that of sensible concretes, which latter the ancients generalized in the word, *physica*, and therefore (prefixing the preposition, *meta*, i. e. *beyond* or *transcending*) named the superior science, metaphysics. The Invisible was assumed as the sup-



porter of the apparent, τῶν φαινομένων—as their *substance*, a term which, in any other interpretation, expresses only the *striving* of the imaginative power under conditions that involve the necessity of its frustration. If the Invisible be denied, or (which is equivalent) considered invisible from the defect of the senses and not in its own nature, the sciences even of observation and experiment lose their essential copula. The component parts can never be reduced into an harmonious whole, but must owe their systematic arrangement to accidents of an ever-shifting perspective. Much more then must this apply to the moral world disjoined from religion. Instead of morality, we can at best have only a scheme of prudence, and this too a prudence fallible and short-sighted: for were it of such a kind as to be bonâ fide coincident with morals in reference to the agent as well as to the outward action, its first act would be that of abjuring its own usurped primacy. *By celestial observations alone can even terrestrial charts be constructed scientifically.*

The first attempt therefore of the sophists

was to separate ethics from the faith in the Invisible, and to stab morality through the side of religion—an attempt to which the idolatrous polytheism of Greece furnished too many facilities. To the zeal with which he counteracted this plan by endeavors to purify and ennoble that popular belief, which, from obedience to the laws, he did not deem himself permitted to subvert, did Socrates owe his martyr-cup of hemlock. Still while any one *principle* of morality remained, religion in some form or other must remain inclusively. Therefore, as they commenced by assailing the former through the latter, so did they continue their warfare by reversing the operation. The principle was confounded with the particular acts, in which under the guidance of the understanding or judgment it was to manifest itself.

Thus the rule of expediency, which properly belonged to one and the lower part of morality, was made to be the whole. And so far there was at least a consistency in this: for in two ways only could it subsist. It must either be the mere servant of religion, or its usurper and substitute. Viewed as *principles*, they were so

utterly heterogeneous, that by no grooving could the two be fitted into each other—by no intermediate could they be preserved in lasting adhesion. The one or the other was sure to decompose the cement. We cannot have a stronger historical authority for the truth of this statement, than the words of Polybius, in which he attributes the ruin of the Greek states to the frequency of perjury, which they had learnt from the sophists to laugh at as a trifle that *broke no bones*, nay, as in some cases, an expedient and justifiable exertion of the power given us by nature over our own words, without which no man could have a secret that might not be extorted from him by the will of others. In the same spirit the sage and observant historian attributes the growth and strength of the Roman republic to the general reverence of the invisible powers, and the consequent horror in which the breaking of an oath was held. This he states as the *causa causarum*, as the ultimate and inclusive cause of Roman grandeur.

Under such convictions therefore as the sophists labored with such fatal success to pro-

duce, it needed nothing but the excitement of the passions under circumstances of public discord to turn the arguments of expedience and self-love against the whole scheme of morality founded on them, and to procure a favorable hearing of the doctrines, which Plato attributes to the sophist Callicles. The passage is curious, and might be entitled, a Jacobin Head, a genuine antique, in high preservation. By nature, exclaims this Napoleon of old, the *worse off* is always the more infamous, that, namely, which suffers wrong; but according to the law it is the doing of wrong. For no man of noble spirit will let himself be wronged: *this* a slave only endures, who is not worth the life he has, and under injuries and insults can neither help himself or those that belong to him. Those, who first made the laws, were, in my opinion, feeble creatures, which in fact the greater number of men are; or they would not remain entangled in these spider-webs. Such, however, being the case, laws, honor, and ignominy were all calculated for the advantage of the law-makers. But in order to frighten away the stronger, whom they could not coerce by fair

contest, and to secure greater advantages for themselves than their feebleness could otherwise have procured, they preached up the doctrine, that it was base and contrary to right to wish to have any thing beyond others ; and that in this wish consisted the essence of injustice. Doubtless it was very agreeable to them, if being creatures of a meaner class they were allowed to share equally with their natural superiors. But nature dictates plainly enough another code of right, namely, that the nobler and stronger should possess more than the weaker and more pusillanimous. Where the power is, there lies the substantial right. The whole realm of animals, nay the human race itself as collected in independent states and nations, demonstrate, that the stronger has a right to control the weaker for his own advantage. Assuredly, they have the genuine notion of right, and follow the law of nature, though truly not that which is held valid in our governments. But the minds of our youths are preached away from them by declamations on the beauty and fitness of letting themselves be mastered, till by these verbal conjurations the

noblest nature is tamed and cowed, like a young lion born and bred in a cage. Should a man with full untamed force but once step forward, he would break all your spells and conjurations, trample your contra-natural laws under his feet, vault into the seat of supreme power, and in a splendid style make the right of nature be valid among you.

It would have been well for mankind, if such had always been the language of sophistry! A selfishness, that excludes partnership, all men have an interest in repelling. Yet the principle is the same: and if for power we substitute pleasure and the means of pleasure, it is easy to construct a system well fitted to corrupt natures, and the more mischievous in proportion as it is less alarming. As long as the spirit of philosophy reigns in the learned and highest class, and that of religion in all classes, a tendency to blend and unite will be found in all objects of pursuit, and the whole discipline of mind and manners will be calculated in relation to the worth of the agents. With the prevalence of sophistry, when the pure will (if indeed the existence of a will be ad-

mitted in any other sense than as the temporary main current in the wide gust-eddy stream of our desires and aversions) is ranked among the *means* to an alien end, instead of being itself the one absolute end, in the participation of which all other things are worthy to be called good—with this revolution commences the epoch of division and separation. Things are rapidly improved, persons as rapidly deteriorated; and for an indefinite period the powers of the aggregate increase, as the strength of the individual declines. Still, however, sciences may be estranged from philosophy, the practical from the speculative, and *one* of the two at least may remain. Music may be divided from poetry, and *both* may continue to exist, though with diminished influence. But religion and morals cannot be disjoined without the destruction of both: and that this does not take place to the full extent, we owe to the frequency with which both take shelter in the heart, and that men are always better or worse than the maxims which they adopt or concede.

To demonstrate the hollowness of the present system, and to deduce the truth from its sources, is not possible for me without a previous agreement as to the principles of reasoning in general. The attempt could neither be made within the limits of the present work, nor would its success greatly affect the immediate moral interests of the majority of the readers for whom this work was especially written. For as sciences are systems on principles, so in the life of practice is morality a principle without a system. Systems of morality are in truth nothing more than the old books of casuistry generalized, even of that casuistry, which the genius of protestantism gradually worked off from itself like an heterogeneous humor, together with the practice of auricular confession: a fact the more striking, because in both instances it was against the intention of the first teachers of the reformation: and the revival of both was not only urged, but provided for, though in vain, by no less men than Bishops Saunderson and Jeremy Taylor.

But there is yet another prohibitory reason—



and this I cannot convey more effectually than in the words of Plato to Dionysius—

Ἀλλὰ ποῖόν τι μὴν τοῦτ' ἐστίν, ὃ πᾶσι Διωνυσίου καὶ Δωρίδος, τὸ ἐρώτημα, ὃ πάντων αἰτιον ἐστὶ κακῶν; μᾶλλον δὲ ἢ περὶ τούτου ὡς ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ ἐγγιγνομένη, ἢν εἰ μὴ τις ἐξαιρεθῆσεται, τῆς ἀληθείας ὄντως οὐ μίποτε τύχοι·

Πλατων Διωνυσιῶ ἐπιστ' δεύτ.

(*Translation.*)—But what a question is this, which you propose, Oh son of Dionysius and Doris!—what is the origin and cause of all evil? But rather is the darkness and travail concerning this, that thorn in the soul which unless a man shall have had removed, never can he partake of the truth that is verily and indeed truth.

Yet that I may fulfil the original scope of the Friend, I shall attempt to provide the preparatory steps for such an investigation in the following Essays on the Principles of Method common to all investigations: which I here present, as the basis of my future philosophical and theological writings, and as the necessary introduction to the same. And in addition to this, I can conceive no object of inquiry more appropriate, none which, commencing with the most familiar truths, with facts of hourly experience, and gradually winning its

way to positions the most comprehensive and sublime, will more aptly prepare the mind for the reception of specific knowledge, than the full exposition of a principle which is the condition of all intellectual progress, and which may be said even to *constitute* the science of education, alike in the narrowest and in the most extensive sense of the word. Yet as it is but fair to let the public know beforehand, what the genius of my philosophy is, and in what spirit it will be applied by me, whether in politics, or religion, I conclude with the following brief history of the last 130 years, by a lover of Old England :

Wise and necessitated confirmation and explanation of the law of England, erroneously entitled *The English Revolution of 1688*—Mechanical Philosophy, hailed as a kindred revolution in philosophy, and espoused, as a common cause, by the partizans of the revolution in the state.

The consequence is, or was, a system of natural rights instead of social and hereditary privileges—acquiescence in historic testimony substituted for faith—and yet the true histori-

cal feeling, the feeling of being an historical people, generation linked to generation by ancestral reputation, by tradition, by heraldry—this noble feeling, I say, openly stormed or perilously undermined.

Imagination excluded from poesy; and fancy paramount in physics; the eclipse of the ideal by the mere shadow of the sensible—subfiction for supposition. *Plebs pro Senatu Populoque*—the wealth of nations for the well-being of nations, and of man!

Anglo-mania in France; followed by revolution in America—constitution of America appropriate, perhaps, to America; but elevated from a particular experiment to an universal model. The word constitution altered to mean a capitulation, a treaty, imposed by the people on their own government, as on a conquered enemy—hence giving sanction to falsehood, and universality to anomaly!!!

Despotism! Despotism! Despotism!—of finance in statistics—of vanity in social converse—of presumption and overweening contempt of the ancients in individuals!

FRENCH REVOLUTION!—Pauperism, revenue

laws, government by clubs, committees, societies, reviews, and newspapers!

Thus it is that nation first sets fire to a neighbouring nation; then catches fire and burns backward.

Statesmen should know that a learned class is an essential element of a state—at least of a Christian state. But *you* wish for general illumination! You begin with the attempt to *popularize* learning and philosophy; but you will end in the *plebification* of knowledge. A true philosophy in the learned class is essential to a true religious feeling in all classes.

In fine, religion, true or false, is and ever has been the moral centre of gravity in Christendom, to which all other things must and will accommodate themselves.

## ESSAY IV.



Ὁ δὲ δίκαιον ἐστὶ ποιεῖν, ἅκουε πῶς χρὴ ἔχειν ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους. Εἰ μὲν ὅλως φιλοσοφίας καταπεφρόνηκας, ἐᾶν καίρειν· εἰ δὲ παρ' ἑτέρου ἀκήκοας ἢ αὐτὸς βελτίονα ἔυρηκας τῶν παρ' ἐμοῖ, ἐκέῖνα τίμα· εἰ δ' ἄρα τὰ παρ' ἡμῶν σοὶ ἀρέσκει, τιμητέον καὶ ἐμὲ μάλιστα.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝ· ΔΙΩΝ : ἐπιτ' δευτερου.

(*Translation.*)—Hear then what are the terms on which you and I ought to stand toward each other. If you hold philosophy altogether in contempt, bid it farewell. Or if you have heard from any other person, or have yourself found out a better than mine, then give honor to that, which ever it be. But if the doctrine taught in these our works please you, then it is but just that you should honor me too in the same proportion.

*Plato's 2d Letter to Dion.*



WHAT is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education? And which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the

late Edmund Burke) “ we cannot stand under the same arch-way during a shower of rain, *without finding him out?*” Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt, though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases. For if he be, as we now assume, a *well*-educated man as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Cæsar, *Insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare*. Unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth, that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and

evidently habitual *arrangement* of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is *method* in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling; whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive, that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, as they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses; and with exception of the "*and then,*" the "*and there,*" and the still less significant, "*and so,*" they constitute likewise all his connections.

Our discussion, however, is confined to Method as employed in the formation of the understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature. It would indeed be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the bu-

siness and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace of the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that *every thing is in its place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honorable pursuits, does more: he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul: and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore *to have been*, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual



nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed, that He lives in time, than that Time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

But as the importance of Method in the duties of social life is incomparably greater, so are its practical elements proportionably obvious, and such as relate to the will far more than to the understanding. Henceforward, therefore, we contemplate its bearings on the latter.

The difference between the products of a well-disciplined and those of an uncultivated understanding, in relation to what we will now venture to call the *Science of Method*, is often and admirably exhibited by our great Dramatist. We scarcely need refer our readers to the Clown's evidence, in the first scene of the second act of "Measure for Measure," or the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." But not to leave the position, without an instance to illustrate it, we will take the "easy-yielding" Mrs. Quickley's

relation of the circumstances of Sir John Falstaff's debt to her.

**FALSTAFF.** What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

**Mrs. QUICKLEY.** Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man in Windsor—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickley?—coming into borrow a mess of vinegar: telling us she had a good dish of prawns—whereby thou didst desire to eat some—whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound, &c. &c. &c.

*Henry IV.* 1st. pt. act ii. sc. 1.

And this, be it observed, is so far from being carried beyond the bounds of a fair imitation, that "the poor soul's" thoughts and sentences are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of Method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of Method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual sub-

mission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements. As this constitutes *their* leading feature, the contrary excellence, as distinguishing the well-educated man, must be referred to the contrary habit. METHOD, therefore, becomes natural to the mind which has been accustomed to contemplate not *things* only, or for their own sake alone, but likewise and chiefly the *relations* of things, either their relations to each other, or to the observer, or to the state and apprehension of the hearers. To enumerate and analyze these relations, with the conditions under which alone they are discoverable, is to teach the science of Method.

The enviable results of this science, when knowledge has been ripened into those habits which at once secure and evince its possession, can scarcely be exhibited more forcibly as well as more pleasingly, than by contrasting with the former extract from Shakspeare the narration

given by Hamlet to Horatio of the occurrences during his proposed transportation to England, and the events that interrupted his voyage.

HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting  
That would not let me sleep : methought I lay  
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,  
And prais'd be rashness for it—*Let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do fail: and that should  
teach us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.*

HOR. That is most certain.

HAM. Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;  
Finger'd their pocket ; and, in fine, withdrew  
'To my own room again : making so bold,  
*My fears forgetting manners,* to unseal  
Their grand commission : where *I* found, Horatio,  
A royal knavery—an exact command,  
*Larded with many several sorts of reasons,  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,*  
With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in *my* life,  
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off !

HOR. Is't possible ?

HAM. Here's the commission.—Read it at more  
leisure. Act v. sc. 2.

Here the events, with the circumstances of time and place, are all stated with equal compression and rapidity, not one introduced which could have been omitted without injury to the intelligibility of the whole process. If any tendency is discoverable, as far as the mere facts are in question, it is the tendency to omission: and, accordingly, the reader will observe, that the attention of the narrator is called back to one material circumstance, which he was hurrying by, by a direct question from the friend to whom the story is communicated, "HOW WAS THIS SEALED?" But by a trait which is indeed peculiarly characteristic of Hamlet's mind, ever disposed to generalize, and meditative to excess (but which, with due abatement and reduction, is distinctive of every powerful and methodizing intellect), all the digressions and enlargements consist of reflections, truths, and principles of general and permanent interest, either directly expressed or disguised in playful satire.

————— I sat me down ;  
 Devis'd a new commission : wrote it fair.  
*I once did hold it, as our statist's do,*  
*A buseness to write fair, and laboured much*  
*How to forget that learning ;* but, sir, now  
 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know  
 The effect of what I wrote ?

HOR. Aye, good my lord.

HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king,  
 As England was his faithful tributary ;  
*As love between them, like the palm, might flourish ;*  
*As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,*  
*And many such like As's of great charge—*  
 That on the view and knowing of these contents  
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
 No shriving time allowed.

HOR. How was this sealed ?

HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.  
 I had my father's signet in my purse,  
 Which was the model of that Danish seal :  
 Folded the writ up in the form of the other ;  
 Subscribed it ; gave't the impression ; placed it safely,  
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day  
 Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent,  
 Thou knowest already.

HOR. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't ?

HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.

'They are not near my conscience : their defeat  
 Doth by their own insinuation grow.  
 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
 Between the pass and felt incensed points  
 Of mighty opposites.

It would, perhaps, be sufficient to remark of the preceding passage, in connection with the humorous specimen of narration,

“ Fermenting o'er with frothy circumstance,”  
 in Henry IV. ; that if overlooking the different value of the *matter* in each, we considered the *form* alone, we should find both *immethodical* ; Hamlet from the excess, Mrs. Quickley from the want, of reflection and generalization ; and that Method, therefore, must result from the due mean or balance between our passive impressions and the mind's own re-action on the same. (Whether this re-action do not suppose or imply a primary act positively *originating* in the mind itself, and prior to the object in order of nature, though co-instantaneous in its manifestation, will be hereafter discussed.) But we had a further purpose in thus contrasting these extracts from our “ myriad-minded Bard,” (*μυριοῶνς ἄνθρωπος*.) We wished to bring

forward, each for itself, these two elements of Method, or (to adopt an arithmetical term) its two main *factors*.

Instances of the want of generalization are of no rare occurrence in real life: and the narrations of Shakspeare's Hostess and the Tapster, differ from those of the ignorant and unthinking in general, by their superior humor, the poet's own gift and infusion, not by their want of Method, which is not greater than we often meet with in that class, of which they are the dramatic representatives. Instances of the opposite fault, arising from the excess of generalization and reflection in minds of the opposite class, will, like the minds themselves, occur less frequently in the course of our own personal experience. Yet they will not have been wanting to our readers, nor will they have passed unobserved, though the great poet himself (*ὁ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ ψυχὴν ὥσει ὑλὴν τίνα ἀσώματον μορφᾶς ποικιλᾶς μορφώσας\**) has more conveniently supplied the illustrations. To com-

\* *Translation*.—He that moulded his own soul, as some incorporeal material, into various forms.



plete, therefore, the purpose aforementioned, that of presenting each of the two components as separately as possible, we chose an instance in which, by the surplus of its own activity, Hamlet's mind disturbs the arrangement, of which that very activity had been the cause and impulse.

Thus exuberance of mind, on the one hand, interferes with the *forms* of Method; but sterility of mind, on the other, wanting the spring and impulse to mental action, is wholly destructive of Method itself. For in attending too exclusively to the relations which the past or passing events and objects bear to general truth, and the moods of his own Thought, the most intelligent man is sometimes in danger of overlooking that other relation, in which they are likewise to be placed to the apprehension and sympathies of his hearers. His discourse appears like soliloquy intermixed with dialogue. But the uneducated and unreflecting talker overlooks *all* mental relations, both logical and psychological; and consequently precludes all Method, that is not purely accidental. Hence the nearer the things and inci-

dents in time and place, the more distant, disjointed, and impertinent to each other, and to any common purpose, will they appear in his narration: and this from the want of a *staple*, or *starting-post*, in the narrator himself; from the absence of *the leading Thought*, which, borrowing a phrase from the nomenclature of legislation, we may not inaptly call the INITIATIVE. On the contrary, where the habit of Method is present and effective, things the most remote and diverse in time, place, and outward circumstance, are brought into mental contiguity and succession, the more striking as the less expected. But while we would impress the necessity of this habit, the illustrations adduced give proof that in undue preponderance, and when the prerogative of the mind is stretched into despotism, the discourse may degenerate into the grotesque or the fantastical.

With what a profound insight into the constitution of the human soul is this exhibited to us in the character of the Prince of Denmark, where flying from the sense of reality, and seeking a reprieve from the pressure of its duties,

in that ideal activity, the overbalance of which, with the consequent indisposition to action, is his disease, he compels the reluctant good sense of the high yet healthful-minded Horatio, to follow him in his wayward meditation amid the graves! “*To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?*” HOR. *It were to consider too curiously to consider so.* HAM. *No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it. As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust—the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?*

*Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!”*

But let it not escape our recollection, that when the objects thus connected are proportionate to the connecting energy, relatively to the real, or at least to the desirable sympathies of mankind; it is from the same character that we

derive the genial method in the famous soliloquy, “*To be? or not to be?*” which, admired as it is, and has been, has yet received only the first-fruits of the admiration due to it.

We have seen that from the confluence of innumerable impressions in each moment of time the mere passive memory must needs tend to confusion—a rule, the seeming exceptions to which (the thunder-bursts in *Lear*, for instance) are really confirmations of its truth. For, in many instances, the predominance of some mighty Passion takes the place of the guiding Thought, and the result presents the method of Nature, rather than the habit of the Individual. For Thought, Imagination (and we may add, Passion), are, in their very essence, the first, connective, the latter co-adunative: and it has been shown, that if the excess lead to Method misapplied, and to connections of the moment, the absence, or marked deficiency, either precludes Method altogether, both form and substance: or (as the following extract will exemplify) retains the outward form only.

*My liege and madam! to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,*

*Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.  
Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad :  
Mad call I it—for to define true madness,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad !  
But let that go.*

QUEEN. *More matter with less art.*

POL.

*Madam ! I swear, I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, tis true : tis true, tis pity :  
And pity tis, tis true (a foolish figure !  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.)  
Mad let us grant him then : and now remains,  
That we find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say the cause of this defect :  
For this effect defective comes by cause.  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus  
Perpend !*

*Hamlet, act ii. scene 2.*

Does not the irresistible sense of the ludicrous in this flourish of the soul-surviving body of old Polonius's intellect, not less than in the endless confirmations and most undeniable matters of fact, of Tapster Pompey or "the hostess of the tavern" prove to our feelings, even before the word is found which presents the

truth to our understandings, that confusion and formality are but the opposite poles of the same null-point?

It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellence, that throughout the whole of his splendid picture gallery (the reader will excuse the confest inadequacy of this metaphor), we find individuality every where, mere portrait no where. In all his various characters, we still feel ourselves communing with the same human nature, which is every where present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits, their shapes, tastes, and odours. Speaking of the effect, i. e. his works themselves, we may define the excellence of *their* method as consisting in that just proportion, that union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular, which must ever pervade all works of decided genius and true science. For Method implies a *progressive transition*, and it is the meaning of the word in the original language. The Greek Μεθοδος, is literally *a way, or path of Transit*. Thus we extol the Elements of Euclid, or Socrates' discourse with the slave in the Menon, as *methodical*, a term

which no one who holds himself bound to think or speak correctly, would apply to the alphabetical order or arrangement of a common dictionary. But as, without continuous transition, there can be no Method, so without a pre-conception there can be no transition with continuity. The term, Method, cannot therefore, otherwise than by abuse, be applied to a mere dead arrangement, containing in itself no principle of progression.

## ESSAY V.



*Scientiis idem quod plantis. Si plantâ aliquâ uti in animo habeas, de radice quid fiat, nil refert: si vero transferre cupias in aliud solum, tutius est radicibus uti quam surcutis. Sic traditio, quæ nunc in usu est, exhibet plane tanquam truncos (pulchros illos quidem) scientiarum: sed tamen absque radicibus fabro lignario certe commodos, at plantatori inutiles. Quod si, disciplina ut crescant, tibi cordi sit, de truncis minus sis sollicitus: ad id curam adhibe, ut radices illasæ, etiam cum aliquantulo terræ adhærentis, extrahantur: dummodo hoc pacto et scientiam propriam rerisere, restigia que cognitionis tuæ remetiri possis; et eam sic transplantare in animum alienum, sicut crevit in tuo.*

BACO de Augment. Scient. l. vi. c. ii.

(*Transtation.*)—It is with sciences as with trees. If it be your purpose to make some particular *use* of the tree, you need not concern yourself about the roots. But if you wish to transfer it into another soil, it is then safer to employ the roots, than the scyons. Thus the mode of teaching most common at present exhibits clearly enough the trunks, as it were, of the sciences, and those too of handsome growth: but nevertheless, without the roots, valuable and convenient as they undoubtedly are



to the carpenter, they are useless to the planter. But if you have at heart the advancement of education. as that which proposes to itself the general discipline of the mind for its end and aim, be less anxious concerning the trunks, and let it be your care, that the roots should be extracted entire, even though a small portion of the soil should adhere to them : so that at all events you may be able, by this means, both to review your own scientific acquirements, re-measuring as it were the steps of your knowledge for your own satisfaction, and at the same time to transplant it into the minds of others, just as it grew in your own.



IT has been observed, in a preceding page, that the RELATIONS of objects are prime *materials* of Method, and that the contemplation of relations is the indispensable condition of thinking methodically. It becomes necessary therefore to add, that there are two kinds of relation, in which objects of mind may be contemplated. The first is that of LAW, which, in its absolute perfection, is conceivable only of the Supreme Being, whose creative IDEA not only appoints to each thing its *position*, but in that position, and in consequence of that position, gives it its qualities, yea, it gives its very ex-

istence, as *that particular* thing. Yet in whatever science the relation of the parts to each other and to the whole is predetermined by a truth originating in the *mind*, and not abstracted or generalized from observation of the parts, there we affirm the presence of a *law*, if we are speaking of the physical sciences, as of Astronomy for instance ; or the presence of fundamental *ideas*, if our discourse be upon those sciences, the truths of which, as truths absolute, not merely have an independent *origin* in the mind, but continue to exist in and for the mind alone. Such, for instance, is Geometry, and such are the ideas of a perfect circle, of asymptots, &c.

We have thus assigned the first place in the science of Method to LAW ; and first of the first, to *Law*, as the absolute *kind* which comprehending in itself the substance of every possible degree precludes from its conception all degree, not by generalization but by its own plenitude. As such, therefore, and as the sufficient cause of the reality correspondent thereto, we contemplate it as exclusively an attribute of the Supreme Being, inseparable from the idea of God : adding, however, that from the

contemplation of law in this, its only perfect form, must be derived all true insight into all other grounds and principles necessary to Method, as the science common to all sciences, which in each τυγχάνει ὄν ἄλλο αὐτῆς τῆς ἐπιστήμης. Alienated from this (intuition shall we call it? or steadfast faith?) ingenious men may produce schemes, conducive to the peculiar purposes of particular sciences, but no scientific system.

But though we cannot enter on the proof of this assertion, we dare not remain exposed to the suspicion of having obtruded a mere private opinion, as a fundamental truth. Our authorities are such that our only difficulty is occasioned by their number. The following extract from Aristocles (preserved with other interesting fragments of the same writer by Eusebius) is as explicit as peremptory. Ἐφιλοσοφῆσε μὲν Πλάτων, εἰ καὶ τις ἄλλος τῶν πρόποτε, γνησίως καὶ τελείως· ἤξιθ' δὲ μὴ ἐβνασθαι τὰ ἀνθρώπινα κυτιᾶν ἡμᾶς, εἰ μὴ τὰ θεῶν πρότερον ὀφθείη. EUSEB. Præp. Evan. xi. 3.\* And Plato

(*Translation*).—Plato, who philosophized legitimately and perfectly, if ever any man did in any age, held it for an axiom, that it is not possible for us to have an in-

himself in his *De republicâ*, happily still extant, evidently alludes to the same doctrine. For personating Socrates in the discussion of a most important problem, namely, whether political justice is or is not the same as private honesty, after many inductions, and much analytic reasoning, he breaks off with these words—*εἶ γ' ἴσθι, ὦ Γλαύκων, ὡς ἡ ἔμη δόξα, ΑΚΡΙΒΩΣ ΜΕΝ ΤΟΥΤΟ ἘΚ ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ ΜΕΘΟΔΩΝ, ΟΙΔΙΣ ΝΥΝ ΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΛΟΓΟΙΣ ΧΡΩΜΕΘΑ, ΟΥ ΜΗΠΟΤΕ ΛΑΒΩΜΕΝ· ΑΛΛΑ ΓΑΡ ΜΑΚΡΟΤΕΡΑ ΚΑΙ ΠΛΕΙΩΝ ΟΔΟΣ Η ΕΠΙ ΤΟΥΤΟ ΑΓΟΥΣΑ\**—not however, he adds, precluding the former (the analytic, and inductive, to wit) which have their place likewise, in which (but as subordinate to the other) they are both use-

sight into things human (*i. e. the nature and relations of man, and the objects presented by nature for his investigation*), without a previous contemplation (or intellectual vision) of things divine: that is, of truths that are to be affirmed concerning the absolute, as far as they can be made known to us.

\* (*Translation*).—But know well, O Glaucon, as my firm persuasion, that by such methods, as we have hitherto used in this inquisition, we can never attain to a satisfactory insight: for it is a longer and ampler way that conducts to this.—*PLATO De republicâ*, iv.

ful and requisite. If any doubt could be entertained as to the purport of these words, it would be removed by the fact stated by Aristotle in his Ethics, that Plato had discussed the problem, whether in order to scientific ends we must set out from principles, or ascend towards them : in other words, whether the synthetic or analytic be the right method. But as no such question is directly discussed in the published works of the great master, Aristotle must either have received it orally from Plato himself, or have found it in the *αγραφα δόγματα*, the private text books or manuals constructed by his select disciples, and intelligible to these only who like themselves had been entrusted with the esoteric (interior or unveiled) doctrines of Platonism. Comparing this therefore with the writings, which he held it safe or not profane to make public, we may safely conclude, that Plato considered the investigation of truth *a posteriori* as that which is employed in explaining the *results* of a more scientific process to those, for whom the knowledge of the results was alone requisite and sufficient; or in preparing the mind for

legitimate method, by exposing the insufficiency or self-contradictions of the proofs and results obtained by the contrary process. Hence therefore the earnestness with which the genuine Platonists opposed the doctrine (that all demonstration consisted of identical propositions) advanced by Stilpo, and maintained by the Megaric school, who denied the synthesis and as Hume and others in recent times, held geometry itself to be merely analytical.

The grand problem, the solution of which forms, according to Plato, the final object and distinctive character of philosophy, is this: *for all that exists conditionally* (i. e. the existence of which is inconceivable except under the condition of its dependency on some other as its antecedent) *to find a ground that is unconditional and absolute, and thereby to reduce the aggregate of human knowledge to a system.* For the relation common to all being known, the appropriate orbit of each becomes discoverable, together with its peculiar relations to its concentrics in the common sphere of subordination. Thus the centrality of the sun having been established, and the law of the

distances of the planets from the sun having been determined, we possess the means of calculating the distance of each from the other. But as all objects of sense are in continual flux, and as the notices of them by the senses must, as far as they are true notices, change with them, while scientific principles (or laws) are no otherwise principles of science than as they are permanent and always the same, the latter were appropriated to the pure reason, either as its products or as \*implanted in it. And now the remarkable fact forces itself on our attention, viz. that the material world is found to obey the same laws as had been deduced independently from the reason: and that the masses act by a force, which cannot be

\* Which of these two doctrines was Plato's own opinion, it is hard to say. In many passages of his works, the latter (i. e. the doctrine of innate, or rather of con-nate, ideas) *seems* to be it; but from the character and avowed purpose of these works, as addressed to a promiscuous public, and therefore preparatory and for the discipline of the mind rather than directly doctrinal, it is not improbable that Plato chose it as the more popular representation, and as belonging to the poetic drapery of his *Philosophemeta*.

conceived to result from the component parts, known or imaginable. In the phænomena of magnetism, electricity, galvanism, and in chemistry generally, the mind is led instinctively, as it were, to regard the working powers as conducted, transmitted, or accumulated by the sensible bodies, and not as inherent. This fact has, at all times, been the strong hold alike of the materialists and of the spiritualists, equally solvable by the two contrary hypotheses, and fairly solved by neither. In the clear and masterly\*

\* I can conceive no better remedy for the overweening self-complacency of modern philosophy, than the annulment of its pretended originality. The attempt has been made by Dutens, but he failed in it by flying to the opposite extreme. When he should have confined himself to the philosophies, he extended his attack to the sciences and even to the main discoveries of later times: and thus instead of vindicating the ancients, he became the calumniator of the moderns: as far at least as detraction is calumny. It is my intention to give a course of lectures in the course of the present season, comprizing the origin, and progress, the fates and fortunes of philosophy, from Pythagoras to Lock, with the lives and succession of the philosophers in each sect: tracing the progress of speculative science chiefly in relation to the gradual development of the human mind,



review of the elder philosophies, which must be ranked among the most splendid proofs of judgment no less than of genius, and more expressly in the critique on the atomic or corpuscular doctrine of Democritus and his followers, as the one extreme, and that of the pure ratio-

but without omitting the favorable or inauspicious influence of circumstances and the accidents of individual genius. The main divisions will be, 1. From Thales and Pythagoras to the appearance of the Sophists. 2. And of Socrates. The character and effects of Socrates's life and doctrines, illustrated in the instances of Xenophon, as his most faithful representative, and of Antisthenes or the Cynic sect as the one partial view of his philosophy, and of Aristippus or the Cyrenaic sect as the other and opposite extreme. 3. Plato, and Platonism. 4. Aristotle and the Peripatetic school. 5. Zeno, and Stoicism, Epicurus and Epicurianism, with the effects of these in the Roman republic and empire. 6. The rise of the Eclectic or Alexandrian philosophy, the attempt to set up a pseudo-Platonic Polytheism against Christianity, the degradation of philosophy itself into mysticism and magic, and its final disappearance, as philosophy, under Justinian. 7. The resumption of the Aristotelian philosophy in the thirteenth century, and the successive re-appearance of the different sects from the restoration of literature to our own times. S. T. C.

nalism of Zeno and the Eleatic school as the other, Plato has proved incontrovertibly, that in both alike the basis is too narrow to support the superstructure ; that the grounds of both are false or disputable ; and that, if these were conceded, yet neither the one nor the other is adequate to the solution of the problem : viz. what is the ground of the coincidence between reason and experience ? Or between the laws of matter and the ideas of the pure intellect ? The only answer which Plato deemed the question capable of receiving, compels the reason to to pass out of itself and seek the ground of this agreement in a supersensual essence, which being at once the *ideal* of the reason and the cause of the material world, is the pre-establisher of the harmony in and between both. Religion therefore is the ultimate aim of philosophy, in consequence of which philosophy itself becomes the supplement of the sciences, both as the convergence of all to the common end, namely, wisdom ; and as supplying the copula, which modified in each in the comprehension of its parts to one whole, is in its principles common to all, as integral parts of one

system. And this is METHOD, itself a distinct science, the immediate offspring of philosophy, and the link or *mordant* by which philosophy becomes scientific and the sciences philosophical.

The second relation is that of THEORY, in which the existing forms and qualities of objects, discovered by observation or experiment, suggest a given arrangement of many under one point of view: and this not merely or principally in order to facilitate the remembrance, recollection, or communication of the same; but for the purposes of understanding, and in most instances of controlling, them. In other words, all THEORY supposes the general idea of cause and effect. The scientific arts of Medicine, Chemistry, and of Physiology in general, are examples of a method hitherto founded on this second sort of relation.

Between these two lies the Method in the FINE ARTS, which belongs indeed to this second or external relation, because the effect and position of the parts is always more or less influenced by the knowledge and experience of

their previous qualities : but which nevertheless constitute a link connecting the second form of relation with the first. For in all, that truly merits the name of *Poetry* in its most comprehensive sense, there is a necessary predominance of the Ideas (i. e. of that which originates in the artist himself), and a comparative indifference of the materials. A true musical taste is soon dissatisfied with the Harmonica, or any similar instrument of glass or steel, because the *body* of the sound (as the Italians phrase it), or that effect which is derived from the *materials*, encroaches too far on the effect from the *proportions* of the notes, or that which is *given* to Music by the mind. To prove the high value as well as the superior dignity of the first relation ; and to evince, that on this alone a *perfect* Method can be grounded, and that the Methods attainable by the second are at best but approximations to the first, or tentative exercises in the hope of discovering it, form the first object of the present disquisition.

These truths we have (as the most pleasing and popular mode of introducing the subject) hitherto illustrated from Shakspeare. But the

same truths, namely the necessity of a mental Initiative to all Method, as well as a careful attention to the conduct of the mind in the exercise of Method itself, may be equally, and here perhaps more characteristically, proved from the most familiar of the SCIENCES. We may draw our elucidation even from those which are at present fashionable among us: from BOTANY or from CHEMISTRY. In the lowest attempt at a methodical arrangement of the former science, that of artificial classification for the preparatory purpose of a nomenclature, some *antecedent* must have been contributed by the mind itself; some *purpose* must be in view; or some question at least must have been proposed to nature, grounded, as all questions are, upon *some* idea of the answer. As for instance, the assumption,

“That two great sexes animate the world.”

For no man can confidently conceive a fact to be *universally* true who does not with equal confidence anticipate its *necessity*, and who does not believe that necessity to be demonstrable by an insight into its nature, whenever and

wherever such insight can be obtained. We of knowledge, we reverence the obligations ac-  
 Botany to Linnæus, who, adopting from Bartholinus and others the sexuality of plants, grounded thereon a scheme of classific and distinctive marks, by which one man's experience may be communicated to others, and the objects safely reasoned on while absent, and recognized as soon as and wherever they are met with. He invented a universal character for the language of Botany chargeable with no greater imperfections than are to be found in the alphabets of every particular language. As for the study of the ancients, so of the works of nature, an accidence and a dictionary are the first and indispensable requisites: and to the illustrious Swede, Botany is indebted for both. But neither was the central idea of vegetation itself, by the light of which we might have seen the collateral relations of the vegetable to the inorganic and to the animal world; nor the constitutive nature and inner necessity of sex itself, revealed to Linnaeus.\* Hence, as in

\* The word Nature has been used in two senses, viz. actively and passively; energetic (= forma formans),

all other cases where the master-light is missing, so in this: the reflective mind avoids Scylla only to lose itself on Charybdis. If we adhere to the general notion of sex, as abstracted from the more obvious modes and forms in which the sexual relation manifests itself, we

and material ( $\equiv$ forma formata). In the first (the sense in which the word is used in the text) it signifies the inward principle of whatever is requisite for the reality of a thing, as *existent*: while the *essence*, or essential property, signifies the inner principle of all that appertains to the *possibility* of a thing. Hence, in accurate language, we say the *essence* of a mathematical circle or other geometrical figure, not the *nature*: because in the conception of forms purely geometrical there is no expression or implication of their real existence. In the second, or material sense, of the word Nature, we mean by it the sum total of all things, as far as they are objects of our senses, and consequently of possible experience—the aggregate of phenomena, whether existing for our outward senses, or for our inner sense. The doctrine concerning material nature would therefore (the word *Physiology* being both ambiguous in itself, and already otherwise appropriated) be more properly entitled *Phænomenology*, distinguished into its two grand divisions, *Somatology* and *Psychology*. The doctrine concerning energetic nature is comprised in the science of *Dy-*

soon meet with whole classes of plants to which it is found inapplicable. If arbitrarily, we give it indefinite extension, it is dissipated into the barren truism, that all specific products suppose specific *means* of production. Thus a growth and a birth are distinguished by the

NAMICS; the union of which with Phenomenology, and the alliance of both with the sciences of the Possible, or of the Conceivable, viz. Logic and Mathematics, constitute NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Having thus explained the term Nature, we now more especially entreat the reader's attention to the sense, in which here, and every where through this Essay, we use the word IDEA. We assert, that the very impulse to universalize any phenomenon involves the prior assumption of some efficient law in nature, which in a thousand different forms is evermore one and the same; entire in each, yet comprehending all; and incapable of being abstracted or generalized from any number of phenomena, because it is itself pre-supposed in each and all as their common ground and condition: and because every definition of a genus is the adequate definition of the lowest species alone, while the efficient law must contain the ground of all in all. It is *attributed*, never *derived*. The utmost we ever venture to say is, that the falling of an apple *suggested* the law of gravitation to Sir I. Newton. Now a law and an idea



mere verbal definition, that the latter is a whole in itself, the former not: and when we would apply even this to nature, we are baffled by objects (the flower polypus, &c. &c.) in which each is the other. All that can be done by the most patient and active industry, by the widest and most continuous researches; all that the are correlative terms, and differ only as object and subject, as being and truth.

Such is the doctrine of the *Novum Organum* of Lord Bacon, agreeing (as we shall more largely show in the text) in all essential points with the true doctrine of Plato, the apparent differences being for the greater part occasioned by the Grecian sage having applied his principles chiefly to the investigation of the mind, and the method of evolving its powers, and the English philosopher to the development of nature. That our great countryman speaks too often detractingly of the divine philosopher must be explained, partly by the tone given to thinking minds by the Reformation, the founders and fathers of which saw in the Aristotelians, or schoolmen, the antagonists of Protestantism, and in the Italian Platonists the despisers and secret enemies of Christianity itself; and partly, by his having formed his notions of Plato's doctrines from the absurdities and phantasms of his misinterpreters, rather than from an unprejudiced study of the original works.

amplest survey of the vegetable realm, brought under immediate contemplation by the most stupendous collections of species and varieties, can suggest; all that minutest dissection and exactest chemical analysis, can unfold; all that varied experiment and the position of plants and of their component parts in every conceivable relation to light, heat, (and whatever else we distinguish as imponderable substances) to earth, air, water, to the supposed constituents of air and water, separate and in all proportions—in short all that chemical agents and reagents can disclose or adduce;—all these have been brought, as conscripts, into the field, with the completest accoutrement, in the best discipline, under the ablest commanders. Yet after all that was effected by Linnæus himself, not to mention the labours of Cæsalpinus, Ray, Gesner, Tournefort, and the other heroes who preceded the general adoption of the sexual system, as the basis of artificial arrangement—after all the successive toils and enterprizes of HEDWIG, JUSSIEU, MIRBEL, SMITH, KNIGHT, ELLIS, &c. &c.—what is BOTANY at this present hour? Little more than an enormous no-

menclature; a huge catalogue, *bien arrangé*, yearly and monthly augmented, in various editions, each with its own scheme of technical memory and its own conveniencies of reference! A dictionary in which (to carry on the metaphor) an Ainsworth arranges the contents by the initials; a Walker by the endings; a Scapula by the radicals; and a Cominius by the similarity of the uses and purposes! The terms system, method, science, are mere improprieties of courtesy, when applied to a mass enlarging by endless appositions, but without a nerve that oscillates, or a pulse that throbs, in sign of *growth* or inward sympathy. The innocent amusement, the healthful occupation, the ornamental accomplishment of *amateurs* (most honorable indeed and deserving of all praise as a preventive substitute for the stall, the kennel, and the subscription-room), it has yet to expect the devotion and energies of the philosopher.

So long back as the first appearance of Dr. Darwin's *Phytonomia*, the writer, then in earliest manhood, presumed to hazard the opinion, that the physiological botanists were

hunting in a false direction; and sought for analogy where they should have looked for antithesis. He saw, or thought he saw, that the harmony between the vegetable and animal world, was not a harmony of resemblance, but of contrast; and their relation to each other that of corresponding opposites. They seemed to him (whose mind had been formed by observation, unaided, but at the same time unenthralled, by partial experiment) as two streams from the same fountain indeed, but flowing the one due west, and the other direct east; and that consequently, the resemblance would be as the proximity, greatest in the first and rudimental products of vegetable and animal organization. Whereas, according to the received notion, the highest and most perfect vegetable, and the lowest and rudest animal forms, ought to have seemed the links of the two systems, which is contrary to fact. Since that time, the same idea has dawned in the minds of philosophers capable of demonstrating its objective truth by induction of facts in an unbroken series of correspondences in nature. From these men, or from minds en-

kindled by their labours, we hope hereafter to receive it, or rather the yet higher idea to which it refers us, matured into *laws* of organic nature; and thence to have one other splendid proof, that with the knowledge of LAW alone dwell Power and Prophecy, decisive Experiment, and, lastly, a scientific method, that dissipating with its earliest rays the gnomes of hypothesis and the mists of theory may, within a single generation, open out on the philosophic Seer discoveries that had baffled the gigantic, but blind and guideless industry of ages.

Such, too, is the case with the assumed indecomposable substances of the LABORATORY. They are the symbols of elementary powers, and the exponents of a law, which, as the root of all these powers, the chemical philosopher, whatever his theory may be, is instinctively labouring to extract. This instinct, again, is itself but the form, in which the idea, the mental Correlative of the law, first announces its incipient germination in his own mind: and hence proceeds the striving after unity of principle through all the diversity of forms, with a feel-

ing resembling that which accompanies our endeavors to recollect a forgotten name; when we seem at once to have and not to have it; which the memory feels but cannot find. Thus, as “the lunatic, the lover, and the poet,” suggest each other to Shakspeare’s Theseus, as soon as his thoughts present him the ONE FORM, of which they are but varieties; so water and flame, the diamond, the charcoal, and the mantling champagne, with its ebullient sparkles, are convoked and fraternized by the theory of the chemist. This is, in truth, the first charm of chemistry, and the secret of the almost universal interest excited by its discoveries. The serious complacency which is afforded by the sense of truth, utility, permanence, and progression, blends with and ennobles the exhilarating surprize and the pleasurable sting of curiosity, which accompany the propounding and the solving of an Enigma. It is the sense of a principle of connection given by the mind, and sanctioned by the correspondency of nature. Hence the strong hold which in all ages chemistry has had on the imagination. If in SHAKSPEARE we find nature

idealized into poetry, through the creative power of a profound yet observant meditation, so through the meditative observation of a DAVY, a WOOLLASTON, or a HATCHETT;

————— “By some connatural force,  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kind,”

we find poetry, as it were, substantiated and realized in nature: yea, nature itself disclosed to us, *GEMINAM istam naturam, quæ fit et facit, et creat et creatur*, as at once the poet and the poem!

## ESSAY VI.



Ταυτῆ τοιούτων διαίρω χωρὶς μὲν, οὓς νῦν ἐὶ ἔλεγε φιλοθεάμονάς τε, καὶ φιλοτέχνους καὶ πρακτικούς, καὶ χωρὶς αὖ περὶ ὧν ὁ λόγος, οὓς μόνους ἂν τὶς ὕρξως προσείποι φιλοσόφους, ὡς μὲν γιγνωσκάντας, τίνος ἔστιν ἐπιτήμη ἐκάστη τούτων τῶν ἐπιτήμων, ὁ τυγχάνει ὄν ἄλλο αὐτῆς τῆς ἐπιτήμης. ΠΛΑΤΩΝ.

(*Translation.*)—In the following then I distinguish, first, those whom you indeed you may call Philotheorists, or Philotechnists, or Practicians, and secondly those whom alone you may rightly denominate PHILOSOPHERS, as knowing what the science of all these branches of science is, which may prove to be something more than the mere aggregate of the knowledges in any particular science.—PLATO.



FROM Shakspeare to Plato, from the philosophic poet to the poetic philosopher, the transition is easy, and the road is crowded with illustrations of our present subject. For of Plato's works, the larger and more valuable portion have all one common end, which com-



prehends and shines through the particular purpose of each several dialogue; and this is to establish the sources, to evolve the principles, and exemplify the art of METHOD. This is the clue, without which it would be difficult to exculpate the noblest productions of the divine philosopher from the charge of being tortuous and labyrinthine in their progress, and unsatisfactory in their ostensible results. The latter indeed appear not seldom to have been drawn for the purpose of starting a new problem, rather than that of solving the one proposed as the subject of the previous discussion. But with the clear insight that the purpose of the writer is not so much to establish any particular truth, as to remove the obstacles, the continuance of which is preclusive of all truth; the whole scheme assumes a different aspect, and justifies itself in all its dimensions. We see, that to open anew a well of springing water, not to cleanse the stagnant tank, or fill, bucket by bucket, the leaden cistern; that the EDUCATION of the intellect, by awakening the principle and *method* of self-development, was his proposed object, not any specific in-

formation that can be *conveyed into it* from without: not to assist in storing the passive mind with the various sorts of knowledge most in request, as if the human soul were a mere repository or banqueting-room, but to place it in such relations of circumstance as should gradually excite the germinal power that craves no knowledge but what it can take up into itself, what it can appropriate, and re-produce in fruits of its own. To shape, to dye, to paint over, and to mechanize the mind, he resigned, as their proper trade, to the sophists, against whom he waged open and unremitting war. For the ancients, as well as the moderns, had their machinery for the extemporaneous mintage of intellects, by means of which, *off-hand*, as it were, the scholar was enabled *to make a figure* on any and all subjects, on any and all occasions. They too had their glittering VAPORS, that (as the comic poet tells us) fed a host of sophists—

μεγάλοι θεῖαι ἄνδράσιν ἀργοῖς

Λίπερ γνώμην ἐξ εὐάλεξιν ἐξ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσιν,

Καὶ τερατείαν ἐξ περίλεξιν ἐξ κροῦσιν ἐξ κατάληψιν.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦ. Νεφ. Σκ. ε.

## IMITATED.

Great goddesses are they to lazy folks,  
 Who pour down on us gifts of fluent speech,  
 Sense most sententious, wonderful fine *effect*,  
 And how to talk about it and about it,  
 Thoughts brisk as bees, and pathos soft and thawy.

In fine, as improgressive arrangement is not Method, so neither is a mere mode or set fashion of doing a thing. Are further facts required? We appeal to the notorious fact that ZOOLOGY, soon after the commencement of the latter half of the last century, was falling abroad, weighed down and crushed, as it were, by the inordinate number and manifoldness of facts and phænomena apparently separate, without evincing the least promise of systematizing itself by any inward combination, any vital interdependence of its parts. JOHN HUNTER, who appeared at times almost a stranger to the grand conception, which yet never ceased to work in him as his genius and governing spirit, rose at length in the horizon of physiology and comparative anatomy. In his printed works, the one directing thought seems evermore to flit before him, twice or thrice only to

have been seized, and after a momentary detention to have been again let go: as if the words of the charm had been incomplete, and it had appeared at its own will only to mock its calling. At length, in the astonishing preparations for his museum, he constructed it for the scientific apprehension out of the unspoken alphabet of nature. Yet notwithstanding the imperfection in the annunciation of the idea, how exhilarating have been the results! We dare appeal to \* ABERNETHY, to EVERARD HOME, to HATCHETT, whose communication to Sir Everard on the egg and its analogies, in a recent paper of the latter (itself of high excellence) in the Philosophical Transactions, we point out as being, in the proper sense of the term, the development of a FACT in the

\* Since the first delivery of this sheet, Mr. Abernethy has realized this anticipation, dictated solely by the writer's wishes, and at that time justified only by his general admiration of Mr. A.'s talents and principles; but composed without the least knowledge that he was then actually engaged in proving the assertion here hazarded, at large and in detail. See his eminent "Physiological Lectures," lately published in one volume octavo.

history of physiology, and to which we refer as exhibiting a luminous instance of what we mean by the discovery of a *central phænomenon*. To these we appeal, whether whatever is grandest in the views of CUVIER be not either a reflection of this light or a continuation of its rays, well and wisely directed through fit media to its appropriate object.\*

We have seen that a previous act and conception of the mind is indispensable even to the mere semblances of Method: that neither fashion, mode, nor orderly arrangement can be produced without a prior purpose, and “a pre-cogitation *ad intentionem ejus quod quæritur*,” though this purpose may have been itself excited, and this “pre-cogitation” itself ab-

\* Nor should it be wholly unnoticed, that Cuvier, who, we understand, was not born in France, and is not of unmixed French extraction, had prepared himself for his illustrious labors (as we learn from a reference in the first chapter of his great work, and should have concluded from the general style of thinking, though the language betrays suppression, as of one who doubted the sympathy of his readers or audience) in a very different school of methodology and philosophy than Paris could have afforded.

stracted from the perceived likenesses and differences of the objects to be arranged. But it has likewise been shown, that fashion, mode, ordonnance, are not Method, inasmuch as all Method supposes A PRINCIPLE OF UNITY WITH PROGRESSION ; in other words, progressive transition without breach of continuity. But such a principle, it has been proved, can never in the sciences of experiment or in those of observation be adequately supplied by a theory built on generalization. For what shall determine the mind to abstract and generalize one common point rather than another? and within what limits, from what number of individual objects, shall the generalization be made? The theory must still require a prior theory for its own legitimate construction. With the mathematician the definition *makes* the object, and pre-establishes the terms which, and which alone, can occur in the after-reasoning. If a circle be found not to have the radii from the center to the circumference perfectly equal, which in fact it would be absurd to expect of any material circle, it follows only that it was not a circle: and the tranquil geometrician

would content himself with smiling at the *Quid pro Quo* of the simple objector. A mathematical *theoria seu contemplatio* may therefore be perfect. For the mathematician can be certain, that he has contemplated *all* that appertains to his proposition. The celebrated EULER, treating on some point respecting arches, makes this curious remark, “All experience is in contradiction to this; sed potius fidendum est analysi; *i. e.* but this is no reason for doubting the analysis. The words *sound* paradoxical; but in truth mean no more than this, that the properties of *space* are not less certainly the properties of space because they can never be entirely transferred to material bodies. But in physics, that is, in all the sciences which have for their objects the things of nature, and not the *entia rationis*—more philosophically, intellectual acts and the products of those acts, existing exclusively in and for the intellect itself—the definition must follow, and not precede the reasoning. It is representative not constitutive, and is indeed little more than an abbreviature of the preceding observation, and the deductions therefrom.

But as the observation, though aided by experiment, is necessarily limited and imperfect, the definition must be equally so. The history of theories, and the frequency of their subversion by the discovery of a single new fact, supply the best illustrations of this truth.\*

\* The following extract from a most respectable scientific Journal contains an exposition of the impossibility of a perfect *Theory* in Physics, the more striking because it is directly against the purpose and intention of the writer. We content ourselves with one question, What if Kepler, what if Newton in his investigations concerning the Tides, had held themselves bound to this canon, and instead of propounding a law, had employed themselves exclusively in collecting materials for a *Theory*?

“ The magnetic influence has long been known to have a variation which is constantly changing; but that change is so slow, and at the same time so different in various (*different?*) parts of the world, that it would be in vain to seek for the means of reducing it to established rules, until all its local and particular circumstances are clearly ascertained and recorded by accurate observations made in various parts of the globe. The necessity and importance of such observations are now pretty generally understood, and they have been actually carrying on for some years past; but these (*and by parity of reason the incomparably greater number that remain to be*



As little can a true scientific method be grounded on an hypothesis, unless where the hypothesis is an exponential image or picture-language of an *idea* which is contained in it more or less clearly ; or the symbol of an undiscovered law, like the characters of unknown quantities in algebra, for the purpose of submitting the phænomena to a scientific calculus. In all other instances, it is itself a real or *made*) must be collected, collated, proved, and afterwards brought together into one focus before ever a foundation can be formed upon which any thing like a sound and stable *Theory* can be constituted for the explanation of such changes." *Journal of Science and the Arts*, No. vii. p. 103.

An intelligent friend, on reading the words "into one focus," observed: But what and where is the *lens*? I however fully agree with the writer. All this and much more must have been achieved before "a sound and stable Theory" could be "constituted"—which even then (except as far as it might occasion the discovery of a law) might possibly *explain* (*explicis plana reddere*), but never *account for*, the facts in question. But the most satisfactory comment on these and similar assertions would be afforded by a *matter of fact* history of the rise and progress, the accelerating and retarding momenta, of science in the civilized world.

supposed phænomenon, and therefore a part of the problem which it is to solve. It may be among the foundation-stones of the edifice, but can never be the *ground*.

But in experimental philosophy, it may be said how much do we not owe to accident? Doubtless: but let it not be forgotten, that if the discoveries so made stop there; if they do not excite some master IDEA; if they do not lead to some LAW (in whatever dress of theory or hypotheses the fashions and prejudices of the time may disguise or disfigure it): the discoveries may remain for ages limited in their uses, insecure and unproductive. How many centuries, we might have said millennia, have passed, since the first accidental discovery of the attraction and repulsion of light bodies by rubbed amber, &c. Compare the interval with the progress made within less than a century, after the discovery of the phænomena that led immediately to a THEORY of electricity. That here as in many other instances, the theory was supported by insecure hypotheses; that by one theorist two heterogeneous fluids are assumed, the vitreous and the resinous; by another, a

plus and minus of the same fluid; that a third considers it a mere modification of light; while a fourth composes the electrical aura of oxygen, hydrogen, and caloric: this does but place the truth we have been evolving in a stronger and clearer light. For abstract from all these suppositions, or rather imaginations, that which is common to, and involved in them all; and we shall have neither notional fluid or fluids, nor chemical compounds, nor elementary matter,—but the idea of *two—opposite—forces*, tending to rest by equilibrium. These are the sole factors of the calculus, alike in all the theories. These give the *law*, and in it the *method*, both of arranging the phenomena and of substantiating appearances into facts of science; with a success proportionate to the clearness or confusedness of the insight into the law. For this reason, we anticipate the greatest improvements in the *method*, the nearest approaches to a *system* of electricity from these philosophers, who have presented the law most purely, and the correlative idea as an idea: those, namely, who, since the year 1798, in the true spirit of experimental dynamics,

rejecting the imagination of any material substrate, simple or compound, contemplate in the phenomena of electricity the operation of a law which reigns through all nature, the law of POLARITY, or the manifestation of one power by opposite forces : who trace in these appearances, as the most obvious and striking of its innumerable forms, the agency of the positive and negative poles of a power essential to all material construction ; the second, namely, of the three primary principles, for which the beautiful and most appropriate symbols are given by the mind in the three ideal dimensions of space. .

The time is, perhaps, nigh at hand, when the same comparison between the results of two unequal periods ; the interval between the knowledge of a fact, and that from the discovery of the law, will be applicable to the sister science of magnetism. But how great the contrast between magnetism and electricity, at the present moment ! From remotest antiquity, the attraction of iron by the magnet was known and noticed ; but, century after century, it remained the undisturbed property

of poets and orators. The fact of the magnet and the fable of the phœnix stood on the same scale of utility. In the thirteenth century, or perhaps earlier, the polarity of the magnet, and its communicability to iron, were discovered; and soon suggested a purpose so grand and important, that it may well be deemed the proudest trophy ever raised by accident\* in the service of mankind—the invention of the compass. But it led to no idea, to no law, and consequently to no Method: though a variety of phænomena, as startling as they are mysterious, have forced on us a presentiment of its intimate connection with all the great agencies of nature; of a revelation, in ciphers, the key to which is still wanting. We can recall no incident of human history that impresses the imagination more deeply than the

\* If accident it were: if the compass did not obscurely travel to us from the remotest east: if its existence there does not point to an age and a race, to which scholars of highest rank in the world of letters, Sir W. Jones, Bailly, Schlegel have attached faith! That it was known before the æra generally assumed for its invention, and not spoken of as a novelty, has been proved by Mr. Southey and others.

moment when Columbus,\* on an unknown ocean, first perceived one of these startling facts, the change of the magnetic needle!

\* It cannot be deemed alien from the purposes of this disquisition, if we are anxious to attract the attention of our readers to the importance of speculative meditation, even for the *worldly* interests of mankind; and to that concurrence of nature and historic event with the great revolutionary movements of individual genius, of which so many instances occur in the study of History—how nature (why should we hesitate in saying, that which in nature itself is more than nature?) seems to come forward in order to meet, to aid, and to reward every idea excited by a contemplation of her methods in the spirit of filial care, and with the humility of love! It is with this view that we extract from an ode of Chiabrera's the following lines, which, in the strength of the thought and the lofty majesty of the poetry, has but "few peers in ancient or in modern song."

COLUMBUS.

Certo dal cor, ch' alto Destin non scelse,  
 Son l' imprese magnanime neglette;  
 Ma le bell' alme alle bell' opre elette  
 Sanno gioir nelle fatiche eccelse:  
 Ne biasmo popolar, frale catena,  
 Spirto d' onore il suo cammin raffrena.  
 Così lunga stagion per modi indegni  
 Europa dispregzó l' inclita speme:

In what shall we seek the cause of this contrast between the rapid progress of electricity and the stationary condition of magnetism? As many theories, as many hypotheses, have been advanced in the latter science as in the former. But the theories and fictions of the electricians contained an *idea*, and all the same idea, which has necessarily led to METHOD; implicit indeed, and only regulative hitherto, but which requires little more than the dismissal of the

Schernendo il vulgo (e seco i Regi insieme)  
 Nudo nocchier promettitor di Regni ;  
 Ma per le sconosciute onde marine  
 L' invitta prora ei pur sospinse al fine.  
 Qual uom, che torni al gentil consorte,  
 Tal ei da sua magion spiegó l' antenne ;  
 L' ocean corse, e i turbini sostenne,  
 Vinse le crude imagini di morte ;  
 Poscia, dell' ampio mar spenta la guerra,  
 Scorse la dianzi favolosa Terra.  
 Allor dal cavo Pin scende veloce  
 E di grand Orma il nuovo mondo imprime ;  
 Nè men ratto per l'Aria erge sublime,  
 Segno del Ciel, insuperabil Croce ;  
 E porse umile esempio, onde adorarla  
 Debba sua Gente.

CHIABRERA, vol. i.

imagery to become constitutive like the ideas of the geometrician. On the contrary, the assumptions of the magnetists (as for instance, the hypothesis that the planet itself is one vast magnet, or that an immense magnet is concealed within it; or that of a concentric globe within the earth, revolving on its own independent axis) are but repetitions of the same fact or phænomenon looked at through a magnifying glass; the *reiteration* of the problem, not its solution. The naturalist, who cannot or will not see, that one fact is often worth a thousand, as including them all in itself, and that it first *makes* all the others *facts*; who has not the head to comprehend, the soul to reverence, a *central* experiment or observation (what the Greeks would perhaps have called a *protophænomon*); will never receive an auspicious answer from the oracle of nature.



## ESSAY VII.



The sun doth give  
Brightness to the eye : and some say, that the sun  
If not enlighten'd by the Intelligence  
That doth inhabit it, would shine no more  
Than a dull clod of earth.

CARTWRIGHT.



IT is strange, yet characteristic of the spirit that was at work during the latter half of the last century, and of which the French revolution was, we hope, the closing *monsoon*, that the writings of PLATO should be accused of estranging the mind from sober experience and substantial *matter-of-fact*, and of debauching it by fictions and generalities. Plato, whose method is inductive throughout, who argues on all subjects not only *from*, but *in* and *by*, inductions of facts! Who warns us indeed against that usurpation of the senses, which quenching the “*lumen siccum*” of the mind,

sends it astray after individual cases for their own sakes ; against that “ *tenuem et manipulare experientiam,*” which remains ignorant even of the transitory relations, to which the “ *pauca particularia*” of its idolatry not seldom owe their fluxional existence ; but who so far oftener, and with such unmitigated hostility, pursues the assumptions, abstractions, generalities, and verbal legerdemain of the sophists ! Strange, but still more strange, that a notion so groundless should be entitled to plead in its behalf the authority of Lord BACON, from whom the Latin words in the preceding sentence are taken, and whose scheme of logic, as applied to the contemplation of nature, is Platonic throughout, and differing only in the mode : which in Lord Bacon is dogmatic, *i. e.* assertory, in Plato tentative, and (to adopt the Socratic phrase) *obstetric*. We are not the first, or even among the first, who have considered Bacon’s studied depreciation of the ancients, with his silence, or worse than silence, concerning the merits of his contemporaries, as the least amiable, the least exhilarating side in the character of our illustrious countryman.

His detractions from the Divine PLATO it is more easy to explain than to justify or even than to palliate: and that he has merely retaliated ARISTOTLE'S own unfair treatment of *his* predecessors and contemporaries, may lessen the pain, but should not blind us by the injustice of the aspersions on the name and works of this philosopher. The most eminent of our recent zoologists and mineralogists have acknowledged with respect, and even with expressions of wonder, the performances of ARISTOTLE, as the first clearer and breaker-up of the ground in natural history. It is indeed scarcely possible to pursue the treatise on colors, falsely ascribed to Theophrastus, the scholar and successor of Aristotle, after a due consideration of the state and means of science at that time, without resenting the assertion, that he had utterly enslaved his investigations in natural history to his own system of logic (*logicæ suæ prorsus mancipavit*). Nor let it be forgotten that the sunny side of Lord Bacon's character is to be found neither in his inductions, nor in the application of his own method to particular phænomena, or particular classes of physical

facts, which are at least as crude for the age of Gilbert, Galileo, and Kepler, as Aristotle's for that of Philip and Alexander. Nor is it to be found in his recommendation (which is wholly independent of his inestimable principles of scientific method) of tabular collections of particulars. Let any unprejudiced naturalist turn to Lord Bacon's questions and proposals for the investigation of single problems; to his *Discourse on the Winds*; or to the almost comical caricature of this scheme in the "*Method of improving Natural Philosophy*," (page 22 to 48), by Robert Hooke (the history of whose multi-fold inventions, and indeed of his whole philosophical life, is the best answer to the scheme—if a scheme so palpably impracticable needs any answer), and put it to his conscience, whether any desirable end could be hoped for from such a process; or inquire of his own experience, or historical recollections whether any important discovery was ever made in this way.\*

\* We refer the reader to the *Posthumous Works of Robert Hooke, M.D. F.R.C. &c. FOLIO*, published under the auspices of the *Royal Society*, by their Secretary, Richard Waller: and especially to the pages from p. 22

For though Bacon never so far deviates from his own principles, as not to admonish the reader that the particulars are to be thus col-

to 42 inclusive, as containing the preliminary knowledges requisite or desirable for the naturalist, before he can form “even a foundation upon which any thing like a sound and stable *Theory* can be constituted.” As a small specimen of this appalling catalogue of preliminaries with which he is to make himself conversant, take the following:—“The history of potters, tobacco-pipe-makers, glaziers, glass-grinders, looking-glass-makers or foilers, spectacle-makers and optic-glass-makers, makers of counterfeit pearl and precious stones, bugle-makers, lamp-blowers, colour-makers, colour-grinders, glass-painters, enamellers, varnishers, colour-sellers, *painters, limners, picture-drawers, makers of baby-heads, of little bowling-stones or marbles, fustian-makers* (query whether *poets* are included in this trade?), music-masters, tiusey-makers, and taggers.—The history of schoolmasters, writing-masters, printers, book-binders, stage-players, dancing-masters, and vaulters, *apothecaries, chirurgeons, seamsters, butchers, barbers, laundresses, and cosmetics! &c. &c. &c. &c.* (the true nature of which being actually determined) WILL HUGELY FACILITATE OUR INQUIRIES IN PHILOSOPHY!!!”

As a summary of Dr. R. Hooke’s multifarious recipe for the growth of Science may be fairly placed that of the celebrated Dr. WATTS for the improvement of the mind,

lected, only that by careful selection they may be concentrated into universals ; yet so immense is their number, and so various and almost endless the relations in which each is to be separately considered, that the life of an ante-diluvian patriarch would be expended, and his strength and spirits have been wasted, in merely polling the votes, and long before he could commence the process of simplification, or have arrived in sight of the law which was to reward the toils of the over-tasked PSYCHE.\*

which was thought, by Dr. KNOX, to be worthy of insertion in the *Elegant Extracts*, vol. ii. p. 456, under the head of

DIRECTIONS CONCERNING OUR IDEAS.

“Furnish yourselves with *a rich variety of Ideas*. Acquaint yourselves with *things* ancient and modern ; *things* natural, civil, and religious ; *things* of your native land, and of foreign countries ; *things* domestic and national ; *things* present, past, and future ; and above all, be well acquainted with God and yourselves ; with animal nature, and the workings of your own spirits. *Such a general acquaintance with things will be of very great advantage.*”

\* See the beautiful allegoric tale of Cupid and Psyche, in the original of Apuleius. The tasks imposed on her by the jealousy of her mother-in-law, and the agency by which they are at length self-performed, are noble in-

We yield to none in our grateful veneration of Lord Bacon's philosophical writings. We are proud of his very name, as men of science: and as Englishmen, we are almost vain of it. But we may not permit the honest workings of national attachment to degenerate into the jealous and indiscriminate partiality of *clanship*. Unawed by such as praise and abuse by wholesale, we dare avow that there are points in the character of our Verulam, from which we turn to the life and labors of John Kepler,\* as from gloom to sunshine. The beginning and the close of his life were clouded by poverty and domestic troubles, while the intermediate years were comprised within the most tumultuous period of the history of his country, when the furies of religious and political discord had left neither eye, ear, nor heart for the Muses. But KEPLER seemed born to prove that true genius can overpower all obstacles. If he gives an account of his modes of proceeding,

stances of that hidden wisdom, "where more is meant than meets the ear."

\* Born 1571, ten years after Lord Bacon: died 1630, four years after the death of Bacon.

and of the views under which they first occurred to his mind, how unostentatiously and *in transitu*, as it were, does he introduce himself to our notice: and yet never fails to present the living germ out of which the genuine method, as the inner form of the tree of science, springs up! With what affectionate reverence does he express himself of his master and immediate predecessor, TYCHO BRAHE! with what zeal does he vindicate his services against posthumous detraction! How often and how gladly does he speak of Copernicus! and with what fervent tones of faith and consolation does he proclaim the historic fact that the great men of all ages have prepared the way for each other, as pioneers and heralds! Equally just to the ancients and to his contemporaries, how circumstantially, and with what exactness of detail, does Kepler demonstrate that Euclid copernicises—ὡς προ τοι Κοπερνικου κοπερνικίζει Ευκλειδης! and how elegant the compliments which he addresses to PORTA! with what cordiality he thanks him for the invention of the camera obscura, as enlarging his views into the laws of vision! But



while we cannot avoid contrasting this generous enthusiasm with Lord Bacon's cold invidious treatment of Gilbert, and his assertion that the works of Plato and Aristotle had been carried down the stream of time, like straws, by their levity alone, when things of weight and worth sunk to the bottom : still in the Founder of a revolution, scarcely less important for the scientific, and even for the commercial world, than that of Luther for the world of religion and politics, we must allow much to the heat of protestation, much to the vehemence of hope, and much to the vividness of novelty. Still more must we attribute to the then existing and actual state of the Platonic and Peripatetic philosophy, or rather to the dreams or verbiage which then passed current as such. Had he but attached to their proper authors the schemes and doctrines which he condemns, our illustrious countryman would, in this point, at least, have needed no apology. And surely no lover of truth, conversant with the particulars of Lord Bacon's life, with the very early, almost boyish age, at which he quitted the

university, and the manifold occupations and anxieties in which his public and professional duties engaged, and his courtly,—alas! his servile, prostitute, and mendicant—ambition, entangled him in his after years, will be either surprised or offended, though we should avow our conviction, that he had derived his opinions of Plato and Aristotle from any source, rather than from a dispassionate and patient study of the originals themselves. At all events it will be no easy task to reconcile many passages in the *De Augmentis*, and the *Redargutio Philosophiarum*, with the author's own fundamental principles, as established in his *Novum Organum*; if we attach to the words the meaning which they *may* bear, or even, in some instances, the meaning which might appear to us, in the present age, more obvious; instead of the sense in which they were employed by the professors, whose false premises and barren methods Bacon was at that time controverting. And this historical interpretation is rendered the more necessary by his fondness for point and antithesis in his style, where we must often

disturb the sound in order to arrive at the sense. But with these precautions; and if, in collating the philosophical works of Lord Bacon with those of Plato, we, in both cases alike, separate the *grounds* and essential *principles* of their philosophic systems from the inductions themselves; no inconsiderable portion of which, in the British sage, as well as in the divine Athenian, is neither more nor less crude and erroneous than might be anticipated from the infant state of natural history, chemistry, and physiology, in their several ages; and if we moreover separate the principles from their practical application, which in both is not seldom impracticable, and, in our countryman, not always reconcileable with the principles themselves: we shall not only extract that from each, which is for all ages, and which constitutes their true systems of philosophy, but shall convince ourselves that they are radically one and the same system: in that, namely, which is of universal and imperishable worth!—the science of Method, and the grounds and conditions of the science of Method.

## ESSAY VIII.



A great authority may be a poor proof, but it is an excellent presumption : and few things give a wise man a truer delight than to reconcile two great authorities, that had been commonly but falsely held to be dissonant.

STAPYLTON.



UNDER a deep impression of the importance of the truths we have essayed to develope, we would fain remove every prejudice that does not originate in the heart rather than in the understanding. For Truth, says the wise man, will not enter a malevolent spirit.

To offer or to receive names in lieu of sound arguments, is only less reprehensible than an ostentatious contempt of the great men of former ages; but we may well and wisely avail ourselves of authorities, in confirmation of truth, and above all, in the removal of prejudices founded on imperfect information. We do not see, therefore, how we can more appropriately

conclude this first, explanatory and controversial section of our inquiry, than by a brief statement of our renowned countryman's own principles of Method, conveyed for the greater part in his own words. Nor do we see, in what more precise form we can recapitulate the substance of the doctrines asserted and vindicated in the preceding pages. For we rest our strongest pretensions to a calm and respectful perusal, in the first instance, on the fact, that we have only re-proclaimed the coinciding prescripts of the Athenian Verulam, and the British Plato—*genuinam scilicet PLATONIS Dialecticem; et Methodologiam principialem*

#### FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO.

In the first instance, Lord Bacon equally with ourselves, demands what we have ventured to call the intellectual or mental initiative, as the motive and guide of every philosophical experiment; some well-grounded purpose, some distinct impression of the probable results, some self-consistent anticipation as the ground of the “*prudens quæstio*” (the forethoughtful query), which he affirms to be the

prior *half* of the knowledge sought; *dimidium scientiæ*. With him, therefore, as with us, an idea is an experiment proposed, an experiment is an idea realized. For so, though in other words, he himself informs us: “neque scientiam molimur tam sensu vel instrumentis quam *experimentis*; etenim experimentorum longe major est subtilitas quam sensûs ipsius, licet instrumentis exquisitis adjuti. *Nam de iis loquimur experimentis quæ ad intentionem ejus quod qæritur peritè et secundum artem excogitata et apposita sunt*. Itaque perceptioni sensûs immediatæ et propriæ *non multum tribuimus*: sed eò rem deducimus, ut *sensus tantùm de experimento, experimentum de re judicet*.” This last sentence is, as the attentive reader will have himself detected, one of those faulty *verbal* antitheses, not unfrequent in Lord Bacon’s writings. Pungent antitheses, and the analogies of wit in which the resemblance is too often more indebted to the double or equivocal sense of a word, than to any real conformity\* in the thing or image,

\* Thus (to take the first instance that occurs), Bacon says, that some knowledges, like the stars, are so high

form the *dulcia vitia* of his style, the Dalilahs of our philosophical Samson. But in this instance, as indeed throughout all his works, the meaning is clear and evident—namely, that the sense can apprehend, through the organs of sense, only the phænomena evoked by the experiment: *vis verò mentis ea, quæ experimentum excogitaverat, de Re judicet*: i. e. that power which, out of its own conceptions had shaped the experiment, must alone determine the true *import* of the phænomena. If again we ask, what it is which gives birth to the question, and then *ad intentionem quæstionis suæ experimentum excogitat, unde de Re judicet*, the answer is: *Lux Intellectûs, lumen siccum*, the pure and impersonal reason, freed from all the various *idols* enumerated by our great legislator of science (*idola tribûs, spectûs, fori, theatri*); that is, freed from the limits, the passions, the prejudices, the peculiar habits of the human understanding, natural or acquired; but above all, pure from the arrogance, that they give no light. Where the word, “high,” means “deep or sublime,” in the one case, and “distant” in the other.

which leads man to take the forms and mechanism of his own mere reflective faculty, as the measure of nature and of Deity. In this indeed we find the great object both of Plato's and of Lord Bacon's labors. They both saw that there could be no hope of any fruitful and secure method, while forms, merely *subjective*, were presumed as the true and proper moulds of *objective* truth. This is the sense in which Lord Bacon uses the phrases,—*intellectus humanus, mens hominis*, so profoundly and justly characterized in the preliminary (*Distributio Operis*) of his *De Augment. Scient.* And with all right and propriety did he so apply them: for this was, *in fact*, the sense in which the phrases were applied by the teachers, whom he is controverting; by the doctors of the schools; and the visionaries of the laboratory. To adopt the bold but happy phrase of a late ingenious French writer, it is the *homme particuliere*, as contrasted with *l'homme generale*; against which, Heraclitus and Plato, among the ancients, and among the moderns, BACON and STEWART (rightly understood), warn and pre-admonish the sincere inquirer.



Most truly, and in strict consonance with his two great predecessors, does our immortal Verulam teach—that the human understanding, even independent of the causes that always, previously to its purification by philosophy, render it more or less turbid or uneven, “ ipsâ suâ naturâ radios ex figurâ et sectione propriâ immutat :” that our understanding not only reflects the objects *subjectively*, that is, substitutes for the inherent laws and properties of the objects the relations which the objects bear to its own particular constitution ; but that in all its conscious presentations and reflexes, it is itself only a phænomenon of the inner sense, and requires the same corrections as the appearances transmitted by the outward senses. But that there is potentially, if not actually, in every rational being, a somewhat, call it what you will, the pure reason, the spirit, lumen siccum, *νοϋς*, *φως νοερον*, intellectual intuition, &c. &c. ; and that in this are to be found the indispensable conditions of all science, and scientific research, whether meditative, contemplative, or experimental ; is often expressed, and every where supposed, by Lord Bacon. And that this is not only

the right but the possible nature of the human mind, to which it is capable of being restored, is implied in the various remedies prescribed by him for its diseases, and in the various means of neutralizing or converting into useful instrumentality the imperfections which cannot be removed. There is a sublime truth contained in his favourite phrase—*Idola intellectus*. He thus tells us, that the mind of man is an edifice not built with human hands, which needs only be purged of its idols and idolatrous services to become the temple of the true and living Light. Nay, he has shown and established the true criterion between the ideas and the *idola* of the mind—namely, that the former are manifested by their adequacy to those ideas in nature, which in and through them are contemplated. “*Non leve quiddam interest inter humanæ mentis idola et divinæ mentis ideas, hoc est, inter placita quædam inania et veras signaturas atque impressiones factas in creaturis, prout Ratione sanâ et sicci luminis, quam docendi causâ interpretem naturæ vocare consuevimus, inveniuntur.*” *NOVUM ORGANUM* xxiii. & xxvi. Thus the differ-

ence, or rather distinction between Plato and Lord Bacon is simply this: that philosophy being necessarily bi-polar, Plato treats principally of the truth, as it manifests itself at the *ideal* pole, as the science of intellect (i. e. de mundo intelligibili); while Bacon confines himself, for the most part, to the same truth, as it is manifested at the other, or material pole, as the science of nature (i. e. de mundo sensibili). It is as necessary, therefore, that Plato should direct his inquiries chiefly to those objective truths that exist in and for the intellect alone, the images and representatives of which we construct for ourselves by figure, number, and word; as that Lord Bacon should attach his main concern to the truths which have their signatures in nature, and which (as he himself plainly and often asserts) may indeed be revealed to us *through* and *with*, but never *by* the senses, or the faculty of sense. Otherwise, indeed, instead of being *more* objective than the former (which they are not in any sense, both being in this respect the same), they would be *less* so, and, in fact, incapable of being insulated from the “*Idola tribûs quæ in ipsâ na-*

turâ humana fundata sunt, atque in ipsâ tribu seu gente hominum: cum omnes perceptiones tam sensûs quam mentis, sunt ex analogiâ hominis non ex analogiâ universi." (N.O. xli.) Hence too, it will not surprise us, that Plato so often calls ideas LIVING LAWS, in which the mind has its whole true being and permanence; or that Bacon, vicè versâ, names the laws of nature, *ideas*; and represents what we have, in a former part of this disquisition, called *facts of science* and *central phænomena*, as signatures, impressions, and symbols of ideas. A distinguishable power self-affirmed, and seen in its unity with the Eternal Essence, is, according to Plato, an IDEA: and the discipline, by which the human mind is purified from its idols (*εἰδῶλα*), and raised to the contemplation of Ideas, and thence to the secure and ever-progressive, though never-ending, investigation of truth and reality by scientific method, comprehends what the same philosopher so highly extols under the title of *Dialectic*. According to Lord Bacon, as describing the same truth seen from the opposite point, and applied to natural philosophy, an idea would be defined

as—Intuitio sive inventio, quæ in perceptione sensûs non est (ut quæ puræ et sicci luminis Intellectioni est propria) idearum divinæ mentis, prout in creaturis per signaturas suas sese patefaciant. That (saith the judicious HOOKER) which doth assign to each thing the kind, that which determines the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a LAW.

We can now, as men furnished with fit and respectable credentials, proceed to the historic importance and practical application of METHOD, under the deep and solemn conviction, that without this guiding Light neither can the sciences attain to their full evolution, as the organs of one vital and harmonious body, nor that most weighty and concerning of all sciences, the science of EDUCATION, be understood in its first elements, much less display its powers, as the *nîsus formativus*\*.

\* So our medical writers commonly translate Professor Blumenbach's *Bildungstrieb*, the *vis plastica*, or *vis vitæ formatrix* of the elder physiologists, and the life or living principle of JOHN HUNTER, the profoundest, we had almost said the only, physiological philosopher of the

of social man, as the appointed PROTOPLAST of true humanity. Never can society com-

latter half of the preceding century. For in what other sense can we understand either his assertion, that this principle or agent is "independent of organization," which yet it animates, sustains, and repairs, or the purport of that magnificent commentary on his system, the Hunterian Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Hunterian idea of a life or vital principle, "*independent of the organization,*" yet in each organ working instinctively towards its preservation, as the ants or termites in repairing the nests of their own fabrication, demonstrates that John Hunter did not, as Stahl and others had done, individualize, or make an hypostasis of the principles of life, as a somewhat manifestable per se, and consequently itself a phenomenon; the latency of which was to be attributed to accidental, or at least contingent causes, ex. gr.; the limits or imperfection of our senses, or the inaptness of the media: but that herein he philosophized in the spirit of the *purest* Newtonians, who in like manner refused to hypostasize the law of gravitation into an ether, which even if its existence were conceded, would need another gravitation for itself. The Hunterian position is a genuine philosophic IDEA, the negative test of which as of *all* Ideas is, that it is equidistant from an ens logicum (= an abstraction), an ens representativum (= a generalization), and an ens phantasticum (= an imaginary *thing* or phenomenon.)

prehend fully, and in its whole practical extent, the permanent distinction, and the occa-

Is not the progressive enlargement, the boldness without temerity, of ehirurgical views and ehirurgical practice since Hunter's time to the present day, attributable, in almost every instance, to his substitution of what may perhaps be called *experimental Dynamic*, for the mechanical notions, or the less injurious traditional empiricism, of his predecessors? And this, too, though the light is still struggling through a cloud, and though it is shed on many who see either dimly or not at all the **IDEA**, from which it is radiated? Willingly would we designate, what we have elsewhere called the mental initiative, by some term less obnoxious to the anti-Platonic reader, than this of *Idea*—obnoxious, we mean, as soon as any precise and peculiar sense is attached to the sound. Willingly would we exchange the *Term*, might it be done without sacrifice of the *Import*: and did we not see, too, clearly, that it is the meaning, not the word, that is the object of that aversion, which, fleeing from inward alarm, tries to shelter itself in outward contempt—that is at once folly and a stumbling-block to the partizans of a crass and sensual materialism, the advocates of the *Nihil nisi ab extra*.

They, like moles,

Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground,

Shrink from the light, then listen for a sound;

See but to dread, and dread they know not why,

The natural alien of their negative eye! S. T. C.

sional contrast, between cultivation and civilization; never can it attain to a due insight into the momentous fact, fearfully as it has been, and even now is exemplified in a neighbour country, that a nation can never be a too cultivated, but may easily become an over-civilized, race: while we oppose ourselves voluntarily to that grand prerogative of our nature, A HUNGRING AND THIRSTING AFTER TRUTH, as the appropriate end of our intelligential, and its point of union with, our moral nature; but therefore after truth, that must be found within us before it can be *intelligibly* reflected back on the mind from without, and a religious regard to which is indispensable, both as guide and object to the just formation of the human BEING, poor and rich: while, in a word, we are blind to the master-light, which we have already presented in various points of view, and recommended by whatever is of highest authority with the venerators of the ancient, and the adherents of modern philosophy.



## ESSAY IX.



Πολυμαθία γοόν ου διδάσκει· είναι γαρ έν το σοφόν, επιτασθαι γνώμην ήτε εγκυβερνησει παντα δια παντων.

(*Translation.*)—The effective education of the reason is not to be supplied by multifarious acquirements : for there is but one knowledge that merits to be called wisdom, a knowledge that is one with a law which shall govern all in and through all.

HERAC. *apud Diogenem Laert.* ix. § 1.



### *Historical and Illustrative.*

THERE is still preserved in the Royal Observatory at Richmond the model of a bridge, constructed by the late justly celebrated Mr. Atwood (at that time, however, in the decline of life), in the confidence, that he had explained the wonderful properties of the arch as resulting from compound action of simple wedges, or of the rectilinear solids of which the material arch was composed : and of which

supposed discovery, his model was to exhibit ocular proof. Accordingly, he took a sufficient number of wedges of brass highly polished. Arranging these at first on a skeleton arch of wood, he then removed this scaffolding or support; and the bridge not only stood firm, without any cement between the squares; but he could take away any given portion of them, as a third or a half, and appending a correspondent weight, at either side, the remaining part stood as before. Our venerable sovereign, who is known to have had a particular interest and pleasure in all works and discoveries of mechanic science or ingenuity, looked at it for awhile stedfastly, and, as his manner was, with quick and broken expressions of praise and courteous approbation, in the form of answers to his own questions. At length turning to the constructor, he said, "But, Mr. Atwood, you have *presumed* the figure. You have put the *arch* first in this wooden *skeleton*. Can you build a bridge of the same wedges in any other figure? A strait bridge, or with two lines touching at the apex? If not, is it not evident, that the bits of brass derive their con-

tinuance in the present position from the property of the arch, and not the arch from the property of the wedge?" The objection was fatal; the justice of the remark not to be resisted; and we have ever deemed it a forcible illustration of the Aristotelian axiom, with respect to all just reasoning, that the whole is of necessity prior to its parts; nor can we conceive a more apt illustration of the scientific principles we have already laid down.

All method supposes a union of *several* things to a common end, either by disposition, as in the works of man; or by convergence, as in the operations and products of nature. That we acknowledge a *method*, even in the latter, results from the religious instinct which bids us "find tongues in trees; books in the running streams; sermons in stones: and good (*that is, some useful end answering to some good purpose*) in every thing." In a self-conscious and thence reflecting being, no instinct can exist, without engendering the belief of an object corresponding to it, either present or future, real or capable of being realized: much less the instinct, in which humanity itself is ground-

ed: that by which, in every act of conscious perception, we at once identify our being with that of the world without us, and yet place ourselves in contra-distinction to that world. Least of all can this mysterious pre-disposition exist without evolving a belief that the productive power, which is in nature as nature, is essentially one (i. e. of one kind) with the intelligence, which is in the human mind above nature: however disfigured this belief may become, by accidental forms or accompaniments, and though like heat in the thawing of ice, it may appear only in its effects. So universally has this conviction leavened the very substance of all discourse, that there is no language on earth in which a man can abjure it as a prejudice, without employing terms and conjunctions that suppose its reality, with a feeling very different from that which accompanies a figurative or metaphorical use of words. In all aggregates of construction therefore, which we contemplate as wholes, whether as integral parts or as a system, we assume an intention, as the initiative, of which the end is the correlative.

Hence proceeds the introduction of final causes in the works of nature equally as in those of man. Hence their *assumption*, as constitutive and explanatory by the mass of mankind; and the employment of the *presumption*, as an auxiliary and regulative principle, by the enlightened naturalist, whose office it is to seek, discover, and investigate the *efficient* causes. Without denying, that to resolve the efficient into the final may be the ultimate aim of philosophy, he, of good right, resists the substitution of the latter for the former, as premature, presumptuous, and preclusive of all science; well aware, that those sciences have been most progressive, in which this confusion has been either precluded by the nature of the science itself, as in pure mathematics, or avoided by the good sense of its cultivator. Yet even he admits a teleological ground in physics and physiology: that is, the presumption of a something *analogous* to the causality of the human will, by which, without assigning to nature, as nature, a conscious purpose, he may yet distinguish her agency from a blind and lifeless mechanism. Even he admits its

use, and, in many instances, its necessity, as a regulative principle; as a ground of anticipation, for the guidance of his judgment and for the direction of his observation and experiment: briefly in all that preparatory process, which the French language so happily expresses by *s'orienter*, i. e. to find out the east for one's self. When the naturalist contemplates the structure of a bird, for instance, the hollow cavity of the bones, the position of the wings for motion, and of the tail for steering its course, &c., he knows indeed that there must be a correspondent mechanism, as the *nexus effectivus*. But he knows, likewise, that this will no more explain the particular existence of the bird, than the principles of cohesion, &c. could inform him why of two buildings one is a palace, and the other a church. Nay, it must not be overlooked, that the assumption of the *nexus effectivus* itself originates in the mind, as one of the laws under which alone it can reduce the manifold of the impression from without into unity, and thus contemplate it as one thing; and could never (as hath been clearly proved by Mr. Hume) have been

derived from outward experience, in which it is indeed presupposed, as a necessary condition. *Notio nexús causalis non oritur, sed supponitur, a sensibus.* Between the purpose and the end the component parts are included, and thence receive their position and character as means, i. e. parts contemplated as parts. It is in this sense, we will affirm, that the parts, as means to an end, derive their position, and therein their qualities (or character) nay, we dare add, their very existence—as particular things—from the antecedent method, or self-organizing PURPOSE; upon which therefore we have dwelt so long.

We are aware, that it is with our cognitions as with our children. There is a period in which the method of nature is working for them; a period of aimless activity and unregulated accumulation, during which it is enough if we can preserve them in health and *out of harm's way*. Again, there is a period of orderliness, of circumspection, of discipline, in which we purify, separate, define, select, arrange, and settle the nomenclature of communication. There is also a period of dawning

and twilight, a period of anticipation, affording trials of strength. And all these, both in the growth of the sciences and in the mind of a rightly-educated individual, will precede the attainment of a scientific METHOD. But, notwithstanding this, unless the importance of the latter be felt and acknowledged, unless its attainment be looked forward to and from the very beginning prepared for, there is little hope and small chance that any education will be conducted aright; or will ever prove in reality worth the name.

Much labor, much wealth may have been expended, yet the final result will too probably warrant the sarcasm of the Scythian traveller: "Væ! quantum nihili!" and draw from a wise man the earnest recommendation of a full draught from Lethe, as the first and indispensable preparative for the waters of the true Helicon. Alas! how many examples are now present to our memory, of young men the most anxiously and expensively be-schoolmastered, be-tutored, be-lectured, any thing but *educated*; who have received arms and ammunition, instead of skill, strength, and courage; varnished



rather than polished ; perilously over-civilized, and most pitiably uncultivated ! And all from inattention to the method dictated by nature herself, to the simple truth, that as the forms in all organized existence, so must all true and living knowledge proceed from within ; that it may be trained, supported, fed, excited, but can never be infused or impressed.

Look back on the history of the Sciences. Review the Method in which Providence has brought the more favored portion of mankind to the present state of Arts and Sciences. Lord Bacon has justly remarked, *Antiquitas temporis juvenus mundi et Scientiæ*—Antiquity of time is the youth of the world and of Science. In the childhood of the human race, its education commenced with the cultivation of the moral sense ; the object proposed being such as the mind only could apprehend, and the principle of obedience being placed in the will. The appeal in both was made to the inward man. “ Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God ; so that things which were seen were not made of things which do appear.” (*The solution of*

*Phænomena can never be derived from Phænomena.*) Upon this ground, the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews (chap. xi.) is not less philosophical than eloquent. The aim, the method throughout was, in the first place, to awaken, to cultivate, and to mature the truly *human* in human nature, in and through itself, or as independently as possible of the notices derived from sense, and of the motives that had reference to the sensations; till the time should arrive when the senses themselves might be allowed to present symbols and attestations of truths, learnt previously from deeper and inner sources. Thus the first period of the education of our race was evidently assigned to the cultivation of humanity itself; or of that in man, which of all known embodied creatures he alone possesses, the pure reason, as designed to regulate the will. And by what method was this done? First, by the excitement of the idea of their Creator as a spirit, of an *idea* which they were strictly forbidden to realize to themselves under any *image*; and, secondly, by the injunction of obedience to the will of a super-sensual Being. Nor did the method stop

here. For, unless we are equally to contradict Moses and the New Testament, in compliment to the paradox of a *Warburton*, the *rewards* of their obedience were placed at a distance. For the time present *they* equally with *us* were to “*endure, AS SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE.*” Their bodies they were taught to consider as fleshly tents, which as pilgrims they were bound to pitch wherever the invisible Director of their route should appoint, however barren or thorny the spot might appear. “Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been,” says the aged Israel. But that life was but “his pilgrimage;” and he “trusted in the *promises.*”

Thus were the very first lessons in the Divine School assigned to the cultivation of the reason and of the will: or rather of both as united in Faith. The common and ultimate object of the will and of the reason was purely *spiritual*, and to be present in the mind of the disciple—*μόνον ἐν Ἰδέᾳ, μηδαμῇ εἰωλικῶς, i. e.* in the idea alone, and never as an image or imagination. The *means* too, by which the idea was to be excited, as well as the *symbols* by

which it was to be communicated, were to be, as far as possible, *intellectual*.

Those, on the contrary, who wilfully chose a mode opposite to this method, who determined to shape their convictions and deduce their knowledge from without, by exclusive observation of outward and sensible things as the only realities, became, it appears, rapidly *civilized* ! They built cities, invented musical instruments, were artificers in brass and in iron, and refined on the means of sensual gratification, and the conveniencies of courtly intercourse. They became the great masters of the AGREEABLE, which fraternized readily with cruelty and rapacity : these being, indeed, but alternate moods of the same sensual selfishness. Thus, both before and after the flood, the vicious of mankind receded from all true cultivation, as they hurried towards civilization. Finally, as it was not in their power to make themselves wholly beasts, or to remain without a semblance of religion ; and yet continuing faithful to their original maxim, and determined to receive nothing as true, but what

they derived, or believed themselves to derive from their senses, or (in modern phrase) what they could prove *a posteriori*,—they became idolaters of the Heavens and the material elements. From the harmony of operation they concluded a certain unity of nature and design, but were incapable of finding in the facts any proof of a unity of person. They did not, in this respect, pretend to *find* what they must themselves have first assumed. Having thrown away the clusters, which had grown in the vineyard of revelation, they could not—as later reasoners, by being born in a Christian country, have been enabled to do—hang the grapes on thorns, and then pluck them as the native growth of the bushes. But the men of *sense*, of the patriarchal times, neglecting reason and having rejected faith, adopted what the facts seemed to involve and the most obvious analogies to suggest. They acknowledged a whole *bee-hive* of natural Gods ; but while they were employed in building a temple\*

\* We are far from being Hutchinsonians, nor have we found much to respect in the twelve volumes of Hutchinson's works, either as biblical comment or natural phi-

consecrated to the material Heavens, it pleased divine wisdom to send on them *a confusion of lip*, accompanied with the usual embitterment of controversy, where all parties are in the wrong, and the grounds of quarrel are equally plausible on all sides. As the modes of error are endless, the hundred forms of Polytheism had each its groupe of partizans who, hostile or alienated, henceforward formed separate tribes kept aloof from each other by their ambitious leaders. Hence arose, in the course of a few centuries, the diversity of languages,

losophy : though we give him credit for orthodoxy and good intentions. But his interpretation of the first nine verses of Genesis xi. seems not only rational in itself, and consistent with after accounts of the sacred historian, but proved to be the literal sense of the Hebrew text. His explanation of the chernubim is pleasing and plausible : we dare not say more. Those who would wish to learn the most important points of the Hutchinsonian doctrine in the most favorable form, and in the shortest possible space, we can refer to Duncan Forbes's Letter to a Bishop. If our own judgment did not withhold our assent, we should never be *ashamed* of a conviction held, professed, and advocated by so good, and wise a man, as Duncan Forbes.

which has sometimes been confounded with the miraculous event that was indeed its first and principal, though remote, cause.

Following next, and as the representative of the youth and approaching manhood of the human intellect, we have ancient Greece, from Orpheus, Linus, Musæus, and the other mythological bards, or perhaps the brotherhoods impersonated under those names, to the time when the republics lost their independence, and their learned men sunk into copyists and commentators of the works of their forefathers. That we include these as educated under a distinct providential, though not miraculous, dispensation, will surprise no one, who reflects that in whatever has a permanent operation on the destinies and intellectual condition of mankind at large—that in all which has been manifestly employed as a co-agent in the mightiest revolution of the moral world, the propagation of the Gospel; and in the intellectual progress of mankind, the restoration of Philosophy, Science, and the ingenuous Arts—it were irreligion not to acknowledge the hand of divine Providence. The periods, too, join on to each

other. The earliest Greeks took up the religious and lyrical poetry of the Hebrews; and the schools of the Prophets were, however partially and imperfectly, represented by the mysteries, derived through the corrupt channel of the Phœnicians. With these secret schools of physiological theology the mythical poets were doubtless in connection: and it was these schools, which prevented Polytheism from producing all its natural barbarizing effects. The mysteries and the mythical Hymns and Pæans shaped themselves gradually into epic Poetry and History on the one hand, and into the ethical Tragedy and Philosophy on the other. Under their protection, and that of a youthful liberty secretly controlled by a species of internal Theocracy, the Sciences and the sterner kinds of the Fine Arts; viz. Architecture and Statuary, grew up together: followed, indeed, by Painting, but a statuesque and austere idealized painting, which did not degenerate into mere copies of the sense, till the process, for which Greece existed, had been completed. Contrast the rapid progress and perfection of all the products, which owe their existence and



character to the mind's own acts, intellectual or imaginative, with the rudeness of their application to the investigation of physical laws and phænomena: then contemplate the Greeks (*Γραῖοι αὐτὸ παιδεύει*) as representing a portion only of the education of man: and the conclusion is inevitable.

In the education of the mind of the *race*, as in that of the individual, each different age and purpose requires different objects and different means: though all dictated by the same principle, tending toward the same end, and forming consecutive parts of the same method. But if the scale taken be sufficiently large to neutralize or render insignificant the disturbing forces of accident, the degree of success is the best criterion by which to appreciate, both the wisdom of the general principle, and the fitness of the particular objects to the given epoch or period. Now it is a fact, for the greater part of universal acceptance, and attested as to the remainder by all that is of highest fame and authority, by the great, wise, and good, during a space of at least seventeen centuries—weighed against whom the opinions

of a few distinguished individuals, or the fashion of a single age, must be held light in the balance,—that whatever could be educed by the mind out of its own essence, by attention to its own acts and laws of action, or as the products of the same; and whatever likewise could be reflected from material masses transformed as it were into mirrors, the excellence of which is to reveal, in the least possible degree, their own original forms and natures—all these, whether arts or sciences, the ancient Greeks carried to an almost ideal perfection: while in the application of their skill and science to the investigation of the laws of the sensible world, and the qualities and composition of material concretes, chemical, mechanical, or organic, their essays were crude and improsperous, compared with those of the moderns during the early morning of *their* strength, and even at the first re-ascension of the light. But still more striking will the difference appear, if we contrast the physiological schemes and fancies of the Greeks with their own discoveries in the region of the pure intellect, and with their still unrivalled success

in the arts of imagination. In the aversion of their great men from any *practical* use of their philosophic discoveries, as in the well-known instance of Archimedes, "the soul of the world" was at work; and the few exceptions were but as a rush of billows driven shoreward by some chance gust before the hour of tide, instantly retracted, and leaving the sands bare and soundless long after the momentary glitter had been lost in evaporation.

The third period, that of the Romans, was devoted to the preparations for preserving, propagating, and realizing the labors of the preceding; to war, empire, law! To this we may refer the defect of all originality in the Latin poets and philosophers, on the one hand, and on the other, the predilection of the Romans for astrology, magic, divination, in all its forms. It was the Roman instinct to appropriate by conquest and to give fixtue by legislation. And it was the bewilderment and *prematurity* of the same instinct which restlessly impelled them to materialize the *ideas* of the Greek philosophers, and to render them *practical* by superstitious *uses*.

Thus the Hebrews may be regarded as the fixed mid point of the living line, toward which the Greeks as the *ideal* pole, and the Romans as the *material*, were ever approximating; till the co-incidence and final *synthesis* took place in Christianity, of which the Bible is the law, and Christendom the phænomenon. So little confirmation from History, from the process of education planned and conducted by unerring Providence, do those theorists receive, who would at least begin (too many, alas! both begin and end) with the objects of the senses; as if nature herself had not abundantly performed this part of the task, by continuous, irresistible enforcements of attention to her presence, to the direct beholding, to the apprehension and observation, of the objects that stimulate the senses! as if the cultivation of the mental powers, by methodical exercise of their own forces, were not the securest means of forming the true correspondents to them in the functions of comparison, judgment, and interpretation.

## ESSAY IX.



Sapimus animo. fruimur animâ : sine animo anima est debilis.

*L. Accii Fragmenta.*



As there are two wants connatural to man, so are there two main directions of human activity, pervading in modern times the whole civilized world ; and constituting and sustaining that nationality which yet it is their tendency, and, more or less, their *effect*, to transcend and to moderate—Trade and Literature. These were they, which, after the dismemberment of the old Roman world, gradually reduced the conquerors and the conquered at once into several nations and a common Christendom. The natural law of increase and the instincts of family may produce tribes, and under rare and peculiar circumstances, settlements and neighbourhoods : and conquest may form empires. But without trade and literature, mutually commingled, there can be no nation ; with-

out commerce and science, no bond of nations. As the one hath for its object the wants of the body, real or artificial, the desires for which are for the greater part, nay, as far as respects the *origination* of trade and commerce, *altogether* excited from without; so the other has for its origin, as well as for its object, the wants of the mind, the gratification of which is a natural and necessary condition of *its* growth and sanity. And the man (or the nation, considered according to its predominant character as one man) may be regarded under these circumstances, as acting in two forms of method, inseparably co-existent, yet producing very different effects according as one or the other obtains the primacy.\* As is the rank assigned to each in the theory and practice of the governing classes, and, according to its prevalence in forming the foundation of their public habits and opinions, so will be the outward and inward life of the people at large: such will the nation be. In tracing the epochs, and alter-

\* The senses, the memory, and the understanding (i. e. the retentive, reflective, and judicial functions of his mind) being common to both methods.

nations of their relative sovereignty or subjection, consists the PHILOSOPHY of History. In the power of distinguishing and appreciating their several results consists the historic SENSE. And that under the ascendancy of the mental and moral character the *commercial* relations may thrive to the utmost *desirable* point, while the reverse is ruinous to both, and sooner or later effectuates the fall or debasement of the country itself—this is the richest truth obtained for mankind by historic RESEARCH: though unhappily it is the truth, to which a rich and commercial nation listens with most reluctance and receives with least faith. Where the brain and the immediate conductors of its influence remain healthy and vigorous, the defects and diseases of the eye will most often admit either of a cure or a substitute. And so is it with the outward prosperity of a state, where the *well-being* of the people possesses the primacy in the aims of the governing classes, and in the public feeling. But what avails the perfect state of the eye,

**Tho' clear**

**To outward view of blemish or of spot,**

where the optic nerve is paralyzed by a pressure on the brain ! And even so is it not only with the well-being, but ultimately with the prosperity of a people, where the former is considered (if it be considered at all) as subordinate and secondary to wealth and revenue.

In the pursuits of commerce the man is called into action from without, in order to appropriate the outward world, as far as he can bring it within his reach, to the purposes of his senses and sensual nature. His ultimate end is—appearance and enjoyment. Where on the other hand the nurture and evolution of humanity is the final aim, there will soon be seen a general tendency toward, an earnest seeking after, some ground common to the world and to man, therein to find the one principle of permanence and identity, the rock of strength and refuge, to which the soul may cling amid the fleeting surge-like objects of the senses. Disturbed as by the obscure quickening of an inward birth ; made restless by swarming thoughts, that, like bees when they first miss the queen and mother of the hive, with vain discursion seek each in the other what is the common need of all ;



man sallies forth into nature—in nature, as in the shadows and reflections of a clear river, to discover the originals of the forms presented to him in his own intellect. Over these shadows, as if they were the substantial powers and presiding spirits of the stream, Narcissus-like, he hangs delighted: till finding nowhere a representative of that free agency which yet is a *fact* of immediate consciousness sanctioned and made fearfully significant by his prophetic *conscience*, he learns at last that what he *seeks* he has *left behind*, and but lengthens the distance as he prolongs the search. Under the tutorage of scientific ANALYSIS, haply first given to him by express revelation (e cœlo descendit, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ) he separates the *relations* that are wholly the creatures of his own abstracting and comparing intellect, and at once discovers and recoils from the discovery, that the *reality*, the *objective* truth, of the objects he has been adoring, derives its whole and sole evidence from an obscure sensation, which he is alike unable to resist or to comprehend, which compels him to contemplate as without and independent of himself what yet he could not

contemplate at all, were it not a modification of his own being.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mothers's mind,  
     And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

\* \* \* \* \*

O joy ! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benedictions : not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest :  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—  
     Not for these I raise  
     The song of thanks and praise ;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings :

Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprized !  
     But for those first affections,  
     Those shadowy recollections,  
         Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
     Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,  
         To perish never ;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
         Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
     Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
         Though inland far we be,  
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
         Which brought us hither ;  
         Can in a moment travel thither—  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WORDSWORTH.\*

\* During my residence in Rome I had the pleasure of reciting this sublime ode to the illustrious Baron Von Humboldt, then the Prussian minister at the papal court,

Long indeed will man strive to satisfy the inward querist with the phrase, laws of nature. But though the individual may rest content with the seemly metaphor, the race cannot. If a law of nature be a mere generalization, it is included in the above as an act of the mind. But if it be other and more, and yet manifestable only in and to an intelligent spirit, it must in act and

and now at the court of St. James's. By those who knew and honored both the brothers, the talents of the plenipotentiary were held equal to those of the scientific traveller, his judgment superior. I can only say, that I know few Englishmen, whom I could compare with him in the extensive knowledge and just appreciation of English literature and its various epochs. He listened to the ode with evident delight, and as evidently not without surprise, and at the close of the recitation exclaimed, "And is this the work of a living English poet? I should have attributed it to the age of Elizabeth, not that I recollect any writer, whose style it resembles; but rather with wonder, that so great and original a poet should have escaped my notice."—Often as I repeat passages from it to myself, I recur to the words of DANTE :

Canzon! io credo, che saranno radi  
 Che tua ragione bene intenderanno :  
 Tanto lor sei faticoso ed alto.

substance be itself spiritual: for things utterly heterogeneous can have no intercommunion. In order therefore to the recognition of himself in nature man must first learn to comprehend nature in himself, and its laws in the ground of his own existence. Then only can he reduce Phænomena to Principles—then only will he have achieved the METHOD, the self-unravelling clue, which alone can securely guide him to the conquest of the former—when he has discovered in the basis of their union the necessity of their differences; in the principle of their continuance the solution of their changes. It is the idea of the common centre, of the universal law, by which all power manifests itself in opposite yet interdependent forces (*ἡ γὰρ ΔΥΑΣ αἰετὰ παρα Μοῦσῳ καθήται, καὶ νοεραὶ ἀσραπτει τομῆς*) that enlightening inquiry, multiplying experiment, and at once inspiring humility and perseverance will lead him to comprehend gradually and progressively the relation of each to the other, of each to all, and of all to each.

Such is the second of the two possible directions in which the activity of man propels

itself: and either in one or other of these channels—or in some one of the rivulets which notwithstanding their occasional reflux (and though, as in successive schematisms of Becher, Stahl, and Lavoisier, the varying stream may for a time appear to comprehend and inisle some particular department of knowledge which even then it only peninsulates) are yet flowing towards this mid channel, and will ultimately fall into it—all *intellectual* METHOD has its bed, its banks, and its line of progression. For be it not forgotten, that this discourse is confined to the evolutions and ordonnance of knowledge, as prescribed by the constitution of the human intellect. Whether there be a correspondent reality, whether the Knowing of the Mind has its correlative in the Being of Nature, doubts may be felt. Never to have felt them, would indeed betray an unconscious unbelief, which traced to its extreme roots will be seen grounded in a latent disbelief. How should it not be so? if to conquer these doubts, and out of the confused multiplicity of seeing with which “the films of corruption” bewilder us, and out of the unsubstantial shows of ex-

istence, which, like the shadow of an eclipse, or the chasms in the sun's atmosphere, are but *negations* of sight, to attain that *singleness of eye*, with which "*the whole body shall be full of light*," be the purpose, the means, and the end of our probation, the METHOD which is "profitable to all things, and hath the promise in this life and in the life to come!" Imagine the unlettered African, or rude yet musing Indian, poring over an illumined manuscript of the inspired volume, with the vague yet deep impression that his fates and fortunes are in some unknown manner connected with its contents. Every tint, every group of characters has its several dream. Say that after long and dissatisfying toils, he begins to sort, first the paragraphs that appear to resemble each other, then the lines, the words—nay, that he has at length discovered that the whole is formed by the recurrence and interchanges of a limited number of cyphers, letters, marks, and points, which, however, in the very height and utmost perfection of his attainment, he makes twentifold more numerous than they are, by classing every different form of the

same character, intentional or accidental, as a separate element. And the whole is without soul or substance, a talisman of superstition, a mockery of science: or employed perhaps at last to feather the arrows of death, or to shine and flutter amid the plumes of savage vanity. The poor Indian too truly represents the state of learned and systematic ignorance—arrangement guided by the light of no leading idea, mere orderliness without METHOD!

But see! the friendly missionary arrives. He explains to him the nature of written words, translates them for him into his native sounds, and thence into the thoughts of his heart—how many of these thoughts then first evolved into consciousness, which yet the awakening disciple receives, and not as aliens! Henceforward, the book is unsealed for him; the depth is opened out; he communes with the spirit of the volume as a living oracle. The words become transparent, and he sees them as though he saw them not.

We have thus delineated the two great directions of man and society with their several objects and ends. Concerning the conditions and



principles of method appertaining to each, we have affirmed (for the facts hitherto adduced have been rather for illustration than for evidence, to make our position distinctly understood rather than to enforce the conviction of its truth) that in both there must be a mental antecedent; but that in the one it may be an image or conception received through the senses, and originating from without, the inspiring passion or desire being alone the immediate and proper offspring of the mind; while in the other the initiative thought, the intellectual seed, must itself have its birth-place within, whatever excitement from without may be necessary for its germination. Will the soul thus awakened neglect or undervalue the outward and conditional causes of her growth? For rather, might we dare borrow a wild fancy from the Mantuan bard, or the poet of Arno, will it be with her, as if a stem or trunk, suddenly endued with sense and reflection, should contemplate its green shoots, their leaflets and budding blossoms, wondered at as then first noticed, but welcomed nevertheless as its own growth: while yet with undiminished gratitude, and a

deepened sense of dependency, it would bless the dews and the sunshine from without, deprived of the awakening and fostering excitement of which, its own productivity would have remained for ever hidden from itself, or felt only as the obscure trouble of a baffled instinct.

Hast thou ever raised thy mind to the consideration of EXISTENCE, in and by itself, as the mere act of existing? Hast thou ever said to thyself thoughtfully, IT IS! heedless in that moment, whether it were a man before thee, or a flower, or a grain of sand? Without reference, in short, to this or that particular mode or form of existence? If thou hast indeed attained to this, thou wilt have felt the presence of a mystery, which must have fixed thy spirit in awe and wonder. The very words, There is nothing! or, There was a time, when there was nothing! are self-contradictory. There is that within us which repels the proposition with as full and instantaneous light, as if it bore evidence against the fact in the right of its own eternity.

Not TO BE, then, is impossible: TO BE, incomprehensible. If thou hast mastered this

intuition of absolute existence, thou wilt have learnt likewise, that it was this, and no other, which in the earlier ages seized the nobler minds, the elect among men, with a sort of sacred horror. This it was which first caused them to feel within themselves a something ineffably greater than their own individual nature. It was this which, raising them aloft, and projecting them to an ideal distance from themselves, prepared them to become the lights and awakening voices of other men, the founders of law and religion, the educators and foster-gods of mankind. The power, which evolved this idea of **BEING**, **BEING** in its essence, **BEING** limitless, comprehending its own limits in its dilatation, and condensing itself into its own apparent mounds—how shall we name it? The idea itself, which like a mighty billow at once overwhelms and bears aloft—what is it? Whence did it come? In vain would we derive it from the organs of sense: for these supply only surfaces, undulations, phantoms! In vain from the instruments of sensation: for these furnish only the chaos, the shapeless elements of sense! And least of all may we hope to find

its origin, or sufficient cause, in the moulds and mechanism of the UNDERSTANDING, the whole purport and functions of which consists in individualization, in outlines and *differencings* by quantity, quality and relation. It were wiser to seek substance in shadow, than absolute fulness in mere negation.

We have asked then for its birth-place in all that constitutes our relative individuality, in all that each man calls exclusively himself. It is an alien of which they know not: and for them the question itself is purposeless, and the very words that convey it are as sounds in an unknown language, or as the vision of heaven and earth expanded by the rising sun, which falls but as warmth on the eye-lids of the blind. To no class of phenomena or particulars can it be referred, itself being none: therefore, to no faculty by which these alone are apprehended. As little dare we refer it to any form of abstraction or generalization: for it has neither co-ordinate or analogon! It is absolutely one, and that it IS, and affirms itself TO BE, is its only predicate. And yet this power, nevertheless, is! In eminence of Being

it IS! And he for whom it manifests itself in its adequate idea, dare as little arrogate it to himself as his own, can as little appropriate it either totally or by partition, as he can claim ownership in the breathing air, or make an enclosure in the cope of heaven.\* He bears witness of it to his own mind, even as he describes life and light: and, with the silence of light, it describes itself and dwells in *us* only as far as we dwell in *it*. The truths, which it manifests are such as it alone can manifest, and in all truth it manifests itself. By what name then canst thou call a truth so manifested? Is it not REVELATION? Ask thyself whether thou canst attach to that latter word any consistent meaning not included in the idea of the former. And the manifesting power, the source and the correlative of the idea thus manifested—is it not GOD? Either thou knowest it to be GOD, or thou hast called an idol by that awful name! Therefore in the most appropriate, no less than in the highest, sense

\* See p. 11—19 of the Appendix to the STATESMAN'S MANUAL; and p. 47—52 of the second LAY-SERMON.

of the word were the earliest teachers of humanity *inspired*. They alone were the true seers of GOD, and therefore prophets of the human race.

Look round you and you behold everywhere an adaptation of means to ends. Meditate on the nature of a Being whose ideas are creative, and consequently more real, more substantial than the things that, at the height of their *creaturely* state, are but their dim reflexes:\* and the intuitive conviction will arise that in such a Being there could exist no motive to the creation of a machine for its own sake;

\* If we may not rather resemble them to the resurgent ashes, with which (according to the tales of the later alchemists) the substantial forms of bird and flower made themselves visible,

Ὡς τὰ καυῆς ὕλης βλασθήματα χρησὰ καὶ ἐσθλά.

And let me be permitted to add, in especial reference to this passage, a premonition quoted from the same work (Zoroastri Oraacula, Francisci Patricii)

Ἄ Νοῦς λέγει, τῶ νοῦντι δὴ πε λέγει.

Of the flower apparitions so solemnly affirmed by Sir K. Digby, Kercher, Helmont, &c. see a full and most interesting account in Southey's *Omniana*, with a probable solution of this chemical marvel.

that, therefore, the material world must have been made for the sake of man, at once the high-priest and representative of the Creator, as far as he partakes of that reason in which the essences of all things co-exist in all their distinctions yet as one and indivisible. But I speak of man in his idea, and as subsumed in the divine humanity, in whom alone God loved the world.

If then in all inferior things from the grass on the house top to the giant tree of the forest, to the eagle which builds in its summit, and the elephant which browses on its branches, we behold—first, a subjection to universal laws by which each thing belongs to the Whole, as interpenetrated by the powers of the Whole ; and, secondly, the intervention of particular laws by which the universal laws are suspended or tempered for the weal and sustenance of each particular class, and by which each species, and each individual of every species, becomes a system in and for itself, a world of its own—if we behold this economy everywhere in the irrational creation, shall we not hold it probable that a similar temperament of universal and general laws by an adequate intervention of

appropriate agency, will have been effected for the permanent interest of the creature destined to move progressively towards that divine idea which we have learnt to contemplate as the final cause of all creation, and the centre in which all its lines converge?

To discover the mode of intervention requisite for man's development and progression, we must seek then for some general law by the untempered and uncounteracted action of which both would be prevented and endangered. But this we shall find in that law of his understanding and fancy, by which he is impelled to abstract the outward relations of matter and to arrange these phenomena in time and space, under the form of causes and effects. And this was necessary, as being the condition under which alone experience and intellectual growth are possible. But, on the other hand, by the same law he is inevitably tempted to misinterpret a constant precedence into positive causation, and thus to break and scatter the one divine and invisible life of nature into countless idols of the sense; and falling prostrate before lifeless images, the creatures of his



own abstraction, is himself sensualized, and becomes a slave to the things of which he was formed to be the conqueror and sovereign. From the fetisch of the imbruted African to the soul-debasing errors of the proud fact-hunting materialist we may trace the various ceremonials of the same idolatry, and shall find selfishness, hate and servitude as the results. If, therefore, by the over-ruling and suspension of the phantom-cause of this superstition ; if by separating effects from their natural antecedents ; if by presenting the phenomena of time (as far as is possible) in the absolute forms of eternity ; the nursling of experience should, in the early period of his pupilage, be compelled, by a more impressive experience, to seek in the invisible life alone for the true cause and invisible Nexus of the things that are seen, we shall not demand the evidences of *ordinary* experience for that which, if it ever existed, existed as its antithesis and for its counter-action. Was it an appropriate mean to a necessary end ? Has it been attested by lovers of truth ; has it been believed by lovers of wisdom ? Do we see throughout all nature the

occasional intervention of particular agencies in counter-check of universal laws? (And of what other definition is a miracle susceptible?) These are the questions: and if to these our answer must be affirmative, then we too will acquiesce in the traditions of humanity, and yielding, as to a high interest of our own being, will discipline ourselves to the reverential and kindly faith, that the guides and teachers of mankind were the hands of power, no less than the voices of inspiration: and little anxious concerning the particular forms and circumstances of each manifestation we will give an historic credence to the historic fact, that men sent by God have come with signs and wonders on the earth.

If it be objected, that in nature, as distinguished from man, this intervention of particular laws is, or with the increase of science will be, resolvable into the universal laws which they had appeared to counterbalance—we will reply: Even so it may be in the case of miracles; but wisdom forbids her children to antedate their knowledge, or to act and feel otherwise, or further than they know. But

should that time arrive, the sole difference, that could result from such an enlargement of our view, would be this: that what we now consider as miracles in opposition to ordinary experience, we should then reverence with a yet higher devotion as harmonious parts of one great complex miracle, when the antithesis between experience and belief would itself be taken up into the unity of intuitive reason.

And what purpose of *philosophy* can this acquiescence answer? A gracious purpose, a most valuable end: if it prevent the energies of philosophy from being idly wasted, by removing the opposition without confounding the distinction between philosophy and faith. The philosopher will remain a man in sympathy with his fellow men. The head will not be disjoined from the heart, nor will speculative truth be alienated from practical wisdom. And vainly without the union of both shall we expect an opening of the inward eye to the glorious vision of that existence which admits of no question out of itself, acknowledges no predicate but the I AM IN THAT I AM!

Θαυμάζοντες φιλοσοφῆμεν· φιλοσοφήσαντες· λαμβᾶμεν.

In *wonder* ( $\tau\omega$   $\Sigma\alpha\upsilon\mu\acute{\alpha}\zeta\epsilon\iota\nu$ ) says Aristotle, does philosophy begin: and in *astoundment* ( $\tau\omega$   $\Sigma\alpha\mu\beta\epsilon\tilde{\iota}\nu$ ) says Plato, does all true philosophy *finish*. As every faculty, with every the minutest organ of our nature, owes its whole reality and comprehensibility to an existence incomprehensible and groundless, because the ground of all comprehension: not without the union of all that is essential in all the functions of our spirit, not without an emotion tranquil from its very intensity, shall we worthily contemplate in the magnitude and integrity of the world that life-ebullient stream which breaks through every momentary embankment, again, indeed, and evermore to embank itself, but within no banks to stagnate or be imprisoned.

But here it behoves us to bear in mind, that all true reality has both its ground and its evidence in the *will*, without which as its complement science itself is but an elaborate game of shadows, begins in abstractions and ends in perplexity. For considered merely intellectually, individuality, as individuality, is only conceivable as with and in the Universal and Infinite, neither before or after it. No tran-

sition is possible from one to the other, as from the architect to the house, or the watch to its maker. The finite form can neither be laid hold of, nor is it any thing of itself real, but merely an apprehension, a frame-work which the human imagination forms by its own limits, as the foot measures itself on the snow; and the sole truth of which we must again refer to the divine imagination, in virtue of its omniformity; even as thou art capable of beholding the transparent air as little during the absence as during the presence of light, so canst thou behold the finite things as actually existing neither with nor without the substance. Not without, for then the forms cease to be, and are lost in night. Not with it, for it is the light, the substance shining through it, which thou canst alone really see.

The ground-work, therefore, of all true philosophy is the full apprehension of the difference between the contemplation of reason, namely, that intuition of things which arises when we possess ourselves, as one with the whole, which is substantial knowledge, and that which presents itself when transferring

reality to the negations of reality, to the ever-varying frame-work of the uniform life, we think of ourselves as separated beings, and place nature in antithesis to the mind, as object to subject, thing to thought, death to life. This is abstract knowledge, or the science of the mere understanding. By the former, we know that existence is its own predicate, self-affirmation, the one attribute in which all others are contained, not as parts, but as manifestations. It is an eternal and infinite self-rejoicing, self-loving, with a joy unfathomable, with a love all comprehensive. It is absolute; and the absolute is neither singly that which affirms, nor that which is affirmed; but the identity and living copula of both.

On the other hand, the abstract knowledge which belongs to us as finite beings, and which leads to a science of delusion then only, when it would exist for itself instead of being the instrument of the former—instead of being, as it were, a translation of the living word into a dead language, for the purposes of memory, arrangement, and general communication—it is by this abstract knowledge that the under-

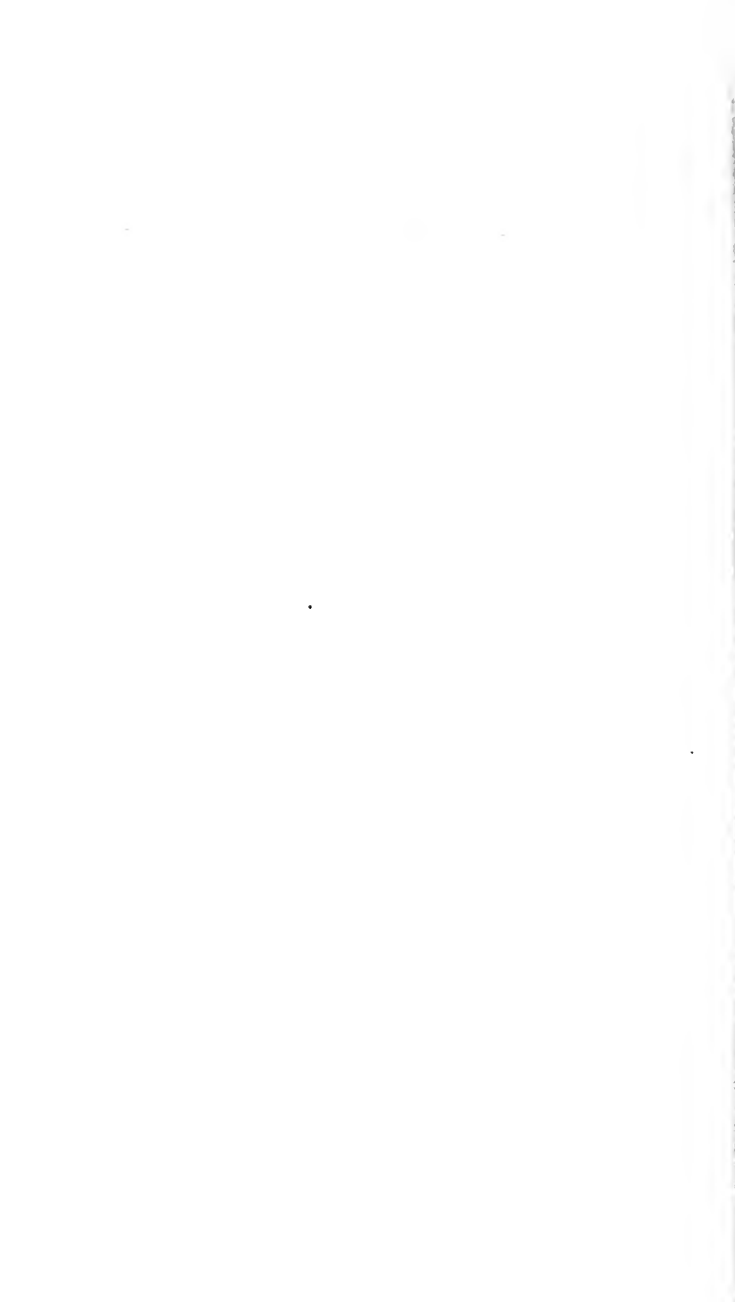
standing distinguishes the affirmed from the affirming. Well if it distinguish without dividing! Well! if by distinction it add clearness to fulness, and prepare for the intellectual re-union of the all in one, in that eternal reason whose fulness hath no opacity, whose transparency hath no vacuum.

Thus we prefaced our inquiry into the *Science of Method* with a principle deeper than science, more certain than demonstration. For that the *very* ground, saith Aristotle, is groundless or self-grounded, is an identical proposition. From the indemonstrable flows the sap, that circulates through every branch and spray of the demonstration. To this principle we referred the choice of the final object, the control over time—or, to comprize all in one, the METHOD of the will. From this we started (or rather seemed to start: for it still moved before us, as an invisible guardian and guide), and it is this whose re-appearance announces the conclusion of our circuit, and welcomes us at our goal. Yea (saith an enlightened physician), there is but one principle, which alone reconciles the man with himself, with others

and with the world; which regulates all relations, tempers all passions, and gives power to overcome or support all suffering; and which is not to be shaken by aught earthly, for it belongs not to the earth—namely, the principle of religion, the living and substantial faith “which passeth all *understanding*,” as the cloud-piercing rock, which overhangs the strong-hold of which it had been the quarry and remains the foundation. This elevation of the spirit above the semblances of custom and the senses to a world of spirit, this life in the idea, even in the supreme and godlike, which alone merits the name of life, and without which our organic life is but a state of somnambulism; this it is which affords the sole sure anchorage in the storm, and at the same time the substantiating principle of all true wisdom, the satisfactory solution of all the contradictions of human nature, of the whole riddle of the world. This alone belongs to and speaks intelligibly to all alike, the learned and the ignorant, if but the *heart* listens. For alike present in all, it may be awakened, but it cannot be given. But let it not be supposed, that it is a sort of



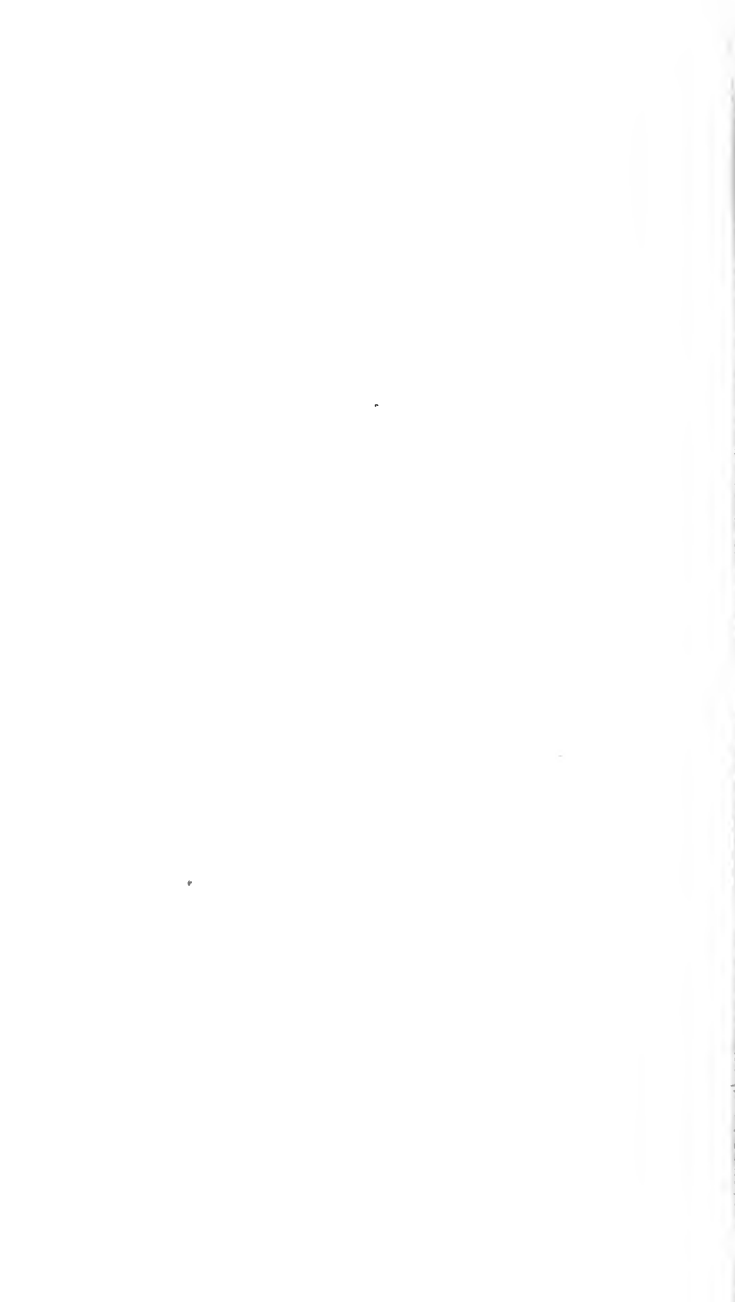
*knowledge*: No! it is a form of BEING, or indeed it is the only knowledge that truly *is*, and all other science is real only as far as it is symbolical of this. The material universe, saith a Greek philosopher, is but one vast complex MYTHOS (i. e. symbolical representation): and mythology the apex and complement of all genuine physiology. But as this principle cannot be implanted by the discipline of logic, so neither can it be excited or evolved by the arts of rhetoric. For it is an immutable truth, that **WHAT COMES FROM THE HEART, THAT ALONE GOES TO THE HEART: WHAT PROCEEDS FROM A DIVINE IMPULSE, THAT THE GODLIKE ALONE CAN AWAKEN.**



THE  
THIRD  
LANDING-PLACE:  
OR  
*ESSAYS*  
MISCELLANEOUS.

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Etiam *a musis* si quando animum paulisper abducamus, apud *Musas* nihilominus feriamur: at reclines quidem, at otiosas, at de his et illis inter se liberè colloquentes.



## ESSAY I.



Fortuna plerumque est veluti  
Galaxia quarundam obscurarum  
Virtutum sine nomine. VERULAM.

(*Translation.*)—Fortune is for the most part but a galaxy or milky way, as it were, of certain obscure virtues without a name.



“*DOES* fortune favor fools? Or how do you explain the origin of the proverb, which, differently worded, is to be found in all the languages of Europe?”

This proverb admits of various explanations according to the mood of mind in which it is used. It may arise from pity, and the soothing persuasion that Providence is eminently watchful over the helpless, and extends an especial care to those who are not capable of caring for themselves. So used, it breathes the same feeling as “God tempers the wind to the shorn

lamb"—or, the more sportive adage, that "the fairies take care of children and tipsy folk." The persuasion itself, in addition to the general religious feeling of mankind, and the scarcely less general love of the marvellous, may be accounted for from our tendency to exaggerate all effects, that seem disproportionate to their visible cause, and all circumstances that are in any way strongly contrasted with our notions of the persons under them. Secondly, it arises from the safety and success which an ignorance of danger and difficulty sometimes actually assists in procuring; inasmuch as it precludes the despondence, which might have kept the more foresighted from undertaking the enterprise, the depression which would retard its progress, and those overwhelming influences of terror in cases where the vivid perception of the danger constitutes the greater part of the danger itself. Thus men are said to have swooned and even died at the sight of a narrow bridge, over which they had rode, the night before, in perfect safety; or at tracing the footmarks along the edge of a precipice which the darkness had concealed from them. A

more obscure cause, yet not wholly to be omitted, is afforded by the undoubted fact, that the exertion of the reasoning faculties tends to extinguish or bedim those mysterious instincts of skill, which, though for the most part latent, we nevertheless possess in common with other animals:

Or the proverb may be used *invidiously*: and folly in the vocabulary of envy or baseness may signify courage and magnanimity. Hardihood and fool-hardiness are indeed as different as green and yellow, yet will appear the same to the jaundiced eye. Courage multiplies the chances of success by sometimes *making* opportunities, and always availing itself of them: and in this sense fortune may be said to *favor fools* by those, who, however prudent in their own opinion, are deficient in valor and enterprize. Again: an eminently good and wise man, for whom the praises of the judicious have procured a high reputation even with the world at large, proposes to himself certain objects, and adapting the right means to the right end attains them: but his objects not being what the world calls fortune, neither money nor artificial rank, his

admitted inferiors in moral and intellectual worth, but more prosperous in their worldly concerns, are said to have been favored by fortune and he slighted : although the fools did the same in their line as the wise man in his : they adapted the appropriate means to the desired end and so succeeded. In this sense the proverb is current by a misuse, or a catachresis at least, of both the words, fortune and fools.

How seldom friend ! a good great man inherits  
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains !  
It sounds, like stories from the land of spirits,  
If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

## REPLY.

For shame, dear friend ! renounce this canting strain  
What would'st thou have a good great man obtain ?  
Place ? titles ? salary ? a gilded chain ?  
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain ?  
Greatness and goodness are not *means* but *ends* !  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man ? Three treasures, LOVE and  
LIGHT,  
And CALM THOUGHTS regular as infant's breath :  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,  
HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the angel DEATH.

S. T. C.



But, lastly, there is, doubtless, a true meaning attached to fortune, distinct both from prudence and from courage; and distinct too from that absence of depressing or bewildering passions, which (according to my favorite proverb, "extremes meet,") the fool not seldom obtains in as great perfection by his ignorance, as the wise man by the highest energies of thought and self-discipline. LUCK has a real existence in human affairs from the infinite number of powers, that are in action at the same time, and from the co-existence of things contingent and accidental (such as to *us* at least are accidental) with the regular appearances and general laws of nature. A familiar instance will make these words intelligible. The moon waxes and wanes according to a necessary law.—The clouds likewise, and all the manifold appearances connected with them, are governed by certain laws no less than the phases of the moon. But the laws which determine the latter, are known and calculable: while those of the former are hidden from us. At all events, the number and variety of their effects baffle our powers

of calculation: and that the sky is clear or obscured at any particular time, we speak of, in common language, as a matter of *accident*. Well! at the time of the full moon, but when the sky is completely covered with black clouds, I am walking on in the dark, aware of no particular danger: a sudden gust of wind rends the cloud for a moment, and the moon emerging discloses to me a chasm or precipice, to the very brink of which I had advanced my foot. This is what is meant by *luck*, and according to the more or less serious mood or habit of our mind we exclaim, how lucky! or, how providential! The co-presence of numberless phænomena, which from the complexity or subtlety of their determining causes are called *contingencies*, and the co-existence of these with any regular or necessary phænomenon (as the clouds with the moon for instance) occasion *coincidences*, which, when they are attended by any advantage or injury, and are at the same time incapable of being calculated or foreseen by human prudence, form good or ill *luck*. On a hot sunshiny afternoon came on a sudden storm and spoilt the farmer's hay: and

this is called ill luck. We will suppose the same event to take place, when meteorology shall have been perfected into a science, provided with unerring instruments; but which the farmer had neglected to examine. This is no longer ill luck, but imprudence. Now apply this to our proverb. Unforeseen coincidences may have greatly helped a man, yet if they have done for him only what possibly from his own abilities he might have effected for himself, his good luck will excite less attention and the instances be less remembered. That clever men should attain their objects seems natural, and we neglect the circumstances that perhaps produced that success of themselves without the intervention of skill or foresight; but we dwell on the fact and remember it, as something strange, when the same happens to a weak or ignorant man. So too, though the latter should fail in his undertakings from concurrences that might have happened to the wisest man, yet his failure being no more than might have been expected and accounted for from his folly, it lays no hold on our attention, but fleets away among the other undistin-

guished waves in which the stream of ordinary life murmurs by us, and is forgotten. Had it been as true as it was notoriously false, that those all-embracing discoveries, which have shed a dawn of *science* on the *art* of chemistry, and give no obscure promise of some one great constitutive law, in the light of which dwell dominion and the power of prophecy; if these discoveries, instead of having been as they really were, preconcerted by meditation, and evolved out of his own intellect, had occurred by a set of lucky *accidents* to the illustrious father and founder of philosophic alchemy; if they had presented themselves to Professor DAVY exclusively in consequence of his *luck* in possessing a particular galvanic battery; if this battery, as far as DAVY was concerned, had itself been an *accident*, and not (as in point of fact it was) desired and obtained by him for the purpose of ensuring the testimony of experience to his principles, and in order to bind down material nature under the inquisition of reason, and force from her, as by torture, unequivocal answers to *prepared* and *pre-conceived* questions—yet still they would not

have been talked of or described, as instances of *luck*, but as the natural results of his admitted genius and known skill. But should an accident have disclosed similar discoveries to a mechanic at Birmingham or Sheffield, and if the man should grow rich in consequence, and partly by the envy of his neighbours, and partly with good reason, be considered by them as a man *below par* in the general powers of his understanding; then, “O what a lucky fellow!—Well, Fortune *does* favor fools—that’s for certain!—It is always so!”—And forthwith the exclainer relates half a dozen similar instances. Thus accumulating the one sort of facts and never collecting the other, we do, as poets in their diction, and quacks of all denominations do in their reasoning, put a part for the whole, and at once soothe our envy and gratify our love of the marvellous, by the sweeping proverb, “FORTUNE FAVORS FOOLS.”

## ESSAY II.



Quod me non movet æstimatione :  
Verúm, est μνημόσυνον mei sodalis.

CATULL. xii.

(*Translation.*)—It interested not by any conceit of its value; but it is a remembrance of my honored friend.



THE philosophic ruler, who secured the favors of fortune by seeking wisdom and knowledge in preference to them, has pathetically observed—"The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and there is a joy in which the stranger intermeddleth not." A simple question founded on a trite proverb, with a discursive answer to it, would scarcely suggest to an indifferent person, any other notion than that of a mind at ease, amusing itself with its own activity. Once before (I believe about this time last year) I had taken up the old memorandum book, from which I transcribed the preceding Essay, and

they had then attracted my notice by the name of the illustrious chemist mentioned in the last illustration. Exasperated by the base and cowardly attempt, that had been made, to detract from the honors due to his astonishing genius, I had slightly altered the concluding sentences, substituting the more recent for his earlier discoveries ; and without the most distant intention of publishing what I then wrote, I had expressed my own convictions for the gratification of my own feelings, and finished by tranquilly paraphrasing into a chemical allegory, the Homeric adventure of Menelaus with Proteus. Oh ! with what different feelings, with what a sharp and sudden emotion did I re-peruse the same question yester-morning, having by accident opened the book at the page, upon which it was written. I was moved : for it was Admiral Sir Alexander Ball, who first proposed the question to me, and the particular satisfaction, which he expressed, had occasioned me to note down the substance of my reply. I was moved : because to this conversation, I was indebted for the friendship and confidence with which he afterwards ho-

noured me; and because it recalled the memory of one of the most delightful mornings I ever passed; when, as we were riding together, the same person related to me the principal events of his own life, and introduced them by adverting to this conversation. It recalled too the deep impression left on my mind by that narrative, the impression, that I had never known any analogous instance, in which a man so successful, had been so little indebted to fortune, or lucky accidents, or so exclusively both the architect and builder of his own success. The sum of his history may be comprised in this one sentence: *Hæc, sub numine, nobismet fecimus, sapientia duce, fortuna permittente.* (i. e. These things, under God, we have done for ourselves, through the guidance of wisdom, and with the permission of fortune.) Luck *gave* him nothing: in her most generous moods, she only worked with him as with a friend, not for him as for a fondling; but more often she simply stood neuter and suffered him to work for himself. Ah! how could I be otherwise than affected, by whatever reminded me of that daily and familiar intercourse with



him, which made the fifteen months from May 1804, to October 1805, in many respects, the most memorable and instructive period of my life?—Ah! how could I be otherwise than most deeply affected: when there was still lying on my table the paper which, the day before, had conveyed to me the unexpected and most awful tidings of this man's death! his death in the fulness of all his powers, in the rich autumn of ripe yet undecaying manhood! I once knew a lady, who after the loss of a lovely child continued for several days in a state of seeming indifference, the weather, at the same time, as if in unison with her, being calm, though gloomy: till one morning a burst of sunshine breaking in upon her, and suddenly lighting up the room where she was sitting, she dissolved at once into tears, and wept passionately. In no very dissimilar manner, did the sudden gleam of recollection at the sight of this memorandum act on myself. I had been stunned by the intelligence, as by an outward blow, till this trifling incident startled and disentranced me: (the sudden pang shivered through my whole frame:) and if I

repressed the outward shows of sorrow, it was by force that I repressed them, and because it is not by tears that I ought to mourn for the loss of Sir Alexander Ball.

He was a man above his age : but for that very reason the age has the more need to have the master-features of his character pourtrayed and preserved. This I feel it my duty to attempt, and this alone : for having received neither instructions nor permission from the family of the deceased, I cannot think myself allowed to enter into the particulars of his private history, strikingly as many of them would illustrate the elements and composition of his mind. For he was indeed a living confutation of the assertion attributed to the Prince of Condé, that no man appeared great to his valet de chambre—a saying which, I suspect, owes it's currency less to it's truth, than to the envy of mankind and the misapplication of the word, great, to actions unconnected with reason and free will. It will be sufficient for my purpose to observe, that the purity and strict propriety of his conduct, which precluded rather than silenced calumny, the evenness of his

temper and his attentive and affectionate manners, in private life, greatly aided and increased his public utility: and, if it should please Providence, that a portion of his spirit should descend with his mantle, the virtues of Sir ALEXANDER BALL, as a master, a husband, and a parent, will form a no less remarkable epoch in the moral history of the Maltese than his wisdom, as a governor, has made in that of their outward circumstances. That the private and personal qualities of a first magistrate should have political effects, will appear strange to no reflecting Englishman, who has attended to the workings of men's minds during the first ferment of revolutionary principles, and must therefore have witnessed the influence of our own sovereign's domestic character in counteracting them. But in Malta there were circumstances which rendered such an example peculiarly requisite and beneficent. The very existence, for so many generations, of an Order of Lay Cælibates in that island, who abandoned even the outward shows of an adherence to their vow of chastity, must have had pernicious effects on the morals of the inhabitants. But

when it is considered too that the Knights of Malta had been for the last fifty years or more a set of useless idlers, generally illiterate,\* for they thought literature no part of a soldier's excellence; and yet effeminate, for they were soldiers in name only: when it is considered, that they were, moreover, all of them *aliens*, who looked upon themselves not merely as of a superior rank to the native nobles, but as beings of a different race (I had almost said, *species*), from the Maltese collectively; and finally that these men possessed exclusively the government of the Island: it may be safely concluded that they were little better than a perpetual influenza, relaxing and diseasing the hearts of all the families within their

\* The personal effects of every knight were, after his death, appropriated to the Order, and his books, if he had any, devolved to the public library. This library therefore, which has been accumulating from the time of their first settlement in the island, is a fair criterion of the nature and degree of their literary studies, as an average. Even in respect to works of military science, it is contemptible—as the sole public library of so numerous and opulent an order, *most* contemptible—and in all other departments of literature it is below contempt.

sphere of influence. Hence the peasantry, who fortunately were below their reach, notwithstanding the more than childish ignorance in which they were kept by their priests, yet compared with the middle and higher classes, were both in mind and body, as ordinary men compared with dwarfs. Every respectable family had some one knight for their patron, as a matter of course; and to him the honor of a sister or a daughter was sacrificed, equally as a matter of course. But why should I thus disguise the truth? Alas! in nine instances out of ten, this patron was the common paramour of every female in the family. Were I composing a state-memorial, I should abstain from all allusion to *moral* good or evil, as not having now first to learn, that with diplomatists, and with practical statesmen of every denomination, it would preclude all attention to its other contents, and have no result but that of securing for its author's name the *official* private mark of exclusion or dismissal, as a weak or suspicious person. But among those for whom I am now writing, there are, I trust, many who will think it not the feeblest reason for rejoic-

ing in our possession of Malta, and not the least worthy motive for wishing its retention, that one source of human misery and corruption has been dried up. Such persons will hear the name of Sir Alexander Ball with additional reverence, as of one who has made the protection of Great Britain a double blessing to the Maltese, and broken, "*the bonds of iniquity*" as well as unlocked the fetters of political oppression.

When we are praising the departed by our own fire-sides, we dwell most fondly on those qualities which had won our personal affection, and which sharpen our individual regrets. But when impelled by a loftier and more meditative sorrow, we would raise a public monument to their memory, we praise them appropriately when we relate their actions faithfully: and thus preserving their example for the imitation of the living, alleviate the loss, while we demonstrate its magnitude. My funeral eulogy of Sir Alexander Ball, must therefore be a narrative of his life: and this friend of mankind will be defrauded of honor in proportion as that narrative is deficient and fragmentary. It

shall, however, be as complete as my information enables, and as prudence and a proper respect for the feelings of the living permit me to render it. His fame (I adopt the words of our elder writers) is so great throughout the world that he stands in no need of an encomium: and yet his worth is much greater than his fame. It is impossible not to speak great things of him, and yet it will be very difficult to speak what he deserves. But custom requires that something should be said: it is a duty and a debt which we owe to ourselves and to mankind, not less than to his memory: and I hope his great soul, if it hath any knowledge of what is done here below, will not be offended at the smallness even of my offering.

Ah! how little, when among the subjects of *THE FRIEND* I promised "Characters met with in Real Life," did I anticipate the sad event, which compels me to weave on a cypress branch, those sprays of laurel, which I had destined for his bust, not his monument! He lived as we should all live; and, I doubt not, left the world as we should all wish to leave it. Such is the power of dispensing blessings,

which Providence has attached to the truly great and good, that they cannot even die without advantage to their fellow-creatures: for death consecrates their example; and the wisdom, which might have been slighted at the council-table, becomes oracular from the shrine. Those rare excellencies, which make our grief poignant, make it likewise profitable; and the tears, which wise men shed for the departure of the wise, are among those that are preserved in heaven. It is the fervent aspiration of my spirit, that I may so perform the task which private gratitude, and public duty impose on me, that "as God hath cut this tree of paradise down, from its seat of earth, the dead trunk may yet support a part of the declining temple, or at least serve to kindle the fire on the altar."\*

\* Bp. Jer. Taylor.



## ESSAY II.



Si partem tacuisse velim, quodcumque relinquam,  
Majus erit. Veteres actus, primamque juventam  
Prosequar? Ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.  
Narrem justitiam? Resplendet gloria Martis.  
Armati referam vires? Plus egit incermis.

CLAUDIAN DE LAUD. STIL.

*(Translation.)*—If I desire to pass over a part in silence, whatever I omit, will seem the most worthy to have been recorded. Shall I pursue his old exploits and early youth? His recent merits recall the mind to themselves. Shall I dwell on his justice? The glory of the warrior rises before me resplendent. Shall I relate his strength in arms? He performed yet greater things unarmed.



THERE is something (says Harrington in the Preliminaries of the Oceana) first in the making of a commonwealth, then in the governing of it, and last of all in the leading of its armies, which though there be great divines, great

lawyers, great men in all ranks of life, seems to be peculiar only to the genius of a gentleman. For so it is in the universal series of history, that if any man has founded a commonwealth, he was first a gentleman. Such also, he adds, as have got any fame as civil governors, have been gentlemen, or persons of known descents. Sir Alexander Ball was a gentleman by birth; a younger brother of an old and respectable family in Gloucestershire. He went into the navy at an early age from his own choice, and as he himself told me, in consequence of the deep impression and vivid images left on his mind by the perusal of Robinson Crusoe. It is not my intention to detail the steps of his promotion, or the services in which he was engaged as a subaltern. I recollect many particulars indeed, but not the dates, with such distinctness as would enable me to state them (as it would be necessary to do if I stated them at all) in the order of time. These dates might perhaps have been procured from the metropolis: but incidents that are neither characteristic nor instructive, even such as would be expected with reason in a regular

life, are no part of my plan ; while those which are both interesting and illustrative I have been precluded from mentioning, some from motives which have been already explained, and others from still higher considerations. The most important of these may be deduced from a reflection with which he himself once concluded a long and affecting narration : namely, that no body of men can for any length of time be safely treated otherwise than as rational beings ; and that, therefore, the education of the lower classes was of the utmost consequence to the permanent security of the empire, even for the sake of our navy. The dangers, apprehended from the education of the lower classes, arose (he said) entirely from its not being universal, and from the unusualness in the lowest classes of *those* accomplishments, which He, like Doctor Bell, regarded as one of the *means* of education, and not as education itself.\* If, he observed, the lower classes

\* Which consists in *educing*, or to adopt Dr. Bell's own expression, *eliciting* the faculties of the human mind, and at the same time subordinating them to the reason and conscience ; varying the means of this com-

in general possessed but one eye or one arm, the few who were so fortunate as to possess two, would naturally become vain and restless, and consider themselves as entitled to a higher situation. He illustrated this by the faults attributed to learned women, and that the same objections were formerly made to educating women at all; namely, that their knowledge made them vain, affected, and neglectful of their proper duties. Now that all women of condition are well-educated, we hear no more of these apprehensions, or observe any instances to justify them. Yet if a lady understood the Greek one-tenth part as well as the whole circle of her acquaintances understood the French language, it would not surprise us to find her less pleasing from the consciousness of her superiority in the possession of an unusual advantage. Sir Alexander Ball quoted the speech of an old admiral, one of whose two great wishes was to have a ship's crew composed altogether of serious Scotchmen. He spoke with great reprobation of the vulgar notion according to the sphere and particular mode, in which the individual is likely to act and become useful.

tion, the worse man, the better sailor. Courage, he said, was the natural product of familiarity with danger, which thoughtlessness would oftentimes turn into fool-hardiness; and that he had always found the most usefully brave sailors the gravest and most rational of his crew. The best sailor, he had ever had, first attracted his notice by the anxiety which he expressed concerning the means of remitting some money which he had received in the West Indies, to his sister in England; and this man, without any tinge of methodism, was never heard to swear an oath, and was remarkable for the firmness with which he devoted a part of every Sunday to the reading of his Bible. I record this with satisfaction as a testimony of great weight, and in all respects unexceptionable; for Sir Alexander Ball's opinions throughout life remained unwarped by zealotry, and were those of a mind seeking after truth, in calmness and complete self-possession. He was much pleased with an unsuspecting testimony furnished by Dampier. (Vol. ii. Part 2, page 89). "I have particularly observed," writes this famous old navi-

gator, " there and in other places, that such as had been well-bred, were generally most careful to improve their time, and would be very industrious and frugal where there was any probability of considerable gain ; but on the contrary, such as had been bred up in ignorance and hard labor, when they came to have plenty would extravagantly squander away their time and money in drinking and *making a bluster.*" Indeed it is a melancholy proof, how strangely power warps the minds of ordinary men, that there can be a doubt on this subject among persons who have been themselves educated. It tempts a suspicion, that unknown to themselves they find a comfort in the thought, that their inferiors are something less than men ; or that they have an uneasy half-consciousness that, if this were not the case, they would themselves have no claim to be their superiors. For a sober education naturally inspires self-respect. But he who respects himself will respect others ; and he who respects both himself and others, must of necessity be a brave man. The great importance of this subject, and the increasing interest which good men of all denominations

feel in the bringing about of a national education, must be my excuse for having entered so minutely into Sir Alexander Ball's opinions on this head, in which, however, I am the more excuseable, being now on that part of his life which I am obliged to leave almost a blank.

During his lieutenancy, and after he had perfected himself in the knowledge and duties of a practical sailor, he was compelled by the state of his health to remain in England for a considerable length of time. Of this he industriously availed himself to the acquirement of substantial knowledge from books; and during his whole life afterwards, he considered those as his happiest hours, which, without any neglect of official or professional duty, he could devote to reading. He preferred, indeed he almost confined himself to, history, political economy, voyages and travels, natural history, and latterly agricultural works: in short, to such books as contain specific facts, or practical principles capable of specific application. His active life, and the particular objects of immediate utility, some one of which he had always in his view, precluded a taste for works of

pure speculation and abstract science, though he highly honored those who were eminent in these respects, and considered them as the benefactors of mankind, no less than those who afterwards discovered the mode of applying their principles, or who realized them in practice. Works of amusement, as novels, plays, &c. did not appear even to amuse him: and the only poetical composition, of which I have ever heard him speak, was a manuscript\* poem written by one of my friends, which I read to his lady in his presence. To my surprise he afterwards spoke of this with warm interest; but it was evident to me, that it was not so much the poetic merit of the composition that had interested him, as the truth and psychological insight with which it represented the practicability of reforming the most hardened minds, and the various accidents which may awaken the most brutalized person to a recognition of his nobler being. I will add one remark of his own knowledge acquired from

\* Though it remains, I believe, unpublished, I cannot resist the temptation of recording that it was Mr. Wordsworth's PETER BELL.



books, which appears to me both just and valuable. The prejudice against such knowledge, he said, and the custom of opposing it to that which is learnt by practice, originated in those times when books were almost confined to theology, and to logical and metaphysical subtleties ; but that at present there is scarcely any practical knowledge, which is not to be found in books : The press is the means by which intelligent men now converse with each other, and persons of all classes and all pursuits convey, each the contribution of his individual experience. It was therefore, he said, as absurd to hold book-knowledge at present in contempt, as it would be for a man to avail himself only of his own eyes and ears, and to aim at nothing which could not be performed exclusively by his own arms. The use and necessity of personal experience consisted in the power of choosing and applying what had been read, and of discriminating by the light of analogy the practicable from the impracticable, and probability from mere plausibility. Without a judgment matured and steadied by actual experience, a man would read to little or per-

haps to bad purpose ; but yet that experience, which in exclusion of all other knowledge has been derived from one man's life, is in the present day scarcely worthy of the name—at least for those who are to act in the higher and wider spheres of duty. An ignorant general, he said, inspired him with terror ; for if he were too proud to take advice he would ruin himself by his own blunders ; and if he were not, by adopting the worst that was offered. A great genius may indeed form an exception ; but we do not lay down rules in expectation of wonders. A similar remark I remember to have heard from a gallant officer, who to eminence in professional science and the gallantry of a tried soldier, adds all the accomplishments of a sound scholar, and the powers of a man of genius.

One incident, which happened at this period of Sir Alexander's life, is so illustrative of his character, and furnishes so strong a presumption, that the thoughtful humanity by which he was distinguished, was not wholly the growth of his latter years, that, though it may appear to some trifling in itself, I will insert it in this

place, with the occasion on which it was communicated to me. In a large party at the Grand Master's palace, I had observed a naval officer of distinguished merit listening to Sir Alexander Ball, whenever he joined in the conversation, with so marked a pleasure, that it seemed as if his very voice, independent of what he said, had been delightful to him: and once as he fixed his eyes on Sir Alexander Ball, I could not but notice the mixed expression of awe and affection, which gave a more than common interest to so manly a countenance. During his stay in the island, this officer honored me not unfrequently with his visits; and at the conclusion of my last conversation with him, in which I had dwelt on the wisdom of the Governor's\* conduct in a re-

\* Such Sir Alexander Ball was in reality, and such was his general appellation in the Mediterranean: I adopt this title therefore, to avoid the ungraceful repetition of his own name on the one hand, and on the other the confusion of ideas, which might arise from the use of his real title, viz. "His Majesty's civil Commissioner for the Island of Malta and its Dependencies; and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Order of St. John." This is not the place to expose the timid and unsteady policy which

cent and difficult emergency, he told me that he considered himself as indebted to the same excellent person for that which was dearer to him than his life. Sir Alexander Ball, said he, has (I dare say) forgotten the circumstance; but when he was Lieutenant Ball, he was the officer whom I accompanied in my first *boat*-expedition, being then a midshipman and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musquetry, I was overpowered by fear, my knees trembled under me, and I seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed toward the enemy, took hold of my hand, and pressing it in the most friendly manner, said in a low voice, "Courage, my dear boy! don't be afraid of yourself! you will recover in a minute or so—I was just the same, when I first went out in

continued the latter title, or the petty jealousies which interfered to prevent Sir Alexander Ball from having the title of Governor, from one of the very causes which rendered him fittest for the office.

this way." Sir, added the officer to me, it was as if an angel had put a new soul into me. With the feeling, that I was not yet dishonored, the whole burthen of agony was removed ; and from that moment I was as fearless and forward as the oldest of the boat's crew, and on our return the lieutenant spoke highly of me to our captain. I am scarcely less convinced of my own being, than that I should have been what I tremble to think of, if, instead of his humane encouragement, he had at that moment scoffed, threatened, or reviled me. And this was the more kind in him, because, as I afterwards understood, his own conduct in his first trial, had evinced to all appearances the greatest fearlessness, and that he said this therefore only to give me heart, and restore me to my own good opinion.—This anecdote, I trust, will have some weight with those who may have lent an ear to any of those vague calumnies from which no naval commander can secure his good name, who knowing the paramount necessity of regularity and strict discipline in a ship of war, adopts an appropriate plan for the attainment of these objects,

and remains constant and immutable in the execution. To an Athenian, who, in praising a public functionary had said, that every one either applauded him or left him without censure, a philosopher replied—"How seldom then must he have done his duty!"

Of Sir Alexander Ball's character, as Captain Ball, of his measures as a disciplinarian, and of the wise and dignified principle on which he grounded those measures, I have already spoken in a former part of this work, and must content myself therefore with entreating the reader to re-peruse that passage as belonging to this place, and as a part of the present narration. Ah! little did I expect at the time I wrote that account, that the motives of delicacy, which then impelled me to withhold the name, would so soon be exchanged for the higher duty which now justifies me in adding it! At the thought of such events the language of a tender superstition is the voice of nature itself, and those facts alone presenting themselves to our memory which had left an impression on our hearts, we assent to, and adopt the poet's pathetic complaint:

————— “ O Sir ! the good die first,  
 And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,  
 Burn to the socket.” —————

Thus the humane plan described in the pages now referred to, that a system in pursuance of which the captain of a man of war uniformly regarded his sentences not as dependent on his own will, or to be affected by the state of his feelings at the moment, but as the pre-established determinations of known laws, and himself as the voice of the law in pronouncing the sentence, and its delegate in enforcing the execution, could not but furnish occasional food to the spirit of detraction, must be evident to every reflecting mind. It is indeed little less than impossible, that he, who in order to be effectively humane determines to be inflexibly just, and who is inexorable to his own feelings when they would interrupt the course of justice ; who looks at each particular act by the light of all its consequences, and as the representative of ultimate good or evil ; should not sometimes be charged with tyranny by weak minds. And it is too certain that the calumny will be willingly believed and eagerly propa-

gated by all those, who would shun the presence of an eye keen in the detection of imposture, incapacity, and misconduct, and of a resolution as steady in their exposure. We soon hate the man whose qualities we dread, and thus have a double interest, an interest of passion as well as of policy, in decrying and defaming him. But good men will rest satisfied with the promise made to them by the divine Comforter, that **BY HER CHILDREN SHALL WISDOM BE JUSTIFIED.**



## ESSAY IV.



———— the generous spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, bath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleas'd his childish thought ;  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That make the path before him always bright ;  
Who doom'd to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train !  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, render'd more compassionate.

WORDSWORTH.



AT the close of the American war, Captain Ball was entrusted with the protection and conveying of an immense mercantile fleet to America, and by his great prudence and unexampled attention to the interests of all and each, endeared his name to the American merchants, and laid the foundation of that high respect and predilection which both the Ameri-

cans and their government ever afterwards entertained for him. My recollection does not enable me to attempt any accuracy in the date or circumstances, or to add the particulars of his services in the West Indies, and on the coast of America, I now therefore merely allude to the fact with a prospective reference to opinions and circumstances, which I shall have to mention hereafter. Shortly after the general peace was established, Captain Ball, who was now a married man, passed some time with his lady in France, and, if I mistake not, at Nantz. At the same time, and in the same town, among the other English visitors Lord (then Captain) Nelson, happened to be one. In consequence of some punctilio, as to whose business it was to pay the compliment of the first call, they never met, and this trifling affair occasioned a coldness between the two naval commanders, or in truth a mutual prejudice against each other. Some years after, both their ships being together close off Minorca and near Port Mahon, a violent storm nearly disabled Lord Nelson's vessel, and in addition to the fury of the wind, it was night-

time and the thickest darkness. Captain Ball, however, brought his vessel at length to Nelson's assistance, took his ship in tow, and used his best endeavors to bring her and his own vessel into Port Mahon. The difficulties and the dangers increased. Nelson considered the case of his own ship as desperate, and that unless she was immediaty left to her own fate, both vessels would inevitably be lost. He, therefore, with the generosity natural to him, repeatedly requested Captain Ball to let him loose ; and on Captain Ball's refusal, he became impetuous, and enforced his demand with passionate threats. Captain Ball then himself took the speaking-trumpet, which the fury of the wind and waves rendered necessary, and with great solemnity and without the least disturbance of temper, called out in reply, " I feel confident that I can bring you in safe ; I therefore must not, and, by the help of Almighty God ! I will not leave you ! " What he promised he performed ; and after they were safely anchored, Nelson came on board of Ball's ship, and embracing him with all the ardor of acknowledgement, exclaim-

ed—"a friend in need is a friend indeed!" At this time and on this occasion commenced that firm and perfect friendship between these two great men, which was interrupted only by the death of the former. The pleasing task of dwelling on this mutual attachment I defer to that part of the present sketch which will relate to Sir Alexander Ball's opinions of men and things. It will be sufficient for the present to say, that the two men, whom Lord Nelson especially honored, were Sir Thomas Troubridge and Sir Alexander Ball; and once, when they were both present, on some allusion made to the loss of his arm, he replied, "Who shall dare tell me that I want an arm, when I have three right arms—this (putting forward his own) and Ball and Troubridge?"

In the plan of the battle of the Nile it was Lord Nelson's design, that Captains Troubridge and Ball should have led up the attack. The former was stranded; and the latter, by accident of the wind, could not bring his ship into the line of battle till some time after the engagement had become general. With his characteristic forecast and activity of (what may

not improperly be called) practical imagination, he had made arrangements to meet every probable contingency. All the shrouds and sails of the ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders of wood; every sailor had his appropriate place and function, and a certain number were appointed as the firemen, whose sole duty it was to be on the watch if any part of the vessel should take fire: and to these men exclusively the charge of extinguishing it was committed. It was already dark when he brought his ship into action, and laid her alongside l'Orient. One particular only I shall add to the known account of the memorable engagement between these ships, and this I received from Sir Alexander Ball himself. He had previously made a combustible preparation, but which, from the nature of the engagement to be expected, he had purposed to reserve for the last emergency. But just at the time when, from several symptoms, he had every reason to believe that the enemy would

soon strike to him, one of the lieutenants, without his knowledge, threw in the combustible matter; and this it was that occasioned the tremendous explosion of that vessel, which, with the deep silence and interruption of the engagement which succeeded to it, has been justly deemed the sublimest war incident recorded in history. Yet the incident which followed, and which has not, I believe, been publicly made known, is scarcely less impressive, though its sublimity is of a different character. At the renewal of the battle Captain Ball, though his ship was then on fire in three different parts, laid her alongside a French eighty-four: and a second longer obstinate contest began. The firing on the part of the French ship having at length for some time slackened, and then altogether ceased, and yet no sign given of surrender, the senior lieutenant came to Captain Ball and informed him, that the *hearts* of his men were as good as ever, but that they were so completely exhausted, that they were scarcely capable of lifting an arm. He asked, therefore, whether, as the enemy had now ceased firing, the men

might be permitted to lie down by their guns for a short time. After some reflection, Sir Alexander acceded to the proposal, taking of course the proper precautions to rouse them again at the moment he thought requisite. Accordingly, with the exception of himself, his officers, and the appointed watch, the ship's crew lay down, each in the place to which he was stationed, and slept for twenty minutes. They were then roused; and started up, as Sir Alexander expressed it, more like men out of an ambush than from sleep, so co-instantaneously did they all obey the summons! They recommenced their fire, and in a few minutes the enemy surrendered; and it was soon after discovered, that during that interval, and almost immediately after the French ship had first ceased firing, the crew had sunk down by their guns, and there slept, almost by the side, as it were, of their sleeping enemy.

## ESSAY V.



Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns, of ordinary life  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
But who if he be call'd up on to face  
Some awful moment, to which heaven has join'd  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover, is attired  
With sudden brightness like a man inspired ;  
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

WORDSWORTH.



AN accessibility to the sentiments of others on subjects of importance often accompanies feeble minds, yet it is not the less a true and constituent part of practical greatness, when it exists wholly free from that passiveness to impression which renders counsel itself injurious to certain characters, and from that weakness of heart which, in the literal sense of the word, is



always *craving* advice. Exempt from all such imperfections, say rather in perfect harmony with the excellencies that preclude them, this openness to the influxes of good sense and information, from whatever quarter they might come, equally characterized both Lord Nelson and Sir Alexander Ball, though each displayed it in the way best suited to his natural temper. The former with easy hand collected, as it passed by him, whatever could add to his own stores, appropriated what he could assimilate, and levied subsidies of knowledge from all the accidents of social life and familiar intercourse. Even at the jovial board, and in the height of unrestrained merriment, a casual suggestion, that flashed a new light on his mind, changed the boon companion into the hero and the man of genius; and with the most graceful transition he would make his company as serious as himself. When the taper of his genius seemed extinguished, it was still surrounded by an inflammable atmosphere of its own, and re-kindled at the first approach of light, and not seldom at a distance which made it seem to flame up self-revived. In Sir Alexander Ball,

the same excellence was more an affair of system: and he would listen, even to weak men, with a patience, which, in so careful an economist of time, always demanded my admiration, and not seldom excited my wonder. It was one of his maxims, that a man may suggest what he cannot give: adding, that a wild or silly plan had more than once, from the vivid sense, and distinct perception of its folly, occasioned him to see what ought to be done in a new light, or with a clearer insight. There is, indeed, a hopeless sterility, a mere negation of sense and thought, which, suggesting neither difference nor contrast, cannot even furnish hints for recollection. But on the other hand, there are minds so whimsically constituted, that they may sometimes be profitably interpreted by contraries, a process of which the great Tycho Brache is said to have availed himself in the case of the little Lackwit, who used to sit and mutter at his feet while he was studying. A mind of this sort we may compare to a magnetic needle, the poles of which had been suddenly reversed by a flash of lightning, or other more obscure accident of nature. It may be

safely concluded, that to those whose judgment or information he respected, Sir Alexander Ball did not content himself with giving access and attention. No! he seldom failed of consulting them whenever the subject permitted any disclosure; and where secrecy was necessary, he well knew how to acquire their opinion without exciting even a conjecture concerning his immediate object.

Yet, with all this readiness of attention, and with all this zeal in collecting the sentiments of the well-informed, never was a man more completely uninfluenced by authority than Sir Alexander Ball, never one who sought less to tranquillize his own doubts by the mere suffrage and coincidence of others. The ablest suggestions had no conclusive weight with him, till he had abstracted the opinion from its author, till he had reduced it into a part of his own mind. The thoughts of others were always acceptable, as affording him at least a chance of adding to his materials for reflection; but they never directed his judgment, much less superseded it. He even made a point of guarding against additional confidence in the suggestions of his

own mind, from finding that a person of talents had formed the same conviction: unless the person, at the same time, furnished some new argument, or had arrived at the same conclusion by a different road. On the latter circumstance he set an especial value, and, I may almost say, courted the company and conversation of those, whose pursuits had least resembled his own, if he thought them men of clear and comprehensive faculties. During the period of our intimacy, scarcely a week passed, in which he did not desire me to think on some particular subject, and to give him the result in writing. Most frequently by the time I had fulfilled his request, he would have written down his own thoughts, and then, with the true simplicity of a great mind, as free from ostentation, as it was above jealousy, he would collate the two papers in my presence, and never expressed more pleasure than in the few instances, in which I had happened to light on all the arguments and points of view which had occurred to himself, with some additional reasons which had escaped him. A single new argument delighted him more than the most

perfect coincidence, unless, as before stated, the train of thought had been very different from his own, and yet just and logical. He had one quality of mind, which I have heard attributed to the late Mr. Fox, that of deriving a keen pleasure from clear and powerful reasoning for its own sake, a quality in the intellect which is nearly connected with veracity and a love of justice in the moral character.\*

Valuing in others merits which he himself possessed, Sir Alexander Ball felt no jealous apprehension of great talent. Unlike those vulgar functionaries, whose place is too big for them, a truth which they attempt to disguise from themselves, and yet feel, he was under

\* It may not be amiss to add, that the pleasure from the perception of truth was so well poised and regulated by the equal or greater delight in utility, that his love of real accuracy was accompanied with a proportionate dislike of that hollow appearance of it, which may be produced by turns of phrase, words placed in balanced antithesis, and those epigrammatic points that pass for subtle and luminous distinctions with ordinary readers, but are most commonly translatable into mere truisms or trivialities, if indeed they contain any meaning at all. Having observed in some casual conversation, that though

no necessity of arming himself against the natural superiority of genius by factitious contempt and an industrious association of extravagance and impracticability, with every deviation from the ordinary routine ; as the geographers in the middle ages used to designate on their meagre maps, the greater part of the world, as desarts or wildernesses, inhabited by griffins and chimæras. Competent to weigh each system or project by its own arguments, he did not need these preventive charms and cautionary amulets against delusion. He endeavored to make talent instrumental to his purposes in whatever shape it appeared, and with whatever imperfections it might be accompanied ; but wherever talent was blended with moral worth, he sought it out, loved and

there were doubtless *masses* of matter unorganized, I saw no ground for asserting a mass of unorganized *matter* ; Sir A. B. paused, and then said to me, with that frankness of manner which made his very rebukes gratifying, “ The distinction is just, and, now I understand you, abundantly obvious : but hardly worth the trouble of your inventing a puzzle of words to make it appear otherwise.” I trust the rebuke was not lost on me.

cherished it. If it had pleased Providence to preserve his life, and to place him on the same course on which Nelson ran his race of glory, there are two points in which Sir Alexander Ball would most closely have resembled his illustrious friend. The first is, that in his enterprises and engagements he would have thought nothing done, till all had been done that was possible:

“*Nil actum reputans, si quid superset agendum.*”

The second, that he would have called forth all the talent and virtue that existed within his sphere of influence, and created a band of heroes, a gradation of officers, strong in head and strong in heart, worthy to have been his companions and his successors in fame and public usefulness.

Never was greater discernment shown in the selection of a fit agent, than when Sir Alexander Ball was stationed off the coast of Malta to intercept the supplies destined for the French garrison, and to watch the movements of the French commanders, and those of the inhabitants who had been so basely betrayed into

their power. Encouraged by the well-timed promises of the English captain, the Maltese rose through all their casals (or country towns) and themselves commenced the work of their emancipation, by storming the citadel at Civita Vecchia, the ancient metropolis of Malta, and the central height of the island. Without discipline, without a military leader, and almost without arms, these brave peasants succeeded, and destroyed the French garrison by throwing them over the battlements into the trench of the citadel. In the course of this blockade, and of the tedious siege of Vallette, Sir Alexander Ball displayed all that strength of character, that variety and versatility of talent, and that sagacity, derived in part from habitual circumspection, but which, when the occasion demanded it, appeared intuitive and like an instinct; at the union of which, in the same man, one of our oldest naval commanders once told me, "he could never exhaust his wonder." The citizens of Vallette were fond of relating their astonishment, and that of the French, at Captain Ball's ship wintering at anchor out of the reach of the guns, in a depth of fathom



unexampled, on the assured impracticability of which the garrison had rested their main hope of regular supplies. Nor can I forget, or remember without some portion of my original feeling, the solemn enthusiasm with which a venerable old man, belonging to one of the distant casals, showed me the sea coombe, where their father BALL, (for so they commonly called him) first landed ; and afterwards pointed out the very place, on which he first stepped on their island, while the countenances of his townsmen, who accompanied him, gave lively proofs, that the old man's enthusiasm was the representative of the common feeling.

There is no reason to suppose, that Sir Alexander Ball was at any time chargeable with that weakness so frequent in Englishmen, and so injurious to our interests abroad, of despising the inhabitants of other countries, of losing all their good qualities in their vices, of making no allowance for those vices, from their religious or political impediments, and still more of mistaking for vices, a mere difference of manners and customs. But if ever he had any of this erroneous feeling, he completely freed

himself from it, by living among the Maltese during their arduous trials, as long as the French continued masters of the capital. He witnessed their virtues, and learnt to understand in what various shapes and even disguises the valuable parts of human nature may exist. In many individuals, whose littleness and meanness in the common intercourse of life would have stamped them at once as contemptible and worthless, with ordinary Englishmen, he had found such virtues of disinterested patriotism, fortitude, and self-denial, as would have done honor to an ancient Roman.

There exists in England, a *gentlemanly* character, a *gentlemanly* feeling, very different even from that, which is the most like it, the character of a well-born Spaniard, and unexampled in the rest of Europe. This feeling probably *originated* in the fortunate circumstance, that the titles of our English nobility follow the law of their property, and are inherited by the eldest sons only. From this source, under the influences of our constitution, and of our astonishing trade, it has diffused itself in different modifications through the whole

country. The uniformity of our dress among all classes above that of the day labourer, while it has authorized all classes to assume the appearance of gentlemen, has at the same time inspired the wish to conform their manners, and still more their ordinary actions in social intercourse, to their notions of the gentlemanly, the most commonly received attribute of which character, is a certain generosity in trifles. On the other hand, the encroachments of the lower classes on the higher, occasioned, and favored by this resemblance in exteriors, by this absence of any cognizable marks of distinction, have rendered each class more reserved and jealous in their general communion, and far more than our climate, or natural temper, have caused that haughtiness and reserve in our outward demeanor, which is so generally complained of among foreigners. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of this gentlemanly feeling: I respect it under all its forms and varieties, from the House of Commons to the gentlemen in the one shilling gallery. It is always the ornament of virtue, and oftentimes a support; but it is a wretched substitute for it. Its *worth*,

as a moral good, is by no means in proportion to its *value*, as a social advantage. These observations are not irrelevant: for to the want of reflexion, that this diffusion of gentlemanly feeling among us, is not the growth of our moral excellence, but the effect of various accidental advantages peculiar to England; to our not considering that it is unreasonable and uncharitable to expect the same consequences, where the same causes have not existed to produce them: and, lastly, to our proneness to regard the absence of this character (which, as I have before said, does, for the greater part, and, in the common apprehension, consist in a certain frankness and generosity in the detail of action) as decisive against the sum total of personal or national worth; we must, I am convinced, attribute a large portion of that conduct, which in many instances has left the inhabitants of countries conquered or appropriated by Great Britain, doubtful whether the various solid advantages which they derived from our protection and just government, were not bought dearly by the wounds inflicted on their feelings and prejudices, by the contemp-

tuous and insolent demeanor of the English, as individuals. The reader who bears this remark in mind, will meet, in the course of this narration, more than one passage that will serve as its comment and illustration.

It was, I know, a general opinion among the English in the Mediterranean, that Sir Alexander Ball thought too well of the Maltese, and did not share in the enthusiasm of Britons, concerning their own superiority. To the former part of the charge, I shall only reply at present, that a more venial, and almost desirable fault, can scarcely be attributed to a governor, than that of a strong attachment to the people whom he was sent to govern. The latter part of the charge is false, if we are to understand by it, that he did not think his countrymen superior on the whole to the other nations of Europe; but it is true, as far as relates to his belief, that the English thought themselves still better than they are; that they dwelt on, and exaggerated their national virtues, and weighed them by the opposite *vices* of foreigners, instead of the virtues which those foreigners possessed, and they themselves wanted. Above all, as statesmen, we must

consider qualities by their practical uses. Thus—he entertained no doubt, that the English were superior to all others in the kind, and the degree of their courage, which is marked by far greater enthusiasm, than the courage of the Germans and northern nations, and by a far greater steadiness and self-subsistence, than that of the French. It is more closely connected with the character of the individual. The courage of an English army (he used to say) is the sum total of the courage which the individual soldiers bring with them to it, rather than of that which they derive from it. This remark of Sir Alexander's was forcibly recalled to my mind, when I was at Naples. A Russian and an English regiment were drawn up together in the same square—"See," said a Neapolitan to me, who had mistaken me for one of his countrymen, "there is but one face in that whole regiment, while in *that*" (*pointing to the English*) "every soldier has a face of his own." On the other hand, there are qualities scarcely less requisite to the completion of the military character, in which Sir A. did not hesitate to think the English inferior to the continental nations; as for instance, both in the power and

the disposition to endure privations; in the friendly temper necessary, when troops of different nations are to act in concert; in their obedience to the regulations of their commanding officers, respecting the treatment of the inhabitants of the countries through which they are marching, as well as in many other points, not immediately connected with their conduct in the field: and, above all, in sobriety and temperance. During the siege of Vallette, especially during the sore distress to which the besiegers were for some time exposed from the failure of provision, Sir Alexander Ball had an ample opportunity of observing and weighing the separate merits and demerits of the native, and of the English troops; and surely since the publication of Sir John Moore's campaign, there can be no just offence taken, though I should say, that before the walls of Vallette, as well as in the plains of Galicia an indignant commander might, with too great propriety, have addressed the English soldiery in the words of an old Dramatist—

Will you still owe your virtues to your bellies?  
And only then think nobly when y'are full?

Doth fodder keep you honest? Are you bad  
 When out of Flesh? And think you't an excuse  
 Of vile and ignominious actions, that  
 Y' are lean and out of liking?

CARTWRIGHT'S *Love's Convert*.

From the first insurrectionary movement to the final departure of the French from the island, though the civil and military powers and the whole of the island, save Vallette, were in the hands of the peasantry, not a single act of excess can be charged against the Maltese, if we except the razing of one house at Civita Vecchia belonging to a notorious and abandoned traitor, the creature and hireling of the French. In no instance did they injure, insult, or plunder, any one of the native nobility, or employ even the appearance of force toward them, except in the collection of the lead and iron from their houses and gardens, in order to supply themselves with bullets: and this very appearance was assumed from the generous wish to shelter the nobles from the resentment of the French, should the patriotic efforts of the peasantry prove unsuccessful. At the dire command of famine the Maltese troops did indeed once



force their way to the ovens, in which the bread for the British soldiery was baked, and were clamorous that an equal division should be made. I mention this unpleasant circumstance, because it brought into proof the firmness of Sir Alexander Ball's character, his presence of mind, and geuerous disregard of danger and personal responsibility, where the slavery or emancipation, the misery or the happiness, of an innocent and patriotic people were involved; and because his conduct in this exigency evinced, that his general habits of circumspection and deliberation were the results of wisdom and complete self-possession, and not the easy virtues of a spirit constitutionally timorous and hesitating. He was sitting at table with the principal British officers, when a certain general addressed him in strong and violent terms concerning this outrage of the Maltese, reminding him of the necessity of exerting his commanding influence in the present case, or the consequences must be taken. "What," replied Sir Alexander Ball, "would you have us do? Would you have us threaten death to men dying with

famine? Can you suppose that the hazard of being shot will weigh with whole regiments acting under a common necessity? Does not the extremity of hunger take away all difference between men and animals? and is it not as absurd to appeal to the prudence of a body of men starving, as to a herd of famished wolves? No, general, I will not degrade myself or outrage humanity by menacing famine with massacre! More effectual means must be taken." With these words he rose and left the room, and having first consulted with Sir Thomas Troubridge, he determined at his own risk on a step, which the extreme necessity warranted, and which the conduct of the Neapolitan court amply justified. For this court, though terror-stricken by the French, was still actuated by hatred to the English, and a jealousy of their power in the Mediterranean: and this in so strange and senseless a manner, that we must join the extremes of imbecility and treachery in the same cabinet, in order to find it comprehensible.\* Though the very ex-

\* It cannot be doubted, that the sovereign himself was kept in a state of delusion. Both his understanding and

istence of Naples and Sicily, as a nation, depended wholly and exclusively on British support; though the royal family owed their personal safety to the British fleet; though not only their dominions and their rank, but the liberty and even the lives of Ferdinand and his family, were interwoven with our success; yet with an infatuation scarcely credible, the most affecting representations of the distress of the besiegers, and of the utter insecurity of Sicily

his moral principles are far better than could reasonably be expected from the infamous mode of his education: if indeed the systematic preclusion of all knowledge, and the unrestrained indulgence of his passions, adopted by the Spanish court for the purposes of preserving him dependent, can be called by the name of education. Of the other influencing persons in the Neapolitan government, Mr. LECKIE has given us a true and lively account. It will be greatly to the advantage of the present narration, if the reader should have previously perused Mr. LECKIE'S pamphlet on the state of Sicily: the facts which I shall have occasion to mention hereafter will reciprocally confirm and be confirmed by the documents furnished in that most interesting work: in which I see but one blemish of importance, namely, that the author appears too frequently to consider justice and true policy as capable of being contradistinguished.

if the French remained possessors of Malta, were treated with neglect ; and the urgent remonstrances for the permission of importing corn from Messina, were answered only by sanguinary edicts precluding all supply. Sir Alexander Ball sent for his senior lieutenant, and gave him orders to proceed immediately to the port of Messina, and there to sieze and bring with him to Malta the ships laden with corn, of the number of which Sir Alexander had received accurate information. These orders were executed without delay, to the great delight and profit of the ship owners and proprietors ; the necessity of raising the siege was removed ; and the author of the measure waited in calmness for the consequences that might result to himself personally. But not a complaint, not a murmur proceeded from the court of Naples. The sole result was, that the governor of Malta became an especial object of its hatred, its fear, and its respect.

The whole of this tedious siege, from its commencement to the signing of the capitulation, called forth into constant activity the rarest and most difficult virtues of a commanding

mind ; virtues of no show or splendor in the vulgar apprehension, yet more infallible characteristics of true greatness than the most unequivocal displays of enterprize and active daring. Scarcely a day passed, in which Sir Alexander Ball's patience, forbearance, and inflexible constancy, were not put to the severest trial. He had not only to remove the misunderstandings that arose between the Maltese and their allies, to settle the differences among the Maltese themselves, and to organize their efforts : he was likewise engaged in the more difficult and unthankful task of counteracting the weariness, discontent, and despondency, of his own countrymen—a task, however, which he accomplished by management and address, and an alternation of real firmness with apparent yielding. During many months he remained the only Englishman who did not think the siege hopeless, and the object worthless. He often spoke of the time in which he resided at the country seat of the grand master at St. Antonio, four miles from Vallette, as perhaps the most trying period of his life. For some weeks Captain Vivian was

his sole English companion, of whom, as his partner in anxiety, he always expressed himself with affectionate esteem. Sir Alexander Ball's presence was absolutely necessary to the Maltese, who, accustomed to be governed by him, became incapable of acting in concert without his immediate influence. In the out-burst of popular emotion, the impulse, which produces an insurrection, is for a brief while its sufficient pilot: the attraction constitutes the cohesion, and the common provocation, supplying an immediate object, not only unites, but directs, the multitude. But this first impulse had passed away, and Sir Alexander Ball was the one individual who possessed the general confidence. On him they relied with implicit faith: and even after they had long enjoyed the blessings of British government and protection, it was still remarkable with what child-like helplessness they were in the habit of applying to him, even in their private concerns. It seemed as if they thought him made on purpose to think for them all. Yet his situation at St. Antonio was one of great peril: and he attributed his

preservation to the dejection, which had now begun to prey on the spirits of the French garrison, and which rendered them unenterprising and almost passive, aided by the dread which the nature of the country inspired. For subdivided as it was into small fields, scarcely larger than a cottage garden, and each of these little squares of land inclosed with substantial stone walls; these too from the necessity of having the fields perfectly level, rising in tiers above each other; the whole of the inhabited part of the island was an effective fortification for all the purposes of annoyance and offensive warfare. Sir Alexander Ball exerted himself successfully in procuring information respecting the state and temper of the garrison, and by the assistance of the clergy and the almost universal fidelity of the Maltese, contrived, that the spies in the pay of the French should be in truth his own most confidential agents. He had already given splendid proofs that he could outfight them; but here, and in his after diplomatic intercourse previous to the recommencement of the war, he likewise out-witted them. He once told me with a smile, as we were con-

versing on the practice of laying wagers, that he was sometimes inclined to think that the final perseverance in the siege was not a little indebted to several valuable bets of his own, he well knowing at the time, and from information which himself alone possessed, that he should certainly lose them. Yet this artifice had a considerable effect in suspending the impatience of the officers, and in supplying topics for dispute and conversation. At length, however, the two French frigates, the sailing of which had been the subject of these wagers, left the great harbour on the 24th of August, 1800, with a part of the garrison: and one of them soon became a prize to the English. Sir Alexander Ball related to me the circumstances which occasioned the escape of the other; but I do not recollect them with sufficient accuracy to dare repeat them in this place. On the 15th of September following, the capitulation was signed, and after a blockade of two years the English obtained possession of Vallette, and remained masters of the whole island and its dependencies.

Anxious not to give offence, but more anxious



to communicate the truth, it is not without pain that I find myself under the moral obligation of remonstrating against the silence concerning Sir Alexander Ball's services or the transfer of them to others. More than once has the latter roused my indignation in the reported speeches of the House of Commons; and as to the former, I need only state that in Rees's Cyclopædia there is an historical article of considerable length under the word Malta, in which Sir Alexander's name does not once occur! During a residence of eighteen months in that island, I possessed and availed myself of the best possible means of information, not only from eye-witnesses, but likewise from the principal agents themselves. And I now thus publicly and unequivocally assert, that to Sir A. Ball *pre-eminently*—and if I had said, to Sir A. Ball *alone*, the ordinary use of the word under such circumstances would bear me out—the capture and the preservation of Malta was owing, with every blessing that a powerful mind and a wise heart could confer on its docile and grateful inhabitants. With a similar pain I proceed to avow my sentiments

on this capitulation, by which Malta was delivered up to his Britannic Majesty and his allies, without the least mention made of the Maltese. With a warmth honorable both to his head and his heart, Sir Alexander Ball pleaded, as not less a point of sound policy than of plain justice, that the Maltese, by some representative, should be made a party in the capitulation, and a joint subscriber in the signature. They had never been the slaves or the property of the knights of St. John, but freemen and the true landed proprietors of the country, the civil and military government of which, under certain restrictions, had been vested in that order; yet checked by the rights and influences of the clergy and the native nobility, and by the customs and ancient laws of the island. This trust the knights had, with the blackest treason and the most profligate perjury, betrayed and abandoned. The right of government of course reverted to the landed proprietors and the clergy. Animated by a just sense of this right, the Maltese had risen of their own accord, had contended for it in defiance of death and danger, had fought

bravely, and endured patiently. Without undervaluing the military assistance afterwards furnished by Great Britain (though how scanty this was before the arrival of General Pigot is well known), it remained undeniable, that the Maltese had taken the greatest share both in the fatigues and in the privations consequent on the siege; and that had not the greatest virtues and the most exemplary fidelity been uniformly displayed by them, the English troops (they not being more numerous than they had been for the greater part of the two years) could not possibly have remained before the fortifications of Vallette, defended as that city was by a French garrison, that greatly outnumbered the British besiegers. Still less could there have been the least hope of ultimate success; as if any part of the Maltese peasantry had been friendly to the French, or even indifferent, if they had not all indeed been most zealous and persevering in their hostility towards them, it would have been impracticable so to blockade that island as to have precluded the arrival of supplies. If the siege had proved unsuccessful, the Maltese were well aware

that they should be exposed to all the horrors which revenge and wounded pride could dictate to an unprincipled, rapacious, and sanguinary soldiery; and now that success has crowned their efforts, is this to be their reward, that their own allies are to bargain for them with the French as for a herd of slaves, whom the French had before purchased from a former proprietor? If it be urged, that there is no established government in Malta, is it not equally true, that through the whole population of the island there is not a single dissident? and thus that the chief inconvenience, which an established authority is to obviate, is virtually removed by the admitted fact of their unanimity? And have they not a bishop, and a dignified clergy, their judges and municipal magistrates, who were at all times sharers in the power of the government, and now, supported by the unanimous suffrage of the inhabitants, have a rightful claim to be considered as its representatives? Will it not be oftener said than answered, that the main difference between French and English injustice rests in this point alone, that the French

seized on the Maltese without any previous pretences of friendship, while the English procured possession of the island by means of their friendly promises, and by the co-operation of the natives afforded in confident reliance on these promises? The impolicy of refusing the signature on the part of the Maltese was equally evident: since such refusal could answer no one purpose but that of alienating their affections by a wanton insult to their feelings. For the Maltese were not only ready but desirous and eager to place themselves at the same time under British protection, to take the oaths of loyalty as subjects of the British crown, and to acknowledge their island to belong to it. These representations, however, were over-ruled: and I dare affirm, from my own experience in the Mediterranean, that our conduct in this instance, added to the impression which had been made at Corsica, Minorca, and elsewhere, and was often referred to by men of reflection in Sicily, who have more than once said to me, “a connection with Great Britain, with the consequent extension and security of our commerce, are indeed great

blessings: but who can rely on their permanence? or that we shall not be made to pay bitterly for our zeal as partizans of England, whenever it shall suit its plans to deliver us back to our old oppressors?"

## ESSAY VI.



The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,  
Is yet no devious way. Straight forwards goes  
The lightning's path; and straight the fearful path  
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,  
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it  
reaches.

My son! the road, the Human Being travels,  
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow  
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,  
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,  
Honoring the holy bounds of property!

————— There exists  
An higher than the warrior's excellence.

WALLENSTEIN.



CAPTAIN BALL'S services in Malta were honored with his sovereign's approbation, transmitted in a letter from the Secretary Dundas, and with a baronetcy. A thousand pounds\*

\* I scarce know whether it be worth mentioning, that this sum remained undemanded till the spring of the year

were at the same time directed to be paid him from the Maltese treasury. The best and most appropriate addition to the applause of his king and his country, Sir Alexander Ball found in the feelings and faithful affection of the Maltese.

1805: at which time the writer of these sketches, during an examination of the treasury accounts, observed the circumstance and noticed it to the Governor, who had suffered it to escape altogether from his memory, for the latter years at least. The value attached to the present by the receiver, must have depended on his construction of its purpose and meaning: for, in a pecuniary point of view, the sum was not a moiety of what Sir Alexander had expended from his private fortune during the blockade. His immediate appointment to the government of the island, so earnestly prayed for by the Maltese, would doubtless have furnished a less questionable proof that his services were as highly estimated by the ministry as they were graciously accepted by his sovereign. But this was withheld as long as it remained possible to doubt, whether great talents, joined to local experience, and the confidence and affection of the inhabitants, might not be dispensed with in the person entrusted with that government. *Crimen ingrati animi quod magnis Ingeniis haud raro objicitur, sepius nil aliud est quam perspicacia quaedam in causam beneficii collati.* See WALLENSTEIN, Part I. p. 177.



The enthusiasm manifested in reverential gestures and shouts of triumph whenever their friend and deliverer appeared in public, was the utterance of a deep feeling, and in nowise the mere ebullition of animal sensibility ; which is not indeed a part of the Maltese character. The truth of this observation will not be doubted by any person, who has witnessed the religious processions in honor of the favorite saints, both at Vallette and at Messina or Palermo, and who must have been struck with the contrast between the apparent apathy, or at least the perfect sobriety, of the Maltese, and the fanatical agitations of the Sicilian populace. Among the latter each man's soul seems hardly containable in his body, like a prisoner, whose jail is on fire, flying madly from one barred outlet to another ; while the former might suggest the suspicion, that their bodies were on the point of sinking into the same slumber with their understandings. But their political deliverance was a thing that came home to their hearts, and intertwined with their most empasioned recollections, personal and patriotic. To Sir Alexander Ball exclusively the Maltese

themselves attributed their emancipation : on him too they rested their hopes of the future. Whenever he appeared in Vallette, the passengers on each side, through the whole length of the street stopped, and remained uncovered till he had passed: the very clamors of the market-place were hushed at his entrance, and then exchanged for shouts of joy and welcome. Even after the lapse of years he never appeared in any one of their casals,\* which did not lie in the direct road between Vallette and St. Antonio, his summer residence, but the women and children, with such of the men who were not at labor in their fields, fell into ranks, and followed, or preceded him, singing the Maltese song which had been made in his honor, and

\* It was the Governor's custom to visit every casal throughout the island once, if not twice, in the course of each summer ; and during my residence there, I had the honor of being his constant, and most often, his only companion in these rides ; to which I owe some of the happiest and most instructive hours of my life. In the poorest house of the most distant casal two rude paintings were sure to be found : A picture of the Virgin and Child ; and a portrait of Sir Alexander Ball.

which was scarcely less familiar to the inhabitants of Malta and Goza, than God save the King to Britons. *When he went to the gate through the city, the young men refrained talking; and the aged arose and stood up. When the ear heard, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him: because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and those that had none to help them. The blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.*

These feelings were afterwards amply justified by his administration of the government; and the very excesses of their gratitude on their first deliverance proved, in the end, only to be acknowledgments antedated. For some time after the departure of the French, the distress was so general and so severe, that a large proportion of the lower classes became mendicants, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of Vallette still retains the name of the "*Nix Mangiare Stairs*," from the crowd who used there to assail the ears of the passengers with cries of "*nix mangiare*," or "*nothing to eat*,"

the former word *nix* being the low German pronunciation of *nichts*, nothing. By what means it was introduced into Malta, I know not; but it became the common vehicle both of solicitation and refusal, the Maltese thinking it an English word, and the English supposing it to be Maltese. I often felt it as a pleasing remembrancer of the evil day gone by, when a tribe of little children, quite naked, as is the custom of that climate, and each with a pair of gold ear-rings in its ears, and all fat and beautifully proportioned, would suddenly leave their play, and, looking round to see that their parents were not in sight, change their shouts of merriment for "*nix mangiare!*" awkwardly imitating the plaintive tones of mendicancy; while the white teeth in their little swarthy faces gave a splendor to the happy and confessing laugh, with which they received the good-humored rebuke or refusal, and ran back to their former sport.

In the interim between the capitulation of the French garrison and Sir Alexander Ball's appointment as his Majesty's civil commissioner for Malta, his zeal for the Maltese was

neither suspended nor unproductive of important benefits. He was enabled to remove many prejudices and misunderstandings; and to persons of no inconsiderable influence gave juster notions of the true importance of the island to Great Britain. He displayed the magnitude of the trade of the Mediterranean in its existing state; showed the immense extent to which it might be carried, and the hollowness of the opinion, that this trade was attached to the south of France by any natural or indissoluble bond of connection. I have some reason likewise for believing, that his wise and patriotic representations prevented Malta from being made the seat and pretext for a numerous civil establishment, in hapless imitation of Corsica, Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope. It was at least generally rumoured, that it had been in the contemplation of the ministry to appoint Sir Ralph Abercrombie as governor, with a salary of 10,000*l.* a year, and to reside in England, while one of his countrymen was to be the lieutenant-governor, at 5,000*l.* a year; to which were to be added a long *et cetera* of other offices and places of proportional emolument.

This threatened appendix to the state calendar may have existed only in the imaginations of the reporters, yet inspired some uneasy apprehensions in the minds of many well-wishers to the Maltese, who knew that—for a foreign settlement at least, and one too possessing in all the ranks and functions of society an ample population of its own—such a stately and wide-branching tree of patronage, though delightful to the individuals who are to pluck its golden apples, sheds, like the manchineel, unwholesome and corrosive dews on the multitude who are to rest beneath its shade. It need not, however, be doubted, that Sir Alexander Ball would exert himself to preclude any such intention, by stating and evincing the extreme impolicy and injustice of the plan, as well as its utter inutility, in the case of Malta. With the exception of the governor, and of the public secretary, both of whom undoubtedly should be natives of Great Britain, and appointed by the British government, there was no civil office that could be of the remotest advantage to the island which was not already filled by the natives, and the functions of which

none could perform so well as they. The number of inhabitants (he would state) was prodigious compared with the extent of the island, though from the fear of the Moors one-fourth of its surface remained unpeopled and uncultivated. To deprive, therefore, the middle and lower classes of such places as they had been accustomed to hold, would be cruel; while the places held by the nobility, were, for the greater part, such as none but natives could perform the duties of. By any innovation we should affront the higher classes and alienate the affections of all, not only without any imaginable advantage but with the certainty of great loss. Were Englishmen to be employed, the salaries must be increased four-fold, and would yet be scarcely worth acceptance; and in higher offices, such as those of the civil and criminal judges, the salaries must be augmented more than ten-fold. For, greatly to the credit of their patriotism and moral character, the Maltese gentry sought these places as honorable distinctions, which endeared them to their fellow-countrymen, and at the same time rendered the yoke of the order somewhat less grievous

and galling. With the exception of the Maltese secretary, whose situation was one of incessant labor, and who at the same time performed the duties of law counsellor to the government, the highest salaries scarcely exceeded 100*l.* a year, and were barely sufficient to defray the increased expences of the functionaries for an additional equipage, or one of more imposing appearance. Besides, it was of importance that the person placed at the head of that government, should be looked up to by the natives, and possess the means of distinguishing and rewarding those who had been most faithful and zealous in their attachment to Great Britain, and hostile to their former tyrants. The number of the employments to be conferred would give considerable influence to his Majesty's civil representative, while the trifling amount of the emolument attached to each precluded all temptation of abusing it.

Sir Alexander Ball would likewise, it is probable, urge, that the commercial advantages of Malta, which were most intelligible to the English public, and best fitted to render our retention of the island popular, must necessa-



rily be of very slow growth, though finally they would become great, and of an extent not to be calculated. For this reason, therefore, it was highly desirable, that the possession should be, and appear to be, at least inexpensive. After the British Government had made one advance for a stock of corn sufficient to place the island a year before-hand, the sum total drawn from Great Britain need not exceed 25, or at most 30,000*l.* annually; excluding of course the expenditure connected with our own military and navy, and the repair of the fortifications, which latter expence ought to be much less than at Gibraltar, from the multitude and low wages of the laborers in Malta, and from the softness and admirable quality of the stone. Indeed much more might safely be promised on the assumption, that a wise and generous system of policy were adopted and persevered in. The monopoly of the Maltese corn-trade by the government formed an exception to a general rule, and by a strange, yet valid, anomaly in the operations of political economy, was not more necessary than advantageous to the inhabitants. The chief reason is, that the

produce of the island itself barely suffices for one-fourth of its inhabitants, although fruits and vegetables form so large a part of their nourishment. Meantime the harbors of Malta, and its equi-distance from Europe, Asia, and Africa, gave it a vast and unnatural importance in the present relations of the great European powers, and imposed on its government, whether native or dependent, the necessity of considering the whole island as a single garrison, the provisioning of which could not be trusted to the casualties of ordinary commerce. What is actually necessary is seldom injurious. Thus in Malta bread is better and cheaper on an average than in Italy, or the coast of Barbary: while a similar interference with the corn trade in Sicily impoverishes the inhabitants and keeps the agriculture in a state of barbarism. But the point in question is the expence to Great Britain. Whether the monopoly be good or evil in itself, it remains true, that in this established usage, and in the gradual enclosure of the uncultivated district, such resources exist as without the least oppression might render the civil government in Vallette

independent of the Treasury at home, finally taking upon itself even the repair of the fortifications, and thus realize one instance of an important possession that cost the country nothing.

But now the time arrived, which threatened to frustrate the patriotism of the Maltese themselves and all the zealous efforts of their disinterested friend. Soon after the war had for the first time become indisputably just and necessary, the people at large and a majority of independent senators, incapable, as it might seem, of translating their fanatical anti-jacobinism into a well-grounded, yet equally impassioned, anti-Gallicanism, grew impatient for peace, or rather for a *name*, under which the most terrific of all war would be incessantly waged against us. Our conduct was not much wiser than that of the weary traveller, who having proceeded half way on his journey, procured a short rest for himself by getting up behind a chaise which was going the contrary road. In the strange treaty of Amiens, in which we neither recognized our former relations with France or with the other European powers, nor formed any new ones,

the compromise concerning Malta formed the prominent feature: and its nominal re-delivery to the Order of St. John was authorized in the minds of the people, by Lord Nelson's opinion of its worthlessness to Great Britain in a political or naval view. It is a melancholy fact, and one that must often sadden a reflective and philanthropic mind, how little moral considerations weigh even with the noblest nations, how vain are the strongest appeals to justice, humanity, and national honor, unless when the public mind is under the immediate influence of the cheerful or vehement passions, indignation or avaricious hope. In the whole class of human infirmities there is none, that makes such loud appeals to *prudence*, and yet so frequently outrages its plainest dictates, as the spirit of fear. The worst cause conducted in hope is an overmatch for the noblest managed by despondence: in both cases an unnatural conjunction that recalls the old fable of Love and Death, taking each the arrows of the other by mistake. When islands that had courted British protection in reliance upon British honor, are with their inhabitants and

proprietors abandoned to the resentment which we had tempted them to provoke, what wonder, if the opinion becomes general, that alike to England as to France, the fates and fortunes of other nations are but the counters, with which the bloody game of war is played: and that notwithstanding the great and acknowledged difference between the two governments during possession, yet the protection of France is more desirable because it is more likely to endure? for what the French take, they keep. Often both in Sicily and Malta have I heard the case of Minorca referred to, where a considerable portion of the most respectable gentry and merchants (no provision having been made for their protection on the re-delivery of that island to Spain) expiated in dungeons the warmth and forwardness of their predilection for Great Britain.

It has been by some persons imagined, that Lord Nelson was considerably influenced, in his public declaration concerning the value of Malta, by ministerial flattery, and his own sense of the great serviceableness of that opinion to the persons in office. This supposition

is, however, wholly false and groundless. His lordship's opinion was indeed greatly shaken afterwards, if not changed; but at that time he spoke in strictest correspondence with his existing convictions. He said no more than he had often previously declared to his private friends: it was the point on which, after some amicable controversy, his lordship and Sir Alexander Ball had "*agreed to differ.*" Though the opinion itself may have lost the greatest part of its interest, and except for the historian is, as it were, superannuated; yet the grounds and causes of it, as far as they arose out of Lord Nelson's particular character, and may perhaps tend to re-enliven our recollection of a hero so deeply and justly beloved, will for ever possess an interest of their own. In an essay, too, which purports to be no more than a series of sketches and fragments, the reader, it is hoped, will readily excuse an occasional digression, and a more desultory style of narration than could be tolerated in a work of regular biography.

Lord Nelson was an admiral every inch of him. He looked at every thing, not merely in

its possible relations to the naval service in general, but in its immediate bearings on his own squadron ; to his officers, his men, to the particular ships themselves, his affections were as strong and ardent as those of a lover. Hence, though his temper was constitutionally irritable and uneven, yet never was a commander so enthusiastically loved by men of all ranks, from the captain of the fleet to the youngest ship-boy. Hence too the unexampled harmony which reigned in his fleet, year after year, under circumstances that might well have undermined the patience of the best-balanced dispositions, much more of men with the impetuous character of British sailors. Year after year, the same dull duties of a wearisome blockade, of doubtful policy—little if any opportunity of making prizes ; and the few prizes, which accident might throw in the way, of little or no value—and when at last the occasion presented itself which would have compensated for all, then a disappointment as sudden and unexpected as it was unjust and cruel, and the cup dashed from their lips!—Add to these trials the sense of enterprizes

checked by feebleness and timidity elsewhere, not omitting the tiresomeness of the Mediterranean sea, sky, and climate; and the unjarring and cheerful spirit of affectionate brotherhood, which linked together the hearts of that whole squadron, will appear not less wonderful to us than admirable and affecting. When the resolution was taken of commencing hostilities against Spain, before any intelligence was sent to Lord Nelson, another admiral, with two or three ships of the line, was sent into the Mediterranean, and stationed before Cadiz, for the express purpose of intercepting the Spanish prizes. The admiral dispatched on this lucrative service gave no information to Lord Nelson of his arrival in the same sea, and five weeks elapsed before his lordship became acquainted with the circumstance. The prizes thus taken were immense. A month or two sufficed to enrich the commander and officers of this small and highly-favored squadron: while to Nelson and his fleet the sense of having done their duty, and the consciousness of the glorious services which they had performed, were considered, it must be presumed, as an



abundant remuneration for all their toils and long suffering! It was indeed an unexampled circumstance, that a small squadron should be sent to the station which had been long occupied by a large fleet, commanded by the darling of the navy, and the glory of the British empire, to the station where this fleet had for years been wearing away in the most barren, repulsive, and spirit-trying service, in which the navy can be employed! and that this minor squadron should be sent independent of, and without any communication with the commander of the former fleet, for the express and solitary purpose of stepping between it and the Spanish prizes, and as soon as this short and pleasant service was performed, of bringing home the unshared booty with all possible caution and dispatch. The *substantial* advantages of naval service were perhaps deemed of too *gross* a nature for men already rewarded with the grateful affections of their own countrymen, and the admiration of the whole world! They were to be awarded, therefore, on a principle of compensation to a commander less rich in fame, and whose laurels, though not

scanty, were not yet sufficiently luxuriant to hide the *golden crown*, which is the appropriate ornament of victory in the bloodless war of commercial capture! Of all the wounds which were ever inflicted on Nelson's feelings (and there were not a few), this was the deepest! this rankled most! "I had thought, (said the gallant man, in a letter written on the first feelings of the affront) "I fancied—but nay, it must have been a dream, an idle dream—yet, I confess it, I *did* fancy, that I had done my country service—and thus they use me. It was not enough to have robbed me once before of my West-India harvest—now they have taken away the Spanish—and under what circumstances, and with what pointed aggravations! Yet, if I know my own thoughts, it is not for myself, or on my own account chiefly, that I feel the sting and the disappointment; no! it is for my brave officers; for my noble-minded friends and comrades—such a gallant set of fellows! such a band of brothers! My heart swells at the thought of them!"—

This strong attachment of the heroic admiral to his fleet, faithfully repaid by an equal at-

tachment on their part to their admiral, had no little influence in attuning their hearts to each other; and when he died it seemed as if no man was a stranger to another: for all were made acquaintances by the rights of a common anguish. In the fleet itself, many a private quarrel was forgotten, no more to be remembered; many, who had been alienated, became once more good friends; yea, many a one was reconciled to his very enemy, and loved, and (as it were) thanked him, for the bitterness of his grief, as if it had been an act of consolation to himself in an intercourse of private sympathy. The tidings arrived at Naples on the day that I returned to that city from Calabria: and never can I forget the sorrow and consternation that lay on every countenance. Even to this day there are times when I seem to see, as in a vision, separate groupes and individual faces of the picture. Numbers stopped and shook hands with me, because they had seen the tears on my cheek, and conjectured, that I was an Englishman; and several, as they held my hand, burst, themselves, into tears. And though it may awake

a smile, yet it pleased and affected me, as a proof of the goodness of the human heart struggling to exercise its kindness in spite of prejudices the most obstinate, and eager to carry on its love and honor into the life beyond life, that it was whispered about Naples, that Lord Nelson had become a good Catholic before his death. The absurdity of the fiction is a sort of measurement of the fond and affectionate esteem which had ripened the pious wish of some kind individual through all the gradations of possibility and probability into a confident assertion believed and affirmed by hundreds. The feelings of Great Britain on this awful event, have been described well and worthily by a living poet, who has happily blended the passion and wild transitions of lyric song with the swell and solemnity of epic narration.

—Thou art fall'n! fall'n, in the lap  
 Of victory. To thy country thou cam'st back  
 Thou, conqueror, to triumphal Albion cam'st  
 A corse! I saw before thy hearse pass on  
 The comrades of thy perils and renown.  
 The frequent tear upon their dauntless breasts

Fell. I beheld the pomp thick gather'd round—  
 The trophy'd car that bore thy grac'd remains  
 Thro' arm'd ranks, and a nation gazing on.  
 Bright glow'd the sun, and not a cloud distain'd  
 Heav'n's arch of gold, but all was gloom beneath.  
 A holy and unutterable pang  
 Thrill'd on the soul. Awe and mute anguish fell  
 On all.—Yet high the public bosom throbb'd  
 With triumph. And if one, 'mid that vast pomp,  
 If but the voice of one had shouted forth  
 The name of NELSON: Thou hadst past along,  
 Thou in thy hearse to burial past, as oft  
 Before the van of battle, proudly rode  
 Thy prow, down Britain's line, shout after shout  
 Rending the air with triumph, ere thy hand  
 Had lanc'd the bolt of victory.

SOTHEBY (*Saul*, p. 80.)

I introduced this digression with an apology,  
 yet have extended so much further than I had  
 designed, that I must once more request my  
 reader to excuse me. It was to be expected  
 (I have said) that Lord Nelson would appre-  
 ciate the isle of Malta from its relations to  
 the British fleet on the Mediterranean station.  
 It was the fashion of the day to stile Egypt  
 the *key* of India, and Malta the *key* of  
 Egypt. Nelson saw the hollowness of this

metaphor: or if he only *doubled* its applicability in the former instance, he was sure that it was false in the latter. Egypt might or might not be the key of India; but Malta was certainly not the key of Egypt. It was not intended to keep constantly two distinct fleets in that sea; and the largest naval force at Malta would not supersede the necessity of a squadron off Toulon. Malta does not lie in the direct course from Toulon to Alexandria: and from the nature of the winds (taking one time with another) the comparative length of the voyage to the latter port will be found far less than a view of the map would suggest, and in truth of little practical importance. If it were the object of the French fleet to avoid Malta in its passage to Egypt, the port-admiral at Vallette would in all probability receive his first intelligence of its course from Minorca or the squadron off Toulon, instead of communicating it. In what regards the refitting and provisioning of the fleet, either on ordinary or extraordinary occasions, Malta was as inconvenient as Minorca was advantageous; not only from its distance (which yet was sufficient to

render it almost useless in cases of the most pressing necessity, as after a severe action or injuries of tempest) but likewise from the extreme difficulty, if not impracticability, of leaving the harbour of Vallette with a N. W. wind, which often lasted for weeks together. In all these points his lordship's observations were perfectly just: and it must be conceded by all persons acquainted with the situation and circumstances of Malta, that its importance, as a British possession, if not exaggerated on the whole, was unduly magnified in several important particulars. Thus Lord Minto, in a speech delivered at a county meeting and afterwards published, affirms, that supposing (what no one could consider as unlikely to take place) that the court of Naples should be compelled to act under the influence of France, and that the Barbary powers were unfriendly to us either in consequence of French intrigues or from their own caprice and insolence, there would not be a single port, harbor, bay, creek, or roadstead in the whole Mediterranean, from which our men of war could obtain a single ox or an hogshead of fresh water: unless Great

Britain retained possession of Malta. The noble speaker seems not to have been aware, that under the circumstances supposed by him, Odessa too being closed against us by a Russian war, the island of Malta itself would be no better than a vast almshouse of 75,000 persons, exclusive of the British soldiery, all of whom must be regularly supplied with corn and salt meat from Great Britain or Ireland. The population of Malta and Goza exceeds 100,000: while the food of all kinds produced on the two islands would barely suffice for one-fourth of that number. The deficit is procured by the growth and spinning of cotton, for which corn could not be substituted from the nature of the soil, or were it attempted, would produce but a small proportion of the quantity which the cotton raised on the same fields and spun \* into thread, enables the Mal-

\* The Maltese cotton is naturally of a deep buff, or dusky orange color, and, by the laws of the island, must be spun before it can be exported. I have heard it asserted, by persons apparently well informed on the subject, that the raw material would fetch as high a price as the thread, weight for weight: the thread from its



tese to purchase, not to mention that the substitution of grain for cotton would leave half of the inhabitants without employment. As to live stock, it is quite out of the question, if we except the pigs and goats, which perform the office of scavengers in the streets of Vallette and the towns on the other side of the Porto Grande.

Against these arguments Sir A. Ball placed the following considerations. It had been long his conviction, that the Mediterranean squadron should be supplied by regular store-ships, the sole business of which should be that of carriers for the fleet. This he recommended as by far the most economic plan, in the first instance. Secondly, beyond any other it would secure a system and regularity in the arrival of coarseness being applicable to few purposes. It is manufactured likewise for the use of the natives themselves into a coarse nankin, which never loses its color by washing, and is durable beyond any cloathing I have ever known or heard of. The cotton seed is used as a food for the cattle that are not immediately wanted for the market : it is very nutritious, but changes the fat of the animal into a kind of suet, congealing quickly, and of an adhesive substance.

supplies. And, lastly, it would conduce to the discipline of the navy, and prevent both ships and officers from being out of the way on any sudden emergence. If this system were introduced, the objections to Malta, from its great distance, &c. would have little force. On the other hand, the objections to Minorca he deemed irremovable. The same disadvantages which attended the getting out of the harbor of Vallette, applied to vessels getting into Port Mahon; but while fifteen hundred or two thousand British troops might be safely entrusted with the preservation of Malta, the troops for the defence of Minorca must ever be in proportion to those which the enemy may be supposed likely to send against it. It is so little favored by nature or by art, that the possessors stood merely on the level with the invaders. *Cæteris paribus*, if there 12,000 of the enemy landed, there must be an equal number to repel them; nor could the garrison, or any part of it be spared for any sudden emergence without risk of losing the island. Previously to the battle of Marengo, the most earnest representations were made to the go-

vernor and commander at Minorca, by the British admiral, who offered to take on himself the whole responsibility of the measure, if he would permit the troops at Minorca to join our allies. The governor felt himself compelled to refuse his assent. Doubtless, he acted wisely, for responsibility is not transferable. The fact is introduced in proof of the defenceless state of Minorca, and its constant liability to attack. If the Austrian army had stood in the same relation to eight or nine thousand British soldiers at Malta, a single regiment would have precluded all alarms, as to the island itself, and the remainder have perhaps changed the destiny of Europe. What might not, almost I would say, what *must* not eight thousand Britons have accomplished at the battle of Marengo, nicely poised as the fortunes of the two armies are now known to have been? Minorca too is alone useful or desirable during a war, and on the supposition of a fleet off Toulon. The advantages of Malta are permanent and national. As a second Gibraltar, it must tend to secure Gibraltar itself; for if by the loss of that one place we could be excluded from the

Mediterranean, it is difficult to say what sacrifices of blood and treasure the enemy would deem too high a price for its conquest. Whatever Malta may or may not be respecting Egypt, its high importance to the independence of Sicily cannot be doubted, or its advantages, as a central station, for any portion of our disposable force. Neither is the influence which it will enable us to exert on the Barbary powers, to be wholly neglected. I shall only add, that during the plague at Gibraltar, Lord Nelson himself acknowledged that he began to see the possession of Malta in a different light.

Sir Alexander Ball looked forward to future contingencies as likely to increase the value of Malta to Great Britain. He foresaw that the whole of Italy would become a French province, and he knew, that the French government had been long intriguing on the coast of Barbary. The Dey of Algiers was believed to have accumulated a treasure of fifteen millions sterling, and Buouaparte had actually duped him into a treaty, by which the French were to be permitted to erect a fort on the very spot where the ancient Hippo stood, the

choice between which and the Hellespont as the site of New Rome, is said to have perplexed the judgment of Constantine. To this he added an additional point of connection with Russia, by means of Odessa, and on the supposition of a war in the Baltic, a still more interesting relation to Turkey, and the Morea, and the Greek islands.—It has been repeatedly signified to the British government, that from the Morea and the countries adjacent, a considerable supply of ship timber and naval stores might be obtained, such as would at least greatly lessen the pressure of a Russian war. The agents of France were in full activity in the Morea and the Greek islands, the possession of which, by that government, would augment the naval resources of the French to a degree of which few are aware, who have not made the present state of commerce of the Greeks, an object of particular attention. In short, if the possession of Malta were advantageous to England solely as a convenient watch-tower, as a centre of intelligence, its importance would be undeniable.

Although these suggestions did not prevent the signing away of Malta at the peace of Amiens, they doubtless were not without effect, when the ambition of Buonaparte had given a full and final answer to the grand question: can we remain in peace with France? I have likewise reason to believe, that Sir Alexander Ball, baffled by exposing an insidious proposal of the French government, during the negociations that preceded the recommencement of the war—that the fortifications of Malta should be entirely dismantled, and the island left to its inhabitants. Without dwelling on the obvious inhumanity and flagitious injustice of exposing the Maltese to certain pillage and slavery, from their old and inveterate enemies, the Moors, he showed that the plan would promote the interests of Buonaparte even more than his actual possession of the island, which France had no possible interest in desiring, except as the means of keeping it out of the hands of Great Britain.

But Sir Alexander Ball is no more. The writer still clings to the hope, that he may yet

be enabled to record his good deeds more fully and regularly ; that then, with a sense of comfort not without a subdued exultation, he may raise heavenward from his honored tomb the glistening eye of an humble, but ever grateful Friend.

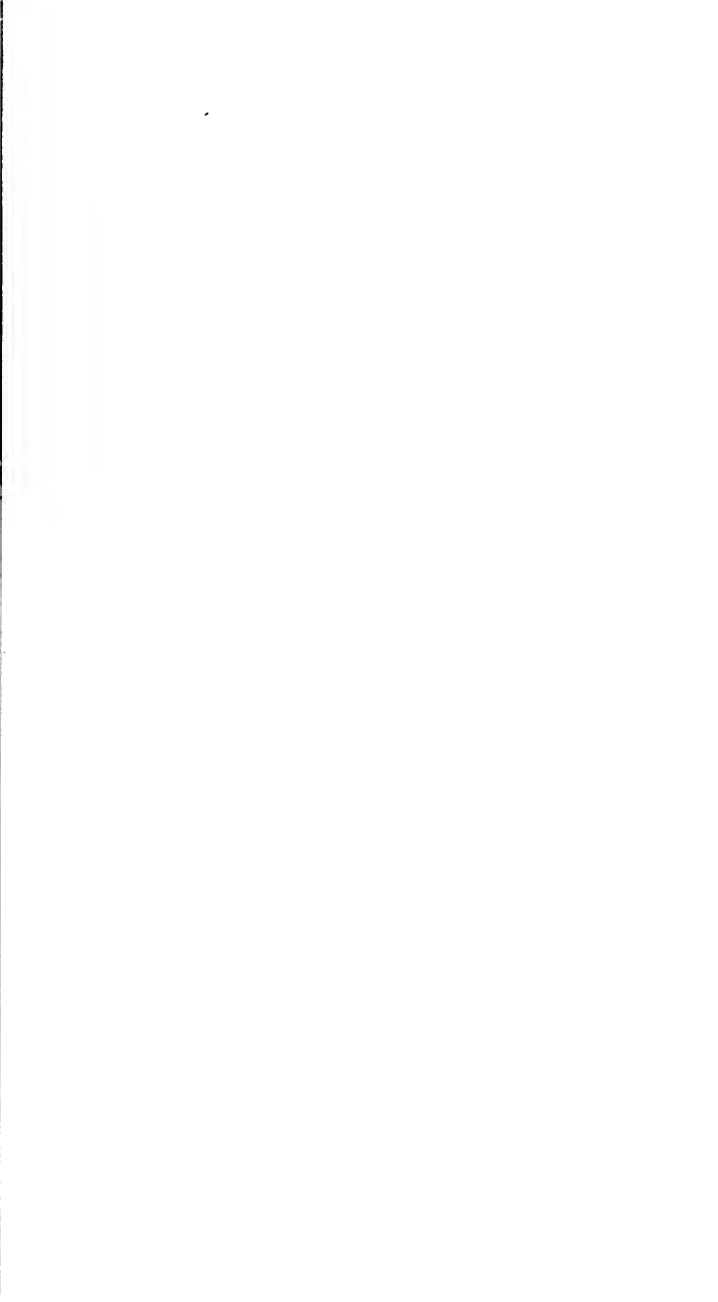
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