ON THE ARISTOCRACY AND EDUCATION.

We shall always find that the difference between the Briton and the untutored savage, marks the power and effects of civilization; while the difference between the man and the child merely marks the power of progression. The difference between the savage and his child is nearly as great as that between the European and his offspring. The seeds of human nature, sown in whatever soil, are still the same. Change the position of the two children;—let the child of the white man be brought up to manhood amidst a barbarous tribe, and where will be the rememberance of his native land, the privileges to which he was born, or the rank his parents held in society? Through the glassy mirror of the lake he may see his white face reflected, and mark the difference, between his skin and those of his darker brethren, but what caused the difference he knows not, and heeds not. He knows of no higher state of being, and his mind is dark and unfruitful within; and sunk thus in the lap of barbarity he passes his days afar from refined and civilized society, and ignorant of that cultivation of mind which the child of the savage enjoys,—and enjoys with powers of
intellect as great and comprehensive, with affections as warm, and with sensibilities as keen, as if he was the child of the monarch of the land.

It is thus that knowledge, whatever soil, or whatever heart it reaches, proves, in defiance of all opposing cavils, that every human mind, whether its possessor be white or coloured, bond or free, savage or civilized, is capable, when properly nurtured, of rising to the highest stages of human refinement. Tell this to him who wields the lash in the accrued plantations of human slavery, and he will indignantly deny the statement. Tell it to the degraded—the tortured negro himself, and he will instantly confirm the fact, not only by his meekness, his forbearance, his christian deportment to his white christian master, exulting and feasting upon his wrongs,—but he will tell you with the emphasis of incontrovertible truth, as he told his ill-fated assembly of brethren in Jamaica, when holding up the fragment of a newspaper, that their being rent from their native woods and streams, from all the associations of kindred and country,—that their being scourged, chained, and borne away captives to the islands of the west, there to be brutalized, mangled, and condemned to the toil of the slave, was simply because the white men had all the knowledge.

But if, as the negro truly asserted, the white population of the earth possesses the keys of knowledge, may we not ask how its progress has been so slow among ourselves, and its effects so long in being felt and recognised. We turn to the people forming the base of the great social pyramid, and we ask how it is that such deep ignorance still exists so exten-
sively among them? Doubtless the reply from some may be that the people are, in a general sense, to blame, in rejecting and abusing the opportunities for mental cultivation; and, through the natural depravity of the human heart, have become fettered to sensual and intemperate habits, besotted themselves with the meanest vices, and become panderers to the basest passions, thereby defeating in many points all the efforts made to refine and elevate the immortal principle within. But this, though in many cases true, deplorably true, does not give a clear and full solution to the problem. Have the enlightened orders above us, the clergy of the national church, the aristocracy, and the legislators of our country—not by government mandates, and through legislative channels—but personally and by example, ever shewn that affectionate solicitude for promoting the education of the people, which, by the responsible posts they occupy, and the manifold advantages they possess, it is their right and their paramount duty to do?

We answer, No. It is notorious that in all ages and nations, when the usurping tyranny, the head-long ambition of a monarch, or the avarice of his favourites was to be promoted, that the people, blinded by ignorance, enervated by debasing superstition, or awed by tyrannical power, were only made the ministers of their guilt, the sanguinary instruments of their elevation. Thus crushed and blighted,—bent down by intellectual decrepitude, and incapable of clear reason or consecutive thought, their whole ethereal being, capable of rising to the eternal, was wrapt up in the slumbers of an animalism, tanta-
mount to a spiritual annihilation. The principle of their whole existence, as valued by priests and nobles, was the negation of all knowledge and independence. For a vassal to dare to think, and express his opinion, or remonstrate with his feudal master, was but the signal for a dungeon, the racks of the inquisition or death. Look to Rome—the hydra of the moral world, and consider the nature of the laws set forth by its successive Hierarchs, to control and drown in ignorance the minds of its votaries through so many ages, and in a great measure even until now.

Nor was it by force of arms that their prerogative over Europe was exercised to the intellectual debasement and slavery of her millions of souls; a spell more terrible in its effects benumbed the minds of the nations and prostrated their energies, until, like automatons in chains, they could look up and shout applause at the mummeries of the priesthood, the cruelties of the inquisition, and the excommunicating thunders of the Vatican, echoing abroad, and charged with the messengers of cruelty, blood and death. What system was even so perfect in itself, the work not of one, but of many ages, for clouding reason and extinguishing spiritual light, while flattering, mocking, deluding, and ruining humanity,—that pontiffs might reign, that cardinals might rule, that priests might revel in sensual stybes, and that the blinded people might be kept under the more implicit sway of the crucifix and the cowl? Founded in falsehood and error, and adapted in its many features, and tortuous many-sided policy, to all the weaknesses and corruptions of humanity, the
mighty superstructure has been cemented with blood. The subtle cunning and profound policy of Hildebrand, the fierce cruelty of Dominic, the brutality of the sensual Alexander VI., and the polished and brilliant profigacy of Leo X., *the author of the Reformation;* all have conspired to render Romish tyranny more hideous and profound by more deeply enthralling the people in ignorance, and loading their imposing religious ritual with unmeaning masques and ceremonies. But let us be just. Except, as a political engine, the nobles were as ignorant of the truths of Christianity as their vassals; and the bulk of the priesthood as ignorant as either. The expediency of both was to press down opinion, to stifle enquiry, and keep the intellects of Europe wrapt up in worse than Egyptian darkness.

What, we may ask, caused the fell butcheries of the Waldenses and the Albigenses in their native vales but the determination to stifle free enquiry and make every neck cringe beneath the iron yoke of the papal arm! Was it the love of knowledge and enquiry, or the desire to suppress it, which aroused the dozing priesthood of Europe to crush the doc-

* This expression may seem strange to some, but it is, we presume, nevertheless true. The mind of Luther, and, to some extent, the minds of Europe were prepared for some great religious crisis; and Leo X. by the sale of his indulgences, through his brutal agent John Tetzel, led the way, and gave ample scope to Luther and his adherents for the fearless exposure of the corruptions and false doctrines of the Church of Rome. Leo X. and his predecessors laid, indeed, by their villanies and abominations, the train for the Reformation; Luther applied the spark which ignited it, and ended in the earthquake which dismembered Rome, and shook the continent.
trines of Luther in their triumphant diffusion! Was it the love of knowledge which caused the starry
Galileo to be thrust into a dungeon, whence the heavens upon whose wonders he loved to gaze, could
no more be viewed in all their amplitudes? Was it the love of extending knowledge which, in nations
declared Christian, in modern times, and among ourselves, has edged the sword of persecution and armed
the bigot with the shield of intolerance! Was it the desire to make knowledge universal, and hasten the
spiritual renovation of mankind of whatever color, which impelled the planters of the West, and their
advocates in our Houses of Parliament, to aim at crushing the attempts of the zealous missionaries of
the cross in spreading instruction among the negroes, doomed, by the sable hue of their skin, to clanking
fetters and beastly traffic! Or is it the love of extending true knowledge, which in the present day,
impels our Christian authorities in the east, not only to wink at, but openly to sanction and encourage,
under salutes of their guns, the darkened devotees of juggernaut in their devotions, that their golden coffers
may be more highly heaped.* If it was, or is, the desire to quench the flame of knowledge in its en-
lightening carcer, which has produced, or is producing these enormous evils, then let us add, there
have at all times been causes, apart from the natural aversion of the minds of the working classes them-
selves, conspiring against the progress of knowledge and intellectual freedom over the earth.

But it were well, if to atone for past omissions

* The case when the above was written.
and misdeeds, the legislators of nations, even now, deserved the encomiums we could wish to pay them for endeavouring to promote knowledge and universal toleration, upon the principles of equity, among all sects and parties. Could we be brought to believe that the Ecclesiastical Education Bill of 1843, which Sir James Graham adopted as his child, was only a farce intended to try with what amount of energy the people would condemn and shew an opposing point to tyranny,—then might we think it only a state stratagem devised to shew those behind the curtain, how hopeless were any attempts to impose upon an active and awakened people jealous of their rights and privileges. But we can have no such belief; our hopes are not so sanguine; there are, we are led to believe, many who still view with jealousy and alarm, the progressive rise of the people in knowledge, and who, we fear, was their power equal to their will, would crush the rising republic of mind, and again in some degree, establish the reign of dictatorial tyranny and brute force. They court the homage of ignorance and dread the more discriminating homage of knowledge. They love the darkness and hate the light. But why do they hate it? It almost appears impossible, when aware that all human beings are, at least, rational in their natures, that such can conceive to themselves any legitimate plea for an exclusive right to have that nature and that mind rendered fruitful and intelligent. Through the avenues of knowledge they can compare, select and judge,—and why may not also the working classes train themselves with the resources at
their command, in the habits of thinking, selecting and comparing?

But no; it seems the inexorable fiat has been pronounced that the poor must earn their bread by the sweat of the brow,* and, hence, according to their disqualifying estimate a line is drawn between them, which cannot, without a gross violation of hereditary and constitutional right, be overpassed. But if, as they would unblushingly assert, there be a line of demarcation drawn between those of the aristocracy and the labouring community other than present respected, established rights, let them hold it forth to the astonished public view. There is a line already draw out, broad, palpable and every way recognized by the laws of the land, and the institutions and population of the country;—the rich have their golden hoards to lure the eye—they have their innumerable acres year after year filling afresh their coffers, and sustaining them in splendour, and the Queen upon the throne cannot force an acre from their lands nor a farthing from their coffers; but if,

* The writer relies upon memory, but thinks it was Earl Fitzwilliam, who brought forward this argument a few years ago in his place in the House of Lords; not however to draw the inference from it which many have drawn—that a broad line should be drawn between those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and the rich, but the contrary. A clergyman in the south of England is stated by the Rev. B. Parsons, in his work on education, to have said that "education is a bad thing for the working classes." This worthy left a good town for a country living, because in the latter place the boors paid more deference to the cloth.
in addition to these, they would draw a line between themselves and the people, in the free republic of knowledge, the line of right is neither discerned nor discernable, defined, nor definable. The same eternal law of nature which proclaims our freedom of body, proclaims our freedom of mind; and he who, while himself possessing its privileges, would debar our approach to the fountains of knowledge, is a dastard and a slave more pitiable, yet more despicable than the most brutalized heathen among the slave gangs in the American plantations.

Again the exclusive educationists return to the attack, and affirm, that to render a state truly happy and prosperous, the legislative body alone need be learned and wise. They can direct the wheels of the state chariot how to roll, while the mass undisturbed by the political movement, may repose in happiness amidst their industry, nor agitate themselves with contemplating causes and effects which they cannot comprehend. But why such apologies? Why cannot the people comprehend them? What prevents the members of our legislature and the branches of our aristocracy from instructing the people, their legitimate supporters, in the science of government as well as in all moral and intellectual freedom? And for whom is a legislature embodied and its functions employed, but for the protection, good government, and welfare of the people composing the community? According to them, however, it is a matter of no moment, if the legislative head be alive and active, whether the members of the lower extremities be possessed of vitality and feeling. It is no matter whether the people can think,—their
duty is only to act, while the exclusive educationists will preclude their thinking for themselves, by shutting up the fountains of thought in ignorance and thinking for them by proxy.

Let such, however, consider whether their tenure of office would be more secure, and their power more absolute, by keeping the subjects more ignorant and degraded. If so, their reasoning is at fault; as it appears clear that, if rulers be upright and just, their best, and, in many points, their only safeguard against prejudice, misconstruction, and error, is in the extensive education of the people; as an educated mind will more clearly see and, if good, appreciate the drift and tendency of the State policy than an ignorant mass guided in their uproarious alternations of applause and blame, by the wily cunning of sophists and factitious demagogues. Take, however, the most philosophic statesmen of the present day—most deeply versed in political and legislative wisdom—and mark whether they would prefer guiding the, comparatively, ignorant myriads of the working community, through the medium of Literary and Mechanics' Institutes, to a knowledge of literature and science; or bowing in mock deference to the noisy clamours of multitudes testifying their applause of talents and wisdom they did not understand, and against the possessors of which, by a turn of popular favour, they would next day launch their invectives. There can, in fact, be little or no choice in the matter. Let them only, divested of prejudice and interest, examine the diverse positions in which they would stand—let them consider the nature, the nobleness, and the immortality of
mind—its susceptibilities of everything exalted and pure, and its longing for a state of higher existence; and then will they perceive that to instruct it is to place before it a true mirror of itself, to emancipate it from chains and darkness, and set all its springs of action in motion—to instruct it is, in a lofty sense, to enlarge, to civilize, to etherealize it, and raise higher the shrine of its ambition for the morals and politics of time and the deep solemnities of eternity.

The era, or rather let me say the long reign of ignorance, during which the chicanery of parties, and political knowledge was chiefly monopolized by the aristocracy and the ascendant classes, has been swept away. The period which ushered in the French revolution, and during which the people, the masses, if you please, but still the people, the sinews of the nation's strength, and the bulwarks of its defence, were styled by the eloquent Burke, as he pointed to the grovelling, effervescent, blood bespattered mob of Paris, "that swinish multitude,"—that fearful period redolent of Apocalyptic tempests and earthquakes, though shaking Europe to its centre, and illuminating the nations with a volcanic glare, instead of a beacon light, still, through its murky atmosphere, scattered rays of intelligence, and awoke from their apathy the minds of enquiring myriads. Of their political rights they dreamt not. Of the intrigues and debaucherries of courts,—of the complex and hollow machinations of statesmen they heeded not; and hence so long as they slumbered thus, ministers knew they could trample upon them with impunity, and torture loyal
expressions into constructive treason;—debauched bankrupt princes, that they could extort their igno-
rant homage, and brilliant orators, that they could cast at them the sneer of contempt, and provoke the approving smile. But where is now such mental and political prostration? How many ministers can now point the finger of scorn, launch the arrow of ridicule, or designate the working classes of this country by the approbrious terms which fifty years ago might have been applied to them?

A comprehensive knowledge of the laws of nations, the policies of states, and the somewhat mysterious shiftings of governments to consolidate and adjust the balance of power, it may, in some respects be difficult for the working man fully to learn. But such have been the lights struck out by the collision of opposing parties, and the wars of nations during the last fifty years, and such has been the eagerness of the people to gaze into the causes and consequences of political convulsions and changes, that an amazing change has occurred in the aspect and constitution of society. The school-master has, indeed, been abroad. Men, though born to labour, have learnt what is their proper station in society, and now think for themselves. They will not have tyrants to rule over them, as they have now been trained in the school of governments. They will not have self-interested monopolists to legislate for them, as they can now legislate practically, for themselves. Nor will they, without indig-
nant remonstrance, allow any court oligarchy to thwart the current of justice, or turn the stream of truth from its proper course to suit the schemes of
trimming statesmen or profligate adventurers. Deep is general knowledge striking its roots. Deep is the interest now taken in the political character and aspect of our country and its colonial dependencies, and our connection with foreign nations. And should any infatuated king or minister henceforth attempt to cast chains around the fermenting minds of a free and thinking people, as was done in France, tremendous must be the convulsion,—ominous and exemplary the doom of the despot.

The phantom which has often been ominously conjured up by the heated fancies of our better informed circles, and our aristocracy, of a revolutionary levelling of rank, wealth, and distinction, if knowledge, and hence, power became general, has been chased away; or now only exists among a singular, isolated few, who imagine that discontent at existing abuses naturally indicates a restless desire for portioning out, and carving at the property of others, as did a few of our European despots seize upon, and partition out Poland for their vulture feast. That the holders of such opinions are singular anomalies in the regions of intellect, cannot be denied; so much so, indeed, that the actual advocates of such a scheme of levelling could scarcely surpass them in the wildness of their dreams. Knowledge, we imagine, has been so universally acknowledged as the great civilizer of men and nations, that only such as those who, apeing the lords of the feudal ages, wish to do what they like with their own, can hold such crotchets. When did knowledge ever cause the working classes to misinterpret nature, to strain at known impossi-
bilities, or promote universal anarchy and bloodshed? Have not these doctrines, if ever sincerely entertained, been suppressed by reason as knowledge has increased? Is it not a known truth that as men, generation after generation, have become more enlightened, the higher classes have been, when worthy, more respected, property been more secure, all humane and benevolent institutions been more cheerfully supported, just and beneficent laws been more promptly obeyed, and all true moral and intellectual greatness been more venerated and admired? If so, why should knowledge, by the exclusive educationists, be blamed for creating that which it so imperatively condemns and crushes? If it produces an effect so unhallowed in the minds of the working classes, how have the aristocracy become exempt from its influence? Are their natures different? No; but only let the working classes eschew politics for ever, and the phantom of the grim-levelling monster will for ever vanish. Let them hear the church, obey the priest, reverence the bishop and the mitre, bow to the squire and the gamekeeper, shout for the divine right of kings and the glory of war, but be deaf and insensible to the secrets of sensual courts, and the oppressions of arbitrary governments; and then will they be counted wise and loyal, and ignorance be considered a blessing.

But if examples from history were needed to confirm the statement, and exhibit in strong and eternal colours, the sanguinary horrors of that anarchy consequent upon an attempt at levelling all distinctions, and the opposite effects of progres-
sive knowledge, in dislodging and chasing away the dreadful phantom, we need look no further than to the tumultuous proceedings in France during the latter end of the last, and the thirtieth year of the present century. In no nation of the world has two more sweeping revolutions occurred, than those which stand so pre-eminent in her history. And, in all their peculiar characteristics, no two overtures of governments, and dethronements of monarchs, stand more strongly contrasted: the one accompanied by a moral and mental darkness, as intense as if the sun of the intellectual world had been extinguished, and the distinction between right and wrong razed from the hearts and the consciences of men; the other brought about by the dictatorial tyranny of a despotic government over a free-minded people, characterised, on the other hand, by those enlightening traits of human wisdom and forbearance, which cast the violence of the demagogue and the intrigues of the subtle priestcraft into the shade.

In 1791 and the following years, urged on to their deeds of horror by the uproarious engines of atheism and infidelity, under the sounding titles of philosophy and freedom, they acted as men under the spell of some dreadful fatality neither possessing, nor, when under the dictate of such sanguinary leaders, worthy the possession of freedom. In 1830, though smarting under the lash of despotism, they displayed a picture changed in all its features; they showed to the world that freedom, not in the abstract, but that real freedom—freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, and freedom from
all the restrictive mandates of tyrannical laws—and not the creation of a second moral chaos, was their high and only aim; and that, though formerly under an awful spell and, when so fettered, unworthy of what is the legitimate birthright of all, they could demand, in all its privileges, the high but natural prerogative of liberty. And what produced the change? Forty years had nigh elapsed, and education had progressed, and, with the sad experience of the former revolution in their memory, plucked the film from their intellectual vision, and poured in the enlightening rays of truth. Knowledge had changed their nature, tamed its ferocity and softened its harshness, showing that where it is extensive there is extensive moral power, and that where moral power holds commanding influence, the outbreaks of physical violence are few in number and diminished in force.

When knowledge, therefore, in such an alarming crisis of a nation's history, is so instrumental in depressing physical violence, deepening and widening the wisdom of the people, and driving, as with the birch of the schoolmaster, the hated forms of anarchy and wholesale butchery from her shores, it at once gives a disclaimer to all the groundless fears of an alarmed aristocracy, lest the education of the people should render them dissatisfied, weary of subordination, and ready to rise in revolt against the privileged few, with the avowed intention of making an universal levelling of wealth, rank and distinction throughout the land. From the example just noticed, the education of the people is the only effective safeguard against that revolt they dread.
It were in vain attempting to persuade an ignorant and infuriated crowd, when revolting against the constitution of society and anxious to reduce all classes to a level, that, before a reconstruction of society could take place upon their wild utopian plans, a radical change must take place in human nature, to prepare the way and lay the foundation of the fabric. The arguments against their new principles will seem feeble and futile. They will see no necessity for a gradation of wealth and rank, for one man's interest weighing heavier in the balance of distinction than another's, and will fondly cherish the wild chimera that an equalization of wealth and property, all over the earth, is all that is wanting to crown mankind with uninterrupted happiness.

But, take the same body of men and carry them through a progressive course of sound education, and then see whether they will cherish the same affection for the measures for which they so loudly clamoured. They will then perceive the wildness—the incongruity of their visions; they will then see that the levelling for which they were the strenuous advocates could no more last, for three consecutive days, without the annihilation of the selfish and the ambitious principles in man, than could the fertility of the earth remain the same during the revolution of the seasons, were the mountains levelled, the valleys exalted, and the whole surface transformed into a swampy, spongy flat. Gradations of intellectual power and acquirements, and the different uses made of mental superiority and original bent, they will then perceive, lay, in a great measure, the
foundation of those diversities of rank and wealth which obtain wherever mankind are found; and that without that gradation, so much condemned, of wealth and distinction, among all classes, it is impossible the labour and industry, so essential for the comfort of the industrious themselves, as well as the higher portion of our fellow-men, could be carried on; and that, therefore, the fostering of their own comfort in earthly matters, and the great ends to be obtained by the expansion and refinement of their capacities, can only be acquired by labour, by emulation to excel, to rise a degree above their fellows, and shine in the horizon a mark for the emulation of others. This distinction between classes, as some assert, was founded and is upheld by power; but it was, and is, intellectual power, and the ends it is made to subserve, which effects more than physical power. And where are the men, in the present age, holding the prerogatives of real power over the minds of others, but they who wield it by minds of surpassing grasp and attainments, determined to use them in the furtherance of objects worthy the means they possess?

This in itself were a sufficient proof of the great advantages of knowledge, as it shews, at least, that there is a levelling in the universe of mind—that the aristocracy of wealth and titled distinction carry not with them into their courtly atmosphere, the distinctions and exclusive attributes of mind, or intellectual riches; for it is a proof of this, that among the benefactors of our country, or of any country, more have arisen from the walks of common life than have ever sprung from the castles of the nobility.
You cannot rear the oak, which must contend with the storm and the whirlwind, in the hothouse; so neither can you expect the masculine-minded scion of intellectual royalty to spring up to gigantic stature in the regions of courts, and in society where sycophancy breathes paralysing flattery and poisons the mind. Such empty foppeties, in truth, affect not the masculine minds of those bent upon the nobler achievements of intellectual championship; they for a time may look at them and listen to them, but only in effect to despise them; and prefer leading on the public to war against war and its evils, against ignorance and its debasements, and against that moral pestilence in its many shapes and colours, which spreads its miasma over the land.

When we find, therefore, that there is no moral or intellectual distinction of classes, we find a thorough levelling in all that is truly essential for the elevation of man. The knowledge of the working classes is in truth a boon to the aristocracy. By shielding them from having despotist laws thrust tyrannically upon them, the lawgivers are excluded, however unwillingly, from legislating in the spirit, at least in the letter, of open tyranny, and are so far saved from practical crime. And the more they perceive the knowledge of the humble tradesman rise, and threaten to surpass their own, the more will it excite their own stagnant energies, and move them to climb loftier summits than they ever dreamt of attaining. And thus the industry of the people, while supporting the pyramid whose point represents the titled few, is also the lever raising them still higher and higher in the scale of mental excellence.
The more strenuously, therefore, the privileged classes of a nation cultivate their mental powers, the more decidedly will they establish the points of distance separating themselves and the people, destitute of their opportunities; and the more openly and truly will they elicit that respect and homage which they conceive their birthright, than if gorged and garnished, like a Becket or a Wolsey, with all that wealth could purchase, while the intellect within, like a mine of hidden gold, was untouched by the fires of purification and refinement.

Yes, Julian, I have run the weary race
Of life, and seen the humble trodden down;
The sorrow-stricken shed their bitter tears;
The hungry, pale and sunken, beg their bread;
The houseless wanderer tremble in the blast,
And blighted virtue look askance in woe;
While the rich lordling, and the bloated squire,
Whose heel oppressed them, and whose lust seduced,
Alike did scorn their plaints with bitter lip,
And called them curs, and slaves, and needy villains.
Ay, Julian; but I know that true-born greatness,
In prince or peer, ne'er scoffed at lowly virtue,
But rather nursed, and drew forth all its sweetness,
And reaping for their labour of its goodness:
For virtue, like the flowers which load the breeze
With balmy incense, breathing health around,
Belongs to all conditions and all climes.
The rich who have it, should by good example
Instruct the poor, the ignorant, and needy,
And teach them how to know and love their God.
And thus in turn, the poor might circle round
Among their brethren knowledge, virtue, peace,
And elevate themselves and those they teach,
By thus fulfilling heaven's most holy purpose.
A WORKING MAN.

For, mark me, Julian, he on earth is greatest,
Who loves his Maker most, and most does shew
That love to God ensures his love to man,
And proves that he fulfils His high behests
By raising virtue and eschewing vice,
Diffusing truth and knowledge o'er the earth,
And softening down the curse which clings to all."

JARVIS TUNSTALL.
IN SOME BRANCHES OF KNOWLEDGE.

"The tree of knowledge is both fair and good,
When with discretion and success 'tis woo'd.
Unlock the cabinets of earth, and see
The riches and the glories spread for thee,
And treasure up the wisdom thence which springs,
Alike for clowns, for artizans, and kings.
Trace history through every winding maze,
And mark how Providence its hand displays,
In placing in their spheres things great and small,
And watching with Omniscient eye o'er all,
Upsetting crowns, and dynasties, and now
Consummating an empire's overthrow."

JARVIS TUNSTALL.

In everything connected with our probationary state, the views and the hopes we entertain for the future, are based, in a great degree, upon the experience of the past. Man, in fact, lives in the future. Every moment which makes its exit into the abyss of past infinitude, projects his mind a moment further into the abyss of the future, whilst the analogies drawn from the past paint clouds or sunbeams upon the distant prospect, in proportion as his previous career has been scarred by misfortune or cheered by success. Hope looks forward and illumes the darkness with her iris hues; memory, the storehouse and index
of the past, is turned into the compass which, by the
guidance of judgment, directs him how to steer his
passage amidst the frowns and smiles, the storms
and calms alternately vexing and soothing the ocean
of human life. And what the experience of the past
is personally to individuals, it is to mankind in the
aggregate, combined by mutual interests into fami-
lies, communities, and nations; and the improve-
ment and progress of a nation collectively, will always be
proportioned to the improvement of the individuals
composing it. And hence, when knowledge sets
free the captive mind from the most degrading of all
slavery—the slavery of ignorance—it will prove the
only effective means of chasing from this land of
boasted progress and enlightenment, the turmoils of
violence and faction, the unprincipled turbulence
of the noisy demagogue, and the audacity of the
despot.

We cannot, however, as a people, mark our pro-
gress in arts and science, in political or moral pro-
gress, without some knowledge of our past existence
and character. History is, therefore, brought to
assist us in forming our estimate. But history will
often disappoint us. We will find that it is not the
simple annals of domestic life, nor the general indus-
trial progress of society, nor even, except at some
period when some great excitement, important from
its effects upon trade or commerce, has aroused the
national anxiety, that the varied circumstances of
the population of a city, or the debates and turmoils
of its councils, afford matter for the pen of the histo-
rian. He must record the wickedness, cruelties, and
intrigues of courts; the governments, characters,
and fate of kings; the wars of nations and the slaughter of millions; the tyrannies of power, triumphing over justice and truth; with all the appalling train of evils springing from the thirst of ambition, the passion for rule, and the determination to mount the throne, though planted amidst the carnage of battle and within reach of the assassin's uplifted hand. And it seems only when the path of history is thus streaked with blood, and its details are most intense and thrilling, that it holds forth the least attraction to some minds; as if some of our fellow-beings exulted in finding recorded and transmitted from century to century the deep-seated, the almost fiendish appetites of their ancestors, for plunder and war.

The celebrated maxim of Bolingbroke, that "history is philosophy, teaching by example," is an undeniable truism. Philosophy, which means simply the investigation of truth, while presenting human nature before us, as operated upon by, and in connection with, all human contingencies, may be said to base its speculations upon theory. But to assert that the views taken were wholly theoretical, would be wrong, as the philosopher, in exhibiting and analysing his emotions, deducing his system of morals, or his schemes for governing nations, merely draws his inferences and conclusions from the lessons taught by history; and thus, both shows the action, the example, and the philosophy deducible from it. The great fact, therefore, that history exemplifies the maxims of true philosophy in the varied pictures and estimates it sets forth of human nature in all ages and nations of the world, is a sufficient reason for
affirming that its interesting pages should be attentively perused. A study so dignified in its character, so interesting in its facts and picturesque descriptions, so elevating and calculated for enlarging the mind, so useful for exercising and strengthening the memory and rivetting the attention—and, withal, a study, popularly considered, requiring none of the severest exercises of the mind—ought, as one of the noblest and instructive, to receive the earliest attention of every inquiring mind. At times we may find facts garbled by prejudice, seen through a magnifying mist, or inadvertently falsified by mistake; but still the events narrated appeal at once to the heart, as springing directly from, and, in most respects, giving a correct view of what the fallen nature of man is capable of producing. Though it substitutes the observations of others for our own, and requires in a great degree our unconditional faith in their testimonies, when we ourselves cannot ascend, step by step, laboriously along all the lines of fact and evidence to remote fountain-heads, it displays before us in strong, though often in disgusting colours, the practical operations of those energies and affections of the heart most conducive, when well regulated, for the well being of society, but which, when uncontrolled by reason, precipitate their victims in the black career of guilt and degeneracy,—in the track of ambition and war through carnage and blood, or the equally guilty paths of religious or ecclesiastical impostors, in duping the ignorant and debased of mankind with their infernal rites and juggling conjurations.

As this study is, therefore, one of the noblest and
most instructive, it ought to receive the early attention of every inquiring mind. Lord Byron, whose historical reading was most extensive, was passionately fond of it when eight years old, when he pondered over the pages of Gibbon's Roman Empire. What an enlargement of mind is received from reading the conversational, though half fabulous but wonder-telling narratives of Herodotus—the more severe and dignified history of Thucydides, and Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand—the stern, truth-telling Lives of Plutarch, or the sparkling pages of Livy! Or, in coming down to our own age and the preceding, who cannot but be interested in the deep research and learned patience of Gibbon, and the beauties of his massive style—in the beauty, clearness and strength of Hume, even though his history be blemished by the spirit of the advocate and special pleader; or in the stately march and equable periods of Robertson, alike at home in Spain, in India, in Scotland, and in America! Members there may be, and doubtless are, of many Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Societies, who cannot find time to peruse the classic histories of antiquity, or all the principal historians of modern times, but we do hold him guilty of a dereliction of duty to himself, who, possessing the opportunity, has not at least read attentively the fruitful history of his native land.

But, though historical knowledge may, and does assist in teaching sound and important moral lessons, and, by holding up to public view old, time-worn, and rotten institutions, and the practical evils flowing from former systems of government, tend to bring
about a political and social regeneration, there are also other pleasures and deductions to be drawn from its study. It is interesting in tracing history up to its fountain-head, and viewing the migration of different tribes into different countries, to trace the greatest empires from their cradles to their summits of greatness, and search through their constitutions, governments, and crimes, into the causes conspiring to undermine their prosperity and sink them in ruin. Nor is it less interesting to search into the nature and depths of their religious and philosophic systems, and their effects upon the people and kingdoms espousing them; and into the many, all but indivisible, points of difference between the territories and the policies of states; and the slight causes of offence often seized upon by jealous and ambitious rulers as incentives for plunging into war, and struggling for the conquest of neighbouring kingdoms, and the captivity or assassination of their monarchs. And in nothing, according to the testimony of many profound writers, is profane history more interesting and useful, than when the many coincidences of fact, in point of character and time existing between it and the Mosaic history are compared, brought to the test of truth, and made subservient for strengthening and illustrating the incontrovertible truths of Scripture narrative. In investigating the tradition's now extant, of all ancient nations, they have been found exactly to coincide, even in minutest details, varying only in general terms and allusions, according to the superstitions of the nations holding them, with the explicit declarations of Moses concerning the creation of the world, or rather its present forma-
from a pre-existent chaos,—man's happy state and fall, and the subsequent destruction of the whole human family, except a remnant, by a deluge; and many allusions to other historical details, which, like that in the Greek Mythology, of Deucalion, and the Flood of Thessaly, adds an additional pillar, if any were required, more than existing evidences, to uphold the eternal claims of Scripture to universal belief and adoption.

In perusing the history of our own country, we find periods and events which, like conspicuous landmarks, gather around them men and circumstances productive of other great events, which give a bent and a colour to the historic scenes and characters of other generations, and to all times. Of these, the history of the Reformation—the reign of Elizabeth, with its literary and philosophic glories, the civil war and the execution of the king—the Commonwealth—the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1688—are alike distinguished for great political events and changes, and their fertility in the production of great men. The whole of the literature of ancient Greece in its various forms, is little but a panegyric on liberty; and so long as it exists, and is diffused directly and indirectly through the public mind, in our own or in any country, it is impossible for the spark of liberty to be extinguished in the human breast. And so of the literature of those epochs in the history of our own land. When the genius of Shakespere has ceased to irradiate the many phases of human nature; when the name and the propelling genius of Bacon is withdrawn from knowledge and science; when the burning thoughts and lan-
guage of Milton have ceased to inspire the paeans of liberty, and clothe tyranny in its hateful colours; and when the statesmen and heroes of that age—its Cromwell, Pym and Hampden, Vane and Sydney, Marvel and Russell—have been blotted from the pages of history as corrupting studies for the human mind—then, and not till then, will the death-knell of our liberty be rung, or intellectual slavery and intolerance, armed with racks and thumb-screws, wield the sceptre, and trample upon the constitution of these blood-purchased realms.

But, independent of the usefulness with which the study of history may bear upon the formation of the mind, and the tendency it may have, by exhibiting the errors of past statesmen, to warn others from the quicksands of legislation and turn them upon a more enlightened track, it carries with it a pleasure, a more absorbing interest, than any other single intellectual exercise in which the mind can indulge. It falsifies in some degree the declaration that man lives in the future. It carries us back into the long withdrawing labyrinths of the past, and places us upon an eminence whence time's winding stream, with all the the figures and events crowding, shifting, and expiring, like flashing meteors upon its surface, attract the mental eye. Through its changing mirror we behold arise from the deep commingling elements of a rude chaos, fashioned into all its beauty and magnificence the stupendous fabric of the universe. We seem to see intelligence created where non-existence reigned. We arise with the spread of mankind, and wing our flight into all the regions of the then known globe, sit councillors in the senates
of mighty nations, breathe the atmosphere of tyranny, mingle in the carnage of battle, wander through the cities of Greece with the sightless Homer as he chaunted his immortal song, listen, absorbed in sorrow and admiration, to the last discourse of Socrates, ere he raised the hemlock to his lips, and gaze in wrapt wonder as the winged words roll in torrents from the eloquent tongue of him who fulminated over Greece. We follow the victorious Alexander in his conquests, see him console the weeping family of Darius; weep with him when, yet in his youth, he imagines he will have no more worlds to conquer; and at last behold him unable to conquer his lusts, sink, overcome, into the arms of death, the vanquisher. With Hannibal, the foe of Rome, we pass the frozen region of the untrodden Alps, and follow him in his career of victory until Scipio turns the tide, see prophecy fulfilled in the end and division of the once great Macedonian empire in the defeat of Perseus, follow the army of Regulus in the encounter with the serpent, and sit gazing in mournful contemplation with Marius, among the ruins of Carthage.

From history we naturally turn to Philosophy, and here what a field for contemplation presents itself—attractive, interminable, yet rich, dignified, and noble in proportion to its ample range. There is little in human life, but what, in some measure, is mixed up with abstraction and speculation; and few believe, or at least consider, when travelling the prescribed round of human existence, that every action, and every important design, is a basis of a portion of that high philosophy, grounded upon
existing views of human nature. The thought, the motive, and the action are inseparably combined with the counterpart philosophy or moral. All have a tendency for evil or for good. There is no medium—no stand still—in the ever-rushing current of human existence. And, hence, the influences ever emanating and extending in endless circles around us throughout society in all its relations, will not cease with our probation in time, but extend onwards and onwards along eternity, and in distant worlds. So true is this that, if we could conceive of one human thought or action, or series of actions clustering into events, being diverted from their proper course, and made subservient for other purposes than were ordained by Providence, society might become deranged, and all the social and political machinery of every tribe and nation of the world rush into chaos; even as one atom of matter taken from the particles of this globe and placed upon the surface of the remotest planet or cast into the abyss of annihilation, would work a corresponding change throughout the whole system of the universe. And though we cannot trace the influences of thought and action in their direct but, apparently, conflicting course, any more than we can trace the path of the ship on the ocean, there is nothing uncertain in their effects. As no atom of matter, whether in the elastic atmosphere, in the ocean, borne in the sand columns of the desert, or in other worlds, was ever lost, or failed in passively performing its appointed work in the mighty plan, so no thought shall fail working out the part assigned it in the problem of the universe.
If we consider the characters of Napoleon Buonaparte, of Julius Cæsar, or of Alexander the Great, in whose hands, humanly speaking, rested the eternal destinies of millions, and endeavour fully to trace, through all their often invisible ramifications, the influences of their conquests upon the world, at their respective ages and downwards, we will find ourselves "in wandering mazes lost." Yet, by narrowing the circles, by keeping out of view the armies, the nations, and the corroding cares of state resting on them, and considering singly the master minds of the movements, we will find ourselves as unable to trace the many causes influencing them individually, as in their more enlarged spheres, and in connection with millions. What events have conspired, for instance, to give the first impulse, in childhood, and at the Military School at Brienne, or among the sickening scenes of the Revolution, to the mainspring of Napoleon's desires? How many circumstances and actions apparently trivial in themselves, often crossing each other, as if to defeat his plans, yet by some, seemingly, fortuitous concourse of events, appear formed, as if on purpose, by a controlling agency to subserve his plans, inflame still higher his burning ambition, and enlarge his grasp? Then, mark! how success but enlarges desire — how possession cannot satisfy his insatiable mind, but still urges him on, step by step, over thrones and through blood, to grasp at crowns and add nations to his projected world estate. Here, it is evident that the innumerable influences effervescing around and urging him forward, as if, as he himself imagined, the creature of a strange destiny, are as
far hidden and mysterious to us, except in their actual palpable results, as are the more wide-spread and conflicting influences penetrating and moving the aggregate minds of Europe, all influenced by that master mind which, invisibly, but fearfully and effectually, moved them all.

Such questions though, doubtless, beyond the pale of clear investigation, and calculated to mystify the minds of the most profound thinkers, are, nevertheless, questions which had, and have, their philosophy; and which, even at the present day, serve as far as the actions and their moral and political bearings are concerned, to give scope to contemplation, and illustrate the positions of philosophers in their analysis and estimate of human nature. Such considerations serve also to shew that, if no atom of matter be unimportant in its place and position, the immortal mind of man must be of infinitely more importance in the scale of creation; and though but a unit among hundreds of millions, and shrunk, in his humility, among so many greater and richer than himself, into something like an abstract quantity—he yet, as a drop amidst the heaving ocean of life, possesses a mighty influence, and, though unknown to fame, is deeply impressing his mind and his character upon society by his actions. Though no Oxford Puseyite or fox-hunter, or no Cambridge mathematician or philologist, the working man, wielding his influence for the benefit and good of his race, can rise high in the knowledge of truth and the practice of virtue, and become a central sun to others less enlightened than himself. The word philosophy, and the name of philosopher, may
sound strange and high in associations, and he may not easily be induced to believe that all men are philosophers, in proportion as they cast their minds about in search of truth wherever it may be found. "Many are poets, who have never penned their inspirations," is an expression Byron has put into the mouth of Dante; and many are philosophers of deep thought and enlightened views, who have never publicly expressed their thoughts, but who, nevertheless, have been instrumental in adding to the national wealth, honour and fame—riches more palpable, widely felt, and enduring, than the flimsy lucubrations of many theorists, who have filled volumes with their dreamy speculations. Many are, therefore, philosophers who claim not the title, who disown the name, as too lofty and high sounding for their humble aspirations, while many unworthy the name would fain lay claim to all its honours.

"How seldom friend, a good great man inherits
Honour and wealth, with all his worth and pains?
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains."

A Watt, an Arkwright, and a Stephenson have been instrumental, through their inventions, of increasing the amount and enhancing the value of our produce, accelerating the speed of our intercourse, and raising to an unexampled height, the prosperity, wealth, and character of our country, by its commerce and manufactures in the markets of the world; and are not such men deserving of niches as high in the temple of philosophy, and names as
illustrious in the rolls of fame, as any mere dreamy theorist who burns his midnight lamp, and fills volumes with impracticable speculation. Look at Brindley; he had no mathematical skill in sketching plans and diagrams, yet, by the force of his clear practical intellect and unconquerable perseverance, he overcame difficulties in the construction of his bridges and canals, which would have baffled more scientific architects, who, indeed, sneered at his projects, and became the first practical engineer of his age. And who can tell but that from among the young men connected with our Mechanics' and other Institutes, and People's Colleges, some may arise to gain the title of benefactors of their country, and dispute the empire of philosophy with some who have, undeservedly, been awarded the crown, and had their names sounded by the trumpet of fame.

Upon mental and moral science, we need not here expatiate. The field of discussion is so vast and fruitful, and though simple, yet apparently complicated, that a considerable number of papers or lectures would be necessary for doing it justice. The subject is one, however, of great and varied importance, in all its branches; nor is a full knowledge of its abstract truths and relations alone necessary to the statesman, in assisting him in the enactment of laws in accordance with the popular mind—to the physician in prying more clearly into the nature and cure of diseases, whether bodily or mental, nor to the minister of religion in tracing moral diseases to their source and preparing the heart for the application of the divine antidote—the
knowledge of the philosophy of mind, as forming the basis of the moral system of the world, is equally essential for enlightening the minds, furthering and amplifying the views, and so tending to sweeten and elevate the intercourse between individuals in every class of society. When we consider what the human mind is, how deep are its emotions—how rapid are its movements—how comprehensive its range of thought, and how commanding its energies, we must be struck with the extent of study which the subject involves, and the depth of analysis required for its mastery. Independent of all the results which flow from its careful study, it is a noble discipline for the mind. Let any one, as yet unacquainted with the subject, commence, and carefully go through Dr. Thomas Brown's one hundred eloquent lectures upon the subject, and his mind will have received a tutorage, and be irradiated with a new, and, in many points, a mysterious but useful light. That its speculations can never be brought to the test of demonstration we know, and that it reasonings and objects, may, and do seem to have but little utility in the common business of life we also know; but so long as pure knowledge elevates and enlarges the mind, mental philosophy must be fruitful in enlarging the narrow limits of human thought, and refining and elevating the understandings of all who delight in its study, and hence, by a reflex law of nature, operate beneficially for humanity at large.

"That these studies are of a very dignified and interesting nature, we admit most cheerfully—that they exercise and delight the understanding, by
reasonings at once subtle, cautious, and profound, and either gratify, or exalt a keen and aspiring curiosity, must be acknowledged by all who have been initiated into its elements." *

Mental Science, it is true, can, in many points, be scarcely understood when considered simply by itself; but, when prefaced by a full inquiry into the histories of all ages, and aided in many of its most interesting and severe abstractions, by the practical illustrations which history affords, the philosophy both of mind and morals is seen exemplified, and brought home to the understanding by the most cogent and powerful attestations of its truth. We then perceive that, from the earliest date of human existence, into whatever ages or nations the stream of history carries us, or with whatever actions or events it acquaints us, that the dictator, conscience, held supreme right to rule over the emotions of every heart; and, though seldom, indeed, receiving from the subjected passions, often rebellious, that deference due to its sacred authority, still held the sceptre of the monarch in the breasts of the mightiest kings, the most despotic tyrants, and the lowest subjects—in the terror-stricken heart of Nero, and the most untutored savage—in the burning breast of the traitor Catiline, and the dignified bosom of Cicero. We then likewise find, unravelled from the knotty skein of sophistry into which scepticism entangles it, that, notwithstanding the distances between localities and manners—the mystifying mythologies

* Lord Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh Review. Reply to Dugald Stewart.
and irrational superstitions of settled nations and wandering tribes of men, one code of virtue, one universal sense of moral obligation between man and man and between man and his Maker—or if God be not clearly manifested to savage nations, between man and some great mysterious power drawing forth his voluntary homage—obtained, and still obtains among all mankind. And were all effects carefully traced up to their causes, much of the miseries afflicting mankind, in the various relations of life, would be found to spring from a deep-rooted ignorance of the laws and the working of the human mind, and, through that ignorance, from a tendency to touch those chords of feeling in the bosoms of others, most easily shaken and wrung, and productive of much of that bitterness and anger, and deep-rooted aversion, circulating among all classes. If we look to the question of marriage alone, we shall not fail to perceive that the disunited affections—the jarring, and the evil thoughts continually brooding and boiling in the bosoms of husband and wife, and often bursting forth in wrath and collision—had, and have still for their foundation, a total ignorance of the nature of the diversities of mind, and hence, a want of that perception which would have revealed to themselves their total uncongeniality of minds, feelings, and tempers, and thus have enabled them to avoid that union which they must have foreseen would be embittered by discord and strife; lessons which, when taught openly to children, by their imprudent examples, too often entails a curse of a diffusive nature to succeeding generations.
Deep, however, as the learned metaphysician may plunge in his analysis of the human mind, and its emotions, he will still find it, viewed through whatever medium, in its actual nature and essence, a mystery unfathomable by human reason. We feel its powers within us, and are conscious of its effects upon the material agent the body, by the actions immediately following its volitions. Its inconceivable swiftness—its boundless range of thought—its incessant and unwearied activity, and comprehensive grasp still enlarging the sphere of its cogitations, intimate, in connection with other phenomena, that it is destined to a nobler existence. From the first dawn of reason to the extreme verge of the eternal world, its high aim is happiness and expansion; and at the dread hour of dissolution, shrinking aghast from the gloomy gulf of annihilation, it embraces the hope of an immortal existence in some state of more positive happiness, where it may bloom with eternal verdure, and expand its unflagging wings for ever. To this hope it has, among every kindred and tongue, in every age and nation, clung with the utmost tenacity. The Greek and the Roman looked forward to it with fear, when surrounded by all the rites and twilight of heathenism;—the savage in the midst of the wilderness anticipates it, though darkly, and the christian enlightened by the beams of revelation rejoices in its truth. Could the mind by any process become satiate with, or reach the full stature of its intellectual strength and knowledge, then might we think it had also reached the full maturity of its being, and would henceforth decay and sink by easy stages into
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nonentity. But time cannot limit its desires. The more wisdom and knowledge it accumulates in time, the more eager its appetite for a more boundless expansion—for luxuriating amidst the scenes and wonders of a world to come. And hence, when every hope and every fear tells us, though inaudibly, of an immortality, how desirous is it that we should be storing up knowledge and wisdom here, since when we plume our wings for the flight to the regions beyond, our faculties will be more energetic, our grasp more comprehensive, and our perceptions more acute, and better fitted to expatiate amidst the wonders and glories of a beatific world.

And what department of science contained within the circle of natural philosophy, is more calculated to enlarge the mind and draw forth its energies than astronomy? The immensity of Creation, it is true, places an insurmountable barrier against the rational indulgence of that ambition which would fain scan the system of systems circling through space. But our inability to scale the stars should not damp the ardour of our enquiries, nor render us sluggish and inert, but rather stimulate us forward to try what actual discoveries can be made—what hitherto unexplored regions can be trod—how quick and energetic—how vast and comprehensive the immaterial mind can become through its contact with the world of matter. A want of the high mathematics necessary for enabling us to gain a full knowledge of this science, so far as its limits and phenomena are known, will, doubtless, prevent many from commencing its more elaborate study. But the simpler elements of the science as laid down in popular
treatises,—the construction of the planetary system, the distance of each planet from the sun, the different velocities with which they roll, the force of attraction as corresponding with the quantity of matter in each, and varying reciprocally with the squares of the distances of each planet from the sun; and of each satellite around its primary, with many facts connected with its vast scenery and laws, may all be comprehended without a knowledge of the geometry requisite for solving its more difficult problems. And though the science of astronomy does not bear with such force and utility upon the common concerns of life as the other sciences solely conversant with near material objects, it surpasses them all in lifting the mind above its ordinary sphere of thought, and bearing it into unknown realms where it may soar and expatiate without limits. And though, in many respects, the discovery, or partly, the invention of the mariner's compass, has supplanted the utility of the stars for the purposes of navigation, yet the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, so essential for assisting in the right computation of longitudes, and hence, for assisting the mariner upon the ocean, and the geographer in his measurements, stands forth a beautiful adaptation between remote phenomena and the common business of life. Yet ere those distant phenomena can be brought to bear upon the importants objects and ends they answer, a long mathematical calculation and analysis must, to the mind of the student, clear them of their ambiguities, thereby, in a great measure, placing them beyond the comprehension of the popular mind. But though the objects of astronomy be distant,—though their
vastness throws us back, in some measure from the heights we would fain occupy in scanning their cycles, we can, at least, in some degree, comprehend the grandeur and sublimity of their movements, as they roll oscillating within the prescribed limits of their periodic perturbations—we can perceive the wise adjustment of the opposing forces which keep the planets in their paths—we can perceive and admire, while we adore the depth of that designing wisdom which placed the sun in the centre of so many worlds to impart light, heat, and attraction to all, and extend pleasure and enjoyment to innumerable myriads of sentient and intelligent beings.

But descending from these starry spheres to our own earth, the science standing next in sublimity to Astronomy is, according to Sir John Herschell, Geology,—a science comparatively new, but every way deserving the high rank it has obtained, and the deep interest attached to its investigations. The wonderful discoveries made of late years within its appropriate regions, and the inferences drawn from thence, startled, like an electric shock, the reading and the religious world, into the belief, that an attack was made, and a war was henceforth to be waged with the scripture records of creation. Such belief, however, and the fears arising from it, seem wholly quashed. The science itself has been proved of high practical value, and, as such will, in time, enlist in its favour, the whole army of those pseudo philosophers, who argue that all virtue is placed in utility,—and that all other studies, poetic, or merely speculative, such as the pure mathematics, or the philosophy of mind, are at last submerged or lost, in
the onward current of human business and bustle of
the world, and hence, as the dreams of vacant minds
should be discarded for ever. With such dreamers,
and there are many such around us, we have no
manner of sympathy.

But if astronomy, that un-utilitarian science, by
the distance and vastness of its objects be the
sublimest of the sciences,—geology claims its title to
sublimity from the indefinite length of the earth's
past duration, the revolutions it has undergone, and
may yet undergo, so that sublimity, in the highest
sense, is characteristic of both. We gaze upon a
mighty ruin, once the abode of kings, or the sancti-


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system, and sweeps through space, perhaps exciting the wonder of other planetary beings, regarding our modes of existence and agency, in the way that our wonder is excited with regard to theirs. In truth whatever regards the world in a mass as a link of the planetary chain, regards it in an astronomical light, geologists prying into its details and decyphering its engraved hieroglyphics, regard it in a light less vast, less overwhelming to the mind, and hence, less imposing and sublime. If in astronomy we learn what is the form of a planetarium, but yet cannot comprehend that mighty being who rolls the orbs in their rounds,—then in geology we mark the operations of the same power, which, by volcanic agency, by shifting the poles for a single mile, or by transferring them to the equator, hurled the waters of a former ocean over the land, and, amidst the rush and chaos of elements, brought instant death upon all its inhabitants. We are carried back to distant and other economies of this earth and from its embedded remains learn something of the size and structure of those immense animals peopling its surface. So far as we know or shall ever learn, the condition of the planets and stars may have been the same;—our earth's conditions have been many. And not only are the manifestations of some destructive agency everywhere around us—we also learn that at every successive epoch, creative power was exerted to repeople its tenantless surface, with creatures adapted to its various elements. Thus the mind rises from viewing the effects of destruction, to contemplate creation and beauty and life. And for anything we know, such destructive revolutions may
again occur, and this earth be re-arranged for the habitation of some new order of beings.

Mineralogy, that branch or division of metallurgy, the peculiar province of which is to teach the manner of discovering and digging mines, and judging the nature of their produce, is closely connected with geology. Every mineralogist, in fact, ought to have a full knowledge of the structure of the earth, so far as can be known, combined with a knowledge of the mechanical sciences: of subterranean architecture, of mensuration, of hydraulics, and levelling; and, to render himself complete master of the science, in addition to the other branches of natural philosophy, he should be well versed in chemical principles and operations. Hence, a knowledge of geology is one important step towards a knowledge of mineralogy. Nor is there one branch of science required for its mastery but which is necessary in more or less degree for all kinds of mechanical operations. He who understands the laws of force and motion, the powers and uses of the inclined plane, the wedge, the lever, the pulley, and the screw; in their application in the process of mining, can be little short of a knowledge of the principles of mechanics necessary for engineering and the construction of the machinery of mills. The arithmetician whose knowledge of mensuration enables him to apply his skill in mineralogy, is necessarily a sufficient master of his art in the measurement of lands. The chemist possessing a competent skill in the nature of compound earths, salts, sulphurs, and bituminous matters, has considerable knowledge of the principles necessary for the preparation of acids and alkalies essential for
the processes of bleaching, and dying, and printing. And, perhaps, few of any profession know less of the principles upon which they work than these. "The dyer goes on dying all his life," says Brougham, "and at the end of his career knows little at all about the matter." * These professions are, in fact, branches of practical chemistry. And it must appear clear that without a knowledge of its first principles, no practical application of them can often be wholly correct; and hence the occasional failure of their professors in producing those perfect specimens of art or science which it is the great object of scientific inquiries and knowledge to produce. In attempting to imitate nature, we should establish our knowledge upon those true first principles by whose aid we may be assisted in faithfully copying the original; and then, and not till then, shall we effectually succeed in beguiling nature, the great teacher, of her colours, and transferring them to the artificial productions of man.

It may seem almost unnecessary, in passing, to mention geography, as that is a science so well understood, at least in its import, that no traveller, merchant, or mariner would willingly be considered ignorant of its rudiments and principal outlines; and surely no tradesmen or working men, who profess to be their own teachers, or who take an interest in the history of the bygone ages of the world, can fail to become familiar with the great divisions of the earth, the artificial boundaries of nations, and remarkable localities, the temperature of their climates,

* Address to the Manchester Mechanics' Institute.
the size and position of their capitals, their colour and dress, their language and attainments, their religious rites and observances, and their relations and commercial traffic and intercourse with other kingdoms and colonies. And, when so useful to the merchant and the mariner, and so interesting to the student of history, as the great finger-post pointing to the scenes of recorded events in ancient and modern times, surely to none can it be more useful and interesting than to the Sunday-school teacher and earnest scholar. This, indeed, has been perceived, and Biblical Atlases have been carefully prepared and illustrated, and sold at a price so low and inviting to all, that few teachers anxious for the welfare and progress of their classes in Scripture knowledge will be without them.

With botany, which teaches the nature and history of flowers—with ornithology, which teaches the nature and history of birds—with entomology, which teaches the nature and history of insects—with conchology, which teaches the nature and history of shells—with the natural history of animals and their mechanical organization; or with physical geography, or the history of nature conversant with its successive events, in contradistinction to natural philosophy, which treats of its various objects and phenomena, we need scarcely urge all anxious after obtaining general knowledge to obtain some acquaintance.

It certainly may seem anomalous to think that a knowledge of the facts brought to light by such study and researches can be, in the least degree, beneficial to the artisan or the mechanic. But,
should this be the opinion of one, the opinion of another may widely differ. Is there in the whole creation, from the greatest to the minutest objects, anything unworthy of contemplation or the expenditure of a thought? And while the proboscis of a fly, and the slender petal of the meanest flower, exhibit the most exquisite workmanship and skill, requiring the minutest microscopic investigation before we can judge of their hidden beauties, are there not minds of every cast, fitted exactly as counterparts, and replete with a stimulating curiosity and a patience necessary for expatiating among the minutest, and seemingly, the most uninteresting portions of creation? There is thus elicited from a union of discordant tastes and opinions, arising among all gradations of intellect, a harmony and a consolidated strength, displaying a beauty of design and a power of execution, loudly proclaiming the transcendent wisdom of an Omniscient mind, and the power of an Omnipotent arm.

We have already glanced at mental philosophy, and our space will scarce permit us to mention the importance attached to a knowledge of the physiology of the body. Man, as seen moving in his sphere of agency, is a beautiful and noble piece of Divine architecture, proclaiming his Maker, as the exterior of a beautiful edifice, or a marble statue, may display the genius and taste of the human architect and sculptor. But the interior mechanism of the body must be seen anatomically before it can be understood perfectly. We may indeed know, and cannot but know without witnessing a dissected body, that we are fearfully and wonderfully made; but without
a view of all its apparently complicated machinery, its vital organs and digestive functions, we vainly attempt to master its details, and comprehend with exactness the compact adjustment in so narrow a space of all its intricate arrangements; and even then shall we be lost in wonder at the extreme delicacy of those valves and springs, and the slenderness of those fine-spun fibres, the nerves, the stoppage in their ceaseless play, or the snapping asunder of which, produces a paralysis of the part, or instant death.

There is a mystery connected with life, and an awful mystery connected with death. In life we admire the beauty, the elegance, the grace, and moving majesty of the human frame, but vainly attempt to fathom that union of matter and spirit, together constituting the man. And when death has wrought his fell havoc, and extinguished the intelligence, and quenched in night the fire once sparkling from the now glazed eye, the mystery thickens, and it almost seems as if materialism had gained a triumph. Reason, we fully believe, rejects the theory of the materialist, but the profound darkness enveloping the question, when the body, anatomized, displays such symmetrical arrangement, such intricacy, such nicety, such minute and interwoven mechanism, that the smallest accident or injury upon the vital parts produces death, can scarcely fail at times to lead to the conclusion that life, and hence intelligence, depends solely upon and springs from, organization. Nevertheless, when the question is once brought to the test of profound reasoning and inquiry, the proofs drawn from consciousness, from
instinct, or intuition, and from data brought on every side to bear upon the point, eventually explode the doctrine of the materialist, and triumphantly establish the fact of the spirituality of mind, and clearly illustrate the self-evident proposition, that matter, however organised, cannot originate mind—that death cannot evolve life.

We must now draw this lengthened paper to a close. We can only be said to possess true knowledge when, by the exercise of a judgment strengthened and matured by its precepts, we practically apply it in our actions and show it in our conversation. We must think and judge, as well as read. We must exercise our minds by comparing arguments—by ascertaining, as near as possible, the true facts, obscured too often by the colouring of counter-statements, whether in history or politics, and labour to form correct and impartial opinions of men and things, before our knowledge can be firmly grounded, or such as fully deserves the name. Truth, undisguised, must be our motto; and through the prodigious masses of rubbish hiding the precious jewel, we must penetrate, we must force our way. Amidst the jarring of factions—amidst the hosts of conflicting opinions, and the consequent agitation of society, truth is too often obscured; but a mind firmly determined to answer the question of Pilate—"What is truth?"—may, by observation, by reading and thinking profoundly, and judging correctly, find truth in all its naked beauty and unadorned majesty, throned in the centre of the universe, and reigning with supreme authority in the conscience of every human being.
MACAULAY'S CHARACTERISTICS.

Though, in a general way, the names of periodical critics and essayists are not announced, and the public are often at a loss to know who holds the scalping-knife over the devoted book, it is seldom the case when a reviewer comes forth, time after time, to the work, but his manner is soon distinguished from that of his brethren—his style and execution seen to be so unique and characteristic, that when his name is once known, the reading public are soon able to detect him through his subsequent articles. Pains have, no doubt, been taken to keep the public in the dark, more especially when great severity has been used, and the vials of a burning ridicule have been poured on the head of the devoted author, who writhes beneath the infliction. But the veil has seldom been wholly drawn—the mysterious sanctuary of the invisible critic has seldom been kept wholly sacred to the censorious fraternity. The public have searching eyes and unwearied perseverance in solving such tantalising enigmas. Yet they have often been baffled; and often have errors been made by newspaper scribes, and acute readers,
in awarding to authors their respective contributions, through the presumed closeness of style of the various critics engaged. Long, indeed, was Jeffrey charged with the sin of Brougham in the matter of Byron's early poems; and often has Brougham been charged with the authorship of Macaulay's scorching criticism on Robert Montgomery's "Omnipresence of the Deity." But, after all, it may be supposed that the constitutional vanity of authors seldom allows them, when their works are successful, to be particularly anxious to hide their laurels. So long as the articles or volumes are anonymous, and the public are divided about their merits, and the right of parties to the praise or censure drawn forth, the authors may, for a time, remain in obscurity, and enjoy the wrangling of partizans about their claims to the lash or the reward, well knowing that the readers will criticise more freely, and, in general, speak the truth more openly and boldly, from their very ignorance of the authors. Occasionally the opposite of this may be the case, so long as favourite authors are criticised and praised, whatever be the subject or the merit of the performance. But anonymous authors, whether through reviews or otherwise, acting as spurs to the jaded public mind, will always be more freely criticised, simply because unknown. There may, also, be something particularly gratifying to the republic of authors, who launch forth article after article full of literary merit, and pregnant with doctrines and arguments capable of revolutionizing taste—of changing or purging social institutions, and upon the ancient conventional dynasties of error and
tyranny, erecting bulwarks for the defence of truth and universal freedom—whilst the oracles themselves, shaded from the public gaze, command wonder and admiration from their very invisibility.

Such, for a length of time, were the impressions and changes produced in literature and politics by the "Edinburgh Review;" and as great was the anxiety of the public to ascertain the names of the contributors of the able articles. But when the veil was partially rent—when the secret was partially divulged, and the great Aristarch of the North was discovered amidst his intellectual confederates, and they all appeared like ordinary mortals, the wonder began to cease. Jeffrey, in his dissecting-room, was only the keenest of intellectual anatomists, distinguished for metaphysical acuteness and vivacity. Brougham, the great epitome of all the talents, was only an intellectual Jupiter, hurling forth at times, in defiance of policy and prudence—as in the case of Don Pedro de Cevallos and the Government of Spain—his burning and withering Phillippines, to astonish and alarm. Sydney Smith appeared but the keenest of wits, and the raciest extinguisher of pretenders and hypocrites; while all the other members of the critical camp moved to and fro like ordinary mortals. Still then, as now, though the writers in many cases were known, mistakes were often made in awarding to each his own. But the style of each soon became familiar to the readers in various nations, from Napoleon Buonaparte to the lettered shoeblack. Jeffrey did not crush like Brougham—Brougham did not cut like
Jeffrey. Sidney Smith did not enter into philosophical disquisitions like Mackintosh — Mackintosh was not so critical and severe as Hallam; while none in the kingdom could treat physical questions like Playfair and Leslie.

Mr. Macaulay came later upon the stage. In the modest preface to the volumes of his collected essays, he states that the first article — that on Milton — was composed when he was fresh from college. To those unacquainted with college life and habits, it will, doubtless, appear that he must have been a student of long standing, deeply imbued with knowledge, and experienced in composition and reflection. Such are, undoubtedly, the results of a collegiate course properly passed in the regular departments of study; and the offshoots of his genius, which Mr. Macaulay had given to the public in his songs on the Wars of the League and the Armada, along with other prose articles through "Knight's Magazine," prove that his earlier efforts at fledging his intellectual wings were of a lofty order, and indicative of the high course he has since so successfully pursued.

Nor was the length of his college life anything uncommon, so long as his aim and determination were fitness for a high and ambitious career, and a full mastery over the elements of universal literature, if not of knowledge. The whole life of a man of literature, science, or philosophy, must be devoted to study and learning; and the few years of previous collegiate probation, through which he must necessarily pass, are required for simply training, tempering, and disciplining his mind for laborious after
life. He then does little more than break up, manure, and cultivate the ground, and sow the seeds for a future harvest of usefulness and gain, adorned, it may be, externally with flowers and verdure of great beauty and luxuriance. No young man, however distinguished as a wrangler, or covered with university honours, can emerge from its halls into active life a ripened and finished scholar. In proportion as he there forms habits of untiring industry, or of idleness or relaxation from study, he moulds the inner temple of his mind, and lays the foundation of his future eminence; but the interior temple, though formed, and rich with the buds of future splendour, must afterwards be furnished—the imposing superstructure must afterwards be reared. Mr. Macaulay, therefore, was not late in throwing off university trammels, and starting upon his career of intellectual independence. And if he suppressed the soaring propensities of his ripening intellect, until elaborate study and immense reading enabled him at once to exhibit a richness and maturity of mind and a full mastery over language, he acted with wisdom and prudence. He knew that the leading reviews of our country were conducted by men of high talents and learning, and that to stand side by side with them, and be measured by their colossal standard, was an enviable elevation, capable only of being attained by a full and comprehensive cultivation of his powers. Hence his ambition rose as his energies quickened—at once he sprung forth an intellectual athlete, and has earned, before the tribunal of the public, a fame at once highly flattering and extensive.
Some have imagined that to criticise the greatest works of the greatest authors—to pass censures or applause upon faults or beauties, or enunciate doctrines tending either for the blessing or the bane of society, greater experience and maturity of mind were required than Mr. Macaulay could, at that time, possess. In some respects this may be correct; and it may be admitted that, for the production of articles which have since come from his pen, he was then inadequate. But does his article on Milton prove him unable to do anything like justice to the subject? Does the result of the trial bear out the hypothesis, that he was too young, too inexperienced and hasty in his judgments of men and events, to estimate either the true character of the poet or the stirring political events in which he acted so pre- eminent? Whatever there may be in that essay, according to the views of some, of political heresy, of startling paradox, or Polyphemus-like criticism, does it, in any part, exhibit the marks of the school-boy, or the errors of the flashy sciolist? It should be borne in mind that the whole tribe of early reviewers were young when they laid the broad foundations of their literary empire—Brougham himself being only twenty-three when he wrote his able essay on the "Balance of Power," in the first volume, and twenty-four when he published his two portly volumes on the "Colonial Policy of Europe,"—a work of graver and weightier speculative study, and involving arguments of deeper interest and practical importance to individuals and nations than most questions discussed by Mr. Macaulay in his mature years.
Every reader of Mr. Macaulay's productions will perceive the eminently historical bent of his mind, and the luxuriance of his fancy, which, dwelling upon the remote, the romantic, the effective, and the vast—the great actors in history, and the revolutions of nations—leads him to expatriate at large, time after time, on the revolutions in England—the revolutions of the Papacy and the wars of ambition and conquest in the sultry regions of Hindostan. In thus drawing an historical picture and filling his canvas, as it were, with the great men of the age selected, and placing each in his appropriate sphere where he is seen to advantage, he has but few competitors. To effect this point we almost imagine that, in his first critical article, Milton was merely brought forth as introductory to a review of the great changes then convulsing society; and that when he leaves his fragmentary antithetical criticism on Milton, the poet—as he stood and acted for his country and for future ages among the crowds of Puritans and Cavaliers—Presbyterians and Quakers—Fifth Monarchy men and Muggletonians—and enters upon the public career of Milton, the politician, as influenced by the opposing creeds and opinions which all these sects and parties brought into play, we perceive a marked change in his manner—more animation in his style, and a high degree of abruptness in his sweeping decisions on characters and events.

A regard for truth is perfectly consistent with a love of paradox—one of the most distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Macaulay. Such a predilection is also often extremely characteristic of parlia-
mentary orators and special pleaders, or obscure oblivious poets; but paradoxical straining is exceedingly out of place in the lucubrations of a truth-seeking philosopher. Mr. Macaulay, however, does not profess to be a philosopher; and the journal to which his essays were contributed had often been brimful of paradoxical matter before he was engaged upon it, so that he only augmented the fire without, in any degree, changing the modes of attack or defence. Throughout all his writings, it is plain that he loves to startle and surprise—to charge his remarks, his sentiments, and theories with electrical matter, to produce smart intellectual shocks and vivid impressions. His great aim is the production of effect—the creation of sensations in the literary world, and he often accomplishes his purpose. A stunning shock is often of more importance to him than a grave argument. In his view—and so far as he seems inclined to follow it—it disposes of the argument at once. The understanding of the reader is, for the moment, paralysed—thrown off its guard, and must recover its balance before attempting calmly to consider the point at issue, while he is rapidly borne away by the stream of words, before he has time to collect himself, into the vortex of some other point of argument. Essentially dogmatic in his style and manner of argumentation, he yet, by his half-persuasive, half-commanding tone, drags the reader along his lines and through his labyrinths. At once he charms them by the dashing brilliance of his style, and the rhetorical flowers culled, often profusely, from various regions of nature and art, and so dexterously, and often poetically,
interwoven into the very texture of the style, as to seem part and parcel of the argument—by the sudden and unexpected metaphors, which often, in the middle of a grave argument, like a sudden flash of light upon a dark ground, illuminates the circle, and by the vivid contrasts which he draws of the opposing sides of any question under discussion.

When, however, the mind of the reader is, for a time, wearied with the uniform dazzling brilliancy of the author, and retires from his pages to reconsider the question under review, he will often find the positions assumed weak, though specious, and all the sounding artillery of his language, and his vivid illustration, brought forth to cover some practicable breach, to cloud some prominent point of attack. We by no means insinuate that Mr. Macaulay is deficient in literary honesty, or anxious from party or literary predilections to conceal or overturn points of momentous truth; but it seems clear that a love of disputation—a desire to show his dexterity at fence, has often plunged him into mazes, from which the most subtle use of his dialectical weapons could scarcely rescue him. He would find some difficulty, for instance, in proving to the satisfaction of professors of logic, such as the super-subtle Sir William Hamilton, that “a knowledge of the theory of logic has no tendency to make men good reasoners,” or prove satisfactorily how poetry flourishes best in a dark age. Like Hamlet, he makes many palpable hits with his foils, but he also sometimes parries the air, and makes opposing phantoms of his own to have the equivocal glory of conquering them.
We are far from inferring from this that his mind is either tortuous or shallow. Straightforward and comprehensive in an eminent degree, it overleaps the bounds which enclose ordinary intellects, and amplifies every region it enters to its own extensive and fanciful range. Yet he cannot be awarded the praise of high originality or depth of invention. Never has one grand creative idea issued from his mind, which, if carried into effect, would improve the condition of mankind and throw an immortal lustre round his name. His brain teems not with progeny, embodying the ethereal, the practical, or the sublime of the coming age; but, following the lightning-like track of the more creative and daring, he can take asunder and reconstruct political and historical problems, and deduce theories of his own from the rubbish of the old. He can seize the most common-place surface aphorism, or paradox, and, wreathing it afresh with the flowers of his diffusive rhetoric, cast it forth in a more plausible and commanding form, as if fresh from his intellectual mint. For such statement, description, and illustration, his style is admirably adapted. It is unique in itself; if, at times, approaching the rugged and uncouth, always, like a torrent, carrying the reader rapidly along, by his short but emphatic and sweeping periods, brilliant illustrations, and sounding climaxes.

It is very seldom the case that the literary productions and parliamentary speeches of any statesman and orator are greatly dissimilar in style. The calmness which generally attends the studious effusions of the closet will naturally mark the pro-
duction; and the more lucid arrangement of the points of argument and language, and the condensation of the matter be all conspicuous over the extempore harangue; but the same principles and mannerism, where existing, will still pervade and mark the whole—the same mind and energy be still at work arranging and illustrating all. Cicero in his Offices, and Cicero in his Orations, displays one and the same mind. Burke has been mentioned as the probable writer of the letters of Junius; but the thing was impossible, even though Burke could imitate Bolingbroke. Their styles were as dissimilar as their minds. The fiery intellect and vivid imagination of Burke, and the equally profound and erudite, but more solid intellect of Mackintosh, when brought to bear upon great questions in the senate, gave birth to orations which almost invariably wore the drapery of the closet. They expended their powers in learned and brilliant dissertation, ill adapted to their audience, instead of seizing, like Chatham or Fox, upon the strong points of the question, peering, like lightning conductors, above the rest, and producing a series of vivid impressions, to strengthen party views, excite party feelings, and elicit rounds of applause from aroused and susceptible partizans.

To this school of writers and orators Mr. Macaulay undoubtedly belongs. His speeches are studied essays, and the essays are written speeches. Both are alike vehement in manner, rich in literary allusion and historical reference, and distinguished by force and copiousness of language. Indeed, few orators, if any, since the days of Burke have exer-
cised a greater command over language, or possessed a more riotous fancy than Mr. Macaulay. Yet great national questions involving the well-being and peace of the world, were, in all their practical bearings, better adapted for the weightier faculties of Burke or Mackintosh than for him. His mind belongs more to the past than the present or the future—to the historical than the speculative—to the poetic than the real—to the illustrative, than the creative and the logical.

Many may question the accuracy of the above remarks; still it is evident that Mr. Macaulay's mind is not of that strong, consecutive, condensing, practical cast, necessary for the calm discussion of grave philosophical questions, or deep schemes of diplomacy. That he has read extensively the literature of ancient and modern times,—that with the currents of history he is well acquainted, and possesses intimate knowledge of the chicane and shuffling of parties, is evident, but with all his great talents and acquisitions, his discursive and kindling fancy, his mind wants concentration and force in any particular direction. Of metaphysical acumen he seems to possess but little, and what acuteness in argument he does possess is often neutralized by his dogmatic rashness in jumping at conclusions, often at variance with the premises from which he deduces them. His subjects are generally such as require great breadth of surface; and a frequent change of actors and pageantry, and a succession of stirring events are necessary for a full exhibition of his powers. He, in all respects, evinces a thorough knowledge of whatever subject he takes in hand; and his inwoven illustrations,
though often too rich and copious, seldom fail to render his object or subject, more transparent to the auditor or reader. The rapidity with which he shifts his positions and his views,—drawing forth analogy after analogy, picture after picture,—shows to the most superficial reader the mastery of an imperial fancy; but also suggests to more penetrating critics, the opinion, that like Burke, he is deficient in abstract subtlety, and close nervous, logical argumentative power. He is no financier, no lover of figures, no political economist, no learned and practised mathematician, no mental philosopher, no acute instructive debater. He cannot, like Bacon, ascend to the vast and stoop to the minute. He would have made a bungling anatomist, a burlesque imitator of Archbishop Whately, or John Stuart Mill, on logic. Indeed, most of his mental habitudes may, in some measure, be inferred from the paradoxical remark already noticed, set elaborately forth in the essay on Lord Bacon, that "a knowledge of the theory of logic has no tendency to make men good reasoners."

If the writings and speeches of Mr. Macaulay did not, on nearly all points, confirm the accuracy of the foregoing sentiments, the fact that he left Cambridge without taking his degrees because he abhorred and rejected close mathematical study, would go far to justify the opinions stated. No one will deny that the study of mathematics is an excellent mental discipline. According to Bacon it is the handmaid to natural philosophy; and most men will concede that it is invaluable, in union with logic, for arming the intellectual gladiator with the weapons of dialectical subtlety, by exercising which,
in the arena of debate, he may overthrow his antagonist. But as a wrangler Mr. Macaulay is deficient. As an orator he is not eminent in debate. He requires time and study to elaborate his senatorial exhibitions; and though he has been known to join in a sharp debate, and at the risk of failure, attack the sophisms of some ambitious member and attempt to extinguish his arguments with a fierce tempest of rhetorical declamation, he is seldom either convincingly acute in argument, pungent in sarcasm, or overwhelming with his whirlwind rush of words. His set, as distinguished from his extempore speeches, come but seldom, and only on great occasions, and they never fail to illuminate the principal points of the question. All his statements are clear, and his advocacy strenuous and imposing, but, like the bolts of the ancient Grecian, they smell of the oil, and bear manifold marks of careful study. From beginning to end his tone is pitched on the same key. The billows of thought seldom rise and fall as if ruffled and tossed by breezes, or inflamed by electric passion. There is ceaseless action and uniform elevation, and an earnest straining after effect, but nothing calculated to touch the feelings, or arouse the sympathies of his audience. As a whole, his exhibitions thus got up for the occasion are often splendid and imposing, rich and admirably arranged, but often losing in the very effect for which he pants, by his ardent straining to astonish and command.

Yet, if we take his essays and speeches as sole evidence, he is no mere mechanical artist, endeavouring, at the expense of truth, and for a mere party
triumph to throw a web of delusion around the minds of his audience. He has never been a candidate for mere mob applause. Though his feelings and his fancy do not gain the mastery over his judgment as was often the case with Burke in his later writings and speeches, his vehemence and apparent earnestness of manner lead us to think him perfectly sincere in all he advances upon any subject he treats, though the brilliant rhetorician intent on display is transparent through every disguise. While no speaker of the House, and no author of the age is more conscious, or, it may be, vain of his powers,—often superciliously so to his intellectual inferiors,—few have been more zealous in searching after and expounding enlarged and living principles of universal right and freedom. While he admires and almost worships vast intellect and genius, as displayed in a Bacon or a Milton, none seems to sympathize less with such immoralities as in the case of Bacon disfigure its splendour. Judge him by his own declarations and we shall find that despotic selfishness seldom has found a more severe antagonist—mere pretension not a sterner foe,—true greatness and excellence not a higher culogist.

In drawing his historical pictures we imagine that his canvas is often too broad and the scene too crowded, amidst which the principal figure that should stand out in bold individuality upon the foreground is often lost, or eclipsed, by the outlines of the minor actors. True it is, his most brilliant essays are essentially sketches of stirring epochs of history, more than simple portraits of the characters engaged. Take for instance, the articles on Clive or Chatham,
Sir William Temple, or Warren Hastings, and we find instead of elaborately chiselled portraits or descriptive outlines of the men, dissolving views of distinguished parts they took in forming remarkable epochs of history; and are thus left to deduce from narrated events the true character of each and the estimation in which posterity should hold him. This indeed, is philosophy teaching by example. It comprehends much and suggests more; and to many, unable to pore through extensive piles of records, Mr. Macaulay’s essays will open up fountains of knowledge in a condensed form, and whet the appetite for more extensive information regarding important events, the nature of which the essayist could do little more than indicate.

As compared with Mr. Macaulay, Lord Brougham, in his compressed historical “Sketches” of the “Statesmen of the reign of George III.,” aims at, and is successful in drawing more finished portraits of the men he fixes on his canvas. Macaulay figures more ambitiously and sketches more widely,—Brougham fills up and delineates minute points more efficiently. Macaulay is more rapid and discursive, claiming extensive acquaintance with no particular science,—Brougham, equally imaginative, is more condensed, comprehensive and profound. Brougham, is an able mathematician,—Macaulay is an inferior and careless mathematical disciple. Brougham, from the more consecutive structure of his mind, is necessarily a masterly argumentator and logician,—Macaulay, in some degree, decries the science of logic altogether. Both are orators, but each has his own characteristics drawn out and so clearly de-
veloped that little danger exists of the harangues of
the one being charged upon the other. Macaulay's
speeches, in some degree, resemble his writings,—
broad, diffuse, rapid, energetic, full of historical
record and allusion, brilliant and sounding, but
seldom profound,—Brougham's, whether studied or
extempore, showing in his luminous statement of
facts, and his able advocacy or reprobation of any
given measure, an universal knowledge of all that
is cognate to the subject, and combining amidst all
his condensed and burning eloquence, those qualities
and acquirements in which Mr. Macaulay is most
deficient,—a mastery over the statistics of finance
and commerce united to a thorough knowledge of
practical statesmanship and administration of the
law. Macaulay in all his productions, whether writ-
ten or spoken, depends little upon pure reason or
pure imagination for illustrating his subjects. Like
lawyers he cites cases and precedents, and thus loves
to display his acquirements by the lavish use of
names, and fancifully sporting among the records of
the past. Brougham is more of an intellectual
gladiator, whose statement and advocacy of any case
or question is most clear when relying most upon his
own pure reason and genius for illustration and
forcible coloring,—whose mental atmosphere is
nothing clouded by his prodigious acquirements, but
seems more bright and rarified by the reflection it
casts upon the combined stores from various regions
collected within it,—who, indeed, can cite cases, refer
to precedents,—plunge deep into the histories and
governments of all nations as in his "Political Phi-
losophy,"—indite volumes of literary and scientific
matter as if his whole life had been devoted to the task, but who never, for the mere sake of displaying his acquirements or producing stage effect, cites a multitude of names, or brings forward a crowd of historical associations. In Mr. Macaulay we undoubtedly perceive an ornament of the literature of his country,—in Brougham, an intellectual Hercules, who, whether in law or literature, politics or philosophy, has impressed his genius deeply on his age, and whose stirring history, for the last forty years is inextricably interwoven with that of his country. Macaulay's critical and historical essays may, in all probability, from their lighter texture and popular style, be more generally read than those of Jeffrey and Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, Sidney Smith and Mr. Hallam. But if they should now by their lighter form and in their collected volume attract more attention, after ages will hang over the essays of the elder contributors, sipping honeyed wisdom, learning and philosophy from their pages, and studying the art of criticism from their skilful dissection of books and their estimate of ancient and contemporary literature.

It has often been said, and is all but universally admitted, that a constant study of the law, united to an extensive practice at the bar, has naturally a cramping and narrowing influence upon the mind; that, keeping the phraseology apart, its professors deal more in subtle points than great principles—that philanthropists are seldom found in their ranks—that professional coldness seldom induces them to range through the domains of philosophy, the regions of poetry and romance, or to explore the intri-
cate labyrinths of the feelings and the heart; and that the practice of pleading for known guilty clients—of endeavouring, at the risk of all that is sacred, to throw the cloak of innocence over the worst of criminals, and all for hire, has a tendency to blunt the moral perceptions, and petrify the glow of the nobler affections. Now, much of this, we are afraid, is true, though there are great and splendid exceptions. Few, however, would infer from Mr. Macaulay's writings, that he had studied for the bar; yet such is the case, though he did not pursue its practice. Sketching the times and character of the Florentine Secretary, or criticising Southey's "Colloquies on Society," seemed more congenial to his aspiring mind. Had he ever practised at the bar, we imagine what Queen Elizabeth said of Bacon, that "he was not made for small things," and what Hazlitt said of Brougham, that he was "too heavy metal for petty cases," would in some respects be applicable to him. Like Burke or Sheridan, against Warren Hastings, or Brougham, in defending Queen Caroline, he might have shone resplendent when mighty principles were at stake, and wondering nations were lookers on. But it must be confessed, that his want of tact and readiness in reply, would, unless overcome by practice, have prevented his success at the bar, equally as much as his lofty and brilliant powers would have raised him above the great herd of its practitioners. He chose a more congenial path to immortality. When his name is mentioned, it will have, like so many wreaths associated around it, the reputation of the orator, the historian, the essayist, and the poet;
and when so splendidly adorned, well may the additional wreath which the reputation of the lawyer would have added to its mingling hues be spared.

As a poet in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," and in his earlier productions, he, as might have been expected, is more fiery and energetic than polished and graceful—more like the rush of the torrent than the smooth but rapid stream—more like the caparisoned war-horse, panting for the shock of battle, than the graceful and fiery racer, panting for the course. The readers of his prose productions must be convinced that he possesses a lively and exuberant fancy; and if the complete identification of the poet with the scenes he describes, and the imaginary or traditionary beings he creates to fill them, be the work of a higher imagination, then Mr. Macaulay throughout the "Lays"—where we find no description, or the expression of no feeling, but what seems characteristic of Roman life and the age which he has reproduced from the womb of the past—has identified himself with the spirit of his subjects in all their bearings, and has thus produced, from the mint of a lofty imagination, gems of a brilliant lustre with an appropriate setting. In method and style he has imitated Scott's chivalrous creations more than the forms of any classical ages with which we have any familiarity. He has modernized, diffused, and adapted to our own taste what we may suppose in the original ballad—of which no remnants exist—was more suggestive than elaborately descriptive—what by a vivid image, concise appeal, or single touch of the bard, like a spell or incantation, was calculated to stimulate the imagination and inflame
the passions. But, though in the form and style there be nothing essentially Roman, there is in the fiery spirit, feeling, and sentiment, everything Roman throughout the "Lays." They are bold and sparkling outlines of half-fabulous events, which, in the far-backward abyss of time, and in the eternal city, upon whose brow the word blasphemy was yet to be written, shadow forth scenes and characters which, like the foundation of the city itself and the colossal empire, are half entombed in mystery. They stand forth in bold individuality, partaking of all the attributes of the author’s mind. With his prose works, even should he write no more, let us hope that they will descend to a posterity which will not willingly let them die. All his writings, as a whole, and with all which critics may consider faults, prove him a man of high intellectual grasp and brilliant fancy, and of varied and extensive, though not profound acquirements,—though, if report be correct, we may look for a work which is to place him in the front rank of historians.* If from past political exhibitions we

* The foregoing paper was drawn up in 1846, previous to the appearance of Mr. Macaulay’s “History of England,” and hence before any elaborate criticisms on his works had appeared. The writer knows of no reason why the expressed opinions should be altered, as he not only thinks them, in the main, correct, but has been gratified in finding nearly all the criticisms which he has seen, setting forth similar views. The following passage, originally in the body of the paper, will show what opinions were entertained regarding the History then in progress, and whether the anticipations have been realised by the performance:—

"From the historical essays on Sir William Temple, Lord Clive, Hampden, Lord Chatham, Ranke’s History of the Popes,
may predict the future, we imagine that his liberality will never be extreme, nor so far removed from trimming and transparent expediency, as to induce his fellow-beings to consider him a patriot, who would

Hallam's Constitutional History, and Sir James Mackintosh's Fragment on the Revolution, we infer the nature of the elaborate History of the Revolution which Mr. Macaulay is reported to have in progress. All his copious and available erudition will be brought into play: his accuracy in the combination of scattered facts—his ingenuity in detecting analogies, and decomposing evidence to seize its strongest and most telling points, and the skill and seeming ease with which he deduces principles, and gains, apparently, just conclusions from the facts mapped out before him, combined with the rectitude of his moral nature, and his condemnation of much that partakes of tyranny or baseness of soul—all lead us to think that his history, when completed, will be a great acquisition to our literature. Besides the research which will be expended, rich adornments will be lavished; great rhetorical grace and beauty will charm the reader, while the springs of action will be traced, and the influence of events be followed through their all but invisible ramifications, as productive of more remote operations and events. If it be possible to write history on a principle and plan at once popular and philosophical, in which kings, courtiers, and statesmen will absorb only their due share of attention; and in which also the people shall be duly represented and sympathised with as intelligent agents, for whom ministers and kings exist and act—which in no history they have ever yet been—no writer of our age seems so able to accomplish it as Mr. Macaulay. In chronicling the Revolution, he will have his faults. We already know the drift of his political bias. And as chasteness of language and simplicity of diction should distinguish the historian, we imagine Mr. Macaulay will find a difficulty in repressing his fanciful illustrations, and be sometimes at a loss, from his exuberance of words, to select the most fitting for his purpose. But such defects spring from excellencies.
sacrifice anything for the welfare of his country or his race. But let us not be too harsh in our judgments. As he has hitherto been considered the true friend of justice and liberty all over the globe, let us hope that he may still be regarded as a great instrument in the hands of providence for promoting the intellectual, political, and moral improvement of his species.
ON MACAULAY'S ESTIMATE OF BACON'S PHILOSOPHY.

Those acquainted with the high literary, scientific, and philosophical reputation of the influential journal in which Mr. Macaulay's Essays originally appeared, would naturally argue, à priori, that narrow and superficial views of the questions he endeavours to discuss, would not characterise his contributions. True, popularity and profundity are seldom united, and are, perhaps, in most cases, like oil and water; immiscible. But still, enlarged and correct views of great questions may be so expressed and illustrated, as to lead the thinking portion of the working public to study them more closely, understand them more clearly, and appreciate the imparted knowledge more highly. Thus, we think the Essay on Lord Bacon's Life and Works, in point of illustrative vigour and reasoning power, the ablest in Mr. Macaulay's volumes. It is, perhaps, as popular as it is possible to make the subject; and if the author has not plunged so profoundly as some have done, he has so far sounded the depths of the great intellectual ocean of Bacon's mind, and traced out the effects of what has been gathered from its stores, as to impress them more deeply and effectually upon his readers, than if
less prodigal of his illustrations, and less popular in his language. Mr. Macaulay has evidently studied the works of the great father of inductive philosophy with care and effect; and has given a condensed but brilliant epitome of his life, his contemporaries, and the various circumstances influencing him in his great, glorious, and yet shameful career, with fidelity and fearlessness. He is not led away from what he conceives to be truth, by a blind or diseased admiration of his hero, to palliate or screen his faults, reason away his crimes, or cut down the angular and rugged projections of his character, as deduced from his conduct, into lines or figures of equal proportion, beauty, and grace.

Bacon and Newton, perhaps, more than any other eminent philosophers, have received the blind homage and undiscriminating eulogy of the crowd. Yet but few, comparatively few, of the public have read or studied their works, or possessed the necessary acquirements for their thorough understanding. Bacon’s short but comprehensive Essays, and his Advancement of Learning, afterwards enlarged into the De Augmentis Scientiarium, have hitherto been the only works which could reach the mass of the public, and which yet, by the condensation of thought and close cogency of expression, are oftener named than read—oftener praised than understood and applied. A greater number of people have read his translated works during the last forty years than during the hundred and eighty years previous. And in proportion as they have been read and understood, and their maxims practically digested, has the character of his philosophy, as influencing the onward progress
of society and the development of mind, been felt and appreciated by myriads of our race, hitherto ignorant of the great testament he has left to the world at large. To understand his character aright, we must estimate the moral nature of his mind, the social, moral, and literary character of his age, and the nature of his privileges and opportunities for conferring a lustre upon the sublime and dignified philosophy of life and human progress in all succeeding ages of the world. To appreciate his comprehensive understanding aright, in its universal aspect, we must, we apprehend, possess a more thorough and comprehensive knowledge of his works than those—noble in themselves—so easily reached by the multitude can enable us to obtain. And if we further wish fully to understand the nature of those achievements wrought by his methods and principles of induction, more than his own actual discoveries, we must pass in review the history of philosophy in all ages of the world preceding his own, and contrast its effects and its tendencies in the progress and improvement of the human race, with the prodigious advancement made in every branch of knowledge, science, and art, since his laws of inquiry and rigid experimental analysis overthrew the baseless philosophy of dreams and sounding words. In short, Bacon is himself a colossal study. His works are not school-books. Containing inexhaustible mines of pure wisdom, they are adapted alike for the student and the philosopher.

Those philosophic systems, if systems they can be called, of the ancient schools, and the schools of more modern days, previous to the revival of letters,
the Reformation, and the appearance of Bacon, Mr. Macaulay exhibits with great force of illustration. From Socrates to Plato, from Plato to Seneca, from Seneca to Aquinas, and from Aquinas to Suarez and Bacon, he clearly shows that the sole aim and actual results of the miscalled philosophy, was revolution without advancement, endless logomachy, without collisions between truth and error, and the elision of corruscations of knowledge to irradiate the intellectual twilight. Hence, when Bacon, from his high elevation of pure and intellectual faith, gazed upon the dreary expanse of barren regions through which mankind had trodden for so many thousands of years, and comprehending in his capacious grasp the vast and the minute of the possible progress of human nature, he saw, as through the glass of prophetic vision, the high destinies for which man was created,—pointed out the road by which progress and greatness, and intellectual elevation could alone be obtained; and persuaded future generations never to rest satisfied with present attainments, but to push forward the car of improvement to the remotest regions and greatest heights where truth can penetrate, reason guide, and science force the way. The shock which the innovation of the creed of Luther gave to Europe and the Church of Rome, was not more alarming than the shock received by the vague enthusiasts of the schools from the universal adoption of the experimental process. The revolutions in both religion and science, followed each other in quick succession.

When superstition was undermined on its basis of scriptural ignorance, and the right of private
judgment and free inquiry in matters of religion and philosophy, was claimed for and exercised by the human mind, it was vain for the rulers of the Vatican and the disciples of Aquinas and Ockham to expect a much longer duration of their slavish reign. The collision between the powers of truth and error was necessary for a proper comprehension of the elements of both. Declaiming and writing against Rome with all their force and zeal, the Reformers, in separating from its dominion, threw off their allegiance to the schools. They declared, in effect, that to follow Aristotle was virtually to abjure Christ, and thus, by at once creating an anarchy in the regions of theology and philosophy, the powers so long connected with the corrupt systems of both, became unable harmlessly to withstand the shock. A healthier and more independent tone of thought began to pervade society. "The activity of the human mind was manifested in all directions, in the relations of men among themselves, in their relations with the public power, in the relationships of states, and in purely intellectual operations."* It felt its freedom and force, and, like a captive freed from a twilight dungeon, where he had been bound with chains of silk, began to look back and wonder at the slender cords which had hitherto bound it in fetters of iron. The empire of philosophy was thus agitated with intestine war; blows had been struck, and already the reign of the tottering system which had won the profound homage of ages seemed destined to speedy annihilation. Bacon then, as if cast up, like Crom-

* Guizot's History of Civilization, Lecture XII.
well or Napoleon, by the onward spirit of the age, to lead the movement, appeared upon the scene, and showed a front of determined hostility to scholastic logomachy and error, and a determination to conquer all opposition to progressive civilization. He did not, therefore, first commence the crusade against the dominion of the schools, but he took the leadership of systematically directing the movements of the human mind in a path imperfectly known, whence it might reach a higher and clearer summit of correct observation, and command a nobler prospect of philosophy and truth than it had hitherto done.

To forego at this period, when Bacon entered the arena, their hold of those ancient systems which had existed for so many ages—which had reigned predominant in colleges, enlivened the solitude of cloisters, limited the bounds of human inquiry and knowledge among the officiating priesthood and the great and learned, as well as among the low and the ignorant—of those systems which had cramped the spirit of improvement and learning, which from the fall of the eastern empire had begun to revive in Italy, and which, amidst a universal twilight of mind, had kept the springs of all human freedom, in the hovel and upon the throne, frozen up in the Vatican and the delegated power of the priesthood—to forego those systems was as painful to the votaries of the scholastic philosophy as the loss of a hand or an eye. Stationary, or if in movement, only revolving like the eternal wheel of Ixion, upon a single pivot, surveying for ever the same scenes, filled with the same associations, wrangling upon the same dis-
puted and incomprehensible points—they knew not of progress, they dreamt not of intellectual locomotion. In their dreams and visions of the supremely good and beautiful—of the extent and nature of points of space into which thousands of angels could be circumscribed, they thought not of attainable bliss, or the improvement of their fellow-men. The vulgar arts and sciences, the diffusion of knowledge, and the progression of the human race, did not disturb their fantastic abstractions; such themes and objects they left far below to the herds of the grovelling masses, ignorant of the ecstacies of their world of dreams. They knew not that before they can rise high, they must plunge low; that to climb the delectable mountains of faith, they must descend low into the valley of humiliation; that to raise a towering but solid superstructure, they must build upon a foundation of enduring rock. They aimed at the unattainable, and disdained the useful. They attempted to scan the mysterious cycles of infinitude with the line and plummet of human reason. They disdained to stoop to the only means and method by which in reality they could elevate their thoughts, sublime their natures, render lasting benefits to the human race, and push forward the chariot of universal progress among the nations of the earth. Hence, when the method of Bacon began to influence inquiry, and experiment and demonstration began to pull down the rubbish of the schools, and rear, instead of sand-heaps, pillars of adamantine firmness and durability, the adherents of Aquinas and Duns Scotus looked askance in their fulness of sorrow, and, like Marius
in mournful contemplation amidst the ruins of Carthage, still clung tenaciously to their errors and exploded systems. Long had they trodden through the barren wilderness, and "still around them frowned the dreary waste." They sought no pathway through its tangled borders into the promised land. Wandering in endless circles and inextricable mazes of their own creation, they barely skirted the province of reason and truth. But at last, amidst dire confusion, the enchanter appeared in their midst. The Pisgah of philosophy was seen, still afar off, but many gazed wistfully in the right direction, many went thither with willing feet, and could exclaim—

"Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
The barren wildnerness he passed;
Did on the very border stand
Of the bright and promised land;
And from the top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and showed us it."

It might have been expected, in an essay on a subject so vast and interesting, that Mr. Macaulay, in expatiating on the incalculable advantages derived from the inductive philosophy would have naturally been led to present his readers with a clear and accurate analysis of the principles of induction. This, however, he has left us to gather from his discursive but comprehensive survey of its tendencies, and from the stupendous wonders already wrought by its means. In descanting at such great length, and with such exuberance of language and

* Cowley's Ode to the Royal Society.
eloquence, on the talismanic effects produced by a profound study of the book of nature, as applied to human progress, comfort and happiness, he clearly displays, as in a mirrored map, his own intellectual range, and the influence which the contemplation of the sublime, the grand, and the beautiful holds over his own imagination. The tendency to contrast and compare—to seize hold of pictures and analogies—is naturally strong in such minds as his; and in him it exercises a predominant mastery. In the comparative, or rather contrasted estimates which he draws of the system of Plato and the system of Bacon, he exemplifies, in the highest degree, this attractive feature of his genius. Without such contrasts and comparisons, clear and accurate conceptions of the Baconian process and objects can be drawn, and had been drawn, before Mr. Macaulay was born; but by this ingenious and picturesque mode of illustrating, his delineations become more vivid, and the impressions made upon his readers more distinct and durable. The brilliant grouping of objects so dissimilar, and the lights and shades so skilfully thrown into his portraiture, thus impart a clear distinctive outline and colouring to his views, such as is often imparted to the curious figures on a transparent vase by the light shining within it.

In carefully considering the subject, we cannot but think that the great aim of Bacon has, in many points, been underrated by Mr. Macaulay. He, along with other of Bacon's equivocal eulogists and envious detractors, argue as if his only aim was the "supply of our vulgar wants." Such is Mr. Macaulay's language. Again, he says, "Two words
form the key of the Baconian doctrine—utility and progress.” But how far is utility connected with the physical, and how far with the ethical and general well-being of our race? Or is it possible to separate our physical from our moral and intellectual being so far as exactly to define the boundary where the one terminates and the other begins? Can any of his commentators seriously imagine that, because so much of the “Novum Organum” is taken up with physical observation and experiment, that Bacon was either abjuring the study of mind or neglecting the cultivation of the moral and intellectual man? Surely, with regard to such questions, Bacon’s own declarations should be considered sufficient; and if all his more scattered expressions and repetitions, all referring to his own great aim, the enlargement of the bounds of human empire, be not satisfactory, the “De Augmentis,” considered as a whole, should silence the most pugnacious caviller. Physical elevation and progress are undoubtedly great and necessary means towards a great end, but they were far from being the only aim and object of Bacon. And those who attempt, by false straining, to limit his objects within so narrow a boundary, not only unnecessarily underrate the mental perceptions of the man, but seem also to insinuate that he thought the scientific progress of the human race could be achieved without a corresponding advance of the intellect. Truth, wherever, or however ascertained, is useful, not only in a utilitarian, but in a far higher moral and intellectual sense. Bacon, therefore, did not himself seek knowledge, and lead the way to universal improvement, simply because
he imagined that through his inductive method a
great and salutary but continuous impulse would
be given to science and to human nature through all
time, but also, because the insatiable cravings of
his own mind, which saw or found nothing satisfac-
tory or progressive in the empiricism of his own and
all preceding ages, impelled him to the study of phi-
losophy, and the framing of laws for the progress of
mankind, during his leisure hours.

And, inasmuch as all science has sprung from an
appetite for intellectual food, wholly apart from a
consideration of the utilitarian objects to which it
might be applied, we expect that science and disco-
very will still be pursued for the sake of their enlight-
ening effects upon humanity, and the mental stimulus
they impart, independent of their material usefulness.
Newton took a pleasure in reading the stars; but
had Newton no higher pleasure in doing so than in
the mere calculation of the utility which astronomical
discoveries might subserve? Geologists scratch the
surface of the earth to trace the nature and depth of
the belts of strata and the remains of the animals
imbedded within it; but in doing so year after year,
is there no superadded pleasure to that which merely
flows from a knowledge of the additions which their
discoveries will make to science? We masticate our
food, but is there no pleasure attached to it apart
from our knowledge of its utility in supporting and
regenerating the body? We acquire health and
vigour of body from the exercise of our limbs, and
the mind acquires energy and elastic temper from
the disciplined play of the faculties; but in all these
habits and yearnings, we seek enjoyment rather than the supply of our physical "vulgar wants." **Utility**, therefore, though the result, is not the sole result of philosophic research, nor the only aim or motive which induced Bacon and succeeding philosophers to press forward in a career of discovery. There is the superadded pleasure flowing from a consciousness of **mental** as well as **physical** progression, thrown over all, even as the pleasures of a peaceful conscience flow from the performance of a righteous action, though peace of conscience was not the result originally sought for by the performance of the action.*

* On this subject, Mr. Hallam remarks—"The two leading principles that distinguish it throughout all its parts, are justly denominated (by Macaulay) **utility and progress**. To do good to mankind, and do more and more good, are the ethics of its inductive method. We only regret that the ingenious author of his article has been **hurried** sometimes into the low and contracted view of the deceitful word **utility**, which regards rather the enjoyments of physical convenience, than the general well-being of the individual and the species. If Bacon looked more frequently to the former, it was because so large a portion of his writings relates to physical observation and experiment. But it was far enough from his design to set up physics in any sort of opposition to ethics, much less in a superior light."—**Literature of Europe**, vol. ii., page 290.

The language of Mr. Hallam, when he speaks of Mr. Macaulay having "been hurried into the low and contracted view of the word **utility**," seems rather a grave charge against a presumed inductive philosopher, professedly investigating truth. Mr. Macaulay may apply it. Lord Chesterfield says, "A man of sense may be in haste, but will never be in a hurry," &c.
Mr. Macaulay labours hard to prove that Bacon was not the original discoverer of the inductive method; arguing that, as all human beings, from the child at its mother’s breast, up to the full-grown man, since the beginning of the world, have acted on its principles, the praise so prodigally awarded to him as the inventor of the method, is a “vulgar notion,” and altogether a mistake. The first man certainly knew that food satisfied hunger, and that water quenched thirst; and the first-born child of our original parents, by an animal instinct, knew, like many other sentient, unreasoning beings, that nourishment to satisfy its cravings was drawn from the parent’s breast. The first tiller of the soil and sower of the seed, the first builders of a house, the first carpenters of a ship, and the first inventors of weapons of war and death, all, undoubtedly, in rude forms, acted upon the principles of induction, as well as the more finished architects and sculptors of Persepolis, Athens, and Rome, the ship-builders of Tyre, or the sabre-grinders of Damascus. But the question is, did they act systematically on the principles which, as applied since Bacon’s time, have changed the condition of the world? If so, how was it that philosophy slumbered until Bacon, as if by an intellectual convulsion, awoke it? Did the first child at its mother’s breast, when, according to Mr. Macaulay, acting on the inductive method, reasoning from the effect to the cause, and conclude, à priori, that the breast contained a nourishing liquid; and that, as it once contained it, so it would naturally continue to do? Was it acquainted with the constancy and uniformity of nature’s sequences? Or is
not the instinct of any mere sentient animal on an equality with the instinct of the infant scarce dawning into intelligence? It is evident that he here elevates instinct into induction, or levels induction to animal instinct, an argument which might be carried to a ridiculous conclusion.

The whole argument, therefore, in combating Bacon’s claims to the inductive method, is a piece of loose, superfluous declamation, serving no practical purpose. Induction is reason in action, making use of and educating knowledge, and, as such, is naturally inherent in human nature. And that which, from the creation of the first man, when he built his bower in Eden, has been the natural result of the human reason of our race, it required no Bacon to discover, and no Macaulay to tell us that Bacon never did discover it. He might as well raise an argument on the fact, that Bacon was not the first to discover the attributes of the human mind. But though Bacon was not, and could not possibly be, the discoverer of the inductive method, he did what no former philosopher had ever done.

Bacon appreciated and analyzed the principles of induction, differently than they ever had been analyzed, and laid down rules for their use which henceforth concentrated the human mind upon objects of possible discovery and progress. Bacon produced the key which opened the gates of the hitherto inextricable labyrinths of nature, and pointed the weary pilgrims of scholastic transcendentalism to a pathway whence they might reach the delicious fountains of simple truth. Bacon, by placing the line and plummet of truth and
reason into the hands of all succeeding philosophers, prepared the way for renewing the intellectual vision of millions, and laid the foundations of the enduring dynasty of mind upon the ruins of ignorance. Yet Bacon, in the sense in which some use the term, was not a philosopher. He reared no system of his own—no vast, nobly proportioned intellectual edifice, by that method which he so effectually pointed out to his followers; but he laid the foundations of all succeeding systems of true science and improvement. Instead of building a scientific system himself, the result of long and elaborate investigation, he promulgated to the world the conditions of all true systems which have since enlightened the world. He was not in himself a discoverer, but he pointed out and proclaimed the conditions of all true scientific discovery. Induction had been practised since creation, but he taught mankind the method scientifically, and on infallible principles. Hence, some, setting aside his meagre physical observations and experiments, consider him more an intellectual philosopher than a utilitarian reasoner—more a logician endeavouring to "enlarge the bounds of human empire," by directing mankind inductively to the solution of all possible enigmas, the acquirement of all possible knowledge of truth, and the highest possible elevation of our race. He was the forerunner, who, in the intellectual wilderness of this world, came crying that a great revolution was at hand. According to Cowley, he was the great intellectual Moses, who, from the top of his Pisgah, pointed succeeding generations of wan-
derers in the desert to the promised land, blooming afar in the prophetic distance.

But Mr. Macaulay, going a stage further, denies the praise of originality to Bacon's analysis of the inductive method, and much of utility to the method itself, simply because Aristotle, above two thousand years ago, explained its uses, and shewed the impossibility of men making new discoveries by syllogistic reasoning and because we are acting on analytical principles every hour of our lives, and even in our dreams. The paradoxical argument which he endeavours to establish on this ground, and the end he is anxious to reach, at whatever cost, is, that a popular knowledge of the inductive method is not necessary for the better performance of operations upon its principles—that men use figures of speech with no more propriety when familiar with rhetoric, than when ignorant of its rules—that men reason no better when familiar with syllogisms, than when ignorant of their propositions—and that a thorough knowledge of the theory of logic has no tendency to make men good reasoners.

The conclusions thus reached, or at least asserted by this paradoxical rhetorician, seem so preposterous, and so utterly inconsistent with the encomiums he passes upon Bacon, and the results of his reformed philosophy, that the reader is startled and surprised. Few will believe that a thorough knowledge of the principles of induction has no tendency to make men better architects and engineers, and will not induce them to examine more
narrowly and more minutely the data on which they build their conclusions. Will it not help them to methodize their operations more systematically, whilst it sharpens the intellect and expands the understanding? Will not the physician, familiar with the inductive process, reason differently on the nature, principles, and operations of medicine, and proceed differently to work in attempting to eradicate disease, than the ignorant empiric who poisons or cures at random? Though, therefore, men had practised the inductive method before it was properly understood in all its practical bearings, the very knowledge and accurate analysis of its principles by Bacon, and all succeeding philosophers, has added an immense addition to human power. Look even to Mental Philosophy. The science of mind, subtle and intangible as it is, is now classified in the inductive list. The law of the association of ideas operated in every mind, and influenced emotion and action since the beginning of the world, in the same manner as now; yet that law, or, as more properly termed by Dr. Brown, the law of suggestion, since its discovery and exposition, has been hailed as the great master-key for simplifying many of the complexities of the human mind. The planets have revolved around the sun, and the whole planetary system round some central sun far remote, ever since their creation, but yet the discovery of the simple laws of their revolution was the most stupendous in the world, and led the way to all subsequent discoveries in astronomical science, which have simplified the complex riddle of the universe. Yet Newton, discarding all speculation, proceeded
upon strict inductive principles; and, at one time, when proceeding upon an erroneous scale of measurement, threw aside his calculations because slightly inaccurate. Harvey, on the same principles, discovered the circulation of the blood; and Boyle, following the same path, extracted the secrets from the bosom of his mother earth. The philosopher, therefore, whose aim is to arrive at truth, by seeking evidence and sifting it—by going through the processes of induction with care and patience—by testing all that is brought before him as minutely as the chemist when analysing the contents of the stomach of one who has perished by poison—and by multiplying and arranging the points of evidence, as he draws them from the crucible of truth and demonstrates their accuracy—acts very differently from the mere sciolist or empiric, who, ignorant of the precise rules and conditions of correct induction, accepts merely such evidence as comes spontaneously to hand, and troubles himself with nothing further, because incapable of properly applying it.* Yet the latter was the careless, sta-

* In speaking of Bacon, as compared with preceding philosophers, Dugald Stewart says:—"His great merit lay in concentrating their feeble and scattered lights; fixing the attention of philosophers on the distinguishing characteristics of true and of false science, by a felicity of illustration peculiar to himself, seconded by a commanding power of bold and figurative eloquence. The method of investigation which he recommended had been previously followed in every instance in which any solid discovery had been made with respect to the laws of nature; but had been followed accidentally, and without any regular de-
tionary mode of conducting philosophic research before the age of Bacon, and the former the rules of the philosopher, since he laid the foundation of the whole superstructure of science and universal progress. Ancient philosophy was Diogenes in his tub, cynically requesting Alexander to keep out of his sunshine. Modern philosophy is Galileo gazing through his tube—Newton walking among the stars—Franklin drawing lightning from the clouds—Watt, all but creating the steam-engine—and Cuvier, from a fragment of bone, rising to a knowledge of the structure and habits of the animal and the entire species.

The great object of Bacon being known, some may inquire, what degree of merit does Mr. Macaulay admit him to possess, in pursuing that object? In common with all who have ever clearly and impartially understood the matter, he candidly attributes all the improved advantages which mankind possess to Bacon and the inductive method—to Bacon, as the great stimulator of his followers; and to the inductive method, as the only means, or the road by which they were to be produced. But, inasmuch as the inductive method, according to his mode of reasoning, was not originally Bacon's, it follows that he only stimulated others to employ that method in search of truth, and thus armed

*sign; and it was reserved for him to reduce to rule and method what others had effected, either fortuitously, or from some momentary glimpse of the truth."—Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Thomas Reid, sect. ii.
them with a motive for pursuing that inductive process well, which all previous inquirers had done ill, and brought forth no fruit. After again—as if afraid that his opinions on the subject should be misunderstood—repeating that Bacon was neither the inventor of the inductive method—the first who analysed it, nor the first who shewed that, by it, truths long hidden could be discovered, he continues thus:—

“But he was the person who first turned the minds of speculative men, long occupied in verbal disputes, to the discovery of new and useful truths; and, by so doing, he at once gave to the inductive method an importance and dignity which had never before belonged to it. He was not the maker of that road; he was not the discoverer of that road; he was not the person who first surveyed and mapped that road. But he was the person who first called the public attention to an inexhaustible mine of wealth, which had been utterly neglected, and which was rendered accessible by that road alone. By doing so, he caused that road, which had been previously trodden only by peasants and higglers, to be frequented by a higher class of travellers.”—

_Essays,_ vol. ii.

Now, with all due deference to Mr. Macaulay, a knowledge of the road, as he figuratively terms the inductive method, and as he himself has shewn by his illustration of the child at its mother’s breast, is inherent in human nature; and, hence, Bacon could neither be the maker nor the discoverer of it, and should suffer no depreciation on that account. But
nearly all authorities who have written upon the
subject since Mr. Macaulay's Essay appeared, have,
by a more rigorous reasoning than his own, over-
thrown his conclusions with regard to the road, as
opposed to that of the elder schoolmen. If he was
not the maker, nor the discoverer of the road, we
contend that he first accurately surveyed and
mapped it out; as well as turned the attention of
travellers into it. That he did not prophetically
prefigure, in detail, all the results that would flow
from its adoption, cannot be charged as a flaw upon
the system; nor, because, through the deductive or
synthetic process, which he overlooked, truths and
principles should be deduced, without special analy-
sis, from principles and phenomena already ascer-
tained, should our veneration for the great founder
of practical induction be lessened. Plato sought
after truth. Seneca studied physics, as well as
morals. Neither of the Plinys were men of imbe-
cile minds. Yet they, and hundreds of others as
capable as they, failed in all their researches after a
higher philosophy. Not only did they utterly mis-
take the object of all true philosophy, but they
were ignorant of the proper method of reaching it,
and adapting it to the general well-being of the
species. And why? Because the road had never
been discovered in all its practical bearings, nor
mapped out with sufficient clearness and accuracy to
induce travellers to use it. It has been ascertained
that remains of temporary cities, or encampments,
have been dug out in the wilds of North America,
over which forests have waved for unknown ages.
Mr. Macaulay's road, like the remnants of lost
civilization in America, if ever clearly understood, had been long lost to the view of travellers; and, when at last pointed out, was so overgrown with weeds and rubbish, that none but a pioneer, with the skill and fortitude of Bacon, could survey and map out its boundaries and its true direction—clear it of pitfalls and entanglements, and erect signposts, for all future travellers, who might openly traverse it in search of the inexhaustible mine of wealth which was "accessible by that road alone." Nor—even could we admit that the road was well known—was it ever openly traversed by "higglers and peasants." Had such dared to traverse it, other and higher classes of travellers would have traversed it also. But for centuries, a sign-board marked "caution," issued from the Vatican, was erected at the entrance, threatening adventurous travellers with ecclesiastical thunder and the horrors of the Dominican Inquisition, if they dared to walk openly along the tangled paths beyond the boundaries marked out by the Church. Copernicus heard it. Galileo felt it. And he who now fills St. Peter's Chair may wonder at such blindness and infatuation in his predecessors.

Again, we think Mr. Macaulay misunderstands Bacon, when he interprets him as meaning that the inductive method, when universally applied, would place all minds on a level. If such was Bacon's meaning, he egregiously errs. But we deny it. He certainly illustrates his views, by comparing the inductive method to a ruler or a pair of compasses; but he by no means insinuates, because the dunce can draw with the ruler a straighter line, and with
the compasses a more correct circle, than the philosopher without such guides, that their minds are placed on a level. A dunce, by frequently observing the operations of a chemical process, may learn to perform it as accurately as Sir Humphrey Davy could have done; or, by long endeavouring, he may attain considerably accuracy in the mechanical departments of watch-making; but, so long as a thorough knowledge and perception of the principles of chemical analysis and mechanics be wanting, he can apply his knowledge to little but the process, or operation, immediately in hand. Here, therefore, the likeness ends, and we think Bacon's meaning went no further. Any further application of the maxim than this would lead to the inference that Bacon, when making it, or the parties applying it, and arguing upon it, were moonstruck. So far, therefore, as regards well-known practical operations, the inductive is, in many points, a levelling process. But a total levelling in the universe of mind can alone be made by some creative reconstruction of the whole system of human nature by an omnipotent hand. A man of great originality and force of genius must always stand conspicuous in mooting and discussing questions, where much subtlety and breadth of comprehension are necessary for their thorough mastery; but in cases where no original design is necessary, but where the rules to be observed are plainly and simply inductive, and acquired by common application, like the making of a machine, the ignorant dunce, bred to the art, is on a level with the philosopher. Bacon's meaning, in
other words, we simply take to be this—that persons of dissimilar minds, habits and degrees of learning, when adhering to the same rules and experiments in the pursuit of objects exactly alike, and surrounded by like influences, will so far be brought to a level as, almost, invariably to arrive at similar results.

The mind of Bacon, all his critics agree in considering eminently imaginative; but yet his imagination was always under the control of his reason. "His wide-ranging intellect," says Sir James Mackintosh, "was illuminated by the brightest fancy that ever contented itself with the office of ministering to reason." "The poetical faculty," says Mr. Macaulay, "was strong in Bacon's mind; no imagination was ever so strong and so thoroughly subjugated." Yet with this strong poetical faculty—this vastitude of intellect, more discursive and comprehensive than that of any other then existing human being—an intellect which Sir James Mackintosh says, "always reaches the point of elevation whence the whole prospect is commanded, without rising to such a height as to lose a distinct perception of every part of it;" an intellect which, in its colossal proportions, seemed formed to master the whole world of knowledge, could time have served him for its acquisition, was yet, by its keen perceptions, able to stoop to examine the minutest objects, to leave no flaw, no fracture, no observable point in any attractive object undetected. "The glance," says Mr. Macaulay, "with which he surveyed the intellectual universe, resembled that which the arch-
angel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted
down into the new creation,—

"Round he surveyed, and well might where he stood,
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade—from the eastern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy star which bears
Andromeda, far off Atlantic seas,
Beyond the horizon."

With an intellect ranging so wide and careering
so high—with such a tendency to indulge in wit
and metaphor, and a talent for discovering analogies
apparently remote, it is worthy to remark how clear
and condensed is his style—how subservient his
imagery, to illustrate and not adorn—how closely
packed, in a small compass, are all his weighty
thoughts and aphorisms, and yet in unison with all
these singular and often contrasting qualities, how
lofty and commanding is his clear and potent elo-
quence!

We have little space for a consideration of
Bacon's moral character. Mr. Macaulay's con-
demnation of his conduct seems too severe. And
Lord Campbell, following in his track, and copying
his account of the incidents of Bacon's life, without
emulating his eloquence, or entertaining the ques-
tion of Bacon's claims as a philosopher—draws up
a summary of his character worthy of an Old Bailey
declaimer. We would not attempt to palliate his
weaknesses, or crimes if you will, or reason away
the baseness of his ingratitude in the prosecution
of Essex.

We must admit that when a man is tried and
condemned by the laws of his own age, upon clear, justifiable grounds, it is certain his conduct has been such as the manners and morals of society in that age acknowledged to be bad. We also admit that the lawgivers of that age, when they framed their legal code, or acknowledged the justice of previously existing laws, saw a moral necessity for the rigid observance of those laws. But, from all we can learn of that age—from the throne itself of the eccentric James to the woolsack, and from the woolsack to the lowest scribe of the lowest court, the acceptance of presents or bribes—call them which we may—to propitiate the Nemesis of the law, was notorious. Favourites and favouritism were all but omnipotent, in the filling-up of posts, the disposing of suits, the dubbing of knights and the creation of peers; and, hence, the tendencies to bribe and propitiate were almost as numerous as cases. Bacon accepted bribes. We know he did wrong, that he tarnished the seals, that he lowered the dignity of the woolsack, and fixed a stain upon his character lasting as time. But still the moral standard of the age was low; and though, when measuring him by existing laws, his contemporaries condemned his conduct, there was a moral necessity why it should be so. The case was too clear to be wholly overlooked; and for his judges to have discharged him, in the face of such overwhelming evidence and personal confession, would only have served to draw suspicion upon themselves and their master, the king. The knowledge also possessed by his judges that the sentence would, in most part, be remitted almost as soon as passed, proves, that
they looked with leniency and forgiveness upon the crime.

Mr. Macaulay defends Machiavelli from sweeping detraction, and produces, in mitigation of the charges, the oblique and corrupt standard of morality in vogue among the petty states of Italy. Cannot the same plea be admitted to palliate, in some degree, the guilt of Bacon?—at once,—

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."
POETRY AND INSANITY.

To say that any of the emotions of the human mind were superfluous, and, when actively employed, a drawback to the utilitarian progress of the world and the happiness of any of our race, would be tantamount to a charge against the Author of our being, and a libel upon human nature itself. The declaration, however, is frequently though indirectly made. Many men exist whose emotions seem as if wholly repressed or extinguished—in whom the imaginative faculty is wholly undeveloped—and whose views of humanity are, hence, altogether of a cold, plodding, unexcitable nature. Such consider all warmth of feeling and emotion as imbecile in the transactions the world—all impulse a barrier to ultimate success in life—and especially everything partaking of the poetic element, as the offspring of heated brains, more akin to the dwellers in Bedlam than to the combatants in the stern battle of life. They judge of everything by their own narrow and stunted standard, and in many respects would gladly reconstruct the nature of mankind and the laws of the world to harmonize with their own theories of humanity and their notions of productive utility; not perceiving in their ignorance, that the faculties
and endowments they affect to despise, are the \textit{in-signia} of a higher range of humanity, of a loftier standard of being, and that the greatest discoveries of all ages, ultimately, though at first condemned, of the greatest benefit to mankind, have been the products of ideal and abstract thought, brought by the force and pliancy of genius to bear upon the concerns of life and the progress of civilization. But, though still living amidst and daily reaping the fruits of the creations of genius, they can afford to scowl upon genius itself, even as the blaspheming atheist enjoys the innumerable sweets of life, basks in the sunshine, luxuriates amidst the flowers, the perfume, and the riches of the universe, and then turns ungratefully round, and denies the existence of their infinite Creator.

The most dull common-place minds are not always proof against enthusiasm, when any event occurs to claim their sympathies, to enlist the exertion of their influence, or draw forth their zeal; but though many consider such excess, bursting unexpectedly forth, a display of fancy or imagination, it is certain that it may exist and act without any very extraordinary display of the imaginative faculty. It may be called forth by a common utilitarian object—may exist in an uncommon degree respecting the construction of a palace of glass or an engine, or the speculations connected with a distant soil pregnant with gems and gold, and appear to some as if merging into a spirit of madness trembling upon the verge of reason; yet the objects which call it forth—the motives of action—are not imaginary, but real—not inbred, like the creations of poetry, but
outwardly existing—not subjective, like the questions of mental analysis, the dreams of Swedenborg or Boehmen—but objective, connected with the external world, palpable to the senses, and open to the survey of reason. It will thus be observed that enthusiasm, or extravagant excitement, is totally distinct from the elevated, the ethereal range of thought and feeling, which distinguish the dreams and emanations of the poet. The ideal poet, the abstract reasoner, and the discoverer of other worlds, dream, create, and pierce the heavens, like the architects of the first temple, in silence; the utilitarian projector, and artisan, and earth-worm, realise in matter the riches of their ethereal dreams and creations. Both dream, both may be enthusiastic, but they belong to different worlds, and the produce of their mental labour partakes of the characteristics of each.

The question, therefore, of the partial unsoundness or insanity of poetical minds, is totally distinct from that of the monomania of mere worldly enthusiasts. Every-day life proves the existence and active operation of the latter—has the existence and influence of the former ever been satisfactorily affirmed? With the exception of religious enthusiasm, which is in general more sectarian than evangelical, the objects of enthusiastic excitement are apart from the mind. In the case of the poet, the alleged insanity must exist before the mind can be abstracted from existing scenes and revel in a world of its own. The love of the world and the things of the world helps to create the enthusiast; the alleged insanity of the poet enables him to create his world. The ideal nature of the poet’s conceptions, are,
hence, apparently more akin to insanity than the excitement of the utilitarian enthusiast. But inasmuch as all real insanity necessarily involves mental derangement, the question whether the poetic mind be insane, opens up a wide field of inquiry concerning the healthiness and the union of the powers necessarily employed in poetic creation and expression; and into this we must enter before we can fully understand the nature of the subject before us.

Concerning insanity itself, few words will suffice. Though Sir Walter Scott affirms that no poet will ever take a bold and successful flight, who does not for the time being forget himself, it is impossible for him at the same time to forget his individuality of being, or to leave his reason below while his imagination soars above. The perfection of reason consists in the well-balanced and healthy activity of the perception, memory, and imagination. When insanity occurs, the perceptive faculties are deranged; memory clouded and indistinct; the imagination wild and lawless in its workings, shrouds its objects in mists, dwells among shadows and nonentities, and, in reality creates worlds and beings, circumstances and conditions of its own. Sometimes the gloom is intense, as if the pall of night had for ever settled down upon the soul; but the gloom will at times be removed, and the patient blessed with lucid intervals, which, like a star shooting suddenly from an ebon sky, will be again swallowed by the darkness of the returning malady. Sometimes it will display itself in different lights. Less morose and gloomy, the patient may, like Ophelia, chant snatches of melodious song; like Lear, be torn with the gusts
and whirlwinds of disordered passions, and at other times impose not only upon strangers, but upon friends and keepers, with the very perfection of wit and cunning. The causes of this terrible affliction are as various as the symptoms it displays, and the depth and intensity of the eclipse under which it labours, and beneath which it proclaims to the world the infinite blessings of reason.

The dogma of the poet's insanity was uttered by Democritus above two thousand years ago. Shakspeare felicitously hit off the same opinion when he spoke of—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

Dryden declares that—

"True wit and madness nearly are allied."

And Mr. Macaulay, following in their wake, expresses himself to the effect, that true poetry can neither be written nor thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated without a certain unsoundness of mind. Let us inquire into the facts of the case.

Any formal inquiry into the nature of mind itself would here be out of place. Though no two human faces and minds were ever in all respects alike, yet, from the birth of time until now, all have, either more or less, been distinguished by the same or similar attributes,—been swayed by the same passions and desires, drawn and melted by love, repelled by hate, attracted by friendship, elevated by hope, corroded by remorse, and crushed by despair. In the midst of this sameness there is infinite variety.
In some, the firm and grasping intellect predominates over the fancy; in others the imagination is all-pervading, transforming and re-creating all anew from its own exhaustless treasury; whilst, in others, the sensualizing tendencies repress and colour the buds and blossoms of genius with their own distinctive hues, and check the spiritual fertility within. And such is the constitution of society, based upon, or springing from the nature of the human mind; and such the grandeur and beauty of the external universe, that endless provision adapted to every variety of mind and temperament exists to minister delight unto all. Whilst the philosopher finds infinite scope for speculation, invention, and discovery in the earth below, in the regions above, in the worlds within and around us—whilst the historian casts his eye over the chart of time, resuscitating the past, conjuring up the dead, and again realizing before the mind's eye, assisted by the glowing canvass, the ancient of days, of men, and of empires; whilst the commingling rush and chaos of the many cross-currents of society excite and jade the weary spirits engaged in the conflict; is it in accordance with the laws of mind, and hence, of human nature, that the vocation of the poet should remain in abeyance, and his song be left unsung? While no thought or emotion ever rose, or can rise up in the human mind or heart, without a correlative sphere or object whose foundations exist in nature to draw forth our aspirations and desires, can it be that the poetic faculty, so closely allied to music, and the most elevating of all human studies and pursuits, should be crushed beneath a load of utilitarianism,—
tabooed as the offspring of insanity, and opposed to all practical progress—itself, meanwhile, the creator in the abstract of many of the greatest utilitarian projects which have astonished the world? Can it be that the infinite Creator has so badly balanced the human mind, as to leave its noblest faculty—imagination—without scope and provisions in its own world to exercise and supply its wants? If not, why should its wings be shortened, its flights confined to earth, and its glowing exercise and magnificent creations be set down as the offspring of partial insanity? Is it of no utility? Pleasure, says one great poet, is man's chief good; and if that pleasure be produced or enhanced by contemplating the storm-tossed ocean and the hurrying rack of clouds above it, the starry heavens, the flowery carpet of the earth, the limpid meandering rivulet, the face of beauty, the mild eye of warm and placid affection, the slumber of the innocent babe, and the look of fondness beaming in the mother's eye, mocking at once all utterance or expression;—then this gratifying and indescribable pleasure, though produced by associations other than those connected with a knowledge of the utility of the objects drawing thus forth our admiration and love, is of great utility in adding to the sum of human happiness. Our imagination is feasted, while our reason is gratified; and the pleasures we feel, and the thoughts suggested, are full of poetry, tending to elevate and refine the mind and etherealize the affections and passions. If the poet, therefore, in exercising his divine vocation, gives appropriate expression to the feelings and sentiments thus aroused, their perusal.
by susceptible minds must yield deep and lasting pleasure; and hence it appears that if pleasure so high and exhilarating is thus imparted to poets themselves, and the lovers of poetry, one great plea for its cultivation is gained, and a proof of its utility established.

It is of no utility—is it not? True enough, it has often been much lowered from its native dignity, and made the vehicle for conveying impure sentiments, and giving outward form and expression to impure images of the mind; while the pencil has aided the pen, and helped to rouse the slumbering passions and impel the more apathetic and careless in a career of vice. But has prose through novels and romances, and vicious comedies, been wholly free from this corruption? If, through satire, it has darted its sting, and through licentious effusions distilled moral poison, it has also pictured vice in its darkest deformity, and guilt in its horror and despair; it has painted virtue and goodness in their rainbow hues, and trumpeted their excellence, and hymned in loftiest hallelujahs the glories of Him who "sits enthroned on the riches of the universe." If, when lighting up the flames of Troy, and singing of the prowess of Achilles, it has consecrated war, and seemed to make bloodshed a virtue, it has also sung the glories of peace and the conquest of Redemption. As the scourge of vice and the promoter of virtue, when rightly used, it yields pleasure to all susceptible of its beauties, and through all time has been an essential element in the progress of human civilization.

It is of no utility.—Is it not? Yet Bacon, from
his high elevation, declares that poetry is allied to reason and logic; that, to use his own words, it is "subservient to the imagination as logic is to the understanding;" and its office "is no other than to apply and commend the dictates of reason to the imagination, for the better moving the appetite and the will." Sir Philip Sydney argues that true poetry tends to impress the mind and strengthen the memory, by the citation of proper examples, beautifully displayed; and did not our Saviour himself impress his great doctrines more clearly and permanently upon the minds of his followers by simple parables? Often has it moulded the minds of individuals and nations, and marked eras in the history of human progress. What elevated and refined the Grecian mind in its career of greatest splendour and improvement, more than the noble effusions of the orator, the poet, and the kindred poetry-inchiselled art of a Phidias? What degree of influence has not the poems of Burns held over the peasant—nay, over the universal mind of Scotland? Yet, in opposition to millions upon millions of our race, from Homer to Shakspere, from Shakspere to Milton, and downwards to Scott, Byron, and Campbell, those who have thus applied their minds to its study, have been considered by our sage utilitarians as having lavished their intellectual resources and their time in pursuit of contemptible objects. Such forget that various minds require various employments—that if all minds were bent on pursuit of pleasure or employment in one and the same path—no results of any beneficial nature could be produced; and that, in fact, such an universal rush in one direction
would be a complete contravention of the wise designs of providence.

Certainly it is the great object of true poetry to elevate, to refine, and etherealize the affections and passions of our race, and this can only be done by raising them from the earth, by robbing them, in part at least, of their utilitarian affinities and motives, inducing them to forget their sorrows, and placing them, as it were, for the time being, in a world of greater happiness, and causing the sympathies and the silent music of the soul to gush forth in harmony with still higher and nobler strains. But is it necessary for this that the mind of the poet should be insane? He, it is true, drops the outward show and drapery of formal reason, but does he also forego the attributes of reason, and cease to be a man because he is a poet? While he sweeps the strings of his harp, and enchains the hearts of nations as if with the spell of enchantment, his vivid imagination towers triumphant, emitting transcendent flashes of celestial light, and apparently instinct, with supernatural power; but because the imagination, bequeathed so richly to the few, reigns in its proper province, and asserts and displays its attributes and acts up to its high behests, the other faculties, meanwhile, being subordinate, does it follow that reason is dethronèd—that the whole mind is unbalanced, and careering wildly without aim or method through the realms of fiction and romance? If so, it would appear that the faculties act singly and alone, each in some distinctly assigned province; that reason, which is an act of the whole mind, when pursuing a logical argument, solving a geometrical problem,
tracing the invisible lines of thought in metaphysical
analysis, or some deep scheme of diplomacy, banished
imagination from its province; that memory, open-
ing up its vast charnel-house and restoring the past
and the "old familiar faces," also discarded the aid
which imagination invariably lends it, and that percep-
tion—the eye of the mind, the combination of all the
faculties—centred and piercing with intuitive sagacity
into the past and future, into causes and effects, into
the human heart, the germs of character and the
springs of action, was also a sort of independent
faculty ruling in its own kingdom. But every rea-
soning being knows this to be false. No geome-
trical problem can be solved, no metaphysical ana-
lysis conducted, no logical argument concluded, or
scheme of diplomacy effected without the aid and
the play of all the faculties. In them all imagination
is so far repressed as simply to illustrate, to adorn,
and suggest; still it is there, not with lustre dimmed,
but in all its native strength and brilliancy, abiding
its time for exhibiting in full play its more ethereal
attributes. And when the poet, raised by its wings,
soars in the empyreal, reason guides its flights, re-
presses its fervour, and subdues its extravagances,—
whilst memory and perception supply the materials
which it fuses in its own crucible and reproduces in
new and splendid creations. And thus all the fàcüli-
ties of the mind must be alive and active, each acting
in its own province, yet all concentrated together
and acting in harmony, before the vilified, the unutil-
itarian world of the insane, the moonstruck poet can
possibly be created.

But the world perceives not this. According to
the vulgar apprehension the merchant and tradesman are steady and sedate, their object is known and they are no dreamers;—the politician and statesman have palpable objects in view;—the historian and biographer have little need of imagination and seldom use it, their object is the narrative of facts;—the philosopher has an actual world to work upon, he needs it not either to decompose particles of matter, or scratch the surface of the earth to ascertain its age, or the nature of its revolutions as recorded upon its rocks;—the astronomer needs it not, for though his course is among the stars, he wings his way thither on the strength of mathematics, and that is no imaginative course of study;—and the mere pleasure seeker, the epicurean and sensualist need it not, they grovel low and need no wings to fly. The province of imagination thus, according to them, belongs exclusively to the superstitious novelist and poet; the latter especially, is the great dreamer,—he is moonstruck—he spurns the earth—he gives a false view of human nature, and throws a veil over creation—he rhapsodizes the outer universe, men and events, and often gives a false colouring to truth—he leads many minds captive in chains, and plays the tyrant over the emotions and passions of men.

But the argument goes a step further. If the poet be under the dominion of insanity, all susceptible readers whom he bears upon the pinions of his own imagination must, for the time being, be under a similar influence or eclipse. When the poet gives expression to his conceptions, the lightning he breathes is circled round by intelligent conductors,
who, glowing with the ethereal or impassioned heat, are more or less sensible of the fire and energy of the poet himself, and seem as if, for the time, inspired with the like emotion. And the reason is obvious, because poetry, to be appreciated aright must be felt. It is not reason, through the processes of which we can travel, without having our emotions awakened from their slumbers—it is not mere fancy with its "brush dipped in the hues of heaven," which delights in comparing, arranging, and illustrating the offspring of the imagination, but it is the imagination itself which calls forth and fashions in its own womb the glowing visions of poetry, and casts them often carelessly forth. Hence it is that the mere earthworm, 'or the mere dull reasoner, whose feelings are seldom open to its impressions, casts it from him with contempt, alleging that as all true poets are insane so no person can follow them in their ideal visions without unhinging his mind for grappling with the stern realities of the world. But if this verdict of the great Rhadamanthus of pure reason be correct, how many minds, led by the great masters of the lyre from Homer down to our own day, have been partially insane, and never suspected their aberrations from reason! They have been delighted when under the spell of the poet, and their emotions rose and fell with his own concentrated energies, and they have returned again and again to the living page to revel amidst its beauties; but still though the reins of imagination were thrown loose upon its neck, they never dreamt but that reason still held its supre-
macy, and could allow full vent to their excited aspirations without endangering its own authority. It is thus a thing of ideal feeling, often of real emotion—not of demonstration. Attempt metaphysically to trace the illusion, if it be such, to its source—attempt by analysing to ascend the perennial fountains of thought and feeling, and the whole witchery is lost;—even as the moving majesty and beauty of the human frame is lost in the attempt of the physician to discover by dissection the mysterious principle of vitality.

Another point of the subject here presents itself. Supposing reason to be eclipsed by the shadows of insanity, we are naturally led to consider whether the minds of all poets be alike influenced, or whether there are certain degrees of insanity adapted to poetical minds of every temperament and bent, and to every degree of imaginative fervour,—whether the same rigid divorcement from logical sequence and the natural course of thought and feeling be necessary for the successful composition of picturesque descriptive verse, as is required for the impassioned blending of our sympathies and emotions with the external universe and our fellow men, or for associating for a time or times with the mighty dead and the scenes of history, or for disporting in other worlds, amidst other beings, in supernal light and amidst infernal gloom. That there are actual degrees of insanity among the inmates of every asylum everybody knows; and if insanity must be considered the necessary condition of every genuine poet, it seems that the whole tribe of the "tuneful
brotherhood" must in every age have been distinguished by varying degrees of its creative influence,—of

"The vision and the faculty divine;"

and that the depths to which they have plunged, and the heights to which they have soared, have been either greater or less in proportion as they have been thus endowed. Byron, deep, burning, and impassioned, may have possessed a greater degree of it than Moore with his cold icy glitter, distinguished more for fancy than imagination;—Shelley, wild, ethereal and plaintive, even when most deep and thrilling, may have had a larger measure of it than Wordsworth, even though at all times wrapt up in the poetic element,—whose life must thus have been one long delicious dream, calm, reflective but ecstatic, and changing in its movements as softly and gently as do the fleecy summer clouds imaged and trembling in his own deep mountain lakes;—and Campbell, elegant and graceful, sweet and tender, and yet fiery as the war-horse, may have been more richly endowed with it than Scott, in whose verse the ethereal attributes were not so deeply blended with the descriptive and the real. But were they insane? If genius the most piercing and brilliant—if talent the most comprehensive and grasping, employed in ministering to the delights and the instruction of the world and to coming generations, be the necessary marks of insanity, then they and all who have thrown their spiritual and intellectual riches, of all hues, over the world and the minds of men, have, without doubt or question, been insane.
The dark and fierce Dante,—that "lonely lion of a man" whose very features, it is said, seemed as if scathed with the flames of Malebolge, whither Virgil in vision conducted him,—might have in some degree been insane, could persecution have effected it;—but amidst the horrors of the "Inferno," the middle regions of "Purgatory" and "Paradise," he had one great object in view which he methodically carried out, and in a manner, one would think, at variance with insanity,—the impalement of his enemies and the enemies of his country, and the beatification of his own friends and the friends of freedom and of Italy. He, indeed, had other views, he aimed at writing a great poem in a new language, grafted gracefully, like a new and vigorous shoot upon the old, and in doing so he not only found some solace, and even exemption from his many woes—for he had learnt how hard it was to climb other people's stairs, and how salt is the bread that is given in charity—but by placing the foes of himself, and of Florence and Italy, in the circles of hell, and their friends and patriots in the celestial regions, he proclaimed their villanies, their virtues, and his own wrongs to the world and immortality, and gave vent to his wrath against the factions which doomed him to exile and a wandering life. Tasso's fervid genius threw him in the way of love, and the blind God—not poetry—made him reckless and imprudent, and for admiring the darkly pencilled eyebrows of an Italian princess, he was by his patron pronounced insane and thrown into confinement:—but did he become a poet because of his insanity? or was the constitutional melancholy which preyed upon his spirits ever after until his last
hour in the monastery of St. Onophrio, not forced upon him by the false charge of insanity, and the cruel imprisonment in consequence of the charge? Alas! that the powers of the world should be permitted thus to crush humanity in the dust, and place a curb upon the spirit of patriotism and of genius, of which, under such circumstances, men and the world were not worthy. Whoever heard of Shakspeare's mental aberrations, except when he exercised the quill, and when his lunacy, pregnant with such wonders, was expended upon paper? Milton's genius burst forth in more troublous times, when, amidst state convulsions, civil wars, the kings de-thronement and violent death, he found other employ-ment for his mighty pen, erudition and genius,—hard Titanic employment unfit for lesser men,—than what his muse afforded him. But was he more insane when in "Paradise Lost" he lifted the veil from the face of the abyss, and invited his own and coming generations to gaze upon the Archfiend stretched many a rood upon the molten flood, the dread meeting of Sin and Death at the gates of hell, or the descent of Uriel upon a sunbeam,—than he was when crushing Salmasius—when suggesting the best means to re-move hirelings out of the church, or when arguing so gloriously in his "Areopagitica" for the freedom of the press? The fire burnt within him, and his style and utterances were fervid and majestic, like the in-tense furnace which cast them forth. But if Dante and Tasso, Shakspere and Milton were insane, and because of their insanity "exhausted worlds and then imagined new," does it not appear as if the greater their insanity, the nearer they soared to heaven, and
became assimilated to angels? And who can lament over the insanity of such men? or who would lament if such were again to visit the earth? or if another Scott or Byron should start into being to worship nature and poetry—to devote himself wholly to its labour, give himself wholly up to its influence, and associate the phases of the every-day life of poor but immortal man, with all its lights and shadows?

Had this view of poetry proceeded from obscure and paradoxical poets and critics, or abstract thinkers, panting after and unable to gain applause or the goal of immortality, the wonder would have been less, though the fallacy of the dogma would have been no less glaring. All Mr. Macaulay's discriminating readers, and they are many, know well that he is frequently charged with paradoxical matter,—that though he sometimes makes palpable hits with his foils, he often parries the air, and is fully up to the trick of creating opposing phantoms of his own to have the equivocal glory of conquering them. In the case of the poets insanity, he doubles upon Shakspere and Dryden. When the former spoke of "the poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and when the latter spoke of the close alliance between "true wit and madness," they simply meant to convey the impression, that the poet in the fervour of composition was lapped in an Elysium or world of his own, even as is the frenzied lunatic amidst his dreams and visions—but with this difference—that while the lunatic has not the helm of reason to guide his disordered thoughts and fancies, the poets reason, true to its vocation, guides imagination in its flights,—sees that all is in harmony with nature, and true in
all its presentiments of ideal truths and creations. But the critic makes the poets mind to be actually unsound, in reality partially insane, and the readers of the poet, if appreciating him aright and enjoying his beautiful creations, also afflicted with the same malady. As if the nearer the skies were our aspiration, the further from earth was our reason,—as if the higher and nobler our natures and more akin to the angels, the more near we are to the asylum; as if, in short, the exercise of a fertile imagination was incompatible with exalted and penetrating reason.

Thomas Campbell also, in his poem on the rainbow, enters into the spirit of the same doctrine, when he says,—

``When science from Creations face,
   Enchantments veil withdraws,
   What lovely visions yield their place
   To cold material laws!''

Is not this tantamount to saying that the enchantments of ignorance, previous to the dawn of knowledge, were preferable to the light of knowledge itself? that the visions of the human imagination, previous to the enlightenment of science regarding the phenomena of the universe, were more beautiful than are the actual laws of the universe now unveiled before us? and that,—carrying the argument to its legitimate results,—the untutored visions and speculations of the darkest minds were more elevated and noble than the wisdom of the omniscient mind as displayed through the laws and phenomena of his own creation? True it is, the imagination abhors fixed standards and limits, because it cannot within
the limits of the attainable and the ideal remain fixed itself. But when platform after platform of stars and constellations rise in an ascending scale above it, and succeeding stages still pierce deeper and deeper unto the still receding infinite, are no other regions left for its survey? no other worlds to people? where science with its line and plummet cannot disturb its reveries or upset its theories, or visions, of being. Here, however, it may be questioned whether science has actually robbed Creation of its beauty,—whether "cold material laws" be less beautiful than the lovely visions of unenlightened minds,—whether the blaze of comets, the mystic dance of worlds, inspired nobler visions in untutored minds when the Plotemaic system of astronomy was entertained, and the sun was believed to sweep round our earth, and all the armies of the stars shone merely as lamps to light us to our grave,—than the now well known beautiful laws of the planetary system and of gravitation as demonstrated by science. To affirm it would be to again declare that confusion was more beautiful and attractive than order,—that creation as seen by the Chaldean as he watched the stars shooting influence down, was infinitely superior to the creation as enlarged by the telescope—that, in short, God's world was inferior to mans. In like manner the rainbow, in the eyes of such, has lost much of its beauty and significance,—is no longer visited by the footsteps of angels, no longer the midway station given,—

"For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven;"
but is simply recognised, as scriptures inform us, as a token of God's promise to man, and as a something spanning the sky, seen when we turn our backs to the sun, which enables the philosopher to descant upon the laws of light and the brilliancy of the prismatic colors. But such reasoning is fallacious. Man does not imagine less because he may reason more,—his visions are no less brilliant though they may be nearer the truth, than many of a former age, because science and mechanism and all material arts are pushing forward the car of improvement. Infinitely more is required from the mental faculties of man: everything of him and about him is tested,—all his energies are brought into play,—he must think and act as well as feel,—there is no stand-still amidst the complicated movements of the many wheels of society and the discord of nations, and he must be progressive. His education is infinitely more practical than in former ages, and truth and reality have become the strangest of fictions and visions. Yet poetry, with its foundations deep in the soil of truth, exists in its vigour and sends forth beautiful shoots. Shakspere lived in a more civilized and learned age than Homer, and yet Shakspere is the greater poet. Milton lived in a more advanced age than Dante or Homer, yet Milton's poetic strain is more sublime than that of either.

There is much in the rough every-day contact and crush of the world, to draw our attention and enlist our cares and sympathies, but all cannot subdue or extinguish imagination, or,—supposing the poetic mind insane,—make insanity less prevalent. Huts, or caverns in the desert, or in the midst of
forests may be necessary for hermits, or for Oriental intellectualists, but such are not for poets wedded to humanity, and now, through higher knowledge realizing alone in the infinite, the elements of 'the first good, first perfect and first fair.' Still the poet does not rear up enduring piles of inductive philosophy, but his calling or vocation is akin to that of the philosopher. Both see the same skies, the same earth and ocean, the same one God through all, and build their varied superstructures upon the same ground of truth and nature. Though the one uses reason more in his investigations than imagination, and imagination be the principal faculty of the other, both must be well balanced and act in a healthy manner in each mind before the desired results can be produced—before the heavens can be scanned and measured with the line and plummet of reason, or the brilliant creation of the poet be brought forth from the glowing mint of imagination.

The noble but coherent, rhapsodies of the inspired prophets of old, dwelling amidst the haggard defiles of the wilderness, and beneath the open roof of the Syrian sky, would, but for the source of their emanation and the truthfulness of their utterances, seem more akin to insanity than any of the creations of mere profane bards or poets. As it is, their grandeur and sublimity, their pathos and solemnity, are not the results of mere poetic inspiration. New and piercing eyes were given them to sweep "adown the gulf of time," and witness the curse of heaven fall upon, as yet uncreated, kings and empires; and tongues of fire were given them to
utter the denunciations of Omnipotence, the enemies of his kingdom. In a conduct befitting the greatness of her aspirings she advanced, and cry out in the midst of the wildness to make her way for the conquest of the world. All inspired for special purposes, and they were fitted and inspired by God for the great work. The meek Moses, the patient enduring Elijah, the wrapt and fervent Isaiah, the tearful Jeremiah, the praying Daniel, and the herdsman of Tekoa, all, whilst exercising the prophetic faculty, felt their own weakness and acknowledged the indwelling presence of God as prompting their infallible predictions concerning Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, the Macedonian and the Roman Empires, and giving them tongues of fire capable of uttering the great thoughts welling up within them from the fountain of inspiration.

Should we look from the versified productions of our bards, from formal professed poetry, and turn to much which is dressed in the sober garb and drapery of prose, the transition, in some instances, will not appear so remarkable as some might be led to expect. When it is remembered that verse is only in the majority of cases, the mere mould or form of poetry, and that the great bulk of it, is, in reality, void of the inspiration, it will be seen that the essence is in the material itself, not in the mere form or mould into which it is cast—even as pure gold in the furnace possesses all its valuable qualities, though not moulded into coin or jewels; hence, that much of the "noble" prose which distinguishes our literature, is pregnant with the essence of poetry, but which, because n"
what many conceive the appropriate forms and drapery many readers cannot perceive. Thus rhyme, though sounding musically to the ear, is no more essential for the expression of true poetry, than music is essential for the expression of rhyme. The Iliad was not originally chanted in verse. And much of our noblest music—our magnificent oratorios, is not married to immortal verse, but to passages of scripture wearing the mould and some of the characteristics of prose. And though scripture descriptions, no less than the great doctrines embodied, tower pre-eminently above mere human composition, many passages could easily be culled from our prose literature containing more of the qualities of true poetry, than can be found in some volumes professedly poetical. Despite the metaphysical tendencies of Baxter's mind, what poetical beauties are scattered over many of his pages! What gems stud the majestic sentences of John Howe! The breathings of Jeremy Taylor how instinct with the very soul of poetry—which, whether living or dying, bears the reader to the skies! And what burning magnificence, equalled only by his own poetry irradiates the prose of Milton! He defends the freedom of the press, and amidst his conclusive arguments against censorship, poetry and prose, both conveying weighty truth, seem to struggle for the ascendancy. At the conclusion of the second book of "Reformation in England," he invokes the "Tripersonal Godhead," and his grandeur and copious sublimity surpass all ever penned except

Reference is here made to his Holy Living and Holy Dying.
that of divine inspiration itself. And stepping forward a century, need we do more than mention the name of Burke whose dazzling prose is rich with poetry, whose "excursions of genius are immense. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art." So said Robert Hall;—and who can read the published works of Hall himself without perceiving that with all his metaphysical acuteness, and his clear, deep, solid reasoning, his rich and lustrous imagination permeated all his sentences whether written or spoken with the glow and the fire of genius, and a spirit of the divinest and the loftiest poetry. The name of Thomas Chalmers need only be mentioned to kindle afresh in the minds of his readers, many of whom well remember his living form and voice, the brilliant, often the riotous imagination with which he illuminated and colored on every side whatever subject he brought before the eye and mind of the public, and which reflected both the hues and the spirit of poetry. Nor, so long as learning continues to be valued, greatness of heart and soul to be revered, and genius of the loftiest order—original and creative—to draw admiration, will the suggestive pages, teeming with eloquence and poetry, of Richard Winter Hamilton, sink into oblivion.

Hence if the poetic mind be insane, or, as Macaulay has it, "unsound," all our greatest prose writers, whose fertile imaginations were and are eminently conducive to their greatness, and whose conceptions simply want the mould of verse to class them in the poetical category, must, or should be
specified among those, "alike but oh, how different" who rave in bedlam. And should not their readers also, necessarily, if appreciating them aright, tainted with the same malady; be similarly classed and tabooed?

The books that any man reads will almost invariably, as well as the company he keeps, point out or indicate the nature of his mind. Persons of a prosaic turn of thought will seldom read imaginative works, yet most persons have read the Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe. And whoever drew and colored the greatest and divinest truths in the form of allegory like the tinker of Bedford, John Bunyan? and was he in his "den" accompanying Christian to the eternal city, of "unsound mind?" or have his millions of readers in all parts of the world risen from the perusal of his pages more "unsound" than before? or was a "certain unsoundness" necessary for a right appreciation of the whole? We read the great orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and for the time being, conjure up the Athenian audience of the one, and the Roman audience of the other, but are we, because the magic glass of imagination recreates and kindles into new and glowing existence the actors in those great scenes of history, necessarily of "unsound mind? We traverse the mounds by the Tigris and the Euphrates beneath which still repose many of the wonders of ancient Nineveh and Babylon,—we walk amidst the pillars of Thebes in the Egyptian desert, and stand in the shadow of the pyramids,—we view the ruins of Paestum and wander over the Athenian Acropolis, wander round the Colisseum and
stand upon the Palatine mount in the seven hilled city Rome, surrounded by a vast desert of gigantic marble ruins, and the vast associations which rise up and crowd the mind and seem almost for a time to check its energies, all partake of the poetical spirit,—but do we feel our minds less sound than formerly? We stand upon the graves of the mighty dead beneath the open sky, and strange fancies rise up within us as we contemplate the dust beneath our feet as perchance forming atoms of the once living, breathing body—the clay tenement of the mighty orator who swayed assemblies and nations with the breath of his eloquence, or of the poet who kindled with his lyre the fire and energy of millions; and we have pictured their forms and listened in rapture to their discourses and their songs, and again conjured up from past infinitude all the scenes and associations surrounding them in life,—and we have not felt as if lapsing into insanity.

But what can be said of the great themes of sacred truth, and the exhaustless range of subjects over which the learned divine has to expatiate? The greatest of themes for the poet, the mightiest of themes for the orator, the Bible—the treasury of divine truth, concentrates within itself the essence of all that is sublime in the universe. What poet can rise to its elevation? What orator comprehend its mighty truths, or plunge to its unfathomable depths? The creation of the world and of man—the fall from innocence—the deluge and the voice of the destroying waters—the parting of the Red Sea—the giving of the law upon Sinai amidst thunder and smoke—Joshua staying the sun and moon in their
orbits—the great scenes of the crucifixion and the resurrection—the unsealing of the "Book" in the Apocalypse, and the strange events that follow—death upon the pale horse—the turning the third part of the sea into blood—the pouring out of the seven vials of wrath—the conflagration of the world—the joys of heaven and the wailings of hell,—all; by their mysterious significance and majestic grandeur and suggestions are eminently poetical;—and surely it would be a libel upon human nature to affirm that the eloquent divines who have expounded, and who still continue to expound their mighty meanings, and impress their truths upon the hearts and consciences of thousands, are, because necessarily giving wing to their imaginations and indulging in poetical flights, of unsound minds.

It would appear that the dogma itself has arisen from the belief, or opinion, that, inasmuch as the world is real and not ideal, and man’s time is short, and the demands upon it incessant and imperative, he is only in his proper element, and in a sane state of mind, when pursuing some utilitarian object, or when conducting some logical argument or mathematical demonstration. But this would necessarily give but a very narrow view of the human mind, and seem to advocate, for the benefit of man himself, the total annihilation of the imaginative faculty, and circumscribe our internal perceptions to the same range as that of our outward vision. Then would our sweetest world—the world of hope and the future—be but dimly pictured before the mental eye,—the past, that guide post for and index of the future, remain but vaguely fixed in the memory divorced from
all its living associations, and man, in a sense, become an intellectual abstraction. But logic and mathematics, be it observed, involve a play of imagination as well as reason, a retiring of the mind within itself, and a severance from all that is concrete and tangible; and few great reasoners and mathematicians have ever been known whose imaginative faculties have not been as rich and lively as their judgments have been profound. Look at Sir Isaac Newton and Robert Hall, for instance. Amidst his great discoveries—which the very greatness of his imagination enabled him to perform—the first was patient and humble as a child: the second proclaiming the triumphs of redemption, filled, amidst his proudest reasonings, with the fire of the seraph, proved that imagination was necessary to give fire to reason, and to assist in properly applying the truths of eternity to the hearts of his hearers, and for leading men upwards on the wings of faith to God. Imagination unnecessary! Take it away, and the world thenceforth becomes a blank—man is robbed of one-half of his distinguishing faculty of reason—the earth becomes a joyless prison, whose walls mingle with the clouds, and any views of his ultimate escape from its deadening misery are only vague and misty,—he may simply know of an immortality, but he cannot project his mind over the walls of the material creation to scan its profundities, or picture the joys of heaven, or the gloom and woes of hell—the eye of faith is blind, the sun of the soul is eclipsed, his animalism is complete. Restore imagination again, and he finds that he lives for eternity—the sun shines, the breeze refreshes, the great wheels of the universe
revolve for him—he is not an abstraction, though but a unit in the sum of the intelligent creation,—high destinies are in store for him, and he finds that the great charm, the sweetener of existence is the imagination which; when healthy and active, pours around him all the witcheries and the poetry of life, vivified and embellished by faith and hope. He finds that though all insanity is distinguished by imaginative wandering, all imaginative wandering does not necessarily indicate insanity. He says, and may, like Byron, consider that the stars are the poetry of heaven, but he also finds poetry upon earth, not only among the flowers in the gardens and fields, but in his own household, though but poor and narrow in its range,—in the smile of his wife, in the eyes of his children, in their lisping accents, their wondering inquiries, their earliest prayers and their opening affections. They are, like himself, denizens of the earth on the journey to eternity, and he invests all connected with them and the future, in the drapery of true poetry, gushing warm and living from the heart and the imagination, which, if tinged with, or in any way partaking of insanity, is at the same time a bliss from which he for worlds would not be divorced. Many of the noblest minds which have adorned our nature, from St. Paul downwards, have appeared insane to the world, because the more insane world could not rise sufficiently high to comprehend them. The wonder is that men and authors filling high stations upon an elevated platform in the public eye, should, apparently, for the sake of uttering paradoxes, giving smart intellectual shocks and making vivid impressions, run the risk of lowering what fame they
may possess, by the enunciation of doctrines opposed to truth and reason. If they imagine that by drawing forth opposition to their views, their fame will be extended, they should remember that fame thus created can only rest upon an equivocal foundation and may soon fall into oblivion.

But did not the great critic himself evince considerable intellectual aberration in hazarding the expression respecting the unsoundness of poetical minds? And has he not since then given many additional reasons for questioning, according to his own doctrine, his own sanity, and the chief of them the production of a volume of goodly verse, in which the imaginative faculty travelling backwards to ancient Rome, disports amidst mists and shadows, proving that the measure of insanity distinguishing him has not been dealt out with a niggardly hand? After all it appears that the prose and verse of distinguished authors are characterized by similar attributes—that imagination in both acts a similar part, and that much professed poetry though measuring so many feet per line, and often tinselled over with profuse and glittering drapery, is no more ethereal than the prose which often contains the pure quintessence, though plain and homely in its forms; and that no diseased imagination, or unsound mind, can possibly command that mastery over the emotions, necessary, in any-sustained poetical effort, for consistency and effect.