THE FRIEND:

In Three Volumes.

VOL. III.

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With the Author's laſt Corrections and an Appendix, and with a Synoptical Table of the Contents of the Work.

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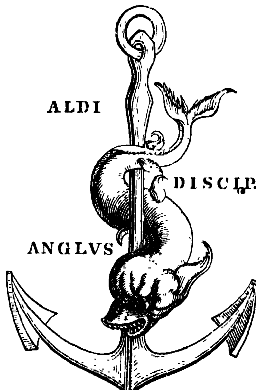
THE FRIEND

A SERIES OF ESSAYS

To aid in the Formation of fixed Principles in Politics, Morals, and Religion, with Literary Amusements interspersed:

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

VOL III.



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1850

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

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

THE FRIEND.

INTRODUCTION.

Παρὰ Σέξτου ——τὴν ἔννοιαν τοῦ κατὰ φύσιν ζῆν, καὶ τὸ σεμνὸν ἀπλάστως,——ὥστε κολακείας μὲν πάσης προσηνεστέραν εἶναι τὴν ὁμιλίαν αὐτοῦ, αἰδεσιμώτατον δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἐκεῖνον τὸν καιρὸν εἶναι· καὶ ἅμα μὲν ἀπαθέστατον εἶναι, ἅμα δὲ φιλοστοργότατον· καὶ τὸ ἰδεῖν ἄνθρωπον σαφῶς ἐλάχιστον τῶν ἑαυτοῦ καλῶν ἡγούμενον τὴν αὐτοῦ πολυμαθίην.

M. ANTONINUS.*

From Sextus, and from the contemplation of his character, I learned what it was to live a life in harmony with nature; and that ſeemlineſs and dignity of deportment, which inſured the profoundeſt reverence at the very ſame time that his company was more winning than all the flattery in the world. To him I owe likewiſe that I have known a man at once the moſt diſpaſſionate, and the moſt affectionate, and who of all his attractions ſet the leaſt value on the multiplicity of his literary acquiſitions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FRIEND.

SIR,

I HOPE you will not aſcribe to preſumption the liberty I take in addreſſing you on the ſubject of your work. I feel deeply intereſted in the cauſe you have undertaken to ſupport; and my object in

* L. I. 9. But the paſſage is made up from, rather than found in, Antoninus.—*Ed.*

writing this letter is to deſcribe to you, in part from my own feelings, what I conceive to be the ſtate of many minds, which may derive important advantage from your inſtructions.

I ſpeak, Sir, of thoſe who, though bred up under our unfavourable ſyſtem of education, have yet held at times ſome intercourſe with nature, and with thoſe great minds whoſe works have been moulded by the ſpirit of nature; who, therefore, when they paſs from the ſecluſion and conſtraint of early ſtudy, bring with them into the new ſcene of the world much of the pure ſenſibility which is the ſpring of all that is greatly good in thought and action. To ſuch the ſeaſon of that entrance into the world is a ſeaſon of fearful importance; not for the ſeduction of its paſſions, but of its opinions. Whatever be their intellectual powers, unleſs extraordinary circumſtances in their lives have been ſo favourable to the growth of meditative genius, that their ſpeculative opinions muſt ſpring out of their early feelings, their minds are ſtill at the mercy of fortune: they have no inward impulſe ſteadily to propel them: and muſt truſt to the chances of the world for a guide. And ſuch is our preſent moral and intellectual ſtate, that theſe chances are little elſe than variety of danger. There will be a thouſand cauſes conſpiring to complete the work of a falſe education, and by incloſing the mind on every ſide from the influences of natural feeling, to degrade its inborn dignity, and finally bring the heart itſelf under ſubjection to a cor-

rupted underſtanding. I am anxious to deſcribe to you what I have experienced or ſeen of the diſpoſitions and feelings that will aid every other cauſe of danger, and tend to lay the mind open to the infection of all thoſe falſehoods in opinion and ſentiment, which conſtitute the degeneracy of the age.

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

fection above the worth of its object is beyond all computation. To trace these causes it will be necessary to follow the history of a pure and noble mind from the first moment of that critical passage from seclusion to the world, which changes all the circumstances of its intellectual existence, shews it for the first time the real scene of living men, and calls up the new feeling of numerous relations by which it is to be connected with them.

To the young adventurer in life, who enters upon his course with such a mind, every thing seems made for delusion. He comes with a spirit the dearest feelings and highest thoughts of which have sprung up under the influences of nature. He transfers to the realities of life the high wild fancies of visionary boyhood: he brings with him into the world the passions of solitary and untamed imagination, and hopes which he has learned from dreams. Those dreams have been of the great and wonderful and lovely, of all which in these has yet been disclosed to him: his thoughts have dwelt among the wonders of nature, and among the loftiest spirits of men, heroes, and sages, and saints;—those whose deeds, and thoughts, and hopes, were high above ordinary mortality, have been the familiar companions of his soul. To love and to admire has been the joy of his existence. Love and admiration are the pleasures he will demand of the world. For these he has searched eagerly into the ages that are gone; but with more ardent and peremptory expectation he requires

them of that in which his own lot is caſt: for to look on life with hopes of happineſs is a neceſſity of his nature, and to him there is no happineſs but ſuch as is ſurrounded with excellence.

See firſt how this ſpirit will affect his judgment of moral character, in thoſe with whom chance may connect him in the common relations of life. It is of thoſe with whom he is to live, that his ſoul firſt demands this food of her deſires. From their converſation, their looks, their actions, their lives, ſhe aſks for excellence. To aſk from all and to aſk in vain, would be too diſmal to bear: it would diſturb him too deeply with doubt and perplexity and fear. In this hope, and in the revolting of his thoughts from the poſſibility of diſappointment, there is a preparation for ſelf-deluſion: there is an unconſcious determination that his ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied; an obſtinate will to find good every where. And thus his firſt ſtudy of mankind is a continued effort to read in them the expreſſion of his own feelings. He catches at every uncertain ſhew and ſhadowy reſemblance of what he ſeeks; and unſuſpicious in innocence, he is firſt won with thoſe appearances of good which are in fact only falſe pretenſions. But this error is not carried far: for there is a ſort of inſtinct of rectitude, which, like the preſſure of a taliſman given to baffle the illuſions of enchantment, warns a pure mind againſt hypocriſy. There is another deluſion more difficult to reſiſt and more ſlowly diſſipated. It is when he finds, as he often will, ſome of the

real features of excellence in the purity of their native form. For then his rapid imagination will gather round them all the kindred features that are wanting to perfect beauty; and make for him, where he could not find, the moral creature of his expectation; peopling, even from this human world, his little circle of affection with forms as fair as his heart desired for its love.

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

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

He will poſſeſs, therefore, in the creative power of generous hope, a preparation for illuſory and exaggerated admiration of the age in which he lives: and this prediſpoſition will meet with many favouring circumſtances, when he has grown up under a ſyſtem of education like ours, which (as perhaps all education muſt that is placed in the hands of a diſtinct and embodied claſs, who therefore bring to it the peculiar and hereditary prejudices of their order) has controlled his imagination to a reverence of former times, with an unjuſt contempt of his own. For no ſooner does he break looſe from this control, and begin to feel, as he contemplates the world for himſelf, how much there is ſurrounding him on all ſides, that gratifies his nobleſt de-

ſires, than there 'ſprings up in him an indignant ſenſe of injuſtice, both to the age and to his own mind;' and he is impelled warmly and eagerly to give looſe to the feelings that have been held in bondage, to ſeek out and to delight in finding excellence that will vindicate the inſulted world, while it juſtifies, too, his reſentment of his own undue ſubjection, and exalts the value of his new found liberty.

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

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

All the tumult and glow of thought and imagination, which ſeize on a mind of power in ſuch a ſcene, tend irreſiſtibly to bind it by ſtronger attachment of love and admiration to its own age. And there is one among the new emotions which belong to its entrance on the world, one almoſt the nobleſt of all, in which this exaltation of the age is eſſentially mingled. The faith in the perpetual progreſſion of human nature towards perfection gives birth to ſuch lofty dreams, as ſecure to it the devout aſſent of the imagination; and it will be yet more grateful to a heart juſt opening to hope, fluſhed with the conſciouſneſs of new ſtrength, and exulting in the proſpect of deſtined achieve-

ments. There is, therefore, almoſt a compulſion on generous and enthuſiaſtic ſpirits, as they truſt that the future ſhall tranſcend the preſent, to believe that the preſent tranſcends the paſt. It is only on an undue love and admiration of their own age that they can build their confidence in the melioration of the human race: Nor is this faith, which, in ſome ſhape, will always be the creed of virtue, without apparent reaſon, even in the erroneous form in which the young adopt it. For there is a perpetual acquiſition of knowledge and art, an unceaſing progreſs in many of the modes of exertion of the human mind, a perpetual unfolding of virtues with the changing manners of ſociety: and it is not for a young mind to compare what is gained with what has paſſed away; to diſcern that amidſt the inceſſant intellectual activity of the race, the intellectual power of individual minds may be falling off; and that amidſt accumulating knowledge lofty ſcience may diſappear; and ſtill leſs, to judge, in the more complicated moral character of a people, what is progreſſion, and what is decline.

Into a mind poſſeſſed with this perſuaſion of the perpetual progreſs of man, there may even imperceptibly ſteal both from the belief itſelf, and from many of the views on which it reſts, ſomething like a diſtruſt of the wiſdom of great men of former ages, and with the reverence, which no deluſion will ever overpower in a pure mind, for their greatneſs, a fancied diſcernment of imperfection and of incomplete excellence, which wanted for

its accompliſhment the advantages of later improvements: there will be a ſurpriſe that ſo much ſhould have been poſſible in times ſo ill prepared; and even the ſtudy of their works may be ſometimes rather the curious reſearch of a ſpeculative inquirer, than the devout contemplation of an enthuſiaſt,—the watchful and obedient heart of a diſciple liſtening to the inſpiration of his maſter.

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

Now as this deluſion ſprings not from his worſe but his better nature, it ſeems as if there could be no warning to him from within of his danger: for

even the impaffioned joy which he draws at times from the works of nature, and from thofe of her mightier fons, and which would ftartle him from a dream of unworthy paffion, ferves only to fix the infatuation :—for thofe deep emotions, proving to him that his heart is uncorrupted, juftify to him all its workings, and his mind, confiding and delighting in itfelf, yields to the guidance of its own blind impulfes of pleafure. His chance, therefore, of fecurity is the chance that the greater number of objects occurring to attract his honourable paffions may be worthy of them. But we have feen that the whole power of circumftances is collected to gather round him fuch objects and influences as will bend his high paffions to unworthy enjoyment. He engages in it with a heart and underftanding unfpoiled: but they cannot long be mifapplied with impunity. They are drawn gradually into clofer fympathy with the falfehoods they have adopted, till, his very nature feeming to change under the corruption, there difappears from it the capacity of thofe higher perceptions and pleafures to which he was born: and he is caft off from the communion of exalted minds, to live and to perifh with the age to which he has furrendered himfelf.

If minds under thefe circumftances of danger are preferved from decay and overthrow, it can feldom, I think, be to themfelves that they owe their deliverance. It muft be to a fortunate chance which places them under the influence of fome more enlightened mind, from which they may firft

gain fuſpicion and afterwards wiſdom. There is a philoſophy, which, leading them by the light of their beſt emotions to the principles which ſhould give life to thought and law to genius, will diſcover to them in clear and perfect evidence, the falſehood of the errors that have miſled them, and reſtore them to themſelves. And this philoſophy they will be willing to hear and wiſe to underſtand; but they muſt be led into its myſteries by ſome guiding hand; for they want the impulſe or the power to penetrate of themſelves the receſſes.

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

helpleſſneſs and incapacity of the mind to maintain itſelf in its own place againſt the weight of general opinion; and there may be too indiſcriminate, too undiſciplined, a ſympathy with others, which by the mere infection of feeling will ſubdue the reaſon. There muſt be a weakneſs in dejection to him who thinks with ſadneſs, if his faith be pure, how groſs is the error of the multitude, and that multitude how vaſt;—a reluctance to embrace a creed that excludes ſo many whom he loves, ſo many whom his youth has revered;—a difficulty to his underſtanding to believe that thoſe whom he knows to be, in much that is good and honourable, his ſuperiors, can be beneath him in this which is the moſt important of all;—a ſympathy pleading importunately at his heart to deſcend to the fellowſhip of his brothers, and to take their faith and wiſdom for his own. How often, when under the impulſes of thoſe ſolemn hours, in which he has felt with clearer inſight and deeper faith his ſacred truths, he labours to win to his own belief thoſe whom he loves, will he be checked by their indifference or their laughter! And will he not bear back to his meditations a painful and diſheartening ſorrow, a gloomy diſcontent in that faith which takes in but a portion of thoſe whom he wiſhes to include in all his bleſſings? Will he not be enfeebled by a diſtraction of inconſiſtent deſires, when he feels ſo ſtrongly that the faith which fills his heart, the circle within which he would embrace all he loves—would repoſe all his wiſhes and

hopes, and enjoyments—is yet incommenſurate with his affections?

Even when the mind, ſtrong in reaſon and juſt feeling united, and relying on its ſtrength, has attached itſelf to truth, how much is there in the courſe and accidents of life that is for ever ſilently at work for its degradation. There are pleaſures deemed harmleſs, that lay aſleep the recollections of innocence: there are purſuits held honourable, or impoſed by duty, that oppreſs the moral ſpirit: above all there is that perpetual connection with ordinary minds in the common intercourſe of ſociety; that reſtleſs activity of frivolous converſation, where men of all characters and all purſuits mixing together, nothing may be talked of that is not of common intereſt to all;—nothing, therefore, but thoſe obvious thoughts and feelings that float over the ſurface of things: and all which is drawn from the depth of nature, all which impaſſioned feeling has made original in thought, would be miſplaced and obtruſive. The talent that is allowed to ſhew itſelf is that which can repay admiration by furniſhing entertainment: and the diſplay to which it is invited is that which flatters the vulgar pride of ſociety, by abaſing what is too high in excellence for its ſympathy. A dangerous ſeduction to talents, which would make language, given to exalt the ſoul by the fervid expreſſion of its pure emotions, the inſtrument of its degradation. And even when there is, as in the inſtance I have ſuppoſed, too much uprightneſs to chooſe

ſo diſhonourable a triumph, there is a neceſſity of manners, by which every one muſt be controlled who mixes much in ſociety, not to offend thoſe with whom he converſes by his ſuperiority; and whatever be the native ſpirit of a mind, it is evident that this perpetual adaptation of itſelf to others, this watchfulneſs againſt its own riſing feelings, this ſtudied ſympathy with mediocrity, muſt pollute and impoveriſh the ſources of its ſtrength.

From much of its own weakneſs, and from all the errors of its miſleading activities, may generous youth be reſcued by the interpoſition of an enlightened mind: and in ſome degree it may be guarded by inſtruction againſt the injuries to which it is expoſed in the world. His lot is happy who owes this protection to friendſhip; who has found in a friend the watchful guardian of his mind. He will not be deluded, having that light to guide; he will not ſlumber with that voice to inſpire; he will not be deſponding or dejected, with that boſom to lean on. But how many muſt there be whom Heaven has left unprovided, except in their own ſtrength; who muſt maintain themſelves, unaſſiſted and ſolitary, againſt their own infirmities and the oppoſition of the world! For ſuch there may yet be a protector. If a teacher ſhould ſtand up in their generation, conſpicuous above the multitude in ſuperior power, and ſtill more in the aſſertion and proclamation of diſregarded truth; — to him, to his cheering or ſummoning voice, all thoſe would turn, whoſe deep ſenſibility has been op-

preſſed by the indifference, or miſled by the ſeduction, of the times. Of one ſuch teacher who has been given to our own age you have deſcribed the power when you ſaid, that in his annunciation of truths he ſeemed to ſpeak in thunders. I believe that mighty voice has not been poured out in vain; that there are hearts that have received into their inmoſt depths all its varying tones; and that even now, there are many to whom the name of Wordſworth calls up the recollection of their weakneſs and the conſciouſneſs of their ſtrength.

To give to the reaſon and eloquence of one man this complete control over the minds of others, it is neceſſary, I think, that he ſhould be born in their own times. For thus whatever falſe opinion of preeminence is attached to the age becomes at once a title of reverence to him: and when with diſtinguiſhed powers he ſets himſelf apart from the age, and above it, as the teacher of high but ill-underſtood truths, he will appear at once to a generous imagination in the dignity of one whoſe ſuperior mind outſteps the rapid progreſs of ſociety, and will derive from illuſion itſelf the power to diſperſe illuſions. It is probable too, that he who labours under the errors I have deſcribed, might feel the power of truth in a writer of another age, yet fail in applying the full force of his principles to his own times: but when he receives them from a living teacher, there is no room for doubt or miſapplication. It is the errors of his own generation that are denounced; and whatever au-

thority he may acknowledge in the inſtructions of his maſter, ſtrikes, with inevitable force, at his veneration for the opinions and characters of his own times. And finally there will be gathered round a living teacher, who ſpeaks to the deeper ſoul, many feelings of human love that will place the infirmities of the heart peculiarly under his control; at the ſame time that they blend with and animate the attachment to his cauſe. So that there will flow from him ſomething of the peculiar influence of a friend: while his doctrines will be embraced and aſſerted and vindicated with the ardent zeal of a diſciple, ſuch as can ſcarcely be carried back to diſtant times, or connected with voices that ſpeak only from the grave.

I have done what I propoſed. I have related to you as much as I have had opportunities of knowing of the difficulties from within and from without, which may oppoſe the natural development of true feeling and right opinion in a mind formed with ſome capacity for good; and the reſources which ſuch a mind may derive from an enlightened contemporary writer. If what I have ſaid be juſt, it is certain that this influence will be felt more particularly in a work, adapted by its mode of publication to addreſs the feelings of the time, and to bring to its readers repeated admonition and repeated conſolation.

I have perhaps preſumed too far in treſpaſſing on your attention, and in giving way to my own thoughts; but I was unwilling to leave any thing

unſaid which might induce you to conſider with favour the requeſt I was anxious to make, in the name of all whoſe ſtate of mind I have deſcribed, that you would at times regard us more particularly in your inſtructions. I cannot judge to what degree it may be in your power to give the truth you teach a control over underſtandings that have matured their ſtrength in error; but in our claſs I am ſure you will have docile learners.

MATHETES.*

The Friend might reſt ſatisfied that his exertions thus far have not been wholly unprofitable, if no other proof had been given of their influence, than that of having called forth the foregoing letter, with which he has been ſo much intereſted, that he could not deny himſelf the pleaſure of communicating it to his readers. In anſwer to his correſpondent, it need ſcarcely here be repeated, that one of the main purpoſes of his work is to weigh, honeſtly and thoughtfully, the moral worth and intellectual power of the age in which we live; to aſcertain our gain and our loſs; to determine what we are in ourſelves poſitively, and what we are compared with our anceſtors; and thus, and by every other means within his power, to diſcover what may be hoped for future times, what and how lamentable are the evils to be feared, and how far

* This letter was, as the Editor is informed, the joint compoſition of the preſent Profeſſor Wilſon and his friend, Mr. Alexander Blair.—*Ed.*

there is caufe for fear. If this attempt fhould not be made wholly in vain, my ingenious correfpondent, and all who are in a ftate of mind refembling that of which he gives fo lively a picture, will be enabled more readily and furely to diftinguifh falfe from legitimate objects of admiration: and thus may the perfonal errors which he would guard againft be more effectually prevented or removed by the development of general truth for a general purpofe, than by inftructions fpecifically adapted to himfelf or to the clafs of which he is the able reprefentative. There is a life and fpirit in knowledge which we extract from truths fcattered for the benefit of all, and which the mind, by its own activity, has appropriated to itfelf,—a life and fpirit, which is feldom found in knowledge communicated by formal and direct precepts, even when they are exalted and endeared by reverence and love for the teacher.

Neverthelefs, though I truft that the affiftance which my correfpondent has done me the honour to requeft, will in courfe of time flow naturally from my labours, in a manner that will beft ferve him, I cannot refift the inclination to connect, at prefent, with his letter a few remarks of direct application to the fubject of it; remarks, I fay,—for to fuch I fhall confine myfelf,—independent of the main point out of which his complaint and requeft both proceed; I mean the affumed inferiority of the prefent age in moral dignity and intellectual power to thofe which have preceded it.

For if the fact were true, that we had even surpassed our anceftors in the beft of what is good, the main part of the dangers and impediments which my correfpondent has feelingly portrayed, could not ceafe to exift for minds like his, nor indeed would they be much diminifhed; as they arife out of the conftitution of things, from the nature of youth, from the laws that govern the growth of the faculties, and from the neceffary condition of the great body of mankind. Let us throw ourfelves back to the age of Elizabeth, and call up to mind the heroes, the warriors, the ftatefmen, the poets, the divines, and the moral philofophers, with which the reign of the virgin queen was illuftrated. Or if we be more ftrongly attracted by the moral purity and greatnefs, and that fanctity of civil and religious duty, with which the tyranny of Charles I. was ftruggled againft, let us caft our eyes, in the hurry of admiration, round that circle of glorious patriots: but do not let us be perfuaded, that each of thefe, in his courfe of difcipline, was uniformly helped forward by thofe with whom he affociated, or by thofe whofe care it was to direct him. Then, as now, exifted objects to which the wifeft attached undue importance; then, as now, judgment was mifled by factions and parties, time wafted in controverfies fruitlefs, except as far as they quickened the faculties; then, as now, minds were venerated or idolized, which owed their influence to the weaknefs of their contemporaries rather than to their own power.

Then, though great actions were wrought, and great works in literature and science produced, yet the general taste was capricious, fantastical, or grovelling; and in this point, as in all others, was youth subject to delusion, frequent in proportion to the liveliness of the sensibility, and strong as the strength of the imagination. Every age hath abounded in instances of parents, kindred, and friends, who, by indirect influence of example, or by positive injunction and exhortation, have diverted or discouraged the youth, who, in the simplicity and purity of nature, had determined to follow his intellectual genius through good and through evil, and had devoted himself to knowledge, to the practice of virtue and the preservation of integrity, in slight of temporal rewards. Above all, have not the common duties and cares of common life at all times exposed men to injury from causes the action of which is the more fatal from being silent and unremitting, and which, wherever it was not jealously watched and steadily opposed, must have pressed upon and consumed the diviner spirit?

There are two errors into which we easily slip when thinking of past times. One lies in forgetting in the excellence of what remains the large overbalance of worthlessness that has been swept away. Ranging over the wide tracts of antiquity, the situation of the mind may be likened to that of a traveller * in some unpeopled part of America,

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See Ashe's Travels in America.

who is attracted to the burial place ot one of the primitive inhabitants. It is confpicuous upon an eminence, "a mount upon a mount!" He digs into it, and finds that it contains the bones of a man of mighty ftature; and he is tempted to give way to a belief, that as there were giants in thofe days, fo all men were giants. But a fecond and wifer thought may fuggeft to him that this tomb would never have forced itfelf upon his notice, if it had not contained a body that was diftinguifhed from others,—that of a man who had been felected as a chieftain or ruler for the very reafon that he furpaffed the reft of his tribe in ftature, and who now lies thus confpicuoufly inhumed upon the mountain-top, while the bones of his followers are laid unobtrufively together in their burrows upon the plain below. The fecond habitual error is, that in this comparifon of ages we divide time merely into paft and prefent, and place thefe in the balance to be weighed againft each other; not confidering that the prefent is in our eftimation not more than a period of thirty years, or half a century at moft, and that the paft is a mighty accumulation of many fuch periods, perhaps the whole of recorded time, or at leaft the whole of that portion of it in which our own country has been diftinguifhed. We may illuftrate this by the familiar ufe of the words ancient and modern, when applied to poetry. What can be more inconfiderate or unjuft than to compare a few exifting writers with the whole fucceffion of their progenitors? The delufion, from the moment that our

thoughts are directed to it, ſeems too groſs to deſerve mention; yet men will talk for hours upon poetry, balancing againſt each other the words ancient and modern, and be unconſcious that they have fallen into it.

Theſe obſervations are *not* made as *implying* a diſſent from the belief of my correſpondent, that the moral ſpirit and intellectual powers of this country are declining; but to guard againſt unqualified admiration, even in caſes where admiration has been rightly fixed, and to prevent that depreſſion which muſt neceſſarily follow, where the notion of the peculiar unfavourableneſs of the preſent times to dignity of mind has been carried too far. For in proportion as we imagine obſtacles to exiſt out of ourſelves to retard our progreſs, will, in fact, our progreſs be retarded. Deeming, then, that in all ages an ardent mind will be baffled and led aſtray in the manner under contemplation, though in various degrees, I ſhall at preſent content myſelf with a few practical and deſultory comments upon ſome of thoſe general cauſes, to which my correſpondent juſtly attributes the errors in opinion, and the lowering or deadening of ſentiment, to which ingenuous and aſpiring youth is expoſed. And firſt, for the heart-cheering belief in the perpetual progreſs of the ſpecies towards a point of unattainable perfection. If the preſent age do indeed tranſcend the paſt in what is moſt beneficial and honourable, he that perceives this, being in no error, has no cauſe for complaint; but

if it be not ſo, a youth of genius might, it ſhould ſeem, be preſerved from any wrong influence of this faith by an inſight into a ſimple truth, namely, that it is not neceſſary, in order to ſatisfy the deſires of our nature, or to reconcile us to the economy of providence, that there ſhould be at all times a continuous advance in what is of higheſt worth. In fact it is not, as a writer of the preſent day has admirably obſerved, in the power of fiction to portray in words, or of the imagination to conceive in ſpirit, actions or characters of more exalted virtue, than thoſe which thouſands of years ago have exiſted upon earth, as we know from the records of authentic hiſtory. Such is the inherent dignity of human nature, that there belong to it ſublimities of virtues which all men may attain, and which no man can tranſcend: and though this be not true in an equal degree of intellectual power, yet in the perſons of Plato, Demoſthenes, and Homer, and in thoſe of Shakeſpeare, Milton, and Lord Bacon, were enſhrined as much of the divinity of intellect as the inhabitants of this planet can hope will ever take up its abode among them. But the queſtion is not of the power or worth of individual minds, but of the general moral or intellectual merits of an age, or a people, or of the human race. Be it ſo. Let us allow and believe that there is a progreſs in the ſpecies towards unattainable perfection, or whether this be ſo or not, that it is a neceſſity of a good and greatly-gifted nature to believe it; ſurely it does not follow that

this progreſs ſhould be conſtant in thoſe virtues and intellectual qualities, and in thoſe departments of knowledge, which in themſelves abſolutely conſidered are of moſt value, things independent and in their degree indiſpenſable. The progreſs of the ſpecies neither is nor can be like that of a Roman road in a right line. It may be more juſtly compared to that of a river, which, both in its ſmaller reaches and larger turnings, is frequently forced back towards its fountains by objects which cannot otherwiſe be eluded or overcome; yet with an accompanying impulſe that will inſure its advancement hereafter, it is either gaining ſtrength every hour, or conquering in ſecret ſome difficulty, by a labour that contributes as effectually to further it in its courſe, as when it moves forward uninterrupted in a line, direct as that of the Roman road with which I began the compariſon.

It ſuffices to content the mind, though there may be an apparent ſtagnation, or a retrograde movement in the ſpecies, that ſomething is doing which is neceſſary to be done, and the effects of which will in due time appear; that ſomething is unremittingly gaining, either in ſecret preparation or in open and triumphant progreſs. But in fact here, as every where, we are deceived by creations which the mind is compelled to make for itſelf; we ſpeak of the ſpecies not as an aggregate, but as endued with the form and ſeparate life of an individual. But human kind,—what is it elſe than myriads of rational beings in various degrees obe-

dient to their reafon; fome torpid, fome afpiring; fome in eager chafe to the right hand, fome to the left; thefe wafting down their moral nature, and thefe feeding it for immortality? A whole generation may appear even to fleep, or may be exafperated with rage,—they that compofe it, tearing each other to pieces with more than brutal fury. It is enough for complacency and hope, that fcattered and folitary minds are always labouring fomewhere in the fervice of truth and virtue; and that by the fleep of the multitude the energy of the multitude may be prepared; and that by the fury of the people the chains of the people may be broken. Happy moment was it for England when her Chaucer, who has rightly been called the morning ftar of her literature, appeared above the horizon; when her Wicliffe, like the fun, fhot orient beams through the night of Romifh fuperftition! Yet may the darknefs and the defolating hurricane which immediately followed in the wars of York and Lancafter, be deemed in their turn a bleffing, with which the land has been vifited.

May I return to the thought of progrefs, of accumulation, of increafing light, or of any other image by which it may pleafe us to reprefent the improvement of the fpecies? The hundred years that followed the ufurpation of Henry IV., were a hurling-back of the mind of the country, a dilapidation, an extinction; yet inftitutions, laws, cuftoms, and habits, were then broken down, which would not have been fo readily, nor perhaps fo

thoroughly deſtroyed by the gradual influence of increaſing knowledge; and under the oppreſſion of which, if they had continued to exiſt, the virtue and intellectual prowefs of the ſucceeding century could not have appeared at all, much leſs could they have diſplayed themſelves with that eager haſte, and with thoſe beneficent triumphs, which will to the end of time be looked back upon with admiration and gratitude.

If the foregoing obvious diſtinctions be once clearly perceived, and ſteadily kept in view, I do not ſee why a belief in the progreſs of human nature towards perfection ſhould diſpoſe a youthful mind, however enthuſiaſtic, to an undue admiration of his own age, and thus tend to degrade that mind.

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

mature years they may be carried, would indeed be prepofterous. Yet has youth many helps and aptitudes for the difcharge of thefe difficult duties, which are withdrawn for the moft part from the more advanced ftages of life. For youth has its own wealth and independence; it is rich in health of body and animal fpirits, in its fenfibility to the impreffions of the natural univerfe, in the confcious growth of knowledge, in lively fympathy and familiar communion with the generous actions recorded in hiftory, and with the high paffions of poetry; and, above all, youth is rich in the poffeffion of time, and the accompanying confcioufnefs of freedom and power. The young man feels that he ftands at a diftance from the feafon when his harveft is to be reaped; that he has leifure and may look around, and may defer both the choice and the execution of his purpofes. If he makes an attempt and fhall fail, new hopes immediately rufh in and new promifes. Hence, in the happy confidence of his feelings, and in the elafticity of his fpirit, neither worldly ambition, nor the love of praife, nor dread of cenfure, nor the neceffity of worldly maintenance, nor any of thofe caufes which tempt or compel the mind habitually to look out of itfelf for fupport; neither thefe, nor the paffions of envy, fear, hatred, defpondency, and the rankling of difappointed hopes, (all which in after life give birth to, and regulate, the efforts of men and determine their opinions) have power to prefide over the choice of the young, if the

difpofition be not naturally bad, or the circum-ftances have not been in an uncommon degree unfavourable.

In contemplation, then, of this difinterefted and free condition of the youthful mind, I deem it in many points peculiarly capable of fearching into itfelf, and of profiting by a few fimple queftions, fuch as thefe that follow. Am I chiefly gratified by the exertion of my power from the pure plea-fure of intellectual activity, and from the know-ledge thereby acquired? In other words, to what degree do I value my faculties and my attainments for their own fakes? or are they chiefly prized by me on account of the diftinction which they con-fer, or the fuperiority which they give me over others? Am I aware that immediate influence and a general acknowledgment of merit are no necef-fary adjuncts of a fuccefsful adherence to ftudy and meditation in thofe departments of knowledge which are of moft value to mankind;—that a re-compenfe of honours and emoluments is far lefs to be expected; in fact, that there is little natural con-nection between them? Have I perceived this truth; and, perceiving it, does the countenance of philofophy continue to appear as bright and beau-tiful in my eyes?—Has no haze bedimmed it? Has no cloud paffed over and hidden from me that look which was before fo encouraging? Know-ing that it is my duty, and feeling that it is my in-clination, to mingle as a focial being with my fel-low men; prepared alfo to fubmit cheerfully to

the neceffity that will probably exift of relinquifhing, for the purpofe of gaining a livelihood, the greateft portion of my time to employments where I fhall have little or no choice how or when I am to act; have I, at this moment, when I ftand as it were upon the threfhold of the bufy world, a clear intuition of that preeminence in which virtue and truth (involving in this latter word the fanctities of religion) fit enthroned above all denominations and dignities which, in various degrees of exaltation, rule over the defires of men? Do I feel that, if their folemn mandates fhall be forgotten, or difregarded, or denied the obedience due to them when oppofed to others, I fhall not only have lived for no good purpofe, but that I fhall have facrificed my birth-right as a rational being; and that every other acquifition will be a bane and a difgrace to me? This is not fpoken with reference to fuch facrifices as prefent themfelves to the youthful imagination in the fhape of crimes, acts by which the confcience is violated; fuch a thought, I know, would be recoiled from at once, not without indignation; but I write in the fpirit of the ancient fable of Prodicus, reprefenting the choice of Hercules. Here is the World, a female figure approaching at the head of a train of willing or giddy followers: her air and deportment are at once carelefs, remifs, felf-fatisfied, and haughty: and there is Intellectual Prowefs, with a pale cheek and ferene brow, leading in chains Truth, her beautiful and modeft captive. The one

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

I ſpoke of a few ſimple queſtions. The queſtion involved in this deliberation is ſimple, but at the ſame time it is high and awful; and I would gladly know whether an anſwer can be returned

ſatisfactory to the mind. We will for a moment ſuppoſe that it can not; that there is a ſtartling and a heſitation. Are we then to deſpond,—to retire from all conteſt,—and to reconcile ourſelves at once to cares without a generous hope, and to efforts in which there is no more moral life than that which is found in the buſineſs and labours of the unfavoured and unaſpiring many? No. But if the inquiry have not been on juſt grounds ſatiſfactorily anſwered, we may refer confidently our youth to that nature of which he deems himſelf an enthuſiaſtic follower, and one who wiſhes to continue no leſs faithful and enthuſiaſtic. We would tell him that there are paths which he has not trodden; receſſes which he has not penetrated; that there is a beauty which he has not ſeen, a pathos which he has not felt, a ſublimity to which he hath not been raiſed. If he have trembled becauſe there has occaſionally taken place in him a lapſe of which he is conſcious; if he foreſee open or ſecret attacks, which he has had intimations that he will neither be ſtrong enough to reſiſt, nor watchful enough to elude, let him not haſtily aſcribe this weakneſs, this deficiency, and the painful apprehenſions accompanying them, in any degree to the virtues or noble qualities with which youth by nature is furniſhed; but let him firſt be aſſured, before he looks about for the means of attaining the inſight, the diſcriminating powers, and the confirmed wiſdom of manhood, that his ſoul has more to demand of the appro-

priate excellencies of youth, than youth has yet ſupplied to it; that the evil under which he labours is not a ſuperabundance of the inſtincts and the animating ſpirit of that age, but a falling ſhort, or a failure. But what can he gain from this admonition? He cannot recall paſt time; he cannot begin his journey afreſh; he cannot untwiſt the links by which, in no undelightful harmony, images and ſentiments are wedded in his mind. Granted that the ſacred light of childhood is and muſt be for him no more than a remembrance. He may, notwithſtanding, be remanded to nature, and with truſtworthy hopes, founded leſs upon his ſentient than upon his intellectual being; to nature, as leading on inſenſibly to the ſociety of reaſon, but to reaſon and will, as leading back to the wiſdom of nature. A re-union, in this order accompliſhed, will bring reformation and timely ſupport; and the two powers of reaſon and nature, thus reciprocally teacher and taught, may advance together in a track to which there is no limit.

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

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

A familiar incident may elucidate this contraſt in the operations of nature, may render plain the manner in which a proceſs of intellectual improvements, the reverſe of that which nature purſues, is by reaſon introduced. There never perhaps exiſted a ſchool-boy, who, having, when he retired to reſt, careleſſly blown out his candle, and having chanced to notice, as he lay upon his bed in the enſuing darkneſs, the ſullen light which had ſurvived the extinguiſhed flame, did not, at ſome time or other, watch that light as if his mind were bound to it by a ſpell. It fades and revives, gathers to a point, ſeems as if it would go out in a moment, again recovers its ſtrength, nay becomes brighter than before: it continues to ſhine with an endurance, which in its apparent weakneſs is a myſtery; it

protracts its exiſtence ſo long, clinging to the power which ſupports it, that the obſerver, who had lain down in his bed ſo eaſy-minded, becomes ſad and melancholy; his ſympathies are touched; it is to him an intimation and an image of departing human life; the thought comes nearer to him; it is the life of a venerated parent, of a beloved brother or ſiſter, or of an aged domeſtic, who are gone to the grave, or whoſe deſtiny it ſoon may be thus to linger, thus to hang upon the laſt point of mortal exiſtence, thus finally to depart and be ſeen no more. This is nature teaching ſeriouſly and ſweetly through the affections, melting the heart, and, through that inſtinct of tenderneſs, developing the underſtanding. In this inſtance the object of ſolicitude is the bodily life of another. Let us accompany this ſame boy to that period between youth and manhood, when a ſolicitude may be awakened for the moral life of himſelf. Are there any powers by which, beginning with a ſenſe of inward decay that affects not however the natural life, he could call to mind the ſame image and hang over it with an equal intereſt as a viſible type of his own periſhing ſpirit? Oh! ſurely, if the being of the individual be under his own care, if it be his firſt care, if duty begin from the point of accountableneſs to our conſcience, and, through that, to God and human nature; if without ſuch primary ſenſe of duty, all ſecondary care of teacher, of friend, or parent, muſt be baſeleſs and fruitleſs; if, laſtly, the motions of the ſoul tranſcend in worth thoſe of the

animal functions, nay, give to them their ſole value; then truly are there ſuch powers; and the image of the dying taper may be recalled and contemplated, though with no ſadneſs in the nerves, no diſpoſition to tears, no unconquerable ſighs, yet with a melancholy in the ſoul, a ſinking inward into ourſelves from thought to thought, a ſteady remonſtrance, and a high reſolve. Let then the youth go back, as occaſion will permit, to nature and to ſolitude, thus admoniſhed by reaſon, and *relying* upon this *newly* acquired ſupport. A world of freſh ſenſations will gradually open upon him as his mind puts off its infirmities, and as inſtead of being propelled reſtleſſly towards others in admiration, or too haſty love, he makes it his prime buſineſs to underſtand himſelf. New ſenſations, I affirm, will be opened out, pure, and ſanctioned by that reaſon which is their original author; and precious feelings of diſintereſted, that is ſelf-diſregarding, joy and love may be regenerated and reſtored; and, in this ſenſe, he may be ſaid to meaſure back the track of life he has trodden.

In ſuch diſpoſition of mind let the youth return to the viſible univerſe, and to converſation with ancient books, and to thoſe, if ſuch there be, which in the preſent day breathe the ancient ſpirit; and let him feed upon that beauty which unfolds itſelf, not to his eye as it ſees careleſſly the things which cannot poſſibly go unſeen, and are remembered or not as accident ſhall decide, but to the thinking mind; which ſearches, diſcovers, and treaſures up,

infusing by meditation into the objects with which it converses an intellectual life, whereby they remain planted in the memory, now and for ever. Hitherto the youth, I suppose, has been content for the most part to look at his own mind, after the manner in which he ranges along the stars in the firmament with naked unaided sight: let him now apply the telescope of art, to call the invisible stars out of their hiding places; and let him endeavour to look through the system of his being, with the organ of reason, summoned to penetrate, as far as it has power, in *discovery of the impelling forces and the governing laws.*

These expectations are not immoderate; they demand nothing more than the perception of a few plain truths; namely, that knowledge, efficacious for the production of virtue, is the ultimate end of all effort, the sole dispenser of complacency and repose. A perception also is implied of the inherent superiority of contemplation to action. The Friend does not in this contradict his own words, where he has said heretofore, that 'doubtless to act is nobler than to think.' * In those words, it was his purpose to censure that barren contemplation, which rests satisfied with itself in cases where the thoughts are of such quality that they may, and ought to, be embodied in action. But he speaks now of the general superiority of thought to action; as proceeding and governing all action that moves

* Vol. i. p. 158.—*Ed.*

to ſalutary purpoſes; and, ſecondly, as leading to elevation, the abſolute poſſeſſion of the individual mind, and to a conſiſtency or harmony of the being within itſelf, which no outward agency can reach to diſturb or to impair; and laſtly, as producing works of pure ſcience; or of the combined faculties of imagination, feeling, and reaſon; works which, both from their independence in their origin upon accident, their nature, their duration, and the wide ſpread of their influence, are entitled rightly to take place of the nobleſt and moſt beneficent deeds of heroes, ſtateſmen, legiſlators, or warriors.

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

general bond of patriotiſm or humanity would ſupply. We ſuppoſe no indifference to, much leſs a contempt of, theſe rewards; but let them have their due place; let it be aſcertained, when the ſoul is ſearched into, that they are only an auxiliary motive to exertion, never the principal or originating force. If this be too much to expect from a youth who, I take for granted, poſſeſſes no ordinary endowments, and whom circumſtances *with reſpect to the more dangerous paſſions have favoured, then,* indeed, *muſt the noble ſpirit of the country be* waſted away; then would our inſtitutions be deplorable, and the education prevalent among us utterly vile and debaſing.

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

upon ſome day of ſolemn tournament, at the court of the Faery-queen, as that ſovereignty was conceived to exiſt by the moral and imaginative genius of our divine Spenſer. He does not himſelf immediately enter the liſts as a combatant, but he looks round him with a beating heart, dazzled by the gorgeous pageantry, the banners, the impreſſes, the ladies of overcoming beauty, the perſons of the knights, now firſt ſeen by him, the fame of whoſe *actions is carried by the traveller, like merchandize,* through the world, and reſounded upon the harp of the minſtrel. But I am not at liberty to make this compariſon. If a youth were to begin his career in ſuch an aſſemblage, with ſuch examples to guide and to animate, it will be pleaded, there would be no cauſe for apprehenſion; he could not falter, he could not be miſled. But ours is, notwithſtanding its manifold excellences, a degenerate age; and recreant knights are among us far outnumbering the true. A falſe Gloriana in theſe days impoſes worthleſs ſervices, which they who perform them, in their blindneſs, know not to be ſuch; and which are recompenſed by rewards as worthleſs, yet eagerly graſped at, as if they were the immortal guerdon of virtue.

I have in this declaration inſenſibly overſtepped the limits which I had determined not to paſs: let me be forgiven; for it is hope which hath carried me forward. In ſuch a mixed aſſemblage as our age preſents, with its genuine merit and its large overbalance of alloy, I may boldly aſk into what

errors, either with reſpect to perſon or thing, could a young man fall, who had ſincerely entered upon the courſe of moral diſcipline which has been recommended, and to which the condition of youth, it has been proved, is favourable? His opinions could no where deceive him beyond the point up to which, after a ſeaſon, he would find that it was ſalutary for him to have been deceived. *For as that man cannot ſet a right value upon health who has never known ſickneſs, nor feel the bleſſing of eaſe who has been through his life a ſtranger to pain, ſo can there be no confirmed and paſſionate love of truth for him who has not experienced the hollowneſs of error.* Range againſt each other as advocates, oppoſe as combatants, two ſeveral intellects, each ſtrenuouſly aſſerting doctrines which he ſincerely believes; but the one contending for the worth and beauty of that garment which the other has outgrown and caſt away. Mark the ſuperiority, the eaſe, the dignity, on the ſide of the more advanced mind, how he overlooks his ſubject, commands it from centre to circumference, and hath the ſame thorough knowledge of the tenets which his adverſary, with impetuous zeal, but in confuſion alſo, and thrown off his guard at every turn of the argument, is labouring to maintain. If it be a queſtion of the fine arts (poetry for inſtance) the riper mind not only ſees that his opponent is deceived; but, what is of far more importance, ſees how he is deceived. The imagination ſtands before him with all its imperfections laid open; as

duped by ſhows, enſlaved by words, corrupted by miſtaken delicacy and falſe refinement, as not having even attended with care to the reports of the ſenſes, and therefore deficient groſſly in the rudiments of its own power. He has noted how, as a ſuppoſed neceſſary condition, the underſtanding ſleeps in order that the fancy may dream. Studied *in the hiſtory of ſociety, and verſed in the ſecret laws of thought, he can paſs regularly through all the gradations, can pierce infallibly all the wind*ings, which falſe taſte through ages has purſued, from the very time when firſt, through inexperience, heedleſſneſs, or affectation, the imagination took its departure from the ſide of truth, its original parent. Can a diſputant thus accoutred be withſtood?—one to whom, further, every movement in the thoughts of his antagoniſt is revealed by the light of his own experience; who, therefore, ſympathizes with weakneſs gently, and wins his way by forbearance; and hath, when needful, an irreſiſtible power of onſet, ariſing from gratitude to the truth which he vindicates, not merely as a poſitive good for mankind, but as his own eſpecial reſcue and redemption.

I might here conclude: but my correſpondent towards the cloſe of his letter, has written ſo feelingly upon the advantages to be derived, in his eſtimation, from a living inſtructor, that I muſt not leave this part of the ſubject without a word of direct notice. The Friend cited, ſome time ago,*

* Vol. i. p. 96.—*Ed.*

a paſſage from the proſe works of Milton, eloquently deſcribing the manner in which good and evil grow up together in the field of the world almoſt inſeparably; and inſiſting, conſequently, upon the knowledge and ſurvey of vice as neceſſary to the conſtituting of human virtue, and the ſcanning *of error to the confirmation of truth.*

If this be ſo, and I have been reaſoning to the ſame effect in the preceding paragraph, the fact, and the thoughts which it may ſuggeſt, will, if rightly applied, tend to moderate an anxiety for the guidance of a more experienced or ſuperior mind. The advantage, where it is poſſeſſed, is far from being an abſolute good: nay, ſuch a preceptor, ever at hand, might prove an oppreſſion not to be thrown off, and a fatal hindrance. Grant that in the general tenor of his intercourſe with his pupil he is forbearing and circumſpect, inaſmuch as he is rich in that knowledge (above all other neceſſary for a teacher) which cannot exiſt without a livelineſs of memory, preſerving for him an unbroken image of the winding, excurſive, and often retrograde courſe, along which his own intellect has paſſed. Grant that, furniſhed with theſe diſtinct remembrances, he wiſhes that the mind of his pupil ſhould be free to luxuriate in the enjoyments, loves, and admirations appropriated to its age; that he is not in haſte to kill what he knows will in due time die of itſelf; or be tranſmuted, and put on a nobler form and higher faculties otherwiſe unattainable. In a word, that the teacher is governed

habitually by the wiſdom of patience waiting with pleaſure. Yet perceiving how much the outward help of art can facilitate the progreſs of nature, he may be betrayed into many unneceſſary or pernicious miſtakes where he deems his interference warranted by ſubſtantial experience. And in ſpite of all his caution, remarks may drop inſenſibly from him which ſhall wither in the mind of his pupil a generous ſympathy, deſtroy a ſentiment of approbation or diſlike, not merely innocent but ſalutary; and for the inexperienced diſciple how many pleaſures may be thus off, what joy, what admiration, and what love! While in their ſtead are introduced into the ingenuous mind miſgivings, a miſtruſt of its own evidence, diſpoſitions to affect to feel where there can be no real feeling, indeciſive judgments, a ſuperſtructure of opinions that has no baſe to ſupport it, and words uttered by rote with the impertinence of a parrot or a mocking-bird, yet which may not be liſtened to with the ſame indifference, as they cannot be heard without ſome feeling of moral diſapprobation.

Theſe reſults, I contend, whatever may be the benefit to be derived from ſuch an enlightened teacher, are in their degree inevitable. And by this proceſs, humility and docile diſpoſitions may exiſt towards the maſter, endued as he is with the power which perſonal preſence confers; but at the ſame time they will be liable to overſtep their due bounds, and to degenerate into paſſiveneſs and proſtration of mind. This towards him; while,

with respect to other living men, nay even to the mighty spirits of past times, there may be associated with such weakness a want of modesty and humility. Insensibly may steal in presumption and a habit of sitting in judgment in cases where no sentiment ought to have existed but diffidence or veneration. Such virtues are the sacred attributes of youth; its appropriate calling is not to distinguish in the fear of being deceived or degraded, not to analyze with scrupulous minuteness, but to accumulate in genial confidence; its instinct, its safety, its benefit, its glory, is to love, to admire, to feel, and to labour. Nature has irrevocably decreed, that our prime dependence in all stages of life after infancy and childhood have been passed through (nor do I know that this latter ought to be excepted) must be upon our own minds; and that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself.

What has been said is a mere sketch, and that only of a part of the interesting country into which we have been led; but my correspondent will be able to enter the paths that have been pointed out. Should he do this and advance steadily for a while, he needs not fear any deviations from the truth which will be finally injurious to him. He will not long have his admiration fixed upon unworthy objects; he will neither be clogged nor drawn aside by the love of friends or kindred, betraying his understanding through his affections; he will neither

be bowed down by conventional arrangements of manners producing too often a lifelefs decency; nor will the rock of his fpirit wear away in the endlefs beating of the waves of the world; neither will that portion of his own time, which he muft furrender to labours by which his livelihood is to be earned or his focial duties performed, be unprofitable to himfelf indirectly, while it is directly ufeful to others; for that time has been primarily furrendered through an act of obedience to a moral law eftablifhed by himfelf, and therefore he moves then alfo along the orbit of perfect liberty.

Let it be remembered, that the advice requefted does not relate to the government of the more dangerous paffions, or to the fundamental principles of right and wrong as acknowledged by the univerfal confcience of mankind. I may therefore affure my youthful correfpondent, if he will endeavour to look into himfelf in the manner which I have exhorted him to do, that in him the wifh will be realized, to him in due time the prayer granted, which was uttered by that living teacher of whom he fpeaks with gratitude as of a benefactor, when in his character of philofophical poet, having thought of morality as implying in its effence voluntary obedience, and producing the effect of order, he transfers in the tranfport of imagination, the law of moral to phyfical natures, and having contemplated, through the medium of that order, all modes of exiftence as fubfervient to one

ſpirit, concludes his addreſs to the power of duty in the following words :

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

* This reply to Mathetes was written by Mr. Wordſworth.—*Ed.*

THE FRIEND.

SECTION THE SECOND.

On the Grounds of Morals and Religion, and the Difcipline of the Mind requifite for a true underftanding of the fame.

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

THE FRIEND.

ESSAY I.

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

THE preceding ſection, ending with the ſecond volume, had for its expreſs object the principles of our duty as citizens, or morality as applied to politics. According to his ſcheme there remained for the Friend firſt, to treat of the principles of morality generally, and then of thoſe of religion. But ſince the commencement of this edition,* the queſtion has repeatedly ariſen in my mind, whether morality can be ſaid to have any principle

The ſecond.—*Ed.*

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

At a time, when my thoughts were thus employed, I met with a volume of old tracts, publiſhed during the interval from the captivity of Charles I. to the reſtoration of his ſon. Since my earlieſt manhood it had been among my fondeſt regrets, that a more direct and frequent reference had not been made by our hiſtorians to the books, pamphlets, and flying ſheets of that momentous

period, during which all the poſſible forms of truth and error (*the latter being themſelves for the greater part caricatures of truth*) bubbled up on the ſurface of the public mind, as in the ferment of a chaos. It would be difficult to conceive a notion or a fancy, in politics, ethics, theology, or even in phyſics and phyſiology, not anticipated by the men of that age;—in this as in moſt other reſpects ſharply contraſted with the products of the French revolution, which was ſcarcely more characterized by its ſanguinary and ſenſual abominations than (to borrow the words of an eminent living poet) by

A dreary want at once of books and men.*

The parliament's army was not wholly compoſed of mere fanatics. There was no mean proportion of enthuſiaſts; and that enthuſiaſm muſt have been of no ordinary grandeur, which could draw from a common ſoldier, in an addreſs to his comrades, ſuch a diſſuaſive from acting in the cruel ſpirit of fear, and ſuch ſentiments, as are contained in the following paſſage, which I would reſcue from oblivion,† both for the honour of our forefathers, and in proof of the difference between the repub-

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* Wordſworth.

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

licans of that period, and the democrats, or rather demugogues, of the prefent. It is as follows:

"I judge it ten times more honourable for a fingle perfon, in witneffing a truth to oppofe the world in its power, wifdom and authority, this ftanding in its full ftrength, and he fingly and nakedly, than fighting many battles by force of arms, and gaining them all. I have no life but truth; and if truth be advanced by my fuffering, then my life alfo. If truth live, I live; if juftice live, I live; and thefe cannot die, but by any man's fuffering for them are enlarged, enthroned. Death cannot hurt me. I fport with him, am above his reach. I live an immortal life. What we have within, that only can we fee without. I cannot fee death; and he that hath not this freedom is a flave. He is in the arms of that, the phantom of which he beholdeth and feemeth to himfelf to flee from. Thus, you fee that the king hath a will to redeem his prefent lofs. You fee it by means of the luft after power in your own hearts. For my part I condemn his unlawful feeking after it. I condemn his falfehood and indirectnefs therein. But if he fhould not endeavour the reftoring of the kinglinefs to the realm, and the dignity of its kings, he were falfe to his truft, falfe to the majefty of God that he is intrufted with. The defire of recovering his lofs is juftifiable. Yea, I fhould condemn him as unbelieving and pufillanimous, if he fhould not hope for it. But here is his mifery and yours too at prefent,

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

"But as you give testimony to his power, so you take a course to advance it; for there is nothing that hath any spark of God in it, but the more it is suppressed, the more it rises. If you did indeed believe, that the original of power were in the people, you would believe likewise that the concessions extorted from the king would rest with you. And, doubtless, such of them as in righteousness ought to have been given would do so, but that your violent courses disturb the natural order of things, in which they still tend to their centre. These courses, therefore, so far from being the way to secure what we have got, are the way to lose them, and (for a time at least) to set up princes in a higher form than ever. For all things by force

compelled from their nature will fly back with the greater earneſtneſs on the removal of that force; and this, in the preſent caſe, muſt ſoon weary itſelf out, and hath no leſs an enemy in its own ſatiety than in the diſappointment of the people.

"Again, you ſpeak of the king's reputation, and do not conſider that the more you cruſh him, the ſweeter the fragrance that comes from him. While he ſuffers, the ſpirit of God and glory reſts upon him. There is a glory and a freſhneſs ſparkling in him by ſuffering, an excellency that was hidden, and which you have drawn out. And naturally men are ready to pity ſufferers. When nothing will gain me, affliction will. I confeſs his ſufferings make me a royaliſt, who never cared for him. He that doth and can ſuffer ſhall have my heart; you had it while you ſuffered. But now your ſevere puniſhment of him for his abuſes in government, and your own uſurpations, will not only win the hearts of the people to the oppreſſed ſuffering king, but provoke them to rage againſt you, as having robbed them of the intereſt which they had in his royalty. For the king is in the people, and the people in the king. The king's being is not ſolitary, but as he is in union with his people, who are his ſtrength in which he lives; and the people's being is not naked, but an intereſt in the greatneſs and wiſdom of the king who is their honour which lives in them. And though you will disjoin yourſelves from kings, God will not, neither will I. God is king of kings, kings'

and princes' God, as well as people's, theirs as well as ours, and theirs eminently (as the ſpeech enforces, God of Iſrael, that is, Iſrael's God above all other nations, and ſo king of kings), by a near and eſpecial kindred and communion. Kinglineſs agrees with all Chriſtians, who are indeed Chriſtians. For they are themſelves of a royal nature, made kings with Chriſt, and cannot but be friends to it, being of kin to it; and if there were not kings to honour, they would want one of the appointed objects whereon to beſtow that fulneſs of honour which is in their breaſts. A virtue would lie unemployed within them, and in priſon, pining and reſtleſs from the want of its outward correlative. It is a baſtard religion, that is inconſiſtent with the majeſty and the greatneſs of the moſt ſplendid monarch. Such ſpirits are ſtrangers from the kingdom of heaven. Either they know not the glory in which God lives; or they are of narrow minds that are corrupt themſelves, and not able to bear greatneſs, and ſo think that God will not, or cannot, qualify men for ſuch high places with correſpondent and proportionable power and goodneſs. Is it not enough to have removed the malignant bodies which eclipſed the royal ſun, and mixed their bad influences with his, and would you extinguiſh the ſun itſelf to ſecure yourſelves? O! this is the ſpirit of bondage to fear, and not of love and a ſound mind. To aſſume the office and the name of champions for the common intereſt, and of Chriſt's ſoldiers, and yet to act for

ſelf-ſafety is ſo poor and mean a thing that it muſt needs produce moſt vile and abſurd actions, the ſcorn of the old pagans, but for Chriſtians who in all things are to love their neighbour as themſelves, and God above both, it is of all affections the unworthieſt. Let me be a fool and boaſt, if ſo I may ſhew you, while it is yet time, a little of that reſt and ſecurity which I and thoſe of the ſame ſpirit enjoy, and which you have turned your backs upon; ſelf, like a baniſhed thing, wandering in ſtrange ways. Firſt, then, I fear no party, or intereſt, for I love all, I am reconciled to all, and therein I find all reconciled to me. I have enmity to none but the ſon of perdition. It is enmity begets inſecurity: and while men live in the fleſh, and in enmity to any party, or intereſt, in a private, divided, and ſelf good, there will be, there cannot but be, perpetual wars; except that one particular ſhould quite ruin all other parts and live alone, which the univerſal muſt not, will not, ſuffer. For to admit a part to devour and abſorb the others, were to deſtroy the whole, which is God's preſence therein; and ſuch a mind in any part doth not only fight with another part, but againſt the whole. Every faction of men, therefore, ſtriving to make themſelves abſolute, and to owe their ſafety to their ſtrength, and not to their ſympathy, do directly war againſt God who is love, peace, and a general good, gives being to all and cheriſhes all, and, therefore, can have neither peace nor ſecurity. But we being enlarged into the largeneſs

of God, and comprehending all things in our bosoms by the divine ſpirit, are at reſt with all, and delight in all; for we know nothing but what is, in its eſſence, in our own hearts. Kings, nobles, are much beloved of us, becauſe they are in us, of us, one with us, we as Chriſtians being kings and lords by the anointing of God."

But ſuch ſentiments, it will be ſaid, are the flights of ſpeculative minds. Be it ſo; yet to ſoar is nobler than to creep. We attach, likewiſe, ſome value to a thing for its mere infrequency. And ſpeculative minds, alas! have been rare, though not equally rare, in all ages and countries of civilized man. With us the very word ſeems to have abdicated its legitimate ſenſe. Inſtead of deſignating a mind ſo conſtituted and diſciplined as to find in its own wants and inſtincts an intereſt in truths for their truth's ſake, it is now uſed to ſignify a practical ſchemer, one who ventures beyond the bounds of experience in the formation and adoption of new ways and means for the attainment of wealth or power. To poſſeſs the end in the means, as it is eſſential to morality in the moral world, and the contra-diſtinction of goodneſs from mere prudence, ſo is it, in the intellectual world, the moral conſtituent of genius, and that by which true genius is contra-diſtinguiſhed from mere talent.*

The man of talent, who is, if not excluſively,

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* See the note to this eſſay.—*Ed.*

yet chiefly and characteristically a man of talent, feeks and values the means wholly in relation to fome object not therein contained. His means may be peculiar; but his ends are conventional, and common to the mafs of mankind. Alas! in both cafes alike, in that of genius, as well as in that of talent, it too often happens, that this diverfity in the quality of their feveral intellects, extends to the feelings and impulfes properly and directly moral, to their difpofitions, habits, and maxims of conduct. It characterizes not the intellect alone, but the whole man. The one fubftitutes prudence for virtue, legality in act and demeanour for warmth and purity of heart, and too frequently becomes jealous, envious, a coveter of other men's good gifts, and a detractor from their merits, openly or fecretly, as his fears or his paffions chance to preponderate.*

The other, on the contrary, might remind us of

* According to the principles of Spurzheim's craniofcopy (a fcheme, the indicative or gnomonic parts of which have a ftronger fupport in facts than the theory in reafon or common fenfe) we fhould find in the fkull of fuch an individual the organs of circumfpection and appropriation difproportionately large and prominent compared with thofe of ideality and benevolence. It is certain that the organ of appropriation, or (more correctly) the part of the fkull afferted to be fignificant of that tendency and correfpondent to the organ, is ftrikingly large in a caft of the head of the famous Dr. Dodd; and it was found of equal dimenfion in a literary man, whofe fkull puzzled the craniofcopift more than it did me. Nature, it fhould feem, makes no diftinction between manufcripts and money-drafts, though the law does.

the zealots for legitimate ſucceſſion after the deceaſe of our ſixth Edward, who not content with having placed the rightful ſovereign on the throne, would wreak their vengeance on "the meek uſurper," who had been ſeated on it by a will againſt which ſhe had herſelf been the firſt to remonſtrate. For with that unhealthful preponderance of impulſe over motive, which, though no part of genius, is too often its accompaniment, he lives in continued hoſtility to prudence, or baniſhes it altogether; and thus deprives virtue of her *guide* and guardian, her prime functionary, yea, the very organ of her outward life. Hence a benevolence that ſquanders its ſhafts and ſtill miſſes its aim, or reſembles the charmed bullet that, levelled at the wolf, brings down the ſhepherd. Hence deſultorineſs, extremes, exhauſtion—

And thereof cometh in the end deſpondency and madneſs! *

Let it not be forgotten, however, that theſe evils are the diſeaſe of the man, while the records of biography furniſh ample proof, that genius, in the higher degree, acts as a preſervative againſt them; more remarkably, and in more frequent inſtances, when the imagination and preconſtructive power have taken a ſcientific or philoſophic direction; as in Plato, indeed in almoſt all the firſt-rate philoſophers, in Kepler, Milton, Boyle, Newton, Leibnitz, and Berkeley. At all events, a certain number

* Wordſworth.

of ſpeculative minds is neceſſary to a cultivated ſtate of ſociety, as a condition of its progreſſiveneſs; and *nature herſelf has provided againſt any too great increaſe in this claſs of her productions. As the gifted maſters of the divining rod to the ordinary* miners, and as the miners of a country to the huſbandmen, mechanics, and artizans, ſuch is the proportion of the *triſmegiſti* to the ſum total of ſpeculative minds, even of thoſe, I mean, that are truly ſuch; and of theſe again, to the remaining maſs of uſeful labourers and operatives in ſcience, literature, and the learned profeſſions.

This train of thought brings to my recollection a converſation with a friend of my youth, an old man of humble eſtate; but in whoſe ſociety I had great pleaſure. The reader will, I hope, pardon me if I embrace the opportunity of recalling old affections, afforded me by its fitneſs to illuſtrate the preſent ſubject. A ſedate man he was, and had been a miner from his boyhood. Well did he repreſent the olden time, when every trade was a myſtery and had its own guardian ſaint; when the ſenſe of ſelf-importance was gratified at home, and ambition had a hundred ſeveral lotteries, in one or other of which every freeman had a ticket, and the only blanks were drawn by ſloth, intemperance, or inevitable calamity; when the detail of each art and trade (like the oracles of the prophets, interpretable in a double ſenſe) was ennobled in the eyes of its profeſſors by being ſpiritually improved into ſymbols and mementos of all doctrines and all duties,

and every craftſman had, as it were, two verſions of his Bible, one in the common language of the country, another in the acts, objects, and products *of his own particular craft. There are not many things in our elder popular literature, more intereſting to me than thoſe conteſts, or eclogues, between* workmen for the ſuperior worth and dignity of their ſeveral callings, which uſed to be ſold at our village fairs, in ſtitched ſheets, neither untitled nor undecorated, though without the ſuperfluous coſt of a ſeparate title-page.

With this good old miner I was once walking through a corn-field at harveſt-time, when that part of the converſation, to which I have alluded, took place. "At times," ſaid I, "when you were delving in the bowels of the arid mountain or foodleſs rock, it muſt have occurred to your mind as a pleaſant thought, that in providing the ſcythe and the ſword you were virtually reaping the harveſt and protecting the harveſt-man." "Ah!" he replied with a ſigh, that gave a fuller meaning to his ſmile, "out of all earthly things there come both good and evil;—the good through God, and the evil from the evil heart. From the look and weight of the ore I learned to make a near gueſs, how much iron it would yield; but neither its heft, nor its hues, nor its breakage would propheſy to me, whether it was to become a thieviſh pick-lock, a murderer's dirk, a ſlave's collar, or the woodman's axe, the feeding plough-ſhare, the defender's ſword, or the mechanic's tool. So, perhaps, my young friend,

I have caufe to be thankful, that the opening upon a frefh vein gives me a delight fo full as to allow no room for other fancies, and leaves behind it a hope and a love that fupport me in my labour, even for the labour's fake."

As, according to the eldeft philofophy, life being in its own nature aeriform, is under the neceffity of renewing itfelf by inhaling the connatural, and therefore affimilable, air, fo is it with the intelligential foul with refpect to truth; for it is itfelf of the nature of truth. Γενομένη ἐκ θεωρίας, καὶ θέαμα θεῖον, φύσιν ἔχειν φιλοθεάμονα ὑπάρχει.* But the occafion and brief hiftory of the decline of true fpeculative philofophy, with the origin of the feparation of ethics from religion, I muft defer to the following number.

Note.

As I fee many good, and can anticipate no ill, confequences in the attempt to give diftinct and appropriate meanings to words hitherto fynonymous, or at leaft of indefinite and fluctuating application, if only the propofed fenfe be not paffed upon the reader as the exifting and authorized one, I fhall make no other apology for the ufe of the word, Talent, in this preceding effay and elfewhere in my works than by annexing the following explanation.

I have been in the habit of confidering the qua-

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* Plotinus. *Ennead.* III. l. 8. f. 3. flightly altered.—*Ed.*

lities of intellect, the comparative eminence in which characterizes individuals and even countries, under four kinds — Genius, Talent, Senfe, and Clevernefs. The firft I ufe in the fenfe of moft general acceptance, as the faculty which adds to the exifting ftock of power and knowledge by new views, new combinations; by difcoveries not accidental but anticipated, or refulting from anticipation. In fhort, I define Genius, as originality in intellectual conftruction; the moral accompaniment, and actuating principle of which confifts, perhaps, in the carrying on of the frefhnefs and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.

By Talent, on the other hand, I mean the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the ftock furnifhed by others and already exifting in books or other confervatories of intellect.

By Senfe I underftand that juft balance of the faculties which is to the judgment what health is to the body. The mind feems to act at once and altogether by a fynthetic rather than an analytic procefs: even as the outward fenfes, from which the metaphor is taken, perceive immediately, each *as it were by a peculiar tact or intuition, without any confcioufnefs of the mechanifm by which the perception is realized. This is often exemplified* in well-bred, unaffected, and *innocent women.* I know a lady, on whofe judgment, from conftant experience of its rectitude, I could rely almoft as on an oracle. But when fhe has fometimes pro-

ceeded to a detail of the grounds and reafons for her opinion, then, led by fimilar experience, I have been tempted to interrupt her with—"I will take your advice," or, "I fhall act on your opinion; for I am fure you are in the right. But as to the *fors* and *becaufes*, leave them to me to find out. The general accompaniment of fenfe is a difpofition to avoid extremes, whether in theory or in practice, with a defire to remain in fympathy with the general mind of the age or country, and a feeling of the neceffity and utility of compromife. If genius be the initiative, and talent the adminiftrative, fenfe is the confervative, branch in the intellectual republic.

By Clevernefs (which I dare not with Dr. Johnfon call a low word, while there is a fenfe to be expreffed which it alone expreffes) I mean a comparative readinefs in the invention and ufe of means, for the realizing of objects and ideas—often of fuch ideas, which the man of genius only could have originated, and which the clever man perhaps neither fully comprehends nor adequately appreciates, even at the moment that he is prompting or executing the machinery of their accomplifhment. In fhort, clevernefs is a fort of genius for inftrumentality. It is the brain in the hand. In literature clevernefs is more frequently accompanied by wit, genius and fenfe by humour.

If I take the three great countries of Europe, in refpect of intellectual character, namely, Germany, England, and France, I fhould characterize

them in the following way;—premiſing only that in the firſt line of the firſt two tables I mean to imply that genius, rare in all countries, is equal in both of theſe, the inſtances equally numerous; not, therefore, contra-diſtinguiſhing either from the other, but both from the third country. We can ſcarcely avoid conſidering a Cervantes and Calderon as in ſome ſort characteriſtic of the nation which produced them. In the laſt war we felt it in the hope, which the recollection of theſe names inſpired. *But yet it cannot, equally with the qualities placed as ſecond and third in each table,* be called a national characteriſtic; though, in the appropriation of theſe likewiſe, we refer excluſively to the intellectual portion of each country.

GERMANY.
Genius,
Talent,
Fancy.*

ENGLAND.
Genius,
Senſe,
Humour.

FRANCE.
Cleverneſs,
Talent,
Wit.

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

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

GERMANY.

*Idea, or law anticipated,**
Totality, †
Distinctness.

ENGLAND.

Law discovered, ‡
Selection,
Clearness.

FRANCE.

Theory invented,
Particularity, §
Palpability.

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

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

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

§ Tendency to individualize, embody, insulate, as instanced in the advocacy of the vitreous and the resinous fluids instead of the positive and negative forces of the power of electricity. Thus, too, it was not sufficient that oxygen was the principal, and with one exception, the only then

Laftly, we might exhibit the fame qualities in their moral, religious, and political manifeftations: *in the cofmopolitifm of Germany, the contemptuous nationality of the Englifhman, and the oftentatious and boaftful nationality of the Frenchman.* The craving of fympathy marks the German; inward pride the Englifhman; vanity the Frenchman. So again, enthufiafm, vifionarinefs feems the tendency of the German; zeal, zealotry of the Englifh; fanaticifm of the French. But the thoughtful reader will find thefe and many other characteriftic points contained in, and deducible from the relations which the mind of the three countries bears to time.

GERMANY.
Paft and Future.

ENGLAND.
Paft and Prefent.

FRANCE.
The Prefent.

known acidifying fubftance; the power and principle of acidification muft be embodied and as it were imperfonated and hypoftafized in this gas. Hence the idolifm of the French, here expreffed in one of its refults, namely, palpability. Ideas and a Frenchman are incompatible terms; but I confine the remark to the period from the latter half of the reign of Louis XIV. Ideas, I fay, are here out of the queftion; but even the conceptions of a Frenchman; —whatever he admits to be conceivable muft be likewife, according to him, imageable, and the imageable muft be fancied tangible—the non-apparency of either or both being accounted for by the difproportion of our fenfes, not by the nature of the objects.

A whimſical friend of mine, of more genius than diſcretion, characterizes the Scotchman of literature (confining his remark, however, to the period *ſince the union)* as a dull Frenchman and a ſuperficial German. *But when I recollect the ſplendid exceptions of Hume, Robertſon, Smollett, Reid,* Thompſon *(if this laſt inſtance be not objected to* as ſavouring of geographical pedantry, that truly amiable man and genuine poet having been born but a few furlongs from the Engliſh border), Dugald Stewart, Burns, Walter Scott, Hogg and Campbell — not to mention the very numerous phyſicians and prominent diſſenting miniſters, born or bred beyond the Tweed;—I heſitate in recording ſo wild an opinion, which derives its plauſibility, chiefly from the circumſtance ſo honourable to our northern ſiſter, that Scotchmen generally have more, and a more learned, education than the ſame ranks in other countries, below the firſt claſs; but in part likewiſe, from the common miſtake of confounding the general character of an emigrant, whoſe objects are in one place and his beſt affections in another, with the particular character of a Scotchman: to which we may add, perhaps, the clanniſh ſpirit of provincial literature, foſtered undoubtedly by the peculiar relations of Scotland, and of which therefore its metropolis may be a ſtriking, but is far from being a ſolitary, inſtance.

ESSAY II.

Ἡ ὅδος κάτω.
The road downward.
HERACLIT. *Fragment.*

AMOUR *de moi-même, mais bien calculé*—was the motto and maxim of a French philoſopher. Our fancy inſpirited by the more imaginative powers of hope and fear enables us to preſent to ourſelves the future as the preſent, and thence to accept a ſcheme of ſelf-love for a ſyſtem of morality. And doubtleſs, an enlightened ſelf-intereſt would recommend the ſame courſe of outward conduct, as the ſenſe of duty would do; even though the motives in the former caſe had reſpect to this life excluſively. But to ſhow the deſirableneſs of an object, or the contrary, is one thing; to excite the deſire, to conſtitute the averſion, is another: the one being to the other as a common guide-poſt to the "chariot inſtinct with ſpirit," which at once directs and conveys; or employing a more familiar image, we may compare the rule of ſelf-intereſt to a watch with an excellent hour-plate, hand, and regulator, but without its ſpring and wheel-work. Nay, where its ſufficiency and excluſive validity

are adopted as the maxim (*regula maxima*) of morality, it would be a fuller and fairer comparifon to fay, that the maxim of felf-intereft ftands in a fimilar relation to the law of confcience or univerfal felflefs reafon, as the dial to the fun, which indicates its path by intercepting its radiance.*

But let it be granted, that in certain individuals from a happy evennefs of nature, formed into a habit by the ftrength of education, the influence of example, and by favourable circumftances in general, the actions diverging from felf-love as their centre fhould be precifely the fame as thofe produced from the Chriftian principle, which requires of us that we fhould place our felf and our neighbour at an equal diftance, and love both alike as modes in which we realize and exhibit the love of God above all;—wherein would the difference be then? I anfwer boldly,—even in that, for which all actions have their whole worth and their main value,—in the agents themfelves. So much indeed is this of the very fubftance of genuine morality, that wherever the latter has given way in the general opinion to a fcheme of ethics founded

* Here are two fyllogifms, having equivalent practical conclufions, yet not only different, but even contradiftinguifhed. I. It is my duty to love all men: but I am myfelf a man: *ergo,* it is my duty to love myfelf equally with others. II. It is my nature to love myfelf: but I cannot realize this impulfe of nature, without acting to others as if I loved them equally with myfelf: *ergo,* it is my duty to love myfelf by acting towards others as if I loved them equally with myfelf. Dec. 1820.

on utility, its place is ſoon challenged by the ſpirit of honour. Paley, who degrades the ſpirit of honour into a mere club-law among the higher claſſes originating in ſelfiſh convenience, and enforced by the penalty of excommunication from the ſociety which habit had rendered indiſpenſable to the happineſs of the individuals, has miſconſtrued it not leſs than Shafteſbury, who extols it as the nobleſt influence of noble natures. The ſpirit of honour is more indeed than a mere conventional ſubſtitute for honeſty. For to take the word in a ſenſe, which no man of honour would acknowledge, may be allowed to the writer of ſatires, but not to the moral philoſopher. But, on the other hand, inſtead of being a finer form of moral life, it may be more truly deſcribed as the ſhadow or ghoſt of virtue deceaſed. Honour implies a reverence for the inviſible and ſuperſenſual in our nature, and ſo far it is virtue; but it is a virtue that neither underſtands itſelf nor its true ſource, and is therefore often unſubſtantial, not ſeldom fantaſtic, and always more or leſs capricious. Abſtract the notion from the lives of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, or Henry IV. of France; and then compare it with the 1 Cor. xiii. and the epiſtle to Philemon, or rather with the realization of this fair ideal in the character of St. Paul* himſelf. I know not a better teſt. Nor can I think of any inveſtigation,

* This has ſtruck the better claſs even of infidels. Collins, one of the moſt learned of our Engliſh deiſts, is ſaid to

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

have declared, that contradictory as miracles appeared to his reaſon, he would believe in them notwithſtanding, if it could be proved to him that St. Paul had aſſerted any one as having been worked by himſelf in the modern ſenſe of the word, miracle; adding, "St. Paul was ſo perfect a gentleman and a man of honour!" When I call duelling, and ſimilar aberrations of honour, a moral hereſy, I refer to the force of the Greek αἵρεσις, as ſignifying a principle or opinion taken up by the will for the will's ſake, as a proof and pledge to itſelf of its own power of ſelf-determination. independent of all other motives. In the gloomy gratification derived or anticipated from the exerciſe of this awful power,—the condition of all moral good while it is latent and hidden, as it were in the centre, but the eſſential cauſe of fiendiſh guilt, when it makes itſelf exiſtential and peripheric, *ſi quando in circumferentiam erumpat*; (in both caſes I have purpoſely adopted the language of the old myſtic theoſophers)—I find the only explanation of a moral phenomenon not very uncommon in the laſt moments of condemned felons; namely, the obſtinate denial, not of the main guilt, which might be accounted for by ordinary motives, but of ſome particular act, which had been proved beyond all poſſibility of doubt, and atteſted by the criminal's own accomplices and fellow-ſufferers in their laſt confeſſions; and this too an act, the non-perpetration of which, if believed, could neither mitigate the ſentence of the law, nor even the opinions of men after the ſentence had been carried into execution.

Of a widely different character from this moral *αἵρεσις*, yet as a derivative from the same root, we *may contemplate the heresies of the Gnostics in the early ages of the church, and of the family of love, with* other *forms* of Antinomianism, since the Reformation to the present day. But lest in uttering truth I should convey falsehood and fall myself into the error which it is my object to expose, it will be requisite to distinguish an apprehension of the whole of a truth, even where that apprehension is dim and indistinct, from a partial perception of the same rashly assumed as a perception of the whole. The first is rendered inevitable in many things for many, in some points for all, men from the progressiveness no less than from the imperfection of humanity, which itself dictates and enforces the precept, Believe that thou mayest understand.* The most knowing must at times be content with the *facit* of a sum too complex or subtle for us to follow nature through the antecedent process. Hence in subjects not under the cognizance of the senses wise men have always attached a high value to general and long-continued assent, as a presumption of truth. After all the subtle reasonings and fair analogies which logic and induction could supply to a mighty intellect, it is yet on this ground that the Socrates of Plato

* The Greek verb, *συνίεναι*, which we render by the word, understand, is literally the same as our own idiomatic phrase, to go along with.

mainly refts his faith in the immortality of the foul, and the moral government of the univerfe. *It had been holden by all nations in all ages, but with deepeft conviction by the beft and wifeft men,* as a belief connatural with goodnefs and akin to prophecy. The fame argument is adopted by Cicero, as the principal ground of his adherence to divination. *Gentem quidem nullam video, neque tam humanam atque doctam, neque tam immanem tamque barbaram, quæ non fignificari futura, et a quibufdam intelligi prædicique poffe cenfeat.** I

* *De Divinat.* Lib. I. f. 1. I find indeed no people or nation, however civilized and cultivated, or however wild and barbarous, who have not deemed that there are antecedent figns of future events, and fome men capable of underftanding and predicting them.

I am tempted to add a paffage from my own tranflation of Schiller's Wallenftein, the more fo that the work has been long ago ufed up, as "winding fheets for pilchards," or extant only by (as I would fain flatter myfelf) the kind partiality of the trunk-makers: though with exception of works for which public admiration fuperfedes or includes individual commendations, I fcarce remember a book that has been more honoured by the exprefs atteftations in its favour of eminent and even of popular *literati*, among whom I take this opportunity of expreffing my acknowledgments to the author of Waverley, Guy Mannering, &c. How (afked Ulyffes, addreffing his guardian goddefs) fhall I be able to recognize Proteus in the fwallow that fkims round our houfes, whom I have been accuftomed to behold as a fwan of Phœbus, meafuring his movements to a celeftial mufic? In both alike, fhe replied, thou canft recognize the god.

So fupported, I dare avow that I have thought my tranflation worthy of a more favourable reception from the public and its literary guides and purveyors. But when I recollect that a much better and very far more valuable work, Mr. Cary's incomparable tranflation of Dante, had very nearly met with the fame fate, I lofe all right, and I

confeſs, I can never read the *De Divinatione* of this great orator, ſtateſman, and patriot, without *feeling myſelf inclined to conſider this opinion as an inſtance of the ſecond claſs, namely, of fractional truths integrated by fancy, paſſion,* accident, and that preponderance of the poſitive over the negative in the memory, which makes it no leſs tenacious of coincidences than forgetful of failures. Still I ſhould not fear to be its advocate under the following limitation: *non niſi de rebus divinis datur divinatio.*

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truſt, all inclination, to complain;— an inclination, which the mere ſenſe of its folly and uſeleſſneſs will not always ſuffice to preclude. (1817.—*Ed.*)

COUNTESS. What doſt thou not believe, that oft in dreams
A voice of warning ſpeaks prophetic to us?
WALLENSTEIN. There is no doubt that there exiſt ſuch voices;
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the ſun,
Ere it is riſen, ſometimes paints its image
In the atmoſphere, ſo often do the ſpirits
Of great events ſtride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the Fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me, like a tale
Of my own future deſtiny. The king
Felt in his breaſt the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himſelf therewith.
His quiet mind forſook him: the phantaſma
Started him in his Louvre, chas'd him forth
Into the open air. Like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation feſtival;
And ſtill with boding ſenſe he heard the tread
Of thoſe feet, that even then were ſeeking him
Throughout the ſtreets of Paris.

Death of Wallenſtein, act v. ſc. i.
Poet. Works. III. p. 308.

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

Emanuel Swedenborg) ſhall be always the beſt poſſible, or not a diſtorted and dangerous, as well as partial, repreſentation of the truth on which it is founded. For the ſame body caſts ſtrangely different ſhadows in different poſitions and different degrees of light. But I dare, and do, affirm that it always does ſhadow out ſome important truth, and from it derives its main influence over the faith of its adherents, obſcure as their perception of this truth may be, and though they may themſelves attribute their belief to the ſupernatural gifts of the founder, or the miracles by which his preaching had been accredited. See Weſley's Journal for proofs. But we have the higheſt poſſible authority, that of Scripture itſelf, to juſtify us in putting the queſtion,—whether miracles can, of themſelves, work a true conviction in the mind. There are ſpiritual truths which muſt derive their evidence from within, which whoever rejects, *neither will he believe though a man were to riſe from the dead* to confirm them. And under the Moſaic law a miracle in atteſtation of a falſe doctrine ſubjected the miracle-worker to death; and whether the miracle was really or only ſeemingly ſupernatural, makes no difference in the preſent argument, its power of convincing, whatever that power may be, whether great or ſmall, depending on the fulneſs of the belief in its miraculous nature. *Eſt quibus eſſe videtur.* Or rather, that I may expreſs the ſame poſition in a form leſs likely to offend, is not a true efficient conviction of a moral truth, is not

the creating of a new heart, which collects the energies *of a man's whole being in the focus of the* conscience, *the one essential miracle, the same and of the same evidence to the ignorant and the learned,* which no superior skill can counterfeit, human or demoniacal? Is it not emphatically that leading of the Father, without which no man can come to Christ? Is it not that implication of doctrine in the miracle and of miracle in the doctrine, which is the bridge of communication between the senses and the soul;—that predisposing warmth which renders the understanding susceptible of the specific impression from the historic, and from all other outward, seals of testimony? Is not this the one infallible criterion of miracles, by which a man can know whether they be of God? The abhorrence in which the most savage or barbarous tribes hold witchcraft, in which however their belief is so intense* as even to control the springs of life,—is not this abhorrence of witchcraft under so full a conviction of its reality a proof, how little of divine, how little fitting to our nature, a miracle is, when insulated from spiritual truths, and disconnected from religion as its end? What then can we think of a theological theory, which adopting a scheme of prudential legality, common to it with "the sty of Epicurus," as far at least as the springs

* I refer the reader to Hearn's Travels among the Copper Indians, and to Bryan Edward's account of the Oby in the West Indies, grounded on judicial documents and personal observation.

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

For myself, I cannot resist the conviction, built on particular and general history, that the extravagancies of Antinomianism and Solifidianism are little more than the counteractions to this Christian paganism;—the play, as it were, of antagonist muscles. The feelings will set up their standard against the understanding, whenever the understanding has renounced its allegiance to the reason: and what is faith, but the personal realization of the reason by its union with the will? If we would drive out the demons of fanaticism from the people, we must begin by exorcising the spirit of Epicureanism in the higher ranks, and restore to

their teachers the true Chriſtian enthuſiaſm,* the vivifying influences of the altar, the cenſer, and the ſacrifice. They muſt neither be aſhamed of, nor diſpoſed to explain away, the articles of prevenient and auxiliary grace, nor the neceſſity of being born again to the life from which our nature had become apoſtate.† They muſt adminiſter indeed the neceſſary medicines to the ſick, the motives of fear as well as of hope; but they muſt not withhold from them the idea of health, or conceal from them that the medicines for the ſick are not the diet of the healthy. Nay, they muſt make it a part of the curative proceſs to induce the patient, on the firſt ſymptoms of recovery, to look forward with prayer and aſpiration to that ſtate, in which perfect love ſhutteth out fear. Above all, they muſt not ſeek to make the myſteries of faith what the world calls rational by theories of original ſin and redemption borrowed analogically from the imperfection of human law-courts and the coarſe contrivances of ſtate expedience.

Among the numerous examples with which I might enforce this warning, I refer, not without

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

† Δίζεο σὺ ψυχῆς ὀχετὸν, ὅθεν ἤ τίνι τάξει
Σώματι θητεύσας, ἐπὶ τάξιν ἀφ' ἧς ἐῤῥύσθης
Αὖθις ἀναστήσεις, ἱερῷ Λόγῳ ἔργον ἑνώσας.

Zoroaſtr. Oracula Initio. Edit. Opſopæi. 1599.—*Ed.*

reluctance, to the moſt eloquent and one of the moſt learned of our divines; a rigoriſt, indeed, concerning the authority of the Church, but a Latitudinarian in the articles of its faith; who ſtretched the latter almoſt to the advanced poſts of Socinianiſm, and ſtrained the former to a hazardous conformity with the aſſumptions of the Roman hierarchy. With what emotions muſt not a pious mind peruſe ſuch paſſages as the following:—"It (death) reigned upon them whoſe ſins therefore would not be ſo imputed as Adam's was; becauſe there was no law with an expreſs threatening given to them as was to Adam; but although it was not wholly imputed upon their own account, yet it was imputed upon their's and Adam's. For God was ſo exaſperated with mankind, that being angry he would ſtill continue that puniſhment to leſſer ſins and ſinners, which he only had firſt threatened to Adam; and ſo Adam brought it upon them. * * * * The caſe is this. Jonathan and Michal were Saul's children. It came to paſs, that ſeven of Saul's iſſue were to be hanged; all equally innocent, equally culpable.* David took the five ſons of Michal, for ſhe had left him unhandſomely. Jonathan was his friend, and therefore he ſpared his ſon Mephiboſheth. Here it was indifferent as to the guilt of the per-

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

ſons" (obſerve, no guilt was attached to either of them) "whether David ſhould take the ſons of Michal or of Jonathan; but it is likely that, as upon the kindneſs which David had to Jonathan, he ſpared his ſon, ſo upon the juſt provocation of Michal, he made that evil to fall upon them, of which they were otherwiſe capable; which, it may be, they ſhould not have ſuffered, if their mother had been kind. Adam was to God, as Michal to David."* And this, with many paſſages equally groſs, occurs in a refutation of the doctrine of original ſin, on the ground of its incongruity with reaſon, and its incompatibility with God's juſtice! "Exaſperated" with thoſe whom the Biſhop has elſewhere, in the ſame treatiſe, declared to have been "innocent and moſt unfortunate"—the two things that moſt conciliate love and pity! Or, if they did not remain innocent, yet, thoſe whoſe abandonment to a mere nature, while they were ſubjected to a law above nature, he affirms to be the irreſiſtible cauſe that they, one and all, did ſin;—and this at once illuſtrated and juſtified by one of the worſt actions of an imperfect mortal! So far could the reſolve to coerce all doctrines within the limits of the individual's power of comprehenſion, and the prejudices of an Arminian againſt the Calviniſt preachers, carry a highly-gifted and exemplary divine. Let us be on our

* Jeremy Taylor's Doctrine and Practice of Repentance. c. vi. ſ. 1.—*Ed.*

guard, left similar effects should result from the zeal, however well-grounded in some respects, against the Church Calvinists of our days. My own belief is, perhaps, equi-distant from that of both parties, the Grotian and the Genevan. But, confining my remark exclusively to the doctrines and the practical deductions from them, I could never read Bishop Taylor's Tract on the doctrine and practice of Repentance, without being tempted to characterize high Calvinism as (comparatively) a lamb in wolf's skin, and strict Arminianism as approaching to the reverse.

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

ESSAY III.

On the Origin and Progreſs of the Sect of Sophiſts in Greece.

Ἡ ὅδος κάτω·
The road downwards.
HERACLIT. *Fragment.*

AS Pythagoras, declining the title of the wiſe man, is ſaid to have firſt named himſelf philoſopher, or lover of wiſdom, ſo Protagoras, followed by Gorgias, Prodicus, and others, found even the former word too narrow for his own opinion of himſelf, and firſt aſſumed the title of ſophiſt ; — this word originally ſignifying one who profeſſes the power of making others wiſe, a wholeſale and retail dealer in wiſdom ; — a wiſdom-monger, in the ſame ſenſe as we ſay, an iron-monger. In this, and not in their abuſe of the arts of reaſoning, have Plato and Ariſtotle placed the eſſential of the ſophiſtic character. Their ſophiſms were indeed its natural products and accompaniments, but muſt yet be diſtinguiſhed from it, as the fruits from the tree. Ἔμπορός τις—κάπηλος—τὰ μαθήματα περιάγων κατὰ τὰς πόλεις, καὶ πωλοῦντες καὶ καπηλεύοντες—a ven-

der, a market-man, in moral and intellectual know-ledges (*connoiſſances*) — one who hires himſelf out or puts himſelf up at auction, as a carpenter and upholſterer to the heads and hearts of his cuſtomers—ſuch are the phraſes, by which Plato at once deſcribes and ſatirizes the proper ſophiſt.* Nor does the Stagyrite fall ſhort of his great maſter and rival in the reprobation of theſe profeſſors of wiſdom, or differ from him in the grounds of it. He too gives the baſeneſs of the motives joined with the impudence and deluſive nature of the pretence as the generic character.†

Next to this pretence of ſelling wiſdom and eloquence, they were diſtinguiſhed by their itinerancy. Athens was, indeed, their great emporium and place of reſort, but by no means their domicile. Such were Protagoras, Gorgias, Prodicus, Hippias, Polus, Callicles, Thraſymachus, and a whole hoſt of ſophiſts *minorum gentium:* and though many of the tribe, like the Euthydemus and Dionyſcdorus, ſo dramatically pourtrayed by Plato, were mere empty diſputants, ſleight-of-word jugglers, this was far from being their common character. Both Plato and Ariſtotle repeatedly admit the brilliancy of their talents and the extent of their acquirements. The following paſſage from the Timæus of the former

* See the Protagoras, ſ. 12; and the καπηλικὸν, αὐτοπωλικὸν, μαθηματοπωλικὸν γένος, of the Sophiſtes, ſ. 21.—*Ed.*

† See Ariſtot. *De Reprehenſione Sophiſt.* Ἔστὶ γὰρ ἡ σοφιστικὴ, φαινομένη σοφία· οὖσα δὲ μή· καὶ ὁ σοφιστὴς, χρηματιστὴς ἀπὸ φαινομένης σοφίας, ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ οὔσης. Ib. c. 2.—*Ed.*

will be my beſt commentary as well as authority. "The race of ſophiſts, again, I acknowledge for men of no common powers, and of eminent ſkill and experience in many and various kinds of knowledge, and theſe too not ſeldom truly fair and ornamental of our nature; but I fear that ſomehow, as being itinerants from city to city, looſe from all permanent ties of houſe and home, and everywhere aliens, they ſhoot wide of the proper aim of man whether as philoſopher or as citizen." The few remains of Zeno the Eleatic, his paradoxes againſt the reality of motion, are mere identical propoſitions ſpun out into a ſort of whimſical conundrums, as in the celebrated paradox entitled Achilles and the Tortoiſe, the whole plauſibility of which reſts on the trick of aſſuming a *minimum* of time while no *minimum* is allowed to ſpace, joined with that of exacting from *intelligibilia*, νούμενα, the conditions peculiar to objects of the ſenſes φαινόμενα or αἰσθανόμενα.* The paſſages ſtill extant from the

* Place a tortoiſe 20 paces before Achilles, and ſuppoſe the fleetneſs of Achilles to that of the tortoiſe to be as 20 to 1. Whilſt Achilles moves 20 paces, the tortoiſe moves 1; whilſt he moves the 21ſt pace, ſhe gains the 20th part of the 22nd pace; whilſt he gains this 20th part of the 22nd pace, ſhe gains the 20th part of the next 20th part of the ſame 22nd pace; and ſo on *in infinitum.* See Ariſtotle's ſolution, or attempt at it, in the Phyſics VI. c. 9, which conſiſts chiefly in applying an infinite diviſibility of the moments of time to the aſſumed infinite diviſibility of the parts of matter. Τοῦτο δὲ ἐστι ψεῦδος· οὐ γὰρ σύγκειται ὁ χρόνος ἐκ τῶν νῦν ὄντων ἀδιαιρέτων ὥσπερ οὐδ' ἄλλο μέγεθος οὐδέν.—Ib.

"I had remarked to him," (Mr. Coleridge) ſays Mr. De Quincey, "that the ſophiſm, as it is uſually called, but the

works of Gorgias, on the other hand, want nothing but the form * of a premiſs to undermine by a legitimate *deductio ad abſurdum* all the philoſophic ſyſtems that had been hitherto advanced with the exception of the Heraclitic, and of that too as it was generally underſtood and interpreted. Yet Zeno's name was and ever will be holden in reverence by philoſophers; for his object was as grand as his motives were honourable,—that of aſſigning limits to the claims of the ſenſes, and of ſubordinating them to the pure reaſon; while Gorgias will ever be cited as an inſtance of proſtituted genius from

difficulty, as it ſhould be called, of Achilles and the Tortoiſe, which had puzzled all the ſages of Greece, was, in fact, merely another form of the perplexity which beſets decimal fractions; that, for example, if you throw ⅔ into a decimal form, it will never terminate, but be ·666666, &c. *ad infinitum*. 'Yes,' Coleridge replied; 'the apparent abſurdity in the Grecian problem ariſes thus,—becauſe it aſſumes the infinite diviſibility of ſpace, but drops out of view the correſponding infinity of time.' There was a flaſh of lightning, which illuminated a darkneſs that had exiſted for twenty-three centuries."—Tait's Mag. Sept. 1834, p. 514.

I apprehend, however, that this part of the ſolution, ſuch as it is, is ſubſtantially what Ariſtotle means in his remark on the Zenonian paradox; but the latter part, namely, the detection of the ſophiſm of applying to an idea conditions only properly applicable to ſenſuous *phænomena*, belongs to Mr. Coleridge himſelf.—*Ed.* [The ſolution is given by Leibnitz; alſo in a Letter to Mr. Foucher. *Opp. ed. Erdmann*, I. p. 115. S. C.]

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

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

Soon after the repulse of the Persian invaders, and as a heavy counter-balance to the glories of Marathon and Platæa, we may date the commencement of that corruption first in private and next in public life, which displayed itself more or less in all the free states and communities of Greece, but most of all in Athens. The causes are obvious, and such as in popular republics have always followed, and are themselves the effects of, that passion for military glory and political preponderance, which may well be called the bastard and the parricide of liberty. In reference to the fervid but light and sensitive Athenians, we may enumerate, as the most operative, the giddiness of sudden aggrandisement; the more intimate connection and frequent intercourse with the Asiatic states; the intrigues with the court of Persia; the intoxication of the citizens at large, sustained and increased by the continued allusions to their recent exploits, in the flatteries of the theatre, and the funeral panegyrics; the rage for amusement and public shows; and lastly the destruction of the Athenian constitution by the ascendancy of its democratic element. During the operation of these causes, at an early period of the process, and no unimportant part of it, the sophists made their first appearance. Some of these

applied the leſſons of their art in their own perſons, and traded for gain and gainful influence in the character of demagogues and public orators; but the greater number offered themſelves as inſtructors, in the arts of perſuaſion and temporary impreſſion, to as many as could come up to the high prices, at which they rated their ſervices. *Νέων πλουσίων θήρα σοφιστική* *—(theſe are Plato's words) —hireling hunters of the young and rich,—they offered to the vanity of youth and the ambition of wealth a ſubſtitute for that authority, which by the inſtitutions of Solon had been attached to high birth and property, or rather to the moral diſcipline, the habits, attainments, and directing motives, on which the great legiſlator had calculated (not indeed as neceſſary or conſtant accompaniments, but yet) as the regular and ordinary reſults of comparative opulence and renowned anceſtry.

The loſs of this ſtable and ſalutary influence was to be ſupplied by the arts of popularity. But in order to the ſucceſs of this ſcheme, it was neceſſary that the people themſelves ſhould be degraded into a populace. The cupidity for diſſipation and ſenſual pleaſure in all ranks had kept pace with the increaſing inequality in the means of gratifying it. The reſtleſs ſpirit of republican ambition, engendered by their ſucceſs in a juſt war, and by the romantic character of that ſucceſs, had already formed a cloſe alliance with luxury; with luxury, too, in

* Sophiſtes, ſ. 17.—*Ed.*

its early and moſt vigorous ſtate, when it acts as an appetite to enkindle, and before it has exhauſted and dulled the vital energies by the habit of enjoyment. But this corruption was now to be introduced into the citadel of the moral being, and to be openly defended by the very arms and inſtruments, which had been given for the purpoſe of preventing or chaſtiſing its approach. The underſtanding was to be corrupted by the perverſion of the reaſon, and the feelings through the medium of the underſtanding. For this purpoſe all fixed principles, whether grounded on reaſon, religion, law, or antiquity, were to be undermined, and then, as now, chiefly by the ſophiſtry of ſubmitting all poſitions alike, however heterogeneous, to the criterion of the mere underſtanding;—the ſophiſts meantime diſguiſing or concealing the fact, that the rules which alone they applied were abſtracted from the objects of the ſenſes, and applicable excluſively to things of quantity and relation. At all events, the minds of men were to be ſenſualized; and even if the arguments themſelves failed, yet the principles ſo attacked were to be brought into doubt by the mere frequency of hearing all things doubted, and the moſt ſacred of all now openly denied, and now inſulted by ſneer and ridicule. For by the conſtitution of our nature, as far as it is human nature, ſo awful is truth, that as long as we have faith in its attainability and hopes of its attainment, there exiſts no bribe ſtrong enough to tempt us wholly and permanently from our allegiance.

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

The ſame principle, which in its application to the whole of our being becomes religion, conſidered ſpeculatively is the baſis of metaphyſical ſcience, that, namely, which requires an evidence beyond that of ſenſible concretes, which latter the ancients generalized in the word, *phyſica*, and therefore, prefixing the prepoſition μετὰ, beyond or tranſcending, named the ſuperior ſcience, metaphyſics. The inviſible was aſſumed as the ſupporter of the apparent, τῶν φαινομένων — as their ſubſtance, a term which, in any other interpretation, expreſſes only the ſtriving of the imaginative power under conditions that involve the neceſſity of its fruſtration. If the inviſible be denied, or (which is equivalent)

confidered invifible from the defect of the fenfes and not in its own nature, the fciences even of obfervation and experiment lofe their effential *copula*. The component parts can never be reduced into an harmonious whole, but muft owe their fyftematic arrangement to the accidents of an ever-fhifting perfpective. Much more then muft this apply to the moral world disjoined from religion. Inftead of morality, we can at beft have only a fcheme of prudence, and this too a prudence fallible and fhort-fighted: for were it of fuch a kind as to be *bona fide* coincident with morals in reference to the agent as well as to the outward action, its firft act would be that of abjuring its own ufurped primacy. By celeftial obfervations alone can even terreftrial charts be conftructed fcientifically.

The firft attempt therefore of the fophifts was to feparate ethics from the faith in the invifible, and to ftab morality through the fide of religion; an attempt to which the idolatrous polytheifm of Greece furnifhed too many facilities. To the zeal with which he counteracted this plan by endeavours to purify and ennoble that popular belief, which, from obedience to the laws, he did not deem himfelf permitted to fubvert, Socrates owed his martyr-cup of hemlock. Still while any one principle of morality remained, religion in fome form or other muft remain inclufively. Therefore, as they commenced by affailing the former through the latter, fo did they continue their warfare by reverfing the operation. The principle

was confounded with the particular aċts, in which under the guidance of the underſtanding or judgment it was to manifeſt itſelf.

Thus the rule of expediency, which properly belonged to one and the lower part of morality, was made to be the whole. And ſo far there was at leaſt a conſiſtency in this: for in two ways only could it ſubſiſt. It muſt either be the mere ſervant of religion, or its uſurper and ſubſtitute. Viewed as principles, they were ſo utterly heterogeneous, that by no grooving could the two be fitted into each other; by no intermediate could they be preſerved in laſting adheſion. The one or the other was ſure to decompoſe the cement. We cannot have a ſtronger hiſtorical authority for the truth of this ſtatement than the words of Polybius, in which he attributes the ruin of the Greek ſtates to the frequency of perjury, which they had learned from the ſophiſts to laugh at as a trifle that broke no bones, nay, as in ſome caſes, an expedient and juſtifiable exertion of the power given us by nature over our own words, without which no man could have a ſecret that might not be extorted from him by the will of others. In the ſame ſpirit the ſage and obſervant hiſtorian attributes the growth and ſtrength of the Roman republic to the general reverence of the inviſible powers, and the conſequent horror in which the breaking of an oath was holden. This he ſtates as the *cauſa cauſarum*, as the ultimate and incluſive cauſe, of Roman grandeur.

Under ſuch convictions therefore as the ſophiſts

labored with ſuch fatal ſucceſs to produce, it needed nothing but the excitement of the paſſions *under circumſtances of public diſcord to turn the* arguments of expedience and ſelf-love againſt the whole ſcheme of morality founded on them, and to procure a favorable hearing for the doctrines, which Plato attributes to the ſophiſt Callicles.* The paſſage is curious, and might be entitled, a Jacobin head, a genuine antique, in high preſervation. "By nature," exclaims this Napoleon of old, "the worſe off is always the more infamous, that, namely, which ſuffers wrong; but according to the law it is the doing of wrong. For no man of noble ſpirit will let himſelf be wronged: this a ſlave only endures, who is not worth the life he has, and under injuries and inſults can neither help himſelf nor thoſe that belong to him. Thoſe, who firſt made the laws, were, in my opinion, feeble creatures, which in fact the greater number of men are; or they would not remain entangled in theſe ſpider-webs. Such, however, being the caſe, laws, honour, and ignominy were all calculated for the advantage of the law-makers. But in order to frighten away the ſtronger, whom they could not coerce by fair conteſt, and to ſecure greater advantages for themſelves than their feebleneſs could otherwiſe have procured, they preached up the doctrine, that it was baſe and contrary to

* See the ſpeech of Callicles in the Gorgias:—φύσει μὲν γὰρ πᾶν αἴσχιόν ἐστιν ὅ περ καὶ κάκιον, κ. τ. λ.—*Ed.*

right to wiſh to have anything beyond others; and that in this wiſh conſiſted the eſſence of injuſtice. *Doubtleſs it was very agreeable to them, if being creatures of a meaner claſs they were allowed to* ſhare equally with their natural ſuperiors. But nature dictates plainly enough another code of right, namely, that the nobler and ſtronger ſhould poſſeſs more than the weaker and more puſillanimous. Where the power is, there lies the ſubſtantial right. The whole realm of animals, nay the human race itſelf as collected in independent ſtates and nations, demonſtrates that the ſtronger has a right to control the weaker for his own advantage. Aſſuredly, they have the genuine notion of right, and follow the law of nature, though truly not that which is holden valid in our governments. But the minds of our youths are preached away from them by declamations on the beauty and fitneſs of letting themſelves be maſtered, till by theſe verbal conjurations the nobleſt nature is tamed and cowed, like a young lion born and bred in a cage. Should a man with full untamed force but once ſtep forward, he would break all your ſpells and conjurations, trample your contra-natural laws under his feet, vault into the ſeat of ſupreme power, and in a ſplendid ſtyle make the right of nature be valid among you."

It would have been well for mankind, if ſuch had always been the language of ſophiſtry. A ſelfiſhneſs, that excludes partnerſhip, all men have an intereſt in repelling. Yet the principle is the

ſame: and if for power we ſubſtitute pleaſure and the means of pleaſure, it is *eaſy to conſtruct a ſyſtem well fitted to corrupt natures, and the more miſchievous in proportion as it is leſs alarming.* As long as the ſpirit of philoſophy reigns in the learned and higheſt claſs, and that of religion in all claſſes, a tendency to blend and unite will be found in all objects of purſuit, and the whole diſcipline of mind and manners will be calculated in relation to the worth of the agents. With the prevalence of ſophiſtry, when the pure will (if indeed the exiſtence of a will be admitted in any other ſenſe than as the temporary main current in the wide guſt-eddying ſtream of our deſires and averſions)—with this prevalence of ſophiſtry, when the pure will is ranked among the means to an alien end, inſtead of being itſelf the one abſolute end, in the participation of which all other things are worthy to be called good, commences the epoch of diviſion and ſeparation. Things are rapidly improved, perſons as rapidly deteriorated; and for an indefinite period the powers of the aggregate increaſe, as the ſtrength of the individual declines. Still, however, ſciences may be eſtranged from philoſophy, the practical from the ſpeculative, and one of the two at leaſt may remain. Muſic may be divided from poetry, and both may continue to exiſt, though with diminiſhed influence. But religion and morals cannot be disjoined without the deſtruction of both: and that this does not take place to the full extent, we owe to the

frequency with which both take ſhelter in the heart, and that men are always better or worſe than the maxims which they adopt or concede.

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

But there is yet another prohibitory reaſon; and this I cannot convey more effectually than in the words of Plato to Dionyſius:—

Ἀλλὰ ποῖον τι μὴν τοῦτ᾽ ἐςιν, ὦ παῖ Διονυσίου καὶ Δωρίδος, τὸ ἐρώτημα, ὃ πάντων αἴτιόν ἐςι κακῶν; μᾶλλον δὲ ἡ περὶ τούτου ὠδὶς ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ ἐγγιγνομένη, ἣν εἰ μή τις ἐξαιρεθήσεται, τῆς ἀληθείας ὄντως οὐ μήποτε τύχῃ.*

* *Epiſt. Dionyſio. II.—Ed.*

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

Yet that I may fulfil the original ſcope of the Friend, I ſhall attempt to provide the preparatory ſteps for ſuch an inveſtigation in the following eſſays on the principles of method common to all inveſtigations; which I here preſent, as the baſis of my future philoſophical and theological writings, and as the neceſſary introduction to the ſame. And in addition to this, I can conceive no object of inquiry more appropriate, none which, commencing with the moſt familiar truths, with facts of hourly experience, and gradually winning its way to poſitions the moſt comprehenſive and ſublime, will more aptly prepare the mind for the reception of ſpecific knowledge, than the full expoſition of a principle which is the condition of all intellectual progreſs, and which may be ſaid even to conſtitute the ſcience of education, alike in the narroweſt and in the moſt extenſive ſenſe of the word. Yet as it is but fair to let the public know beforehand, what the genius of my philoſophy is, and in what ſpirit it will be applied by me, whether in politics, or religion, I conclude with the following brief hiſtory of the laſt hundred and thirty years by a lover of Old England.

Wiſe and neceſſitated confirmation and explanation of the law of England, erroneouſly entitled

The Engliſh Revolution of 1688; mechanical philoſophy, hailed as a kindred movement, and eſpouſed, as a common cauſe, *by the partizans of the revolution in the* ſtate.

The conſequence is, or was, a ſyſtem of natural rights inſtead of ſocial and hereditary privileges; acquieſcence in hiſtoric teſtimony ſubſtituted for faith, and yet the true hiſtorical feeling, the feeling of being an hiſtorical people, generation linked to generation by anceſtral reputation, by tradition, by heraldry,—this noble feeling, I ſay, openly ſtormed or perilouſly undermined.

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

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

Deſpotiſm, deſpotiſm, deſpotiſm, of finance in ſtatiſtics, of vanity in ſocial converſe, of preſumption and overweening contempt of the ancients in individuals.

French Revolution; pauperiſm, revenue laws,

government by clubs, committees, ſocieties, reviews, and newſpapers.

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

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

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

ESSAY IV.

Ὁ δὲ μετὰ ταῦτα δίκαιόν ἐςι ποιεῖν, ἄκουε, ἵνα σοι καὶ ἀποκρίνωμαι ὃ σὺ ἐρωτᾷς, πῶς χρὴ ἔχειν ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους. Εἰ μὲν ὅλως φιλοσοφίας καταπεφρόνηκας, ἐᾷν χαίρειν· εἰ δὲ παρ' ἑτέρου ἀκήκοας ἢ αὐτὸς βελτίονα εὕρηκας τῶν παρ' ἐμοί, ἐκεῖνα τίμα· εἰ δ' ἄρα τὰ παρ' ἡμῶν σοι ἀρέσκει, τιμητέον καὶ ἐμὲ μάλιςα. PLATO.*

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

WHAT is that which firſt ſtrikes us, and ſtrikes us at once, in a man of education, and which, among educated men, ſo inſtantly diſtinguiſhes the man of ſuperior mind, that (as was obſerved with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) "we cannot ſtand under the ſame arch-way during a ſhower of rain, without finding him out?" Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unuſual intereſt of facts communicated by him; for we may ſuppoſe both the one and the other pre-

* *Epiſt. Dionyſio. II.—Ed.*

cluded by the ſhortneſs of our intercourſe, and the triviality of the ſubjects. The difference will be impreſſed and felt, though the converſation ſhould be confined to the ſtate of the weather or the pavement. Still leſs will it ariſe from any peculiarity in his words and phraſes. For if he be, as we now aſſume, a well-educated man as well as a man of ſuperior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Cæſar, *inſolens verbum, tanquam ſcopulum, evitare.* Unleſs where new things neceſſitate new terms, he will avoid an unuſual word as a rock. It muſt have been among the earlieſt leſſons of his youth, that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary converſation. There remains but one other point of diſtinction poſſible; and this muſt be, and in fact is, the true cauſe of the impreſſion made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreſeeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every ſentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and deſultory his talk, there is method in the fragments.

Liſten, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps ſhrewd and able in his particular calling, whether he be deſcribing or relating. We immediately perceive, that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the ſame order, and with the ſame accompaniments, however accidental or

impertinent, in which they had firſt occurred to the narrator. The neceſſity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauſes; and with exception of the "and then," the "and there," and the ſtill leſs ſignificant, "and ſo," they conſtitute likewiſe all his connections.

Our diſcuſſion, however, is confined to method as employed in the formation of the underſtanding, and in the conſtructions of ſcience and literature. It would indeed be ſuperfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the buſineſs and economy of active or domeſtic life. From the cotter's hearth or the workſhop of the artizan to the palace or the arſenal, the firſt merit, that which admits neither ſubſtitute nor equivalent, is, that every thing be in its place. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loſes its name, or becomes an additional ground of accuſation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently poſſeſſed, we ſay proverbially, he is like clock-work. The reſemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls ſhort of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the ſilent and otherwiſe indiſtinguiſhable lapſe of time. But the man of methodical induſtry and honourable purſuits does more; he realizes its ideal diviſions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are deſcribed as killing time, he may be juſtly ſaid to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the diſtinct object not only of the con-

ſcíouſneſs, but of the conſcience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a ſoul; and that, the very eſſence of which is to fleet away, and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperiſhableneſs of a ſpiritual nature. Of the *good and faithful ſervant*, whoſe energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is leſs truly affirmed, that he lives in time, than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the ſtops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will ſurvive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itſelf ſhall be no more.

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

The difference between the products of a well-diſciplined and thoſe of an uncultivated underſtanding, in relation to what we will now venture to call the ſcience of method, is often and admirably exhibited by our great dramatiſt. I ſcarcely need refer my readers to the Clown's evidence, in the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act of Meaſure for Meaſure, or to the Nurſe in Romeo and Juliet. But not to leave the poſition, without an inſtance to illuſtrate it, I will take the eaſy-yielding Mrs. Quickly's relation of the circumſtances of Sir John Falſtaff's debt to her:—

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

And this, be it obſerved, is ſo far from being carried beyond the bounds of a fair imitation, that the poor ſoul's thoughts and ſentences are more cloſely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and ſequence, which the habit of method can alone give, have in this inſtance a ſubſtitute in the fuſion of paſſion. For the abſence of method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occaſioned by an habitual ſubmiſſion of the underſtanding to mere events and images as ſuch, and independent of any power in the mind to claſſify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which perſons of this claſs appear to regard in their ſtatements. As this conſtitutes their leading feature, the contrary excellence, as diſtinguiſhing the well-educated man, muſt be referred to the contrary habit. Method,

* Henry IV. Pt. II. act ii. ſc. 1.—*Ed.*

therefore, becomes natural to the mind which has been accuſtomed to contemplate not things only, or for their own ſake alone, but likewiſe and chiefly the relations of things, either their relations to each other, or to the obſerver, or to the ſtate and apprehenſion of the hearers. To enumerate and analyze theſe relations, with the conditions under which alone they are diſcoverable, is to teach the ſcience of method.

The enviable reſults of this ſcience, when knowledge has been ripened into thoſe habits which at once ſecure and evince its poſſeſſion, can ſcarcely be exhibited more forcibly as well as more pleaſingly, than by contraſting with the former extract from Shakeſpeare the narration given by Hamlet to Horatio of the occurrences during his propoſed tranſportation to England, and the events that interrupted his voyage:—

HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleep: methought, I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes. Raſhly,
And praiſed be raſhneſs for it——Let us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
HOR. That is moſt certain.
HAM. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To my own room again: making ſo bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command—
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,

Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! ſuch bugs and goblins in my life—
That on the ſupervife, no leiſure bated,
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off!
HOR. Is't poſſible?
HAM. Here's the commiſſion;—read it at more leiſure.*

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

- I ſat me down;
Devis'd a new commiſſion; wrote it fair.

* Act v. ſc. 2.

I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair, and laboured much
How to forget that learning; but, ſir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
HOR. Ay, good my lord.
HAM. An earneſt conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh;
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many ſuch like aſes of great charge—
That on the view and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
No ſhriving time allowed.
HOR. How was this ſeal'd?
HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that Daniſh ſeal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subſcribed it; gave't the impreſſion; placed it ſafely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight; and what to this was ſequent,
Thou know'ſt already.
HOR. So Guildenſtern and Roſencrantz go to't?
HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.
They are not near my conſcience: their defeat
Doth by their own inſinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.*

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

Fermenting o'er with frothy circumſtance,

in Henry IV., that if, overlooking the different

* Act v. ſc. 2.

value of the matter in each, we confidered the form alone, we fhould find both immethodical,—Hamlet from the excefs, Mrs. Quickly from the want, of reflection and generalization ; and that method, therefore, muft refult from the due mean or balance between our paffive impreffions and the mind's own re-action on the fame. Whether this re-action do not fuppofe or imply a primary act pofitively originating in the mind itfelf, and prior to the object in order of nature, though co-inftantaneous with it in its manifeftation, will be hereafter difcuffed. But I had a further purpofe in thus contrafting thefe extracts from our myriad-minded bard, μυριονοῦς ἀνηρ. I wifhed to bring forward, each for itfelf, thefe two elements of method, or, to adopt an arithmetical term, its two main factors.

Inftances of the want of generalization are of no rare occurrence in real life : and the narrations of Shakefpeare's Hoftefs and the Tapfter differ from thofe of the ignorant and unthinking in general by their fuperior humour, the poet's own gift and infufion, not by their want of method, which is not greater than we often meet with in that clafs, of which they are the dramatic reprefentatives. Inftances of the oppofite fault, arifing from the excefs of generalization and reflection in minds of the oppofite clafs, will, like the minds themfelves, occur lefs frequently in the courfe of our own perfonal experience. Yet they will not have been wanting to our readers, nor will they have paffed unobferved, though the great poet himfelf (ὁ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ ψυχὴν

ὥσει ὕλην τινα ἀσώματον μορφαῖς ποικιλαῖς μορφώσας*) has more conveniently ſupplied the illuſtrations. To complete, therefore, the purpoſe aforementioned, that of preſenting each of the two components as ſeparately as poſſible, I choſe an inſtance in which, by the ſurplus of its own activity, Hamlet's mind diſturbs the arrangement, of which that very activity had been the cauſe and impulſe.†

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

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

† See the criticiſm on the character of Hamlet in the Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 202.—*Ed.*

ration: and this from the want of a ſtaple, or ſtarting-poſt, in the narrator himſelf; from the abſence of the leading thought, which, borrowing a phraſe from the nomenclature of legiſlation, I may not inaptly call the initiative. On the contrary, where the habit of method is preſent and effective, things the moſt remote and diverſe in time, place, and outward circumſtance, are brought into mental contiguity and ſucceſſion, the more ſtriking as the leſs expected. But while I would impreſs the neceſſity of this habit, the illuſtrations adduced give proof that in undue preponderance, and when the prerogative of the mind is ſtretched into deſpotiſm, the diſcourſe may degenerate into the groteſque or the fantaſtical.

With what a profound inſight into the conſtitution of the human ſoul is this exhibited to us in the character of the Prince of Denmark, where flying from the ſenſe of reality, and ſeeking a reprieve from the preſſure of its duties in that ideal activity, the overbalance of which, with the conſequent indiſpoſition to action, is his diſeaſe, he compels the reluctant good ſenſe of the high yet healthful-minded Horatio to follow him in his wayward meditation amid the graves!

HAM. To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

HOR. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

HAM. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam: And

why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

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

But let it not eſcape our recollection, that when the objects thus connected are proportionate to the connecting energy, relatively to the real, or at leaſt to the deſirable, ſympathies of mankind; it is from the ſame character that we derive the genial method in the famous ſoliloquy, "To be, or not to be" †—which, admired as it is, and has been, has yet received only the firſt-fruits of the admiration due to it.

We have ſeen that from the confluence of innumerable impreſſions in each moment of time the mere paſſive memory muſt needs tend to confuſion; a rule, the ſeeming exceptions to which (the thunder-burſts in Lear, for inſtance) are really confirmations of its truth. For, in many inſtances, the predominance of ſome mighty paſſion takes the place of the guiding thought, and the reſult preſents the method of nature, rather than the habit of the individual. For thought, imagination (and I may add, paſſion), are, in their very eſſence, the firſt, connective, the latter co-adunative: and it has been ſhown, that if the exceſs lead to method miſapplied, and to connections of the moment, the abſence, or marked deficiency, either precludes method altogether, both form and ſubſtance; or (as the fol-

* Act v. ſc. 1. † Act iii. ſc. 1.

lowing extract will exemplify) retains the outward form only.

> My liege and Madam, to expostulate
> What majesty should be, what duty is,
> Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
> Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
> Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,
> And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
> I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
> Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
> What is't, but to be nothing else but mad!
> But let that go.
> QUEEN. More matter with less art.
> POL. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
> That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity:
> And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
> But farewell it, for I will use no art.
> Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
> That we find out the cause of this effect,
> Or rather say the cause of this defect:
> For this effect defective comes by cause.
> Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
> Perpend.*

Does not the irresistible sense of the ludicrous in this flourish of the soul-surviving body of old Polonius's intellect, not less than in the endless confirmations and most undeniable matters of fact of Tapster Pompey or the hostess of the tavern prove to our feelings, even before the word is found which presents the truth to our understandings, that confusion and formality are but the opposite poles of the same null-point?

It is Shakespeare's peculiar excellence, that throughout the whole of his splendid picture-gal-

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* Act ii. sc. 2.

lery (the reader will excuſe the acknowledged inadequacy of this metaphor), we find individuality every where, mere portrait no where. In all his various characters, we ſtill feel ourſelves communing with the ſame nature, which is every where preſent as the vegetable ſap in the branches, ſprays, leaves, buds, bloſſoms, and fruits, their ſhapes, taſtes, and odours. Speaking of the effect, that is, his works themſelves, we may define the excellence of their method as conſiſting in that juſt proportion, that union and interpenetration, of the univerſal and the particular, which muſt ever pervade all works of decided genius and true ſcience. For method implies a progreſſive tranſition, and it is the meaning of the word in the original language. The Greek μέθοδος is literally a way or path of tranſit. Thus we extol the Elements of Euclid, or Socrates' diſcourſe with the ſlave in the Menon of Plato,* as methodical, a term which no one who holds himſelf bound to think or ſpeak correctly, would apply to the alphabetical order or arrangement of a common dictionary. But as without continuous tranſition there can be no method, ſo without a preconception there can be no tranſition with continuity. The term, method, cannot therefore, otherwiſe than by abuſe, be applied to a mere dead arrangement, containing in itſelf no principle of progreſſion.

* Λέγε γάρ μοι σύ· οὐ τὸ μὲν τετράπουν τοῦτο ἡμῖν ἐστὶ χώριον; κ. τ. λ.—*Ed.*

ESSAY V.

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

It is with sciences as with trees. If it be your purpose to make some particular use of the tree, you need not concern yourself about the roots. But if you wish to transfer it into another soil, it is then safer to employ the roots than the scions. Thus the mode of teaching most common at present exhibits clearly enough the trunks, as it were, of the sciences, and those too of handsome growth; but nevertheless, without the roots, valuable and convenient as they undoubtedly are to the carpenter, they are useless to the planter. But if you have at heart the advancement of education, as that which proposes to itself the general discipline of the mind for its end and aim, be less anxious concerning the trunks, and let it be your care, that the roots should be extracted entire, even though a small portion of the soil should adhere to them: so that at all events you may be able, by this mean, both to review your own scientific ac-

* *De Augment. Scient.* vi. c. 2, with some verbal alterations and transposition.—*Ed.*

quirements, re-meaſuring as it were the ſteps of your knowledge for your own ſatisfaction, and at the ſame time to tranſplant it into the minds of others, juſt as it grew in your own.

IT has been obſerved, in a preceding page, that the relations of objects are prime materials of method, and that the contemplation of relations is the indiſpenſable condition of thinking methodically. It becomes neceſſary therefore to add, that there are two kinds of relation, in which objects of mind may be contemplated. The firſt is that of law, which, in its abſolute perfection, is conceivable only of the Supreme Being, whoſe creative idea not only appoints to each thing its poſition, but in that poſition, and in conſequence of that poſition, gives it its qualities, yea, gives it its very exiſtence, as that particular thing. Yet in whatever ſcience the relation of the parts to each other and to the whole is predetermined by a truth originating in the mind, and not abſtracted or generalized from obſervation of the parts, there we affirm the preſence of a law, if we are ſpeaking of the phyſical ſciences, as of aſtronomy for inſtance; or the preſence of fundamental ideas, if our diſcourſe be upon thoſe ſciences, the truths of which, as truths abſolute, not merely have an independent origin in the mind, but continue to exiſt in and for the mind alone.* Such, for inſtance, is geometry,

* Here I have fallen into an error. The terms, idea and law, are always correlative. Inſtead of geometrical ideas, I ought to have ſaid theorems;—not theories—but

and ſuch are the ideas of a perfect circle, of aſymptotes, and the like.

I have thus aſſigned the firſt place in the ſcience of method to law; and firſt of the firſt, to law, as the abſolute kind which comprehending in itſelf the ſubſtance of every poſſible degree precludes from its conception all degree, not by generalization but by its own plenitude. As ſuch, therefore, and as the ſufficient cauſe of the reality correſpondent thereto, I contemplate it as excluſively an attribute of the Supreme Being, inſeparable from the idea of God; adding, however, that from the contemplation of law in this its only perfect form, muſt be derived all true inſight into all other grounds and principles neceſſary to method, as the ſcience common to all ſciences, which in each, in the words of Plato, *τυγχάνει ὂν ἄλλο αὐτῆς τῆς ἐπιστήμης*. Alienated from this intuition or ſtedfaſt faith, ingenious men may produce ſchemes conducive to the peculiar purpoſes of particular ſciences, but no ſcientific ſyſtem.

But though I cannot enter on the proof of this aſſertion, I dare not remain expoſed to the ſuſpicion of having obtruded a mere private opinion, as a fundamental truth. The authorities are ſuch that my only difficulty is occaſioned by their number. The following extract from Ariſtocles (preſerved with other intereſting fragments of the ſame writer

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θεωρήματα, the intelligible products of contemplation, intellectual objects in the mind, and of and for the mind excluſively.—1829.

by Eusebius of Cæsarea) is as explicit as peremptory. Ἐφιλοσόφησε δὲ Πλάτων, εἰ καί τις ἄλλος τῶν πώποτε, γνησίως καὶ τελείως. Ἠξίου δὲ μὴ δύνασθαι τὰ ἀνθρώπινα κατιδεῖν ἡμᾶς, εἰ μὴ τὰ θεῖα πρότερον ὀφθείη.* And Plato himself in his Republic, happily still extant, evidently alludes to the same doctrine. For personating Socrates in the discussion of a most important problem, namely, whether political justice is or is not the same as private honesty, after many inductions, and much analytic reasoning, he breaks off with these words—καὶ εὖ γ' ἴσθι, ὦ Γλαύκων, ὡς ἡ ἐμὴ δόξα, ἀκριβῶς μὲν τοῦτο ἐκ τοιούτων μεθόδων, οἵαις νῦν ἐν τοῖς λόγοις χρώμεθα, οὐ μή ποτε λάβωμεν· ἄλλα γὰρ μακροτέρα καὶ πλείων ὁδὸς ἡ ἐπὶ τοῦτο ἄγουσα†—not however, he adds, precluding the former (the analytic, and inductive, to wit) which have their place likewise, in which (but as subordinate to the other) they are both useful and requisite. If any doubt could be entertained as to the purport of these words, it would

* *Præparat. Evangel.* xi. c. 3.—*Ed.* Plato, who philosophized legitimately and perfectively, if ever any man did in any age, held it for an axiom, that it is not possible for us to have an insight into things human (that is, the nature and relations of man, and the objects presented by nature for his investigation, without a previous contemplation or intellectual vision of things divine; that is, of truths that are to be affirmed concerning the absolute, as far as they can be made known to us.

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

be removed by the fact ſtated by Ariſtotle,* that Plato had diſcuſſed the problem, whether in order to ſcientific ends we muſt ſet out from principles or aſcend towards them: in other words, whether the ſynthetic or analytic be the right method. But as no ſuch queſtion is directly diſcuſſed in the publiſhed works of the great maſter, Ariſtotle, muſt either have received it orally from Plato himſelf, or have found it in the ἄγραφα δόγματα, the private text-books or manuals conſtructed by his ſelect diſciples, and intelligible to thoſe only who like themſelves had been entruſted with the eſoteric, or interior and unveiled, doctrines of Platoniſm. Comparing this therefore with the writings, which he held it ſafe or not profane to make public, we may ſafely conclude, that Plato conſidered the inveſtigation of truth *a poſteriori* as that which is employed in explaining the reſults of a more ſcientific proceſs to thoſe, for whom the knowledge of the reſults was alone requiſite and ſufficient; or in preparing the mind for legitimate method, by expoſing the inſufficiency or ſelf-contradictions of the proofs and reſults obtained by the contrary proceſs. Hence therefore the earneſtneſs with which the genuine Platoniſts afterwards oppoſed the doctrine (that all demonſtration conſiſts of identical propoſitions) advanced by Stilpo, and maintained by the Megaric ſchool, who denied the

* Εὖ γὰρ καὶ Πλάτων ἠπόρει τοῦτο καὶ ἐζήτει, πότερον ἀπὸ τῶν ἀρχῶν, ἢ ἐπὶ τὰς ἀρχάς, ἐστιν ἡ ὁδός.—*Ethic. Nicom.* I. c. 2.—*Ed.*

ſyntheſis and, like Hume and others in recent times, held geometry itſelf to be merely analytical.

The grand problem, the ſolution of which forms, according to Plato, the final object and diſtinctive character of philoſophy, is this: for all that exiſts conditionally (that is, the exiſtence of which is inconceivable except under the condition of its dependency on ſome other as its antecedent) to find a ground that is unconditional and abſolute, and thereby to reduce the aggregate of human knowledge to a ſyſtem. For the relation common to all being known, the appropriate orbit of each becomes diſcoverable, together with its peculiar relations to its concentrics in the common ſphere of ſubordination. Thus the centrality of the ſun having been eſtabliſhed, and the law of the diſtances of the planets from the ſun having been determined, we poſſeſs the means of calculating the diſtance of each from the other. But as all objects of ſenſe are in continual flux, and as the notices of them by the ſenſes muſt, as far as they are true notices, change with them, while ſcientific principles or laws are no otherwiſe principles of ſcience than as they are permanent and always the ſame, the latter were appropriated to the pure reaſon, either as its products or as * implanted in it.

* Which of theſe two doctrines was Plato's own opinion, it is hard to ſay. In many paſſages of his works, the latter (that is, the doctrine of innate, or rather of connate, ideas) ſeems to be it; but from the character and avowed purpoſe of theſe works, as addreſſed to a promiſcuous pub-

And now the remarkable fact forces itself on our attention, namely, that the material world is found to obey the same laws as had been deduced indepently from the reason; and that the masses act by a force, which cannot be conceived to result from the component parts, known or imaginable. In magnetism, electricity, galvanism, and in chemistry generally, the mind is led instinctively, as it were, to regard the working powers as conducted, transmitted, or accumulated by the sensible bodies, and not as inherent. This fact has, at all times, been the strong hold alike of the materialists and of the spiritualists, equally solvable by the two contrary hypotheses, and fairly solved by neither. In the clear and masterly* review of the

lic, therefore preparatory, and for the discipline of the mind, rather than directly doctrinal, it is not improbable that Plato chose it as the more popular representation, and as belonging to the poetic drapery of his *philosophemata*.

* I can conceive no better remedy for the overweening self-complacency of modern philosophy than the annulment of its pretended originality. The attempt has been made by Dutens, (*Récherches sur l'origine des découvertes attribuées aux Modernes*. 1766.—*Ed.*) but he failed in it by flying to the opposite extreme. When he should have confined himself to the philosophies, he extended his attack to the sciences and even to the main discoveries of later times; and thus instead of vindicating the ancients, he became the calumniator of the moderns; as far at least as detraction is calumny. A splendid and most instructive course of lectures might be given, comprising the origin and progress, the fates and fortunes of philosophy from Pythagoras to Locke, with the lives and succession of the philosophers in each sect; tracing the progress of speculative science chiefly in relation to the gradual development of the human mind,

elder philoſophies, which muſt be ranked among the moſt ſplendid proofs of his judgment no leſs than of his genius, and more expreſſly in the critique on the atomic or corpuſcular doctrine of Democritus and his followers as the one extreme, and in that of the pure rationaliſm of Zeno the Eleatic as the other, Plato has proved incontrovertibly that in both alike the baſis is too narrow to ſupport the ſuperſtructure; that the grounds of both are falſe or diſputable; and that, if theſe were conceded, yet neither the one nor the other ſcheme is adequate to the ſolution of the problem,—namely, what is the ground of the coincidence between reaſon and experience; or between the laws of matter and the ideas of the pure intellect. The only anſwer which Plato deemed the queſtion ca-

but without omitting the favourable or inauſpicious influence of circumſtances and the accidents of individual genius. The main diviſions would be, 1. From Thales and Pythagoras to the appearance of the Sophiſts: 2. And of Socrates;—the character and effects of Socrates's life and doctrines illuſtrated in the inſtances of Xenophon, as his moſt faithful repreſentative, and of Antiſthenes or the Cynic ſect as the one partial view of his philoſophy, and of Ariſtippus or the Cyrenaic ſect as the other and oppoſite extreme: 3. Plato, and Platoniſm: 4. Ariſtotle and the Peripatetic ſchool: 5. Zeno, and Stoiciſm, Epicurus and Epicureaniſm, with the effects of theſe in the Roman republic and empire: 6. The riſe of the Eclectic or Alexandrian philoſophy, the attempt to ſet up a pſeudo-Platonic polytheiſm againſt Chriſtianity, the degradation of philoſophy itſelf into myſticiſm and magic, and its final diſappearance, as philoſophy, under Juſtinian: 7. The reſumption of the Ariſtotelian philoſophy in the thirteenth century, and the ſucceſſive re-appearance of the different ancient ſects from the reſtoration of literature to our own times.

pable of receiving, compels the reafon to pafs out of itfelf and feek the ground of this agreement in a fuperfenfual effence, which being at once the ideal of the reafon and the caufe of the material world, is the pre-eftablifher of the harmony in and between both. Religion therefore is the ultimate aim of philofophy, in confequence of which philofophy itfelf becomes the fupplement of the fciences, both as the convergence of all to the common end, namely wifdom; and as fupplying the copula, which, modified in each in the comprehenfion of its parts in one whole, is in its principles common to all, as integral parts of one fyftem. And this is method, itfelf a diftinct fcience, the immediate offfpring of philofophy, and the link or mordant by which philofophy becomes fcientific and the fciences philofophical.

ESSAY VI.

Ἀπάντων ζητῦντες λόγον ἔξωθεν ἀναιρῦσι λόγον.

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

Between theſe two lies the method in the fine arts, which belongs indeed to this ſecond or external relation, becauſe the effect and poſition of the parts is always more or leſs influenced by the knowledge and experience of their previous qualities; but which nevertheleſs conſtitutes a link connecting the ſecond form of relation with the firſt. For in all that truly merits the name of poetry in its

moſt comprehenſive ſenſe, there is a neceſſary predominance of the ideas, that is, of that which originates in the artiſt himſelf, and a comparative indifference of the materials. A true muſical taſte is ſoon diſſatisfied with the harmonica or any ſimilar inſtrument of glaſs or ſteel, becauſe the body of the ſound (as the Italians phraſe it), or that effect which is derived from the materials, encroaches too far on the effect from the proportions of the notes, or that which is given to muſic by the mind. To prove the high value as well as the ſuperior dignity of the firſt relation, and to evince, that on this alone a perfect method can be grounded, and that the methods attainable by the ſecond are at beſt but approximations to the firſt, or tentative exerciſes in the hope of diſcovering it, forms the firſt object of the preſent diſquiſition.

Theſe truths I have (as the moſt pleaſing and popular mode of introducing the ſubject) hitherto illuſtrated from Shakeſpeare. But the ſame truths, namely the neceſſity of a mental initiative to all method, as well as a careful attention to the conduct of the mind in the exerciſe of method itſelf, may be equally, and here perhaps more characteriſtically, proved from the moſt familiar of the ſciences. We may draw our elucidation even from thoſe which are at preſent faſhionable among us; from botany or from chemiſtry. In the loweſt attempt at a methodical arrangement of the former ſcience, that of artificial claſſification for the preparatory purpoſe of a nomenclature, ſome antece-

dent muſt have been contributed by the mind itſelf; ſome purpoſe muſt be in view; or ſome queſtion at leaſt muſt have been propoſed to nature, grounded, as all queſtions are, upon ſome idea of the anſwer; as for inſtance, the aſſumption that—"two great ſexes animate the world." * For no man can confidently conceive a fact to be univerſally true who does not with equal confidence anticipate its neceſſity, and who does not believe that neceſſity to be demonſtrable by an inſight into its nature, whenever and wherever ſuch inſight can be obtained. We acknowledge, we reverence, the obligations of botany to Linnæus, who, adopting from Bartholinus, Sebaſtian Vaillant, and others, the ſexuality of plants, grounded thereon a ſcheme of claſſific and diſtinctive marks, by which one man's experience may be communicated to others, and the objects ſafely reaſoned on while abſent, and recognized as ſoon as and wherever they are met with. He invented a univerſal character for the language of botany chargeable with no greater imperfections than are to be found in the alphabets of every particular language. As for the ſtudy of the ancients, ſo for that of the works of nature, an accidence and a dictionary are the firſt and indiſpenſable requiſites: and to the illuſtrious Swede, botany is indebted for both. But neither was the central idea of vegetation itſelf, by the light of which we might have ſeen the collateral relations of the

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* Par. Loſt, viii. 151.—*Ed.*

vegetable to the inorganic and to the animal world, nor the conſtitutive nature and inner neceſſity of ſex itſelf, revealed to Linnæus.* Hence, as in all

* The word nature has been uſed in two ſenſes, actively and paſſively; energetic, or *forma formans*, and material, or *forma formata*. In the firſt (the ſenſe in which the word is uſed in the text) it ſignifies the inward principle of whatever is requiſite for the reality of a thing, as exiſtent: while the eſſence or eſſential property, ſignifies the inner principle of all that appertains to the poſſibility of a thing. Hence, in accurate language, we ſay the eſſence of a mathematical circle or other geometrical figure, not the nature; becauſe in the conception of forms purely geometrical there is no expreſſion or implication of their real exiſtence. In the ſecond or material ſenſe of the word nature, we mean by it the ſum total of all things, as far as they are objects of our ſenſes, and conſequently of poſſible experience; the aggregate of *phænomena*, whether exiſting for our outward ſenſes, or for our inner ſenſe. The doctrine concerning material nature would therefore (the word phyſiology being both ambiguous in itſelf, and already otherwiſe appropriated) be more properly entitled phænomenology, diſtinguiſhed into its two grand diviſions, ſomatology and pſychology. The doctrine concerning energetic nature is compriſed in the ſcience of dynamics; the union of which with phænomenology, and the alliance of both with the ſciences of the poſſible, or of the conceivable, namely, logic and mathematics, conſtitute natural philoſophy.

Having thus explained the term nature, I now more eſpecially entreat the reader's attention to the ſenſe in which here, and every where through this eſſay, I uſe the word idea. I aſſert, that the very impulſe to univerſalize any *phænomenon* involves the prior aſſumption of ſome efficient law in nature, which in a thouſand different forms is evermore one and the ſame, entire in each, yet comprehending all, and incapable of being abſtracted or generalized from any number of *phænomena*, becauſe it is itſelf pre-ſuppoſed in each and all as their common ground and condition, and becauſe every definition of a *genus* is the adequate definition of the loweſt ſpecies alone, while the efficient law muſt contain the ground of all in all. It is attributed, ne-

other cafes where the mafter light is miffing, fo in this, the reflective mind avoids Scylla only to lofe itfelf in Charybdis. If we adhere to the general notion of fex, as abftracted from the more obvious modes and forms in which the fexual relation manifefts itfelf, we foon meet with whole claffes of plants to which it is found inapplicable. If arbitrarily, we give it indefinite extenfion, it is diffipated into the barren truifm, that all fpecific products fuppofe fpecific means of production. Thus a growth and a birth are diftinguifhed by the mere verbal definition, that the latter is a whole in itfelf, the former not: and when we would apply even this to nature, we are baffled by objects (the flower polypus, for example, and many others) in which each is the other. All that can be done by

ver derived. The utmoft we ever venture to fay is, that the falling of an apple fuggefted the law of gravitation to Sir I. Newton. Now a law and an idea are correlative terms, and differ only as object and fubject, as being and truth.

Such is the doctrine of the Novum Organum of Lord Bacon, agreeing (as I fhall more largely fhow in the text) in all effential points with the true doctrine of Plato, the apparent differences being for the greater part occafioned by the Grecian fage having applied his principles chiefly to the inveftigation of the mind, and the method of evolving its powers, and the Englifh philofopher to the development of nature. That our great countryman fpeaks too often detractingly of the divine philofopher muft be explained, partly by the tone given to thinking minds by the Reformation, the founders and fathers of which faw in the Ariftotelians, or fchoolmen, the antagonifts of Proteftantifm, and in the Italian Platonifts the defpifers and fecret enemies of Chriftianity itfelf; and partly, by his having formed his notions of Plato's doctrine from the abfurdities and phantafms of his mifinterpreters, rather than from an unprejudiced ftudy of the original works.

the moſt patient and active induſtry, by the wideſt and moſt continuous reſearches; all that the ampleſt ſurvey of the vegetable realm, brought under immediate contemplation by the moſt ſtupendous collections of ſpecies and varieties, can ſuggeſt; all that minuteſt diſſection and exacteſt chemical analyſis, can unfold; all that varied experiment and the poſition of plants and of their component parts in every conceivable relation to light, heat, (and whatever elſe we diſtinguiſh as imponderable ſubſtances), to earth, air, water, to the ſuppoſed conſtituents of air and water, ſeparate and in all proportions—in ſhort, all that chemical agents and re-agents can diſcloſe or adduce;—all theſe have been brought, as conſcripts, into the field, with the completeſt accoutrement, in the beſt diſcipline, under the ableſt commanders. Yet after all that was effected by Linnæus himſelf, not to mention the labours of Geſner,* Cæſalpinus,† Ray,‡ Tournefort,§ and the other heroes who preceded, the general adoption of the ſexual ſyſtem, as the baſis of artificial arrangement;—after all the ſucceſſive toils and enterpriſes of Hedwig,‖ Juſſieu, Mirbel,¶ Sir

* Conrad G. who died in 1568. See his Letters.—*Ed.*

† *Libri* xv. *De Plantis.*—Ed.

‡ *Methodus Plantarum nova.* 1682. *Hiſtoria Plantarum.* 1686-7-1704.—*Ed.*

§ *Elémens de Botanique; ou, Méthode pour connaître les Plantes.* 1694.—*Ed.*

‖ *Theoria generationis et fructificationis plantarum cryptogamicarum Linnæi.* 1784. *Cryptogamia.* 1787.—*Ed.*

¶ *Hiſtoire générale et particulière des plantes; ou, Traité de phyſiologie végétale. Expoſition de la théorie de l'organi-*

James Smith, Knight, Ellis, and others,—what is botany at this preſent hour? Little more than an enormous nomenclature; a huge catalogue, well arranged, and yearly and monthly augmented, in various editions, each with its own ſcheme of technical memory and its own conveniences of reference. A dictionary in which (to carry on the metaphor) an Ainſworth arranges the contents by the initials; a Walker by the endings; a Scapula by the radicals; and a Cominius by the ſimilarity of the uſes and purpoſes. The terms ſyſtem, method, ſcience, are mere improprieties of courteſy, when applied to a maſs enlarging by endleſs appoſitions, but without a nerve that oſcillates, or a pulſe that throbs, in ſign of growth or inward ſympathy. The innocent amuſement, the healthful occupation, the ornamental accompliſhment of amateurs (moſt honourable indeed and deſerving of all praiſe as a preventive ſubſtitute for the ſtall, the kennel, and the ſubſcription-room), it has yet to expect the devotion and energies of the philoſopher.

So long back as the firſt appearance of Dr. Darwin's *Phytologia*, I, then * in earlieſt manhood, preſumed to hazard the opinion, that the phyſiological botaniſts were hunting in a falſe direction, and ſought for analogy where they ſhould have looked for antitheſis. I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, that the harmony between the vegetable and

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ſation végétale. 1805. *Elémens de phyſiologie végétale et de botanique.* 1815.—*Ed.*

* 1801. The *Zoonomia* was publiſhed in 1793.—*Ed.*

animal world, was not a harmony of refemblance, but of contraft; and that their relation to each other was that of correfponding oppofites. They feemed to me, whofe mind had been formed by obfervation, unaided, but at the fame time unenthralled, by partial experiment, as two ftreams from the fame fountain indeed, but flowing the one due weft, and the other direct eaft, and that confequently, the refemblance would be as the proximity, greateft in the firft and rudimental products of vegetable and animal organization. Whereas, according to the received notion, the higheft and moft perfect vegetable, and the loweft and rudeft animal forms, ought to have feemed the links of the two fyftems, which is contrary to fact. Since that time, the fame idea has dawned in the minds of philofophers capable of demonftrating its objective truth by induction of facts in an unbroken feries of correfpondences in nature. From thefe men, or from minds enkindled by their labours, we may hope hereafter to receive it, or rather the yet higher idea to which it refers us, matured into laws of organic nature, and thence to have one other fplendid proof, that with the knowledge of law alone dwell power and prophecy, decifive experiment, and, laftly, a fcientific method, that diffipating with its earlieft rays the gnomes of hypothefis and the mifts of theory may, within a fingle generation, open out on the philofophic feer difcoveries that had baffled the gigantic, but blind and guidelefs, induftry of ages.

Such, too, is the cafe with the affumed indecomponible fubftances of the laboratory. They are the fymbols of elementary powers, and the exponents of a law, which, as the root of all thefe powers, the chemical philofopher, whatever his theory may be, is inftinctively labouring to extract. This inftinct, again, is itfelf but the form, in which the idea, the mental correlative of the law, firft announces its incipient germination in his own mind: and hence proceeds the ftriving after unity of principle through all the diverfity of forms, with a feeling refembling that which accompanies our endeavours to recollect a forgotten name; when we feem at once to have and not to have it; which the memory feels but cannot find. Thus, as "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet,"* fuggeft each the other to Shakefpeare's Thefeus, as foon as his thoughts prefent to him the one form, of which they are but varieties; fo water and flame, the diamond, the charcoal, and the mantling champagne, with its ebullient fparkles, are convoked and fraternized by the theory of the chemift. This is, in truth, the firft charm of chemiftry, and the fecret of the almoft univerfal intereft excited by its difcoveries. The ferious complacency which is afforded by the fenfe of truth, utility, permanence, and progreffion, blends with and ennobles the exhilarating furprife and the pleafurable fting of curiofity, which accompany the propounding and the folving of an

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* Midf. Night's Dream, act v. fc. 1.—*Ed.*

enigma. It is the ſenſe of a principle of connection given by the mind, and ſanctioned by the correſpondency of nature. Hence the ſtrong hold which in all ages chemiſtry has had on the imagination If in Shakeſpeare we find nature idealized into poetry, through the creative power of a profound yet obſervant meditation, ſo through the meditative obſervation of a Davy, a Wollaſton, or a Hatchett;

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

we find poetry, as it were, ſubſtantiated and realized in nature,—yea, nature itſelf diſcloſed to us, *geminam iſtam naturam*, *quæ ſit et facit*, *et creat et creatur*, as at once the poet and the poem.

ESSAY VII.

Ταυτῇ τοινῦν διαίρω χῶρις μὲν, οὓς νῦν δὴ ἔλεγες Φιλοθεάμονάς τε, καὶ φιλοτέχνους, καὶ πρακτίκους, καὶ χῶρις αὖ περὶ ὧν ὁ λόγος, οὓς μόνους ἂν τὶς ὄρθως προσείποι φιλοσόφους, ὡς μὲν γιγνώσκοντας, τίνος ἐστιν ἐπιστήμη ἑκάστη τούτων τῶν ἐπιστήμων, ὁ τυγχάνει ὂν ἄλλο αὐτῆς τῆς ἐπιστήμης·

PLATO.

In the following then I diſtinguiſh, firſt, thoſe whom you indeed may call philotheoriſts, or philotechniſts, or practicians, and ſecondly thoſe whom alone you may rightly denominate philoſophers, as knowing what the ſcience of all theſe branches of ſcience is, which may prove to be ſomething more than the mere aggregate of the knowledges in any particular ſcience.

FROM Shakeſpeare to Plato, from the philoſophic poet to the poetic philoſopher, the tranſition is eaſy, and the road is crowded with illuſtrations of our preſent ſubject. For of Plato's works, the larger and more valuable portion have all one common end, which comprehends and ſhines through the particular purpoſe of each ſeveral dialogue; and this is to eſtabliſh the ſources, to evolve the principles, and exemplify the art of method. This is the clue, without which it would be difficult to exculpate the nobleſt productions of the divine philoſopher from the charge of being tortuous and labyrinthine in their progreſs, and unſatisfactory in

their oſtenſible reſults. The latter indeed appear not ſeldom to have been drawn for the purpoſe of ſtarting a new problem, rather than that of ſolving the one propoſed as the ſubject of the previous diſcuſſion. But with the clear inſight that the purpoſe of the writer is not ſo much to eſtabliſh any particular truth, as to remove the obſtacles, the continuance of which is precluſive of all truth, the whole ſcheme aſſumes a different aſpect, and juſtifies itſelf in all its dimenſions. We ſee, that to open anew a well of ſpringing water, not to cleanſe the ſtagnant tank, or fill, bucket by bucket, the leaden ciſtern; that the education of the intellect, by awakening the principle and method of ſelf-development, was his propoſed object, not any ſpecific information that can be conveyed into it from without;—not to aſſiſt in ſtoring the paſſive mind with the various ſorts of knowledge moſt in requeſt, as if the human ſoul were a mere repoſitory or banqueting-room, but to place it in ſuch relations of circumſtance as ſhould gradually excite the germinal power that craves no knowledge but what it can take up into itſelf, what it can appropriate, and re-produce in fruits of its own. To ſhape, to dye, to paint over, and to mechanize the mind, he reſigned, as their proper trade, to the ſophiſts, againſt whom he waged open and unremitting war. For the ancients, as well as the moderns, had their machinery for the extemporaneous mintage of intellects, by means of which, off-hand, as it were, the ſcholar was enabled to make a figure

on any and all ſubjects, on any and all occaſions. They too had their glittering vapours, which (as the comic poet tells us) fed a hoſt of ſophiſts—

μεγάλαι θεαὶ ἀνδράσιν ἀργοῖς,
αἵπερ γνώμην, καὶ διάλεξιν, καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσι,
καὶ τερατείαν, καὶ περίλεξιν, καὶ κροῦσιν, καὶ κατάληψιν.

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

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

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* *Ariſtoph. Nubes.* 316, &c.—*Ed.*

as if the words of the charm had been incomplete, and it had appeared at its own will only to mock his calling. At length, in the aſtoniſhing preparations for his muſeum, he conſtructed it for the ſcientific apprehenſion out of the unſpoken alphabet of nature. Yet notwithſtanding the imperfection in the annunciation of the idea, how exhilarating have been the reſults! I dare appeal to * Abernethy, to Everard Home, to Hatchett, whoſe communication to Sir Everard on the egg and its analogies, in a recent paper of the latter (itſelf of high excellence) in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, I may point out as being, in the proper ſenſe of the term, the development of a fact in the hiſtory of phyſiology, and to which I refer as exhibiting a luminous inſtance of what I mean by the diſcovery of a central *phænomenon*. To theſe I appeal, whether whatever is grandeſt in the views of Cuvier be not either a reflection of this light or a continuation of its rays, well and wiſely directed through fit *media* to the appropriate object.†

* Since this was written, Mr. Abernethy has realized this anticipation, dictated ſolely by my wiſhes, and at the time juſtified only by my general admiration of Mr. A.'s talents and principles, and compoſed without the leaſt knowledge that he was then actually engaged in proving the aſſertion here hazarded, at large and in detail. See his eminent Treatiſe on Phyſiology, 1821.

† Nor ſhould it be wholly unnoticed, that Cuvier, who, I underſtand, was not born in France, and is not of unmixed French extraction, had prepared himſelf for his illuſtrious labours (as I learn from a reference in the firſt chapter of his great work, and ſhould have concluded from the gene-

We have ſeen that a previous act and conception of the mind is indiſpenſable even to the mere ſemblances of method; that neither faſhion, mode, nor orderly arrangement can be produced without a prior purpoſe, and a pre-cogitation *ad intentionem ejus quod quæritur*, though this purpoſe may have been itſelf excited, and this pre-cogitation itſelf abſtracted from the perceived likeneſſes and differences of the objects to be arranged. But it has likewiſe been ſhown, that faſhion, mode, ordonnance, are not method, inaſmuch as all method ſuppoſes a principle of unity with progreſſion; in other words, progreſſive tranſition without breach of continuity. But ſuch a principle, it has been proved, can never in the ſciences of experiment or in thoſe of obſervation be adequately ſupplied by a theory built on generalization. For what ſhall determine the mind to abſtract and generalize one common point rather than another;—and within what limits, from what number of individual objects, ſhall the generalization be made? The theory muſt ſtill require a prior theory for its own legitimate conſtruction. With the mathematician the definition makes the object, and pre-eſtabliſhes the terms which, and which alone, can occur in the after-reaſoning. If a circle be found not to have

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ral ſtyle of thinking, though the language betrays ſuppreſſion, as of one who doubted the ſympathy of his readers or audience) in a very different ſchool of methodology and philoſophy than any which Paris could have afforded.

the *radii* from the centre to the circumference perfectly equal, which in fact it would be absurd to expect of any material circle, it follows only that it was not a circle; and the tranquil geometrician would content himself with smiling at the *quid pro quo* of the simple objector. A mathematical *theoria seu contemplatio* may therefore be perfect. For the mathematician can be certain that he has contemplated all that appertains to his proposition. The celebrated Euler, treating on some point respecting arches, makes this curious remark: —"All experience is in contradiction to this; *sed potius fidendum est analysi;* but this is no reason for doubting the analysis." The words sound paradoxical; but in truth mean no more than this, that the properties of space are not less certainly the properties of space because they can never be entirely transferred to material bodies. But in physics, that is, in all the sciences which have for their objects the things of nature, and not the *entia rationis* — more philosophically, intellectual acts and the products of those acts, existing exclusively in and for the intellect itself—the definition must follow, and not precede, the reasoning. It is representative not constitutive, and is indeed little more than an abbreviature of the preceding observation, and the deductions therefrom. But as the observation, though aided by experiment, is necessarily limited and imperfect, the definition must be equally so. The history of theories, and the frequency of

their ſubverſion by the diſcovery of a ſingle new fact, ſupply the beſt illuſtrations of this truth.*

As little can a true ſcientific method be grounded

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* The following extract from a moſt reſpectable ſcientific Journal contains an expoſition of the impoſſibility of a perfect theory in phyſics, the more ſtriking becauſe it is directly againſt the purpoſe and intention of the writer. I content myſelf with one queſtion,— what if Kepler, what if Newton in his inveſtigations concerning the tides, had holden themſelves bound to this canon, and, inſtead of propounding a law, had employed themſelves excluſively in collecting materials for a theory?

"The magnetic influence has long been known to have a variation which is conſtantly changing; but that change is ſo ſlow, and at the ſame time ſo different in various parts of the world, that it would be in vain to ſeek for the means of reducing it to eſtabliſhed rules, until all its local and particular circumſtances are clearly aſcertained and recorded by accurate obſervations made in various parts of the globe. The neceſſity and importance of ſuch obſervations are now pretty generally underſtood, and they have been actually carrying on for ſome years paſt; but theſe (and by parity of reaſon the incomparably greater number that remain to be made) muſt be collected, collated, proved, and afterwards brought together into one focus before ever a foundation can be formed upon which anything like a ſound and ſtable theory can be conſtituted for the explanation of ſuch changes." *Journal of Science and the Arts*, No. vii. p. 103.

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

on an hypothefis, unlefs where the hypothefis is an exponential image or picture-language of an idea which is contained in it more or lefs clearly; or the fymbol of an undifcovered law, like the characters of unknown quantities in algebra, for the purpofe of fubmitting the *phænomena* to a fcientific *calculus*. In all other inftances, it is itfelf a real or fuppofed *phænomenon*, and therefore a part of the problem which it is to folve. It may be among the foundation-ftones of the edifice, but can never be the ground.

But in experimental philofophy, it may be faid how much do we not owe to accident? Doubtlefs: but let it not be forgotten, that if the difcoveries fo made ftop there; if they do not excite fome mafter idea; if they do not lead to fome law (in whatever drefs of theory or hypothefis the fafhions and prejudices of the time may difguife or disfigure it);—the difcoveries may remain for ages limited in their ufes, infecure and unproductive. How many centuries, we might have faid *millennia*, have paffed, fince the firft accidental difcovery of the attraction and repulfion of light bodies by rubbed amber! Compare the interval with the progrefs made within lefs than a century, after the difcovery of the *phænomena* that led immediately to a theory of electricity. That here as in many other inftances, the theory was fupported by infecure hypothefes; that by one theorift two heterogeneous fluids are affumed, the vitreous and the refinous; by another, a *plus* and *minus* of the fame

fluid; that a third confiders it a mere modification of light; while a fourth compofes the electrical *aura* of oxygen, hydrogen, and caloric;—this does but place the truth we have been evolving in a ftronger and clearer light. For abftract from all thefe fuppofitions, or rather imaginations, that which is common to, and involved in, them all; and we fhall have neither notional fluid or fluids, nor chemical compounds, nor elementary matter,—but the idea of two—oppofite—forces, tending to reft by *equilibrium*. Thefe are the fole factors of the *calculus*, alike in all the theories. Thefe give the law, and in it the method, both of arranging the *phænomena* and of fubftantiating appearances into facts of fcience; with a fuccefs proportionate to the clearnefs or confufednefs of the infight into the law. For this reafon, I anticipate the greateft improvements in the method, the neareft approaches to a fyftem of electricity, from thefe philofophers, who have prefented the law moft purely, and the correlative idea as an idea;—thofe, namely, who, fince the year 1798, in the true fpirit of experimental dynamics, rejecting the imagination of any material fubftrate, fimple or compound, contemplate in the *phænomena* of electricity the operation of a law which reigns through all nature, the law of polarity, or the manifeftation of one power by oppofite forces;—who trace in thefe appearances, as the moft obvious and ftriking of its innumerable forms, the agency of the pofitive and negative poles of a power effential to all material conftruc-

tion; the ſecond, namely, of the three primary principles, for which the beautiful and moſt appropriate ſymbols are given by the mind in the three ideal dimenſions of ſpace.*

The time is, perhaps, nigh at hand, when the ſame compariſon between the reſults of two unequal periods,—the interval between the knowledge of a fact, and that from the diſcovery of the law,—will be applicable to the ſiſter ſcience of magnetiſm. But how great the contraſt between magnetiſm and electricity at the preſent moment! From remoteſt antiquity, the attraction of iron by the magnet was known and noticed; but, century after century, it remained the undiſturbed property of poets and orators. The fact of the magnet and the fable of the phœnix ſtood on the ſame ſcale of utility. In the thirteenth century, or perhaps earlier, the polarity of the magnet, and its communicability to iron, were diſcovered; and ſoon ſuggeſted a purpoſe ſo grand and important, that it may well be deemed the proudeſt trophy ever raiſed by accident † in the ſervice of mankind,—the invention of

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* "Perhaps the attribution or analogy may ſeem fanciful at firſt ſight, but I am in the habit of realizing to myſelf magnetiſm as length, electricity as breadth, and galvaniſm as depth." *Table Talk*, p. 35. 2nd edit.—*Ed.*

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

the compafs. But it led to no idea, to no law, and confequently to no method: though a variety of *phænomena*, as ftartling as they are myfterious, have forced on us a prefentiment of its intimate connection with all the great agencies of nature; of a revelation, in ciphers, the key to which is ftill wanting. I can recall no event of human hiftory that impreffes the imagination more deeply than the moment when Columbus,* on an unknown ocean, firft perceived one of thefe ftartling facts, the change of the magnetic needle.

In what fhall we feek the caufe of this contraft between the rapid progrefs of electricity and the ftationary condition of magnetifm? As many theories, as many hypothefes, have been advanced in

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(See the *Omniana*, vol. i. p. 210. No. 108,—where Mr. Southey quotes a paffage from the *Partidas* (1250—7), very diftinctly referring to the mariner's needle.—*Ed.*)

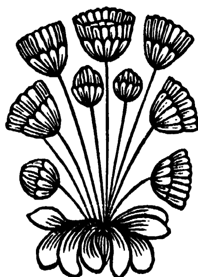
* It cannot be deemed alien from the purpofes of this difquifition, if I am anxious to attract the attention of my readers to the importance of fpeculative meditation, even for the worldly interefts of mankind; and to that concurrence of nature and hiftoric event with the great revolutionary movements of individual genius, of which fo many inftances occur in the ftudy of hiftory;—to point out how nature, or that which in nature itfelf is more than nature, feems to come forward in order to meet, to aid, and to reward every idea excited by a contemplation of her methods in the fpirit of filial care, and with the humility of love. It is with this view that I extract the following lines from an ode of Chiabrera's, which, in the ftrength of the thought and the lofty majefty of the poetry, has but "few peers in ancient or in modern fong."

Certo da cor, ch' alto deftin non fcelfe,
Son l' imprefe magnanime neglette;
Ma le bell' alme alle bell' opre elette

the latter ſcience as in the former. But the theories and fictions of the electricians contained an idea, and all the ſame idea, which has neceſſarily led to method; implicit indeed, and only regulative hitherto, but which requires little more than the diſmiſſion of the imagery to become conſtitutive like the ideas of the geometrician. On the contrary, the aſſumptions of the magnetiſts (as for inſtance, the hypotheſis that the planet itſelf is one vaſt magnet, or that an immenſe magnet is concealed within it, or that of a concentric globe within the earth, revolving on its own independent axis), are but repetitions of the ſame fact or *phænomenon* looked at through a magnifying glaſs; the reiteration of the problem, not its ſolution. The naturaliſt, who

Sanno gioir nelle fatiche eccelſe;
Nè biaſmo popolar, ſrale catena,
Spirto d' onore, il ſuo cammin raffrena.
Coſi lunga ſtagion per modi indegni
Europa diſprezzò l'inclita ſpeme,
Schernendo il vulgo e ſeco i regi inſieme,
Nudo nocchier promettitor di regni;
Ma per le ſconoſciute onde marine
L' invitta prora ei pur ſoſpinſe al fine.
Qual uom, che torni alla gentil conſorte,
Tal ei da ſua magion ſpiegò l'antenne;
L' ocean corſe, e i turbini ſoſtenne,
Vinſe le crude immagini di morte;
Poſcia, dell' ampio mar ſpenta la guerra,
Scorſe la dianzi favoloſa terra.
Allor dal cavo pin ſcende veloce,
E di grand' orma il nuovo mondo imprime;
Nè men ratto per l'aria erge ſublime,
Segno del ciel, l'inſuperabil croce;
E porge umile eſempio, onde adorarla
Debba ſua gente. CHIABRERA, P. I. 12.

cannot or will not ſee, that one fact is often worth a thouſand, as including them all in itſelf, and that it firſt makes all the others facts,—who has not the head to comprehend, the ſoul to reverence, a central experiment or obſervation (what the Greeks would perhaps have called a *protophænomenon*),—will never receive an auſpicious anſwer from the oracle of nature.



ESSAY VIII.

The ſoul doth give
Brightneſs to the eye: and ſome ſay, that the ſun
If not enlighten'd by th' Intelligence
That doth inhabit it, would ſhine no more
Than a dull clod of earth.
CARTWRIGHT'S *Lady-Errant*, act iii. ſc. iv.

IT is ſtrange, yet characteriſtic of the ſpirit that was at work during the latter half of the laſt century, and of which the French revolution was, I hope, the cloſing monſoon, that the writings of Plato ſhould be accuſed of eſtranging the mind from ſober experience and ſubſtantial matter of fact, and of debauching it by fictions and generalities;—Plato, whoſe method is inductive throughout, who argues on all ſubjects not only from, but in and by, inductions of facts; —who warns us indeed againſt that uſurpation of the ſenſes, which quenching the *lumen ſiccum* of the mind, ſends it aſtray after individual caſes for their own ſakes,—againſt that *tenuem et manipularem experientiam*, which remains ignorant even of the tranſitory relations, to which the *pauca particularia* of its idolatry not ſeldom owe their fluxional exiſtence;—

but who ſo far oftener, and with ſuch unmitigated hoſtility, purſues the aſſumptions, abſtractions, generalities, and verbal legerdemain of the ſophiſts! Strange, but ſtill more ſtrange, that a notion ſo groundleſs ſhould be entitled to plead in its behalf the authority of Lord Bacon, from whom the Latin words in the preceding ſentence are taken, and whoſe ſcheme of logic, as applied to the contemplation of nature, is Platonic throughout, and differing only in the mode, which in Lord Bacon is dogmatic, that is, aſſertory, in Plato tentative, and (to adopt the Socratic phraſe) obſtetric. I am not the firſt, or even among the firſt, who have conſidered Bacon's ſtudied depreciation of the ancients, with his ſilence, or worſe than ſilence, concerning the merits of his contemporaries, as the leaſt amiable, the leaſt exhilarating, ſide in the character of our illuſtrious countryman. His detractions from the divine Plato it is more eaſy to explain than to juſtify or even to palliate; and that he has merely retaliated Ariſtotle's own unfair treatment of his predeceſſors and contemporaries, may leſſen the pain, but ſhould not blind us to the injuſtice of the aſperſions on the name and works of that philoſopher. The moſt eminent of our recent zoologiſts and mineralogiſts have acknowledged with reſpect, and even with expreſſions of wonder, the performances of Ariſtotle, as the firſt clearer and breaker-up of the ground in natural hiſtory. It is indeed ſcarcely poſſible to peruſe

the treatiſe on colours,* falſely aſcribed to Theophraſtus, the ſcholar and ſucceſſor of Ariſtotle, after a due conſideration of the ſtate and means of ſcience at that time, without reſenting the aſſertion, that he had utterly enſlaved his inveſtigations in natural hiſtory to his own ſyſtem of logic (*logicæ ſuæ prorſus mancipavit*). Nor let it be forgotten that the ſunny ſide of Lord Bacon's character is to be found neither in his inductions, nor in the application of his own method to particular *phænomena* or particular claſſes of phyſical facts, which are at leaſt as crude for the age of Gilbert,† Galileo, and Kepler, as Ariſtotle's for that of Philip and Alexander. Nor is it to be found in his recommendation (which is wholly independent of his ineſtimable principles of ſcientific method) of tabular collections of particulars. Let any unprejudiced naturaliſt turn to Lord Bacon's queſtions and propoſals for the inveſtigation of ſingle problems; to his Diſcourſe on the Winds; or to the almoſt comical caricature of this ſcheme in the Method of improving Natural Philoſophy, by Robert Hooke (the hiſtory of whoſe multifold inventions, and indeed of his whole philoſophical life, is the beſt anſwer to the ſcheme, if a ſcheme ſo palpably impracticable needs any anſwer),—and

* The Περὶ Χρωμάτων is not now, I believe, conſidered genuine.—*Ed.*

† William Gilbert died in 1603. His works are De Magnete, &c. 1600, and De Mundo, &c. 1651.—*Ed.*

put it to his confcience, whether any defirable end could be hoped for from fuch a procefs; or inquire of his own experience, or hiftorical recollections, whether any important difcovery was ever made in this way.* For though Bacon never fo far deviates from his own principles, as not to admonifh the reader that the particulars are to be thus collected, only that by careful felection they may be concentrated into univerfals; yet fo immenfe is their number, and fo various and almoft endlefs the relations in which each is to be feparately confidered, that the life of an antediluvian patriarch would have been expended, and his

* I refer the reader to Hooke's Pofthumous Works (Hooke died in 1702.—*Ed.*) publifhed under the aufpices of the Royal Society, by their Secretary, Richard Waller, and efpecially to the pages from p. 22 to 42 inclufive, as containing the preliminary knowledges requifite or defirable for the naturalift, before he can form "even a foundation upon which any thing like a found and ftable theory can be conftituted." As a fmall fpecimen of this appalling catalogue of preliminaries with which he is to make himfelf converfant, take the following:—The hiftory of potters, tobacco-pipe-makers, glaziers, glafs-grinders, looking-glafs-makers or foilers, fpectacle-makers and optic-glafs-makers, makers of counterfeit pearl and precious ftones, bugle-makers, lamp-blowers, colour-makers, colour-grinders, glafs-painters, enamellers, varnifhers, colour-fellers, painters, limners, picture-drawers, makers of baby-heads, of little bowling-ftones or marbles, fuftian-makers (*quære* whether poets are included in this trade), mufic-mafters, tinfey-makers, and taggers;—the hiftory of fchoolmafters, writing-mafters, printers, book-binders, ftage-players, dancing-mafters, and vaulters, apothecaries, chirurgeons, feamfters, butchers, barbers, laundreffes, and cofmetics, &c. (the true nature of which being actually determined) will hugely facilitate our inquiries in philofophy."

ſtrength and ſpirits waſted, in merely polling the votes, and long before he could have commenced the proceſs of ſimplification, or have arrived in ſight of the law which was to reward the toils of the over-taſked Pſyche.*

I yield to none in grateful veneration of Lord Bacon's philoſophical writings. I am proud of his very name, as a lover of knowledge; and as an Engliſhman, I am almoſt vain of it. But I may not permit the honeſt workings of national attachment to degenerate into the jealous and indiſcriminate partiality of clanſhip. Unawed by ſuch as praiſe and abuſe by wholeſale, I dare avow that there are points in the character of our Veru-

As a ſummary of Dr. R. Hooke's multifarious recipe for the growth of ſcience may be fairly placed that of the celebrated Dr. Watts for the improvement of the mind, which was thought by Dr. Knox to be worthy of inſertion in the Elegant Extracts, vol. ii. p. 456, under the head of

Directions concerning our Ideas.

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

* See the beautiful allegoric tale of Cupid and Pſyche, in the original of Apuleius, (*De Aſino aureo*, L. iv. v. vi.—*Ed.*) The taſks impoſed on her by the jealouſy of her mother-in-law, and the agency by which they are at length ſelf-performed, are noble inſtances of that hidden wiſdom, " where more is meant than meets the ear."

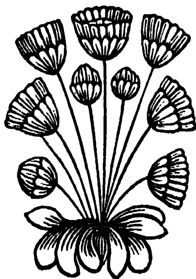
lam, from which I turn to the life and labours of John Kepler,* as from gloom to ſunſhine. The beginning and the cloſe of his life were clouded by poverty and domeſtic troubles, while the intermediate years were compriſed within the moſt tumultuous period of the hiſtory of his country, when the furies of religious and political diſcord had left neither eye, ear, nor heart for the muſes. But Kepler ſeemed born to prove that true genius can overpower all obſtacles. If he gives an account of his modes of proceeding, and of the views under which they firſt occurred to his mind, how unoſtentatiouſly and *in tranſitu*, as it were, does he introduce himſelf to our notice; and yet never fails to preſent the living germ out of which the genuine method, as the inner form of the tree of ſcience, ſprings up! With what affectionate reverence does he expreſs himſelf of his maſter and immediate predeceſſor, Tycho Brahe;—with what zeal does he vindicate his ſervices againſt poſthumous detraction! How often and how gladly does he ſpeak of Copernicus;—and with what fervent tones of faith and conſolation does he proclaim the hiſtoric fact that the great men of all ages have prepared the way for each other, as pioneers and heralds! Equally juſt to the ancients and to his contemporaries, how circumſtantially, and with what exactneſs of detail, does Kepler demonſtrate

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

that Euclid Copernicifes—*ὡς πρὸ τοῦ Κοπερνίκου κοπερνικίζει Εὐκλείδης*,—how elegant the compliments which he addreffes to Porta, and with what cordiality he thanks him for the invention of the *camera obfcura*, as enlarging his views into the laws of vifion! But while I cannot avoid contrafting this generous enthufiafm with Lord Bacon's cold and invidious treatment of Gilbert, and his affertion that the works of Plato and Ariftotle had been carried down the ftream of time, like ftraws, by their levity alone, when things of weight and worth had funk to the bottom;—ftill in the founder of a revolution, fcarcely lefs important for the fcientific, and even for the commercial, world than that of Luther for the world of religion and politics, we muft allow much to the heat of proteftation, much to the vehemence of hope, and much to the vividnefs of novelty. Still more muft we attribute to the then exifting and actual ftate of the Platonic and Peripatetic philofophies, or rather to the dreams or verbiage which then paffed current as fuch. Had Bacon but attached to their proper authors the fchemes and doctrines which he condemns, our illuftrious countryman would, in this point, at leaft, have needed no apology. And furely no lover of truth, converfant with the particulars of Lord Bacon's life, with the very early, almoft boyifh, age at which he quitted the univerfity, and the manifold occupations and anxieties in which his public and profeffional duties engaged, and his courtly,—alas! his fervile, proftitute, and mendi-

cant—ambition entangled him, in his after years, will be either ſurpriſed or offended, though I ſhould avow my conviction, that he had derived his opinions of Plato and Ariſtotle from any ſource, rather than from a diſpaſſionate and patient ſtudy of the originals themſelves. At all events it will be no eaſy taſk to reconcile many paſſages in the *De Augmentis*, and the *Redargutio Philoſophiarum*, with the author's own fundamental principles, as eſtabliſhed in his *Novum Organum*; if we attach to the words the meaning which they may bear, or even, in ſome inſtances, the meaning which might appear to us, in the preſent age, more obvious; inſtead of the ſenſe in which they were employed by the profeſſors, whoſe falſe premiſes and barren methods Bacon was at that time controverting. And this hiſtorical interpretation is rendered the more neceſſary by his fondneſs for point and antitheſis in his ſtyle, where we muſt often diſturb the ſound in order to arrive at the ſenſe. But with theſe precautions;—and if, in collating the philoſophical works of Lord Bacon with thoſe of Plato, we, in both caſes alike, ſeparate the grounds and eſſential principles of their philoſophic ſyſtems from the inductions themſelves; no inconſiderable portion of which, in the Britiſh ſage, as well as in the divine Athenian, is neither more nor leſs crude and erroneous than might be anticipated from the infant ſtate of natural hiſtory, chemiſtry, and phyſiology, in their ſeveral ages; and if we moreover ſeparate the principles from

their practical application, which in both is not seldom impracticable, and, in our countryman, not always reconcileable with the principles themselves;—we shall not only extract that from each which is for all ages, and which constitutes their true systems of philosophy, but shall convince ourselves that they are radically one and the same system;—in that, namely, which is of universal and imperishable worth, the science of method, and the grounds and conditions of the science of method.



ESSAY IX.

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

STAPYLTON.

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

To offer or to receive names in lieu of ſound arguments, is only leſs reprehenſible than an oſtentatious contempt of the great men of former ages; but we may well and wiſely avail ourſelves of authorities, in confirmation of truth, and above all, in the removal of prejudices founded on imperfect information. I do not ſee, therefore, how I can more appropriately conclude this firſt, explanatory and controverſial ſection of the inquiry, than by a brief ſtatement of our renowned countryman's own principles of method, conveyed for the greater part in his own words. Nor do I ſee, in what

more precife form I can recapitulate the fubftance of the doctrines afferted and vindicated in the preceding pages. For I reft my ftrongeft pretenfions to a calm and refpectful perufal, in the firft inftance, on the fact, that I have only reproclaimed the coinciding prefcripts of the Athenian Verulam, and the Britifh Plato—*genuinam fcilicet Platonis dialecticem, et methodologiam principialem*

FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO.

In the firft inftance, Lord Bacon equally with myfelf demands what I have ventured to call the intellectual or mental initiative, as the motive and guide of every philofophical experiment; fome well-grounded purpofe, fome diftinct impreffion of the probable refults, fome felf-confiftent anticipation as the ground of the *prudens quæftio*, the forethoughtful query, which he affirms to be the prior half of the knowledge fought, *dimidium fcientiæ*. With him, therefore, as with me, an idea is an experiment propofed, an experiment is an idea realized. For fo, though in other words, he himfelf informs us: *neque id molimur tam inftrumentis quam experimentis; etenim experimentorum longe major eft fubtilitas quam fenfus ipfius, licet inftrumentis exquifitis adjuti. De iis loquimur experimentis, quæ ad intentionem ejus quod quæritur perite et fecundum artem excogitata et appofita funt. Itaque perceptioni fenfus immediatæ ac propriæ non multum tribuimus: fed eo rem deducimus, ut fenfus tantum de experimento, experimentum de re, judicet.* This

laſt ſentence is, as the attentive reader will have himſelf detected, one of thoſe faulty verbal antitheſes not unfrequent in Lord Bacon's writings. Pungent antitheſes, and the analogies of wit in which the reſemblance is too often more indebted to the double or equivocal ſenſe of a word, than to any real conformity* in the thing or image, form the *dulcia vitia* of his ſtyle, the Dalilahs of our philoſophical Samſon. But in this inſtance, as indeed throughout all his works, the meaning is clear and evident;—namely, that the ſenſe can apprehend, through the organs of ſenſe, only the *phænomena* evoked by the experiment: *vis vero mentis ea, quæ experimentum excogituverat, de re judicet:* that is, that power, which out of its own conceptions had ſhaped the experiment, muſt alone determine the true import of the *phænomena.* If again we aſk, what it is which gives birth to the queſtion, and then *ad intentionem quæſtionis ſuæ experimentum excogitat, unde de re judicet,* the anſwer is,—*lux intellectus, lumen ſiccum,* the pure and imperſonal reaſon, freed from all the various idols enumerated by our great legiſlator of ſcience *(idola tribus, ſpecus, fori, theatri);* that is, freed from the limits, the paſſions, the prejudices, the peculiar habits of the human underſtanding, natural or ac-

* Thus (to take the firſt inſtance that occurs), Bacon ſays, that ſome knowledges, like the ſtars, are ſo high that they give no light. Where the word, "high," means "deep or ſublime," in the one caſe, and "diſtant" in the other.

quired ; but above all, pure from the arrogance, which leads man to take the forms and mechanifm of his own mere reflective faculty, as the meafure of nature and of Deity. In this indeed we find the great object both of Plato's and of Lord Bacon's labours. They both faw that there could be no hope of any fruitful and fecure method, while forms, merely fubjective, were prefumed as the true and proper moulds of objective truth. This is the fenfe in which Lord Bacon ufes the phrafes, *intellectus humanus*, *mens hominis*, fo profoundly and juftly characterized in the preliminary effay to the *Novum Organum*.* And with all right and propriety did he fo apply them : for this was, in fact, the fenfe in which the phrafes were applied by the teachers, whom he is controverting ; by the doctors of the fchools, and the vifionaries of the laboratory. To adopt the bold but happy phrafe of a late ingenious French writer, it is the *homme particulier*, as contrafted with *l'homme général*, againft which, Heraclitus and Plato, among the ancients, and among the moderns, Bacon and Stewart (rightly underftood), warn and pre-admonifh the fincere inquirer. Moft truly, and in ftrict confonance with his two great predeceffors, does our immortal Verulam teach, that the human underftanding, even independently of the caufes that always, previoufly to its purification by philofophy, render it more or lefs turbid or uneven, *ficut fpeculum inæquale rerum ra-*

* *Diftributio Operis.*—Ed.

*dios ex figura et sectione propria immutat:** that our underſtanding not only reflects the objects ſubjectively, that is, ſubſtitutes for the inherent laws and properties of the objects the relations which the objects bear to its own particular conſtitution; but that in all its conſcious preſentations and reflexes, it is itſelf only a *phænomenon* of the inner ſenſe, and requires the ſame corrections as the appearances tranſmitted by the outward ſenſes. But that there is potentially, if not actually, in every rational being, a ſomewhat, call it what you will, the pure reaſon, the ſpirit, *lumen ſiccum*, νοῦς, φῶς νοερὸν, intellectual intuition, or the like,—and that in this are to be found the indiſpenſable conditions of all ſcience, and ſcientific reſearch, whether meditative, contemplative, or experimental,—is often expreſſed, and every where ſuppoſed, by Lord Bacon. And that this is not only the right but the poſſible nature of the human mind, to which it is capable of being reſtored, is implied in the various remedies preſcribed by him for its diſeaſes, and in the various means of neutralizing or converting into uſeful inſtrumentality the imperfections which cannot be removed. There is a ſublime truth contained in his favourite phraſe, *idola intellectus*. He thus tells us, that the mind of man is an edifice not built with human hands, which needs only be purged of its idols and idolatrous ſervices to become the temple of the true and living Light.

* *Nov. Org. Diſtrib. Operis.*—Ed.

Nay, he has ſhown and eſtabliſhed the true criterion between the ideas and the *idola* of the mind; namely, that the former are manifeſted by their adequacy to thoſe ideas in nature, which in and through them are contemplated. *Non leve quiddam intereſt inter humanæ mentis idola et divinæ mentis ideas, hoc eſt, inter placita quædam inania et veras ſignaturas atque impreſſiones factas in creaturis, prout inveniuntur.** Thus the difference, or rather diſtinction, between Plato and Lord Bacon is ſimply this: that philoſophy being neceſſarily bipolar, Plato treats principally of the truth, as it manifeſts itſelf at the ideal pole, as the ſcience of intellect *(de mundo intelligibili)*; while Bacon confines himſelf, for the moſt part, to the ſame truth, as it is manifeſted at the other or material pole, as the ſcience of nature *(de mundo ſenſibili)*. It is as neceſſary, therefore, that Plato ſhould direct his inquiries chiefly to thoſe objective truths that exiſt in and for the intellect alone, the images and repreſentatives of which we conſtruct for ourſelves by figure, number, and word; as that Lord Bacon ſhould attach his main concern to the truths which have their ſignatures in nature, and which (as he himſelf plainly and often aſſerts) may indeed be revealed to us through and with, but never by the ſenſes, or the faculty of ſenſe. Otherwiſe, indeed, inſtead of being more objective than the former (which they are not in any ſenſe, both being in this

* *Nov. Org.* P. II. *Summ.* 23.—*Ed.*

respeƐt the ſame), they would be leſs ſo, and, in faƐt, incapable of being inſulated from the *idola tribus (quæ) ſunt fundata in ipſa natura humana, atque in ipſa tribu ſeu gente hominum. Falſo enim aſſeritur ſenſum humanum eſſe menſuram rerum; quin contra, omnes perceptiones tam ſenſus quam mentis, ſunt ex analogia hominis, non ex analogia univerſi.** Hence too, it will not ſurpriſe us, that Plato ſo often calls ideas living laws, in which the mind has its whole true being and permanence; or that Bacon, *vice verſa*, names the laws of nature ideas; and repreſents what I have in a former part of this diſquiſition called faƐts o: ſcience and central *phænomena*, as ſignatures, impreſſions, and ſymbols of ideas. A diſtinguiſhable power ſelf-affirmed, and ſeen in its unity with the Eternal Eſſence, is, according to Plato, an idea: and the diſcipline, by which the human mind is purified from its idols (εἴδωλα), and raiſed to the contemplation of ideas, and thence to the ſecure and ever-progreſſive, though never-ending, inveſtigation of truth and reality by ſcientific method, comprehends what the ſame philoſopher ſo highly extols under the title of dialeƐtic. According to Lord Bacon, as deſcribing the ſame truth ſeen from the oppoſite point, and applied to natural philoſophy, an idea would be defined as—*intuitio ſive inventio, quæ in perceptione ſenſus non eſt (ut quæ puræ et ſicci luminis intellectioni eſt propria) idearum divinæ mentis, prout in*

* *Nov. Org.* P. II. *Summ.* 41.—*Ed.*

creaturis per ſignaturas ſuas ſeſe patefaciant. "That (ſaith the judicious Hooker) which doth aſſign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and meaſure, of working, the ſame we term a law."*

We can now, as men furniſhed with fit and reſpectable credentials, proceed to the hiſtoric importance and practical application of method, under the deep and ſolemn conviction, that without this guiding light neither can the ſciences attain to their full evolution, as the organs of one vital and harmonious body, nor that moſt weighty and concerning of all ſciences, the ſcience of education, be underſtood in its firſt elements, much leſs diſplay its powers, as the *niſus formativus*† of ſocial man, as the ap-

* *Eccl. Pol.* B. I. 2.—*Ed.*

† So our medical writers commonly tranſlate Profeſſor Blumenbach's *Bildungſtrieb*, the *vis plaſtica*, or *vis vitæ formatrix*, of the elder phyſiologiſts, and the life or living principle of John Hunter, the profoundeſt, I had almoſt ſaid the only, phyſiological philoſopher of the latter half of the preceding century. For in what other ſenſe can we underſtand either his aſſertion, that this principle or agent is independent of organization, which yet it animates, ſuſtains, and repairs, or the purport of that magnificent commentary on his ſyſtem, the Hunterian Muſeum? The Hunterian idea of a life or vital principle independent of the organization, yet in each organ working inſtinctively towards its preſervation, as the ants or termites in repairing the neſts of their own fabrication, demonſtrates that John Hunter did not, as Stahl and others had done, individualize, or make an *hypoſtaſis* of the principles of life, as a ſomething manifeſtable *per ſe*, and conſequently itſelf a *phænomenon*; the latency of which was to be attributed to accidental, or at

pointed protoplaſt of true humanity. Never can ſociety comprehend fully, and in its whole practical extent, the permanent diſtinction, and the occaſional

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leaſt contingent cauſes, as for example, the limits or imperfection of our ſenſes, or the inaptneſs of the *media*; but that herein he philoſophized in the ſpirit of the pureſt Newtonians, who in like manner refuſed to hypoſtaſize the law of gravitation into an ether, which even if its exiſtence were conceded, would need another gravitation for itſelf. The Hunterian poſition is a genuine philoſophic idea, the negative teſt of which as of all ideas is, that it is equi-diſtant from an *ens logicum* or abſtraction, an *ens repræſentativum* or generalization, and an *ens phantaſticum* or imaginary thing or *phænomenon*.

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

They ſhrink in, as moles,
Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground,
Creep back from light, then liſten for its ſound;
See but to dread, and dread they know not why,
The natural alien of their negative eye!

Poetical Works, I. p. 259.

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

ESSAY X.

Πολυμαθίη νόον οὐ διδάσκει.—Εἶναι γὰρ ἓν τὸ σοφὸν, ἐπίςασθαι γνώμην ἥτε ἐγκυβερνήσει πάντα διὰ πάντων. HERACLITUS.*

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

Hiſtorical and Illuſtrative.

THERE is ſtill preſerved in the Royal Obſervatory at Richmond the model of a bridge, conſtructed by the late juſtly celebrated Mr. Atwood (at that time, however, in the decline of life), in the confidence, that he had explained the wonderful properties of the arch as reſulting from the compound action of ſimple wedges, or of the rectilinear ſolids of which the material arch was compoſed; and of which ſuppoſed diſcovery, his model was to exhibit ocular proof. Accordingly, he took a ſufficient number of wedges of braſs highly poliſhed. Arranging theſe at firſt on a ſkeleton arch of wood, he then removed this ſcaffolding or ſupport; and the bridge not only ſtood firm, without any cement between the ſquares, but he could take away any given por-

* *Diogen. Laert.* ix. c. 1. ſ. 2.—*Ed.*

tion of them, as a third or a half, and appending a correfpondent weight, at either fide, the remaining part ftood as before. Our venerable fovereign, who is known to have had a particular intereft and pleafure in all works and difcoveries of mechanic fcience or ingenuity, looked at it for awhile ftead-faftly, and, as his manner was, with quick and broken expreffions of praife and courteous approbation, in the form of anfwers to his own queftions. At length turning to the conftructor, he faid, "But, Mr. Atwood, you have prefumed the figure. You have put the arch firft in this wooden fkeleton. Can you build a bridge of the fame wedges in any other figure? A ftrait bridge, or with two lines touching at the apex? If not, is it not evident, that the bits of brafs derive their continuance in the prefent pofition from the property of the arch, and not the arch from the property of the wedge?" The objection was fatal, the juftice of the remark not to be refifted; and I have ever deemed it a forcible illuftration of the Ariftotelian axiom, with refpect to all juft reafoning, that the whole is of neceffity prior to its parts; nor can I conceive a more apt illuftration of the fcientific principles I have already laid down.

All method fuppofes a union of feveral things to a common end, either by difpofition, as in the works of man; or by convergence, as in the operations and products of nature. That we acknowledge a method, even in the latter, refults from the religious inftinct which bids us "find tongues in

trees; books in the running ſtreams; ſermons in ſtones; and good (that is, ſome uſeful end anſwering to ſome good purpoſe) in every thing." In a ſelf-conſcious and thence reflecting being, no inſtinct can exiſt without engendering the belief of an object correſponding to it, either preſent or future, real or capable of being realized; much leſs the inſtinct, in which humanity itſelf is grounded; --that by which, in every act of conſcious perception, we at once identify our being with that of the world without us, and yet place ourſelves in contra-diſtinction to that world. Leaſt of all can this myſterious pre-diſpoſition exiſt without evolving a belief that the productive power,* which in nature acts as nature, is eſſentially one (that is, of

* Obſcure from too great compreſſion. The ſenſe is, that the productive power, or *vis naturans*, which in the ſenſible world, or *natura naturata*, is what we mean by the word, nature, when we ſpeak of the ſame as an agent, is eſſentially one, &c. In other words, idea and law are the ſubjective and objective poles of the ſame magnet, that is, of the ſame living and energizing reaſon. What an idea is in the ſubject, that is, in the mind, is a law in the object, that is, in nature. But throughout theſe eſſays the want of illuſtrative examples, and varied expoſition is, I am conſcious, the main defect, and it was occaſioned by the haunting dread of being tedious. But O! the cold water that was thrown on me, chiefly from thoſe from whom I ought to have received warmth and encouragement! "Who, do you expect, will read this," &c.—But, vanity as it may appear, it is nevertheleſs true, and uttered with feelings the moſt unlike thoſe of ſelf-conceit, that it has been my miſtake through life to be looking up to thoſe whom I ought to have been looking at, nay (in ſome inſtances) down upon. —June 23rd, 1829.

one kind) with the intelligence, which is in the human mind above nature; however disfigured this belief may become by accidental forms or accompaniments, and though like heat in the thawing of ice, it may appear only in its effects. So univerſally has this conviction leavened the very ſubſtance of all diſcourſe, that there is no language on earth in which a man can abjure it as a prejudice, without employing terms and conjunctions that ſuppoſe its reality, with a feeling very different from that which accompanies a figurative or metaphorical uſe of words. In all aggregates of conſtruction therefore, which we contemplate as wholes, whether as integral parts or as a ſyſtem, we aſſume an intention, as the initiative, of which the end is the correlative.

Hence proceeds the introduction of final cauſes in the works of nature equally as in thoſe of man. Hence their aſſumption, as conſtitutive and explanatory, by the maſs of mankind; and the employment of the preſumption, as an auxiliary and regulative principle, by the enlightened naturaliſt, whoſe office it is to ſeek, diſcover, and inveſtigate the efficient cauſes. Without denying, that to reſolve the efficient into the final may be the ultimate aim of philoſophy, he, of good right, reſiſts the ſubſtitution of the latter for the former, as premature, preſumptuous, and precluſive of all ſcience; well aware, that thoſe ſciences have been moſt progreſſive, in which this confuſion has been either precluded by the nature of the ſcience itſelf, as in pure

mathematics, or avoided by the good ſenſe of its cultivator. Yet even he admits a teleological ground in phyſics and phyſiology; that is, the preſumption of a ſomething analogous to the caſualty of the human will, by which, without aſſigning to nature, as nature, a conſcious purpoſe, he may yet diſtinguiſh her agency from a blind and lifeleſs mechaniſm. Even he admits its uſe, and, in many inſtances, its neceſſity, as a regulative principle; as a ground of anticipation, for the guidance of his judgment and for the direction of his obſervation and experiment;—briefly in all that preparatory proceſs, which the French language ſo happily expreſſes by *ſ'orienter*, to find out the eaſt for one's ſelf. When the naturaliſt contemplates the ſtructure of a bird, for inſtance, the hollow cavity of the bones, the poſition of the wings for motion, and of the tail for ſteering its courſe, and the like, he knows indeed that there muſt be a correſpondent mechaniſm, as the *nexus effectivus;* but he knows, likewiſe, that this will no more explain the particular exiſtence of the bird, than the principles of coheſion could inform him why of two buildings one is a palace and the other a church. Nay, it muſt not be overlooked, that the aſſumption of the *nexus effectivus* itſelf originates in the mind, as one of the laws under which alone it can reduce the manifold of the impreſſion from without into unity, and thus contemplate it as one thing; and could never (as hath been clearly proved by Mr. Hume) have been derived from outward experi-

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

I am aware that it is with our cognitions as with our children. There is a period in which the method of nature is working for them; a period of aimleſs activity and unregulated accumulation, during which it is enough if we can preſerve them in health and out of harm's way. Again, there is a period of orderlineſs, of circumſpection, of diſcipline, in which we purify, ſeparate, define, ſelect, arrange, and ſettle the nomenclature of communication. There is alſo a period of dawning and twilight, a period of anticipation, affording trials of ſtrength. And all theſe, both in the growth of the ſciences and in the mind of a rightly-educated individual, will precede the attainment of a ſcientific method. But, notwithſtanding this, unleſs the importance of the latter be felt and acknowledged, unleſs its attainment be looked forward to and from the very beginning prepared for, there is little hope and ſmall chance that any education

will be conducted aright; or will ever prove in reality worth the name.

Much labour, much wealth may have been expended, yet the final result will too probably warrant the sarcasm of the Scythian traveller: *Væ! quantum nihili!* and draw from a wise man the earnest recommendation of a full draught from Lethe, as the first and indispensable preparative for the waters of the true Helicon. Alas! how many examples are now present to my memory, of young men the most anxiously and expensively be-schoolmastered, be-tutored, be-lectured, any thing but educated; who have received arms and ammunition, instead of skill, strength, and courage; varnished rather than polished; perilously over-civilized, and most pitiably uncultivated! And all from inattention to the method dictated by nature herself, to the simple truth, that as the forms in all organized existence, so must all true and living knowledge proceed from within; that it may be trained, supported, fed, excited, but can never be infused or impressed.

Look back on the history of the sciences. Review the method in which providence has brought the more favoured portion of mankind to their present state. Lord Bacon has justly remarked, *antiquitas sæculi juventus mundi** — antiquity of time is the youth of the world and of science. In the childhood of the human race, its education

* Advancement of Learning, B. i.—*Ed.*

commenced with the cultivation of the moral ſenſe; the object propoſed being ſuch as the mind only could apprehend, and the principle of obedience being placed in the will. The appeal in both was made to the inward man. *Through faith we underſtand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; ſo that things which are ſeen were not made of things which do appear.* The ſolution of *phænomena* can never be derived from *phænomena*. Upon this ground, the writer of the epiſtle to the Hebrews (c. xi.) is not leſs philoſophical than eloquent. The aim, the method throughout was, in the firſt place, to awaken, to cultivate, and to mature the truly human in human nature, in and through itſelf, or as independently as poſſible of the notices derived from ſenſe, and of the motives that had reference to the ſenſations; till the time ſhould arrive when the ſenſes themſelves might be allowed to preſent ſymbols and atteſtations of truths, learnt previouſly from deeper and inner ſources. Thus the firſt period of the education of our race was evidently aſſigned to the cultivation of humanity itſelf, or of that in man, which of all known embodied creatures he alone poſſeſſes, the pure reaſon, as deſigned to regulate the will. And by what method was this done? Firſt, by the excitement of the idea of their Creator as a ſpirit, of an idea which they were ſtrictly forbidden to realize to themſelves under any image; and, ſecondly, by the injunction of obedience to the will of a ſuper-ſenſual Being. Nor did the method

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

Thus were the very firſt leſſons in the divine ſchool aſſigned to the cultivation of the reaſon and of the will; or rather of both as united in faith. The common and ultimate object of the will and of the reaſon was purely ſpiritual, and to be preſent in the mind of the diſciple—μόνον ἐν ἰδέᾳ, μηδαμῆ εἰδωλικῶς, that is, in the idea alone, and never as an image or imagination. The means too, by which the idea was to be excited, as well as the ſymbols by which it was to be communicated, were to be, as far as poſſible, intellectual.

Thoſe, on the contrary, who wilfully choſe a mode oppoſite to this method, who determined to ſhape their convictions and deduce their knowledge from without, by excluſive obſervation of outward and ſenſible things as the only realities,

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* Gen. xlvii. 9.

became, it appears, rapidly civilized. They built cities, invented mufical inftruments, were artificers in brafs and in iron, and refined on the means of fenfual gratification, and the conveniencies of courtly intercourfe. They became the great mafters of the agreeable, which fraternized readily with cruelty and rapacity; thefe being, indeed, but alternate moods of the fame fenfual felfifhnefs. Thus, both before and after the flood, the vicious of mankind receded from all true cultivation, as they hurried towards civilization. Finally, as it was not in their power to make themfelves wholly beafts, or to remain without a femblance of religion; and yet continuing faithful to their original maxim, and determined to receive nothing as true, but what they derived, or believed themfelves to derive from their fenfes, or (in modern phrafe) what they could prove *a pofteriori*, they became idolaters of the heavens and the material elements. From the harmony of operation they concluded a certain unity of nature and defign, but were incapable of finding in the facts any proof of a unity of perfon. They did not, in this refpect, pretend to find what they muft themfelves have firft affumed. Having thrown away the clufters, which had grown in the vineyard of revelation, they could not, as later reafoners, by being born in a Chriftian country, have been enabled to do, hang the grapes on thorns, and then pluck them as the native growth of the bufhes. But the men of fenfe of the patriarchal times, neglecting reafon and having

rejected faith, adopted what the facts seemed to involve and the most obvious analogies to suggest. They acknowledged a whole bee-hive of natural gods; but while they were employed in building a temple* consecrated to the material heavens, it pleased divine wisdom to send on them a confusion of lip, accompanied with the usual embitterment of controversy, where all parties are in the wrong, and the grounds of quarrel are equally plausible on all sides. As the modes of error are endless, the hundred forms of polytheism had each its group of partisans who, hostile or alienated, thenceforward formed separate tribes kept aloof from each other by their ambitious leaders. Hence arose, in the course of a few centuries, the diversity of languages, which has sometimes been confounded with the miraculous event that was indeed its first and principal, though remote, cause.

* I am far from being a Hutchinsonian, nor have I found much to respect in the twelve volumes of Hutchinson's works, either as biblical comment or natural philosophy; though I give him credit for orthodoxy and good intentions. But his interpretation of the first nine verses of Genesis xi. seems not only rational in itself, and consistent with after accounts of the sacred historian, but proved to be the literal sense of the Hebrew text. His explanation of the cherubim is pleasing and plausible: I dare not say more. Those who would wish to learn the most important points of the Hutchinsonian doctrine in the most favourable form, and in the shortest possible space, I can refer to Duncan Forbes's Letter to a Bishop. If my own judgment did not withhold my assent, I should never be ashamed of a conviction holden, professed, and advocated by so good and wise a man as Duncan Forbes.

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

* "I have no doubt whatever that *Homer* is a mere concrete name for the rhapſodies of the Iliad. Of courſe there was *a* Homer, and twenty beſides. * * * * I have the firmeſt conviction that Homer is a mere traditional ſynonyme with, or figure for, the Iliad. You cannot conceive for a moment, any thing about the poet, as you call him, apart from that poem. Difference in men there was in degree, but not in kind; one man was, perhaps, a better poet than another; but he was a poet upon the ſame ground and with the ſame feelings as the reſt. *Table Talk*, 67 * * 271. 2nd. edit.—*Ed.*

the Hebrews; and the ſchools of the prophets were, however partially and imperfectly, repreſented by the myſteries, derived through the corrupt channel of the Phœnicians. With theſe ſecret ſchools of phyſiological theology the mythical poets were doubtleſs in connection; and it was theſe ſchools, which prevented polytheiſm from producing all its natural barbarizing effects. The myſteries and the mythical hymns and pæans ſhaped themſelves gradually into epic poetry and hiſtory on the one hand, and into the ethical tragedy and philoſophy on the other. Under their protection, and that of a youthful liberty ſecretly controlled by a ſpecies of internal theocracy, the ſciences and the ſterner kinds of the fine arts, namely, architecture and ſtatuary, grew up together;—followed, indeed, by painting, but a ſtatueſque and auſterely idealized painting, which did not degenerate into mere copies of the ſenſe, till the proceſs, for which Greece exiſted, had been completed. Contraſt the rapid progreſs and perfection of all the products, which owe their exiſtence and character to the mind's own acts, intellectual or imaginative, with the rudeneſs of their application to the inveſtigation of phyſical laws and *phænomena*: then contemplate the Greeks (Γραῖοι ἀεὶ παῖδες) as repreſenting a portion only of the education of man; and the concluſion is inevitable.

In the education of the mind of the race, as in that of the individual, each different age and pur-

pose requires different objects and different means; though all dictated by the same principle, tending toward the same end, and forming consecutive parts of the same method. But if the scale taken be sufficiently large to neutralize or render insignificant the disturbing forces of accident, the degree of success is the best criterion by which to appreciate, both the wisdom of the general principle, and the fitness of the particular objects to the given epoch or period. Now it is a fact, for the greater part of universal acceptance, and attested as to the remainder by all that is of highest fame and authority, by the great, wise, and good, during a space of at least seventeen centuries—weighed against whom the opinions of a few distinguished individuals, or the fashion of a single age, must be holden light in the balance,—it is a fact, I say, that whatever could be educed by the mind out of its own essence, by attention to its own acts and laws of action, or as the products of the same; and whatever likewise could be reflected from material masses transformed as it were into mirrors, the excellence of which is to reveal, in the least possible degree, their own original forms and natures;—all these, whether arts or sciences, the ancient Greeks carried to an almost ideal perfection: while in the application of their skill and science to the investigation of the laws of the sensible world, and the qualities and composition of material concretes, chemical, mechanical, or organic, their essays were crude and im-

profperous, compared with thofe of the moderns during the early morning of their ftrength, and even at the firft re-afcenfion of the light. But ftill more ftriking will the difference appear, if we contraft the phyfiological fchemes and fancies of the Greeks with their own difcoveries in the region of the pure intellect, and with their ftill unrivalled fuccefs in the arts of imagination. In the averfion of their great men from any practical ufe of their philofophic difcoveries, as in the well-known inftance of Archimedes. the foul of the world was at work; and the few exceptions were but a rufh of billows driven fhoreward by fome chance guft before the hour of tide, inftantly retracted, and leaving the fands bare and foundlefs long after the momentary glitter had been loft in evaporation.

The third period, that of the Romans, was devoted to the preparations for preferving, propagating and realizing the labours of the preceding; to war, empire, law. To this we may refer the defect of all originality in the Latin poets and philofophers, on the one hand, and on the other, the predilection of the Romans for aftrology, magic, divination, in all its forms. It was the Roman inftinct to appropriate by conqueft and to give fixure by legiflation. And it was the bewilderment and prematurity of the fame inftinct which reftleffly impelled them to materialize the ideas of the Greek philofophers, and to render them practical by fuperftitious ufes.

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

ESSAY. XI.

Sapimus animo, fruimur anima: ſine animo anima eſt debilis.
L. Accii Fragmenta.

AS there are two wants connatural to man, ſo are there two main directions of human activity, pervading in modern times the whole civilized world; and conſtituting and ſuſtaining that nationality which yet it is their tendency, and, more or leſs, their effect, to tranſcend and to moderate,—trade and literature. Theſe were they, which, after the diſmemberment of the old Roman world, gradually reduced the conquerors and the conquered at once into ſeveral nations and a common Chriſtendom. The natural law of increaſe and the inſtincts of family may produce tribes, and, under rare and peculiar circumſtances, ſettlements and neighbourhoods; and conqueſt may form empires. But without trade and literature, mutually commingled, there can be no nation; without commerce and ſcience, no bond of nations. As the one hath for its object the wants of the body, real or artificial, the deſires for which are for the greater part, nay, as far as the origination of trade and commerce is

concerned, altogether excited from without; ſo the other has for its origin, as well as for its object, the wants of the mind, the gratification of which is a natural and neceſſary condition of its growth and ſanity. And the man (or the nation, conſidered according to its predominant character as one man) may be regarded under theſe circumſtances, as acting in two forms of method, inſeparably co-exiſtent, yet producing very different effects accordingly as one or the other obtains the primacy; the ſenſes, the memory, and the underſtanding, (that is, the retentive, reflective, and judicial functions of his mind) being common to both methods. As is the rank aſſigned to each in the theory and practice of the governing claſſes, and, according to its prevalence in forming the foundation of their public habits and opinions, ſo will be the outward and inward life of the people at large: ſuch will the nation be. In tracing the epochs, and alternations of their relative ſovereignty or ſubjection, conſiſts the philoſophy of hiſtory. In the power of diſtinguiſhing and appreciating their ſeveral reſults conſiſts the hiſtoric ſenſe. And that under the aſcendency of the mental and moral character the commercial relations may thrive to the utmoſt deſirable point, while the reverſe is ruinous to both, and ſooner or later effectuates the fall or debaſement of the country itſelf—this is the richeſt truth obtained for mankind by hiſtoric reſearch; though unhappily it is the truth, to which a rich and commercial nation liſtens with moſt reluctance

and receives with leaſt faith. Where the brain and the immediate conductors of its influence remain healthy and vigorous, the defects and diſeaſes of the eye will moſt often admit either of a cure or a ſubſtitute. And ſo is it with the outward proſperity of a ſtate, where the well-being of the people poſſeſſes the primacy in the aims of the governing claſſes, and in the public feeling. But what avails the perfect ſtate of the eye,

> Though clear
> To outward view of blemiſh or of ſpot,*

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

In the purſuits of commerce the man is called into action from without, in order to appropriate the outward world, as far as he can bring it within his reach, to the purpoſes of his ſenſes and ſenſual nature. His ultimate end is appearance and enjoyment. Where on the other hand the nurture and evolution of humanity is the final aim, there will ſoon be ſeen a general tendency toward, an earneſt ſeeking after, ſome ground common to the world and to man, therein to find the one principle of permanence and identity, the rock of ſtrength and refuge, to which the ſoul may cling amid the

* Milton, Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner.—*Ed.*

fleeting ſurge-like objects of the ſenſes. Diſturbed as by the obſcure quickening of an inward birth; made reſtleſs by ſwarming thoughts, that, like bees when they firſt miſs the queen and mother of the hive, with vain diſcurſion ſeek each in the other what is the common need of all; man ſallies forth into nature—in nature, as in the ſhadows and reflections of a clear river, to diſcover the originals of the forms preſented to him in his own intellect. Over theſe ſhadows, as if they were the ſubſtantial powers and preſiding ſpirits of the ſtream, Narciſſus-like, he hangs delighted: till finding nowhere a repreſentative of that free agency which yet is a fact of immediate conſciouſneſs ſanctioned and made fearfully ſignificant by his prophetic conſcience, he learns at laſt that what he ſeeks he has left behind, and that he but lengthens the diſtance as he prolongs the ſearch. Under the tutorage of ſcientific analyſis, haply firſt given to him by expreſs revelation,

E cælo deſcendit, Γνῶθι σεαυτόν,*

he ſeparates the relations that are wholly the creatures of his own abſtracting and comparing intellect, and at once diſcovers and recoils from the diſcovery, that the reality, the objective truth, of the objects he has been adoring, derives its whole and ſole evidence from an obſcure ſenſation, which he is alike unable to reſiſt or to comprehend, which compels him to contemplate as without and inde-

* Juv. xi. 27.—*Ed.*

pendent of himſelf what yet he could not contemplate at all, were it not a modification of his own being.

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

* * * *

O joy! that in our embers
Is ſomething that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was ſo fugitive!
The thought of our paſt years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is moſt worthy to be bleſt;
Delight and liberty, the ſimple creed
Of childhood, whether buſy or at reſt,
With new-fledged hope ſtill fluttering in his breaſt:—
Not for theſe I raiſe
The ſong of thanks and praiſe;
But for thoſe obſtinate queſtionings
Of ſenſe and outward things,
Fallings from us, vaniſhings;
Blank miſgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High inſtincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing ſurprized!
But for thoſe firſt affections,
Thoſe ſhadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a maſter light of all our ſeeing;
Uphold us—cheriſh—and have power to make
Our noiſy years ſeem moments in the being
Of the eternal ſilence: truths that wake,
To periſh never;
Which neither liſtleſſneſs, nor mad endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolifh or deftroy!
Hence, in a feafon of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our fouls have fight of that immortal fea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And fee the children fport upon the fhore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
WORDSWORTH.*

Long indeed will man ftrive to fatisfy the inward querift with the phrafe, laws of nature. But though the individual may reft content with the feemly metaphor, the race cannot. If a law of nature be a mere generalization, it is included in the above

* *Intimations of immortality from recollections of early childhood.—Ed.* During my refidence in Rome I had the pleafure of reciting this fublime ode to the illuftrious Baron Von Humboldt, then the Pruffian minifter at the papal court, and now at the court of St. James. By thofe who knew and honoured both the brothers, the talents of the ambaffador were confidered equal to thofe of the fcientific traveller, his judgment fuperior. I can only fay, that I know few Englifhmen, whom I could compare with him in the extenfive knowledge and juft appreciation of Englifh literature and its various epochs. He liftened to the ode with evident delight, and as evidently not without furprife, and at the clofe of the recitation exclaimed, "And is this the work of a living Englifh poet? I fhould have attributed it to the age of Elizabeth, not that I recollect any writer, whofe ftyle it refembles; but rather with wonder, that fo great and original a poet fhould have efcaped my notice." —Often as I repeat paffages from it to myfelf, I recur to the words of Dante:

Canzon! io credo, che faranno radi
Color che tua ragion intendan bene:
Tanto lor parli faticofo ed alto.

as an act of the mind. But if it be other and more, and yet manifestable only in and to an intelligent spirit, it must in act and substance be itself spiritual: for things utterly heterogeneous can have no intercommunion. In order therefore to the recognition of himself in nature man must first learn to comprehend nature in himself, and its laws in the ground of his own existence. Then only can he reduce *phænomena* to principles; then only will he have achieved the method, the self-unravelling clue, which alone can securely guide him to the conquest of the former;—when he has discovered in the basis of their union the necessity of their differences, in the principle of their continuance the solution of their changes. It is the idea alone of the common centre, of the universal law, by which all power manifests itself in opposite yet interdependent forces—(ἡ γὰρ δυὰς ἀεὶ παρὰ μονάδι κάθηται, καὶ νοεραῖς ἀστράπτει τομαῖς)—which enlightening inquiry, multiplying experiment, and at once inspiring humility and perseverance will lead him to comprehend gradually and progressively the relation of each to the other, of each to all, and of all to each.

Imagine the unlettered African, or rude yet musing Indian, poring over an illuminated manuscript of the inspired volume, with the vague yet deep impression that his fates and fortunes are in some unknown manner connected with its contents. Every tint, every group of characters, has its several dream. Say that after long and dissatisfying toils, he begins to sort, first the paragraphs that

appear to resemble each other, then the lines, the words—nay, that he has at length discovered that the whole is formed by the recurrence and interchanges of a limited number of cyphers, letters, marks, and points, which, however, in the very height and utmost perfection of his attainment, he makes twentyfold more numerous than they are, by classing every different form of the same character, intentional or accidental, as a separate element. And the whole is without soul or substance, a talisman of superstition, a mockery of science: or employed perhaps at last to feather the arrows of death, or to shine and flutter amid the plumes of savage vanity. The poor Indian too truly represents the state of learned and systematic ignorance—arrangement guided by the light of no leading idea, mere orderliness without method.

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

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

of method appertaining to each, I have affirmed (for the facts hitherto adduced have been rather for illuftration than for evidence, to make the pofition diftinctly underftood rather than to enforce the conviction of its truth;) that in both there muft be a mental antecedent; but that in the one it may be an image or conception received through the fenfes, and originating from without, the infpiriting paffion or defire being alone the immediate and proper offspring of the mind; while in the other the initiative thought, the intellectual feed, muft itfelf have its birth-place within, whatever excitement from without may be neceffary for its germination. Will the foul thus awakened neglect or undervalue the outward and conditional caufes of her growth? Far rather, might I dare borrow a wild fancy from the Mantuan bard, or the poet of Arno, will it be with her, as if a ftem or trunk, fuddenly endued with fenfe and reflection, fhould contemplate its green fhoots, their leafits and budding bloffoms, wondered at as then firft noticed, but welcomed neverthelefs as its own growth: while yet with undiminifhed gratitude, and a deepened fenfe of dependency, it would blefs the dews and the funfhine from without, deprived of the awakening and foftering excitement of which, its own productivity would have remained for ever hidden from itfelf, or felt only as the obfcure trouble of a baffled inftinct.

Haft thou ever raifed thy mind to the confideration of exiftence, in and by itfelf, as the mere

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

Not to be, then, is impoſſible: to be, incomprehenſible. If thou haſt maſtered this intuition of abſolute exiſtence, thou wilt have learnt likewiſe, that it was this, and no other, which in the earlier ages ſeized the nobler minds, the eleſt among men, with a ſort of ſacred horror. This it was which firſt cauſed them to feel within themſelves a ſomething ineffably greater than their own individual nature. It was this which, raiſing them aloft, and projeſting them to an ideal diſtance from themſelves, prepared them to become the lights and awakening voices of other men, the founders of law and religion, the educators and foſter-gods of mankind. The power, which evolved this idea of being, being in its eſſence, being limitleſs, comprehending its own limits in its dilatation, and condenſing itſelf into its own apparent mounds—how

ſhall we name it? The idea itſelf, which like a mighty billow at once overwhelms and bears aloft —what is it? Whence did it come? In vain would we derive it from the organs of ſenſe: for theſe ſupply only ſurfaces, undulations, phantoms. In vain from the inſtruments of ſenſation: for theſe furniſh only the chaos, the ſhapeleſs elements of ſenſe. And leaſt of all may we hope to find its origin, or ſufficient cauſe, in the moulds and mechaniſm of the underſtanding, the whole purport and functions of which conſiſt in individualization, in outlines and differencings by quantity and relation. It were wiſer to ſeek ſubſtance in ſhadow, than abſolute fulneſs in mere negation.

I have aſked then for its birth-place in all that conſtitutes our relative individuality, in all that each man calls excluſively himſelf. It is an alien of which they know not: and for them the queſtion itſelf is purpoſeleſs, and the very words that convey it are as ſounds in an unknown language, or as the viſion of heaven and earth expanded by the riſing ſun, which falls but as warmth on the eye-lids of the blind. To no claſs of *phænomena* or particulars can it be referred, itſelf being none; therefore, to no faculty by which theſe alone are apprehended. As little dare we refer it to any form of abſtraction or generalization; for it has neither co-ordinate nor *analogon*; it is abſolutely one; and that it is, and affirms itſelf to be, is its only predicate. And yet this power, nevertheleſs,

is; — in ſupremacy of being it is;* — and he for whom it manifeſts itſelf in its adequate idea, dare as little arrogate it to himſelf as his own, can as little appropriate it either totally or by partition, as he can claim ownerſhip in the breathing air, or make an incloſure in the cope of heaven.† He bears witneſs of it to his own mind, even as he deſcribes life and light: and, with the ſilence of light, it deſcribes itſelf and dwells in us only as far as we dwell in it. The truths which it manifeſts are ſuch as it alone can manifeſt, and in all truth it manifeſts itſelf. By what name then canſt thou call a truth ſo manifeſted? Is it not revelation? Aſk thyſelf whether thou canſt attach to that lat-

* To affirm that reaſon is, is the ſame as to affirm that reaſon is being, or that the true being is reaſon, 'ο Λόγος.— Hence, the reaſon or law of a thing conſtitutes its actual being, the ground of its reality.—1829.

† And yet this ſame IS, is the eſſential predicate of the correſpondent object of this power. What muſt we infer? Even this;—that the object and ſubject are one;—that the reaſon is being;—the ſupreme reaſon the ſupreme Being; and that the antitheſis of truth and being is but the reſult of the polarizing property of all finite mind, for which unity is manifeſted only by correſpondent oppoſites. Here do we ſtop? Woe to us, if we do! Better that we had never begun. A deeper yet muſt be ſought for,—even the abſolute Will, the Good, the ſupereſſential ſource of being, and in the eternal act of ſelf-affirmation, the I Am, the Father— who with the only-begotten *Logos* (word, idea, ſupreme mind, *pleroma*, the word containing every word that proceedeth from the mouth of the Moſt Higheſt) and with the Spirit proceeding, is the one only God from everlaſting to everlaſting.—1829.

ter word any confiftent meaning not included in the idea of the former. And the manifefting power, the fource and the correlative of the idea thus manifefted — is it not God? Either thou knoweft it to be God, or thou haft called an idol by that awful name. Therefore in the moft appropriate, no lefs than in the higheft, fenfe of the word were the earlieft teachers of humanity infpired. They alone were the true feers of God, and therefore prophets of the human race.

Look round you, and you behcld everywhere an adaptation of means to ends. Meditate on the nature of a being whofe ideas are creative, and confequently more real, more fubftantial than the things that, at the height of their creaturely ftate, are but their dim reflexes; * and the intuitive conviction will arife that in fuch a being there could exift no motive to the creation of a machine for its

* If I may not rather refemble them to the refurgent afhes, with which (according to the tales of the later alchemifts) the fubftantial forms of bird and flower made themfelves vifible as,

τὰ κακῆς ὕλης βλαςήματα χρηςὰ καὶ ἐσθλά.

And let me be permitted to add, in efpecial reference to this paffage, a premonition quoted from the fame work (*Zoroaftris Oracula Magica*),

῝Α Νοῦς λέγει, τῷ νοοῦντι δὴ πȣ λέγει.

Of the flower apparitions fo folemnly affirmed by Sir K. Digby, Kercher, Helmont, and others, fee a full and moft interefting account in Southey's Omniana, (vol. ii. p. 82. Spectral Flowers. — *Ed.*) with a probable folution of this chemical marvel.

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

In all inferior things from the graſs on the houſe top to the giant tree of the foreſt; from the gnats that ſwarm in its ſhade, and the mole that burrows amid its roots to the eagle which builds in its ſummit, and the elephant which browſes on its branches, we behold—firſt, a ſubjection to univerſal laws by which each thing belongs to the whole, as interpenetrated by the powers of the whole; and, ſecondly, the intervention of particular laws by which the univerſal laws are ſuſpended or tempered for the weal and ſuſtenance of each particular claſs. Hence and thus we ſee too that each ſpecies, and each individual of every ſpecies, becomes a ſyſtem, a world of its own. If then we behold this economy every-where in the irrational creation, ſhall we not hold it probable that by ſome analagous intervention a ſimilar temperament will have been effected for the rational and moral? Are we not entitled to expect ſome appropriate agency in behalf of the preſiding and alone progreſſive creature? To preſume ſome eſpecial proviſion for the permanent intereſt of the creature deſtined to move and grow towards that divine humanity which

we have learnt to contemplate as the final caufe of all creation, and the centre in which all its lines converge?

To difcover the mode of intervention requifite for man's development and progreffion, we muft feek then for fome general law, by the untempered and uncounteracted action of which man's development and progreffion would be prevented and endangered. But this we fhall find in that law of his underftanding and fancy, by which he is impelled to abftract the changes and outward relations of matter and to arrange them under the form of caufes and effects. And this was neceffary, as the condition under which alone experience and intellectual growth are poffible. But, on the other hand, by the fame law he is inevitably tempted to mifinterpret a conftant precedence into pofitive caufation, and thus to break and fcatter the one divine and invifible life of nature into countlefs idols of the fenfe; and falling proftrate before lifelefs images, the creatures of his own abftraction, is himfelf fenfualized, and becomes a flave to the things of which he was formed to be the conqueror and fovereign. From the fetifch of the imbruted African to the foul-debafing errors of the proud fact-hunting materialift we may trace the various ceremonials of the fame idolatry, and fhall find felfifhnefs, hate, and fervitude as the refults. If therefore by the over-ruling and fufpenfion of the phantom-caufe of this fuperftition; if by feparating effects from their natural antecedents; if by pre-

ſenting the *phænomena* of time (as far as is poſſible) in the abſolute forms of eternity; the nurſling of experience ſhould, in the early period of his pupilage, be compelled by a more impreſſive experience to ſeek in the inviſible life alone for the true cauſe and inviſible *nexus* of the things that are ſeen, we ſhall not demand the evidences of ordinary experience for that which, if it ever exiſted, exiſted as its antitheſis and for its counteraction. Was it an appropriate mean to a neceſſary end? Has it been atteſted by lovers of truth; has it been believed by lovers of wiſdom? Do we ſee throughout all nature the occaſional intervention of particular agencies in counter-check of univerſal laws? (And of what other definition is a miracle ſuſceptible?) Theſe are the queſtions: and if to theſe our anſwer muſt be affirmative, then we too will acquieſce in the traditions of humanity, and yielding as to a high intereſt of our own being, will diſcipline ourſelves to the reverential and kindly faith, that the guides and teachers of mankind were the hands of power, no leſs than the voices of inſpiration: and little anxious concerning the particular forms, proofs, and circumſtances of each manifeſtation we will give an hiſtoric credence to the hiſtoric fact, that men ſent by God have come with ſigns and wonders on the earth.

If it be objected, that in nature, as diſtinguiſhed from man, this intervention of particular laws is, or with the increaſe of ſcience will be, reſolvable into the univerſal laws which they had appeared

to counterbalance, we will reply: Even ſo it may be in the caſe of miracles; but wiſdom forbids her children to antedate their knowledge, or to act and feel otherwiſe or further than they know. But ſhould that time arrive, the ſole difference, that could reſult from ſuch an enlargement of our view, would be this; — that what we now conſider as miracles in oppoſition to ordinary experience, we ſhould then reverence with a yet higher devotion as harmonious parts of one great complex miracle, when the antitheſis between experience and belief would itſelf be taken up into the unity of intuitive reaſon.

And what purpoſe of philoſophy can this acquieſcence anſwer? A gracious purpoſe, a moſt valuable end; if it prevent the energies of philoſophy from being idly waſted, by removing the contrariety without confounding the diſtinction between philoſophy and faith. The philoſopher will remain a man in ſympathy with his fellow men. The head will not be disjoined from the heart, nor will ſpeculative truth be alienated from practical wiſdom. And vainly without the union of both ſhall we expect an opening of the inward eye to the glorious viſion of that exiſtence which admits of no queſtion out of itſelf, acknowledges no predicate but the I AM IN THAT I AM! *Θαυμάζοντες φιλοσοφοῦμεν· φιλοσοφήσαντες θαμβοῦμεν.* In wonder (*τῷ θαυμάζειν*) ſays Ariſtotle, does philoſophy begin: and in aſtoundment (*τῷ θαμβεῖν*) ſays Plato, does all true philoſophy finiſh. As every faculty, with

every the minuteſt organ of our nature, owes its whole reality and comprehenſibility to an exiſtence incomprehenſible and groundleſs, becauſe the ground of all comprehenſion; not without the union of all that is eſſential in all the functions of our ſpirit, not without an emotion tranquil from its very intenſity, ſhall we worthily contemplate in the magnitude and integrity of the world that life-ebullient ſtream which breaks through every momentary embankment, again, indeed, and evermore to embank itſelf, but within no banks to ſtagnate or be impriſoned.

But here it behoves us to bear in mind, that all true reality has both its ground and its evidence in the will, without which as its complement ſcience itſelf is but an elaborate game of ſhadows, begins in abſtractions and ends in perplexity. For conſidered merely intellectually, individuality, as individuality, is only conceivable as with and in the univerſal and infinite, neither before nor after it. No tranſition is poſſible from one to the other, as from the architect to the houſe, or the watch to its maker. The finite form can neither be laid hold of by, nor can it appear to, the mere ſpeculative intellect as any thing of itſelf real, but merely as an apprehenſion, a frame-work which the human imagination forms by its own limits, as the foot meaſures itſelf on the ſnow; and the ſole truth of which we muſt again refer to the divine imagination, in virtue of its omniformity. For even as thou art capable of beholding the tranſparent air as

little during the abſence as during the preſence of light, ſo canſt thou behold the finite things as actually exiſting neither with nor without the ſubſtance. Not without,—for then the forms ceaſe to be, and are loſt in night: not with it,—for it is the light, the ſubſtance ſhining through it, which thou canſt alone really ſee.

The ground-work, therefore, of all pure ſpeculation is the full apprehenſion of the difference between the contemplation of reaſon, namely, that intuition of things which ariſes when we poſſeſs ourſelves, as one with the whole, which is ſubſtantial knowledge, and that which preſents itſelf when transferring reality to the negations of reality, to the ever varying frame-work of the uniform life, we think of ourſelves as ſeparated beings, and place nature in antitheſis to the mind, as object to ſubject, thing to thought, death to life. This is abſtract knowledge, or the ſcience of the mere underſtanding. By the former, we know that exiſtence is its own predicate, ſelf-affirmation, the one attribute in which all others are contained, not as parts, but as manifeſtations. It is an eternal and infinite ſelf-rejoicing, ſelf-loving, with a joy unfathomable, with a love all comprehenſive. It is abſolute; and the abſolute is neither ſingly that which affirms, nor that which is affirmed; but the identity and living *copula* of both.

On the other hand, by the abſtract knowledge which belongs to us as finite beings, and which leads to a ſcience of deluſion then only, when it

would exiſt for itſelf inſtead of being the inſtrument of the former—(even as the former is equally hollow and yet more periloufly deluſive, where it is not radicated in a deeper ground) when it would itſelf, I ſay, be its own life and verity, inſtead of being, as it were, a tranſlation of the living word into a dead language, for the purpoſes of memory, arrangement, and general communication,—it is by this abſtract knowledge that the underſtanding diſtinguiſhes the affirmed from the affirming. Well if it diſtinguiſh without dividing! Well if by diſtinction it add clearneſs to fulneſs, and prepare for the intellectual re-union of the all in one in that eternal Reaſon whoſe fulneſs hath no opacity, whoſe tranſparency hath no *vacuum*.

If we thoughtfully review the three preceding paragraphs, we ſhall find the concluſion to be;—that the dialectic intellect by the exertion of its own powers excluſively can lead us to a general affirmation of the ſupreme reality, of an abſolute being. But here it ſtops. It is utterly incapable of communicating inſight or conviction concerning the exiſtence or poſſibility of the world, as different from Deity. It finds itſelf conſtrained to identify, more truly to confound, the Creator with the aggregate of his creatures, and, cutting the knot which it cannot untwiſt, to deny altogether the reality of all finite exiſtence, and then to ſhelter itſelf from its own diſſatisfaction, its own importunate queries, in the wretched evaſion that of nothings, no ſolution can be required: till pain haply,

and anguiſh, and remorſe, with bitter ſcoff and moody laughter inquire ;—Are we then indeed nothings ? —till through every organ of ſenſe nature herſelf aſks ; — How and whence did this ſterile and pertinacious nothing acquire its plural number ?—*Unde quæſo, hæc nihili in nihila tam portentoſa tranſnihilatio?*—and laſtly ;—What is that inward mirror, in for which theſe nothings have at leaſt relative exiſtence ? The inevitable reſult of all conſequent reaſoning, in which the intellect refuſes to acknowledge a higher or deeper ground than it can itſelf ſupply, and weens to poſſeſs within itſelf the centre of its own ſyſtem, is — and from Zeno the Eleatic to Spinoſa, and from Spinoſa to the Schellings, Okens and their adherents, of the preſent day, ever has been — pantheiſm under one or other of its modes, the leaſt repulſive of which differs from the reſt, not in its conſequences, which are one and the ſame in all, and in all alike are practically atheiſtic, but only as it may expreſs the ſtriving of the philoſopher himſelf to hide theſe conſequences from his own mind. This, therefore, I repeat, is the final concluſion. All ſpeculative diſquiſition muſt begin with poſtulates, which the conſcience alone can at once authorize and ſubſtantiate : and from whichever point the reaſon may ſtart, from the things which are ſeen to the one inviſible, or from the idea of the abſolute one to the things that are ſeen, it will find a chaſm, which the moral being only, which the ſpirit and religion of man alone, can fill up.

Thus I prefaced my inquiry into the ſcience of method with a principle deeper than ſcience, more certain than demonſtration. For that the very ground, ſaith Ariſtotle, is groundleſs or ſelf-grounded, is an identical propoſition. From the indemonſtrable flows the ſap that circulates through every branch and ſpray of the demonſtration. To this principle I referred the choice of the final object, the control over time, or, to compriſe all in one, the method of the will. From this I ſtarted, or rather ſeemed to ſtart; for it ſtill moved before me, as an inviſible guardian and guide, and it is this the re-appearance of which announces the concluſion of the circuit, and welcomes me at the goal. Yea (ſaith an enlightened phyſician), there is but one principle, which alone reconciles the man with himſelf, with others and with the world; which regulates all relations, tempers all paſſions, gives power to overcome or ſupport all ſuffering, and which is not to be ſhaken by aught earthly, for it belongs not to the earth; namely, the principle of religion, the living and ſubſtantial faith *which paſſeth all underſtanding*, as the cloud-piercing rock, which overhangs the ſtronghold of which it had been the quarry and remains the foundation. This elevation of the ſpirit above the ſemblances of cuſtom and the ſenſes to a world of ſpirit, this life in the idea, even in the ſupreme and godlike, which alone merits the name of life, and without which our organic life is but a ſtate of ſomnambuliſm; this it is which affords the ſole ſure anchorage in the

ſtorm, and at the ſame time the ſubſtantiating principle of all true wiſdom, the ſatisfactory ſolution of all the contradictions of human nature, of the whole riddle of the world. This alone belongs to and ſpeaks intelligibly to all alike, the learned and the ignorant, if but the heart liſtens. For alike preſent in all, it may be awakened, but it cannot be given. But let it not be ſuppoſed, that it is a ſort of knowledge: no! it is a form of BEING, or indeed it is the only knowledge that truly *is*, and all other ſcience is real only as far as it is ſymbolical of this. The material univerſe, ſaith a Greek philoſopher, is but one vaſt complex *mythus*, that is, ſymbolical repreſentation, and mythology the *apex* and complement of all genuine phyſiology. But as this principle cannot be implanted by the diſcipline of logic, ſo neither can it be excited or evolved by the arts of rhetoric. For it is an immutable truth, that what comes from the heart, that alone goes to the heart: what proceeds from a divine impulſe, that the godlike alone can awaken.

THE THIRD LANDING-PLACE:

Or Eſſays Miſcellaneous.

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

ESSAY I.

Fortuna plerumque est veluti galaxia quarundam obscurarum virtutum sine nomine. BACON.

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

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

This proverb admits of various explanations according to the mood of mind in which it is used. It may arise from pity, and the soothing persuasion that Providence is eminently watchful over the helpless, and extends an especial care to those who are not capable of caring for themselves. So used, it breathes the same feeling as 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb'—or the more sportive adage, that 'the fairies take care of children and tipsy folk.' The persuasion itself, in addition to the general religious feeling of mankind, and the scarcely less general love of the marvellous, may be accounted for from our tendency to exaggerate all effects that seem disproportionate to their visible

caufe and all circumftances that are in any way ftrongly contrafted with our notions of the perfons under them. Secondly, it arifes from the fafety and fuccefs which an ignorance of danger and difficulty fometimes actually affifts in procuring; inafmuch as it precludes the defpondence, which might have kept the more forefighted from undertaking the enterprife, the depreffion which would retard its progrefs, and thofe overwhelming influences of terror in cafes where the vivid perception of the danger conftitutes the greater part of the danger itfelf. Thus men are faid to have fwooned and even died at the fight of a narrow bridge, over which they had ridden the night before in perfect fafety; or at tracing their footmarks along the edge of a precipice which the darknefs had concealed from them. A more obfcure caufe, yet not wholly to be omitted, is afforded by the undoubted fact, that the exertion of the reafoning faculties tends to extinguifh or bedim thofe myfterious inftincts of fkill, which, though for the moft part latent, we neverthelefs poffefs in common with other animals.

Or the proverb may be ufed invidioufly: and folly in the vocabulary of envy or bafenefs may fignify courage and magnanimity. Hardihood and fool-hardinefs are indeed as different as green and yellow, yet will appear the fame to the jaundiced eye. Courage multiplies the chances of fuccefs by fometimes making opportunities, and always availing itfelf of them: and in this fenfe fortune may be faid to favour fools by thofe, who, however

prudent in their own opinion, are deficient in valour and enterprize. Again: an eminently good and wise man, for whom the praises of the judicious have procured a high reputation even with the world at large, proposes to himself certain objects, and adapting the right means to the right end attains them: but his objects not being what the world calls fortune, neither money nor artificial rank, his admitted inferiors in moral and intellectual worth, but more prosperous in their worldly concerns, are said to have been favoured by fortune, and he slighted: although the fools did the same in their line as the wise man in his: they adapted the appropriate means to the desired end and so succeeded. In this sense the proverb is current by a misuse, or a *catachresis* at least, of both the words, fortune and fools.

But, lastly, there is, doubtless, a true meaning attached to fortune, distinct both from prudence and from courage; and distinct too from that absence of depressing or bewildering passions, which (according to my favourite proverb, 'extremes meet,') the fool not seldom obtains in as great perfection by his ignorance, as the wise man by the highest energies of thought and self-discipline. Luck has a real existence in human affairs from the infinite number of powers that are in action at the same time, and from the co-existence of things contingent and accidental (such as to us at least are accidental) with the regular appearances and general laws of nature. A familiar instance will make these words intelligible. The moon waxes

and wanes according to a neceſſary law. — The clouds likewiſe, and all the manifold appearances connected with them, are governed by certain laws no leſs than the phaſes of the moon. But the laws which determine the latter are known and calculable, while thoſe of the former are hidden from us. At all events, the number and variety of their effects baffle our powers of calculation; and that the ſky is clear or obſcured at any particular time, we ſpeak of, in common language, as a matter of accident. Well! at the time of the full moon, but when the ſky is completely covered with black clouds, I am walking on in the dark, aware of no particular danger: a ſudden guſt of wind rends the cloud for a moment, and the moon emerging diſcloſes to me a chaſm or precipice, to the very brink of which I had advanced my foot. This is what is meant by luck, and according to the more or leſs ſerious mood or habit of our mind we exclaim, how lucky! or, how providential! The co-preſence of numberleſs *phænomena*, which from the complexity or ſubtlety of their determining cauſes are called contingencies, and the co-exiſtence of theſe with any regular or neceſſary *phænomenon* (as the clouds with the moon for inſtance) occaſion coincidences, which, when they are attended by any advantage or injury, and are at the ſame time incapable of being calculated or foreſeen by human prudence, form good or ill luck. On a hot ſunſhiny afternoon came on a ſudden ſtorm and ſpoilt the farmer's hay: and this is called ill luck. We will ſuppoſe the ſame event to take

place, when meteorology ſhall have been perfected into a ſcience, provided with unerring inſtruments; but which the farmer had neglected to examine. This is no longer ill luck, but imprudence. Now apply this to our proverb. Unforeſeen coincidences may have greatly helped a man, yet if they have done for him only what poſſibly from his own abilities he might have effected for himſelf, his good luck will excite leſs attention and the inſtance be leſs remembered. That clever men ſhould attain their objects ſeems natural, and we neglect the circumſtances that perhaps produced that ſucceſs of themſelves without the intervention of ſkill or foreſight; but we dwell on the fact and remember it as ſomething ſtrange, when the ſame happens to a weak or ignorant man. So too, though the latter ſhould fail in his undertakings from concurrences that might have happened to the wiſeſt man, yet his failure being no more than might have been expected and accounted for from his folly, it lays no hold on our attention, but fleets away among the other diſtinguiſhed waves in which the ſtream of ordinary life murmurs by us, and is forgotten. Had it been as true as it was notoriouſly falſe, that thoſe all-embracing diſcoveries, which have ſhed a dawn of ſcience on the art of chemiſtry, and give no obſcure promiſe of ſome one great conſtitutive law, in the light of which dwell dominion and the power of prophecy; if theſe diſcoveries, inſtead of having been as they really were, preconcerted by meditation, and evolved out of his own intellect, had occurred by a ſet of lucky accidents to the il-

luſtrious father and founder of philoſophic alchemy; if they had preſented themſelves to Davy excluſively in conſequence of his luck in poſſeſſing a particular galvanic battery; if this battery, as far as Davy was concerned, had itſelf been an accident, and not (as in point of fact it was) deſired and obtained by him for the purpoſe of enſuring the teſtimony of experience to his principles, and in order to bind down material nature under the inquiſition of reaſon, and force from her, as by torture, unequivocal anſwers to prepared and preconceived queſtions; — yet ſtill they would not have been talked of or deſcribed, as inſtances of luck, but as the natural reſults of his admitted genius and known ſkill. But ſhould an accident have diſcloſed ſimilar diſcoveries to a mechanic at Birmingham or Sheffield, and if the man ſhould grow rich in conſequence, and partly by the envy of his neighbours, and partly with good reaſon, be conſidered by them as a man below *par* in the general powers of his underſtanding; then, "O what a lucky fellow!— Well, Fortune does favour fools—that's certain!— It is always ſo!" — And forthwith the exclaimer relates half a dozen ſimilar inſtances. Thus accumulating the one ſort of facts and never collecting the other, we do, as poets in their diction, and quacks of all denominations do in their reaſoning, put a part for the whole, and at once ſoothe our envy and gratify our love of the marvellous, by the ſweeping proverb, 'Fortune favours fools.'

ESSAY II.

Quod me non movet æstimatione:
Verum est μνημόσυνον mei sodalis.

CATULLUS.*

It interests me not by any conceit of its value; but it is a remembrance of my honoured friend.

THE philosophic ruler, who secured the favours of fortune by seeking wisdom and knowledge in preference to them, has pathetically observed—The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and there is a joy in which the stranger intermeddleth not. A simple question founded on a trite proverb, with a discursive answer to it, would scarcely suggest to an indifferent person any other notion than that of a mind at ease, amusing itself with its own activity. Once before (I believe about this time last year) I had taken up the old memorandum book, from which I transcribed the preceding essay, and it had then attracted my notice by the name of the illustrious chemist mentioned in the last illustration. Exasperated by the base and cowardly attempt, which had been made to detract from the honours

* XII.—*Ed.*

due to his aſtoniſhing genius, I had ſlightly altered the concluding ſentences, ſubſtituting the more recent for his earlier diſcoveries; and without the moſt diſtant intention of publiſhing what I then wrote, I had expreſſed my own convictions for the gratification of my own feelings, and finiſhed by tranquilly paraphraſing into a chemical allegory the Homeric adventure of Menelaus with Proteus. Oh! with what different feelings, with what a ſharp and ſudden emotion did I re-peruſe the ſame queſtion yeſter-morning, having by accident opened the book at the page, upon which it was written. I was moved: for it was Admiral Sir Alexander Ball, who firſt propoſed the queſtion to me, and the particular ſatisfaction, which he expreſſed, had occaſioned me to note down the ſubſtance of my reply. I was moved: becauſe to this converſation I was indebted for the friendſhip and confidence with which he afterwards honoured me; and becauſe it recalled the memory of one of the moſt delightful mornings I ever paſſed; when, as we were riding together, the ſame perſon related to me the principal events of his own life, and introduced them by adverting to this converſation. It recalled too the deep impreſſion left on my mind by that narrative, the impreſſion, that I had never known any analogous inſtance, in which a man ſo ſucceſsful had been ſo little indebted to fortune, or lucky accidents, or ſo excluſively both the architect and builder of his own ſucceſs. The ſum of his hiſtory may be compriſed in this one ſentence:

Hæc, ſub numine nobiſmet fecimus, ſapientia duce, fortuna permittente. (Theſe things, under God, we have done for ourſelves, through the guidance of wiſdom, and with the permiſſion of fortune.) Luck gave him nothing: in her moſt generous moods, ſhe only worked with him as with a friend, not for him as for a fondling; but more often ſhe ſimply ſtood neuter and ſuffered him to work for himſelf. Ah! how could I be otherwiſe than affected by whatever reminded me of that daily and familiar intercourſe with him, which made the fifteen months from May 1804, to October 1805, in many reſpects, the moſt memorable and inſtructive period of my life?—Ah! how could I be otherwiſe than moſt deeply affected, when there was ſtill lying on my table the paper which, the day before, had conveyed to me the unexpected and moſt awful tidings of this man's death,—his death in the fulneſs of all his powers, in the rich autumn of ripe yet undecaying manhood? I once knew a lady, who after the loſs of a lovely child continued for ſeveral days in a ſtate of ſeeming indifference, the weather, at the ſame time, as if in uniſon with her, being calm, though gloomy; till one morning a burſt of ſunſhine breaking in upon her, and ſuddenly lighting up the room where ſhe was ſitting, ſhe diſſolved at once into tears, and wept paſſionately. In no very diſſimilar manner did the ſudden gleam of recollection at the ſight of this memorandum act on myſelf. I had been ſtunned by the intelligence, as by an outward blow, till this trifling

incident ſtartled and diſentranced me; the ſudden pang ſhivered through my whole frame; and if I repreſſed the outward ſhows of ſorrow, it was by force that I repreſſed them, and becauſe it is not by tears that I ought to mourn for the loſs of Sir Alexander Ball.

He was a man above his age: but for that very reaſon the age has the more need to have the maſter-features of his character portrayed and preſerved. This I feel it my duty to attempt, and this alone: for having received neither inſtructions nor permiſſion from the family of the deceaſed, I cannot think myſelf allowed to enter into the particulars of his private hiſtory, ſtrikingly as many of them would illuſtrate the elements and compoſition of his mind. For he was indeed a living confutation of the aſſertion attributed to the Prince of Condé, that no man appeared great to his *valet de chambre*—a ſaying which, I ſuſpect, owes its currency leſs to its truth, than to the envy of mankind and the miſapplication of the word, great, to actions unconnected with reaſon and free will. It will be ſufficient for my purpoſe to obſerve that the purity and ſtrict propriety of his conduct, which precluded rather than ſilenced calumny, the evenneſs of his temper and his attentive and affectionate manners, in private life, greatly aided and increaſed his public utility: and, if it ſhould pleaſe Providence, that a portion of his ſpirit ſhould deſcend with his mantle, the virtues of Sir Alexander Ball, as a maſter, a huſband, and a parent, will form a no leſs remark-

able epoch in the moral hiſtory of the Malteſe than his wiſdom, as a governor, has made in that of their outward circumſtances. That the private and perſonal qualities of a firſt magiſtrate ſhould have political effects, will appear ſtrange to no reflecting Engliſhman, who has attended to the workings of men's minds during the firſt ferment of revolutionary principles, and muſt therefore have witneſſed the influence of our own ſovereign's domeſtic character in counteracting them. But in Malta there were circumſtances which rendered ſuch an example peculiarly requiſite and beneficent. The very exiſtence, for ſo many generations, of an order of lay celibates in that iſland, who abandoned even the outward ſhows of an adherence to their vow of chaſtity, muſt have had pernicious effects on the morals of the inhabitants. But when it is conſidered too that the knights of Malta had been for the laſt fifty years or more a ſet of uſeleſs idlers, generally illiterate,*—for they thought literature no part of a ſoldier's excellence; and yet effeminate, —for they were ſoldiers in name only: when it is conſidered, that they were, moreover, all of them

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

aliens, who looked upon themſelves not merely as of a ſuperior rank to the native nobles, but as beings of a different race (I had almoſt ſaid, ſpecies), from the Malteſe collectively; and finally that theſe men poſſeſſed excluſively the government of the iſland; it may be ſafely concluded that they were little better than a perpetual influenza, relaxing and diſeaſing the hearts of all the families within their ſphere of influence. Hence the peaſantry, who fortunately were below their reach, notwithſtanding the more than childiſh ignorance in which they were kept by their prieſts, yet compared with the middle and higher claſſes, were both in mind and body as ordinary men compared with dwarfs. Every reſpectable family had ſome one knight for their patron, as a matter of courſe; and to him the honour of a ſiſter or a daughter was ſacrificed, equally as a matter of courſe.* But why ſhould I thus diſguiſe the truth? Alas! in nine inſtances out of ten, this patron was the common paramour of every woman in the family. Were I compoſing a ſtate-memorial, I ſhould abſtain from all alluſion to moral good or evil, as not having now firſt to learn, that with diplomatiſts and with practical ſtateſmen of every denomination, it would preclude all attention to its other contents, and have no reſult but that of ſecuring for its author's name the official private mark of excluſion or diſmiſſion, as a weak or ſuſpicious perſon. But among thoſe for whom I am now writing, there are, I truſt, many who will think

* See Table Talk, p. 295, 2nd edit.—*Ed.*

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

When we are praiſing the departed by our own fire-ſides, we dwell moſt fondly on thoſe qualities which had won our perſonal affection, and which ſharpen our individual regrets. But when impelled by a loftier and more meditative ſorrow, we would raiſe a public monument to their memory, we praiſe them appropriately when we relate their actions faithfully; and thus preſerving their example for the imitation of the living, alleviate the loſs, while we demonſtrate its magnitude. My funeral eulogy of Sir Alexander Ball muſt therefore be a narrative of his life; and this friend of mankind will be de-frauded of honour in proportion as that narrative is deficient and fragmentary. It ſhall, however, be as complete as my information enables, and as pru-dence and a proper reſpect for the feelings of the living permit, me to render it. His fame (I adopt the words of our elder writers) is ſo great through-out the world that he ſtands in no need of an en-comium: and yet his worth is much greater than his fame. It is impoſſible not to ſpeak great things of him, and yet it will be very difficult to ſpeak what he deſerves. But cuſtom requires that ſomething

ſhould be ſaid: it is a duty and a debt which we owe to ourſelves and to mankind, not leſs than to his memory: and I hope his great ſoul, if it hath any knowledge of what is done here below, will not be offended at the ſmallneſs even of my offering.

Ah! how little, when among the ſubjects of the Friend I promiſed 'characters met with in real life,' did I anticipate the ſad event, which compels me to weave on a cypreſs branch thoſe ſprays of laurel which I had deſtined for his buſt, not his monument! He lived as we ſhould all live; and, I doubt not, left the world as we ſhould all wiſh to leave it. Such is the power of diſpenſing bleſſings, which Providence has attached to the truly great and good, that they cannot even die without advantage to their fellow-creatures: for death conſecrates their example; and the wiſdom, which might have been ſlighted at the council-table, becomes oracular from the ſhrine. Thoſe rare excellencies, which make our grief poignant, make it likewiſe profitable; and the tears, which wiſe men ſhed for the departure of the wiſe, are among thoſe that are preſerved in heaven. It is the fervent aſpiration of my ſpirit, that I may ſo perform the taſk which private gratitude, and public duty impoſe on me, that, "as God hath cut this tree of paradiſe down from its ſeat of earth, the dead trunk may yet ſupport a part of the declining temple, or at leaſt ſerve to kindle the fire on the altar."*

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* Jer. Taylor.

ESSAY III.

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

CLAUDIAN.*

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

"THERE is something," says Harrington,† "first in the making of a commonwealth, then in the governing of it, and last of all in the leading of its armies, which, though there be great divines, great lawyers, great men in all ranks of life, seems to be peculiar only to the genius of a gentleman. For so it is in the universal series of story, that if any man has founded a commonwealth, he was

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* De Laud. Stilic. I. 13.—*Ed.*

† Preliminaries to Oceana, P. I.—*Ed.*

firſt a gentleman." Such alſo, he adds, as have got any fame as civil governors, have been gentlemen, or perſons of known deſcents. Sir Alexander Ball was a gentleman by birth; a younger brother of an old and reſpectable family in Glouceſterſhire. He went into the navy at an early age from his choice, and as he himſelf told me, in conſequence of the deep impreſſion and vivid images left on his mind by the peruſal of Robinſon Cruſoe. It is not my intention to detail the ſteps of his promotion, or the ſervices in which he was engaged as a ſubaltern. I recollect many particulars indeed, but not the dates, with ſuch diſtinctneſs as would enable me to ſtate them (as it would be neceſſary to do if I ſtated them at all) in the order of time. Theſe dates might perhaps have been procured from other ſources: but incidents that are neither characteriſtic nor inſtructive, even ſuch as would be expected with reaſon in a regular life, are no part of my plan; while thoſe which are both intereſting and illuſtrative I have been precluded from mentioning, ſome from motives which have been already explained, and others from ſtill higher conſiderations. The moſt important of theſe may be deduced from a reflection with which he himſelf once concluded a long and affecting narration; namely, that no body of men can for any length of time be ſafely treated otherwiſe than as rational beings; and that, therefore, the education of the lower claſſes was of the utmoſt conſequence to the permanent ſecurity of the empire, even for

the ſake of our navy. The dangers, apprehended from the education of the lower claſſes, aroſe (he ſaid) entirely from its not being univerſal, and from the unuſualneſs in the loweſt claſſes of thoſe accompliſhments, which he, like Dr. Bell, regarded as one of the means of education, and not as education itſelf.* If, he obſerved, the lower claſſes in general poſſeſſed but one eye or one arm, the few who were ſo fortunate as to poſſeſs two would naturally become vain and reſtleſs, and conſider themſelves as entitled to a higher ſituation. He illuſtrated this by the faults attributed to learned women, and that the ſame objections were formerly made to educating women at all; namely, that their knowledge made them vain, affected, and neglectful of their proper duties. Now that all women of condition are well-educated, we hear no more of theſe apprehenſions, or obſerve any inſtances to juſtify them. Yet if a lady underſtood the Greek one-tenth part as well as the whole circle of her acquaintances underſtood the French language, it would not ſurpriſe us to find her leſs pleaſing from the conſciouſneſs of her ſuperiority in the poſſeſſion of an unuſual advantage. Sir Alexander Ball quoted the ſpeech of an old admi-

* Which conſiſts in educing, or to adopt Dr. Bell's own expreſſion, eliciting the faculties of the human mind, and at the ſame time ſubordinating them to the reaſon and conſcience; varying the means of this common end according to the ſphere and particular mode, in which the individual is likely to act and become uſeful.

ral, one of whoſe two great wiſhes was to have a ſhip's crew compoſed altogether of ſerious Scotchmen. He ſpoke with great reprobation of the vulgar notion, the worſe man, the better ſailor. Courage, he ſaid, was the natural product of familiarity with danger, which thoughtleſſneſs would oftentimes turn into fool-hardineſs; and that he had always found the moſt uſefully brave ſailors the graveſt and moſt rational of his crew. The beſt ſailor, he had ever had, firſt attracted his notice by the anxiety which he expreſſed concerning the means of remitting ſome money which he had received in the Weſt Indies to his ſiſter in England; and this man, without any tinge of methodiſm, was never heard to ſwear an oath, and was remarkable for the firmneſs with which he devoted a part of every Sunday to the reading of his Bible. I record this with ſatisfaction as a teſtimony of great weight, and in all reſpects unexceptionable; for Sir Alexander Ball's opinions throughout life remained unwarped by zealotry, and were thoſe of a mind ſeeking after truth in calmneſs and complete ſelf-poſſeſſion. He was much pleaſed with an unſuſpicious teſtimony furniſhed by Dampier. "I have particularly obſerved," writes this famous old navigator,* "there and in other places, that ſuch as had been well-bred, were generally moſt careful to improve their time, and would be very induſtrious and frugal where there was any probability of con-

* Vol. II. P. ii. p. 89.—*Ed.*

ſiderable gain; but on the contrary, ſuch as had been bred up in ignorance and hard labour, when they came to have plenty would extravagantly ſquander away their time and money in drinking and making a bluſter." Indeed it is a melancholy proof, how ſtrangely power warps the minds of ordinary men, that there can be a doubt on this ſubject among perſons who have been themſelves educated. It tempts a ſuſpicion, that unknown to themſelves they find a comfort in the thought that their inferiors are ſomething leſs than men; or that they have an uneaſy half-conſciouſneſs that, if this were not the caſe, they would themſelves have no claim to be their ſuperiors. For a ſober education naturally inſpires ſelf-reſpect. But he who reſpects himſelf will reſpect others; and he who reſpects both himſelf and others, muſt of neceſſity be a brave man. The great importance of this ſubject, and the increaſing intereſt which good men of all denominations feel in the bringing about of a national education, muſt be my excuſe for having entered ſo minutely into Sir Alexander Ball's opinions on this head, in which, however, I am the more excuſable, being now on that part of his life which I am obliged to leave almoſt a blank.

During his lieutenancy, and after he had perfected himſelf in the knowledge and duties of a practical ſailor, he was compelled by the ſtate of his health to remain in England for a conſiderable length of time. Of this he induſtriouſly availed

himſelf for the acquirement of ſubſtantial knowledge from books; and during his whole life afterwards, he conſidered thoſe as his happieſt hours, which, without any neglect of official or profeſſional duty, he could devote to reading. He preferred, indeed he almoſt confined himſelf to, hiſtory, political economy, voyages and travels, natural hiſtory, and latterly agricultural works: in ſhort, to ſuch books as contain ſpecific facts, or practical principles capable of ſpecific application. His active life, and the particular objects of immediate utility, ſome one of which he had always in his view, precluded a taſte for works of pure ſpeculation and abſtract ſcience, though he highly honoured thoſe who were eminent in theſe reſpects, and conſidered them as the benefactors of mankind, no leſs than thoſe who afterwards diſcovered the mode of applying their principles, or who realized them in practice. Works of amuſement, as novels, plays, and the like did not appear even to amuſe him; and the only poetical compoſition, of which I have ever heard him ſpeak, was a manuſcript* poem written by one of my friends, which I read to his lady in his preſence. To my ſurpriſe he afterwards ſpoke of this with warm intereſt; but it was evident to me, that it was not ſo much the poetic merit of the compoſition that had inter-

* Though it remains, I believe, unpubliſhed, I cannot reſiſt the temptation of recording that it was Mr. Wordſworth's Peter Bell. 1817.

efted him, as the truth and pfychological infight with which it reprefented the practicability of reforming the moft hardened minds, and the various accidents which may awaken the moft brutalized perfon to a recognition of his nobler being. I will add one remark of his own knowledge acquired from books, which appears to me both juft and valuable. The prejudice againft fuch knowledge, he faid, and the cuftom of oppofing it to that which is learnt by practice, originated in thofe times when books were almoft confined to theology and to logical and metaphyfical fubtleties; but that at prefent there is fcarcely any practical knowledge, which is not to be found in books: the prefs is the means by which intelligent men now converfe with each other, and perfons of all claffes and all purfuits convey, each the contribution of his individual experience. It was therefore, he faid, as abfurd to hold book-knowledge at prefent in contempt, as it would be for a man to avail himfelf only of his own eyes and ears, and to aim at nothing which could not be performed exclufively by his own arms. The ufe and neceffity of perfonal experience confifted in the power of choofing and applying what had been read, and of difcriminating by the light of analogy the practicable from the impracticable, and probability from mere plaufibility. Without a judgment matured and fteadied by actual experience, a man would read to little or perhaps to bad purpofe; but yet that experience, which in exclufion of all other know-

ledge has been derived from one man's life, is in the prefent day fcarcely worthy of the name—at leaft for thofe who are to act in the higher and wider fpheres of duty. An ignorant general, he faid, infpired him with terror; for if he were too proud to take advice he would ruin himfelf by his own blunders; and if he were not, by adopting the worft that was offered. A great genius may indeed form an exception; but we do not lay down rules in expectation of wonders. A fimilar remark I remember to have heard from an officer, who to eminence in profeffional fcience and the gallantry or a tried foldier adds all the accomplifhments of a found fcholar and the powers of a man of genius.

One incident, which happened at this period of Sir Alexander's life, is fo illuftrative of his character, and furnifhes fo ftrong a prefumption that the thoughtful humanity by which he was diftinguifhed was not wholly the growth of his latter years, that, though it may appear to fome trifling in itfelf, I will infert it in this place, with the occafion on which it was communicated to me. In a large party at the Grand Mafter's palace, I had obferved a naval officer of diftinguifhed merit liftening to Sir Alexander Ball, whenever he joined in the converfation, with fo marked a pleafure, that it feemed as if his very voice, independently of what he faid, had been delightful to him: and once as he fixed his eyes on Sir Alexander Ball, I could not but notice the mixed expreffion of awe and af-

fection, which gave a more than common intereſt to ſo manly a countenance. During his ſtay in the iſland, this officer honoured me not unfrequently with his viſits; and at the concluſion of my laſt converſation with him, in which I had dwelt on the wiſdom of the Governor's* conduct in a recent and difficult emergency, he told me that he conſidered himſelf as indebted to the ſame excellent perſon for that which was dearer to him than his life. "Sir Alexander Ball," ſaid he, "has (I dare ſay) forgotten the circumſtance; but when he was Lieutenant Ball, he was the officer whom I accompanied in my firſt boat-expedition, being then a midſhipman and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the veſſel which we were to attack, amid a diſcharge of muſquetry, I was overpowered by fear, my knees trembled under me, and I ſeemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who ſaw the condition I was in, placed himſelf cloſe beſide me, and ſtill

* Such Sir Alexander Ball was in reality, and ſuch was his general appellation in the Mediterranean: I adopt this title therefore, to avoid the ungraceful repetition of his own name on the one hand, and on the other the confuſion which might ariſe from the uſe of his real title, namely, "His Majeſty's civil Commiſſioner for the iſland of Malta and its Dependencies; and Miniſter Plenipotentiary to the Order of St. John." This is not the place to expoſe the timid and unſteady policy which continued the latter title, or the petty jealouſies which interfered to prevent Sir Alexander Ball from having the title of Governor, from one of the very cauſes which rendered him fitteſt for the office. (See *Table Talk*, p. 295, 2nd edit.—*Ed.*)

keeping his countenance direƈted toward the enemy, took hold of my hand, and preſſing it in the moſt friendly manner, ſaid in a low voice, 'Courage, my dear boy! don't be afraid of yourſelf! you will recover in a minute or ſo—I was juſt the ſame, when I firſt went out in this way.' Sir," added the officer to me, " it was as if an angel had put a new ſoul into me. With the feeling, that I was not yet diſhonoured, the whole burthen of agony was removed; and from that moment I was as fearleſs and forward as the oldeſt of the boat's crew, and on our return the lieutenant ſpoke highly of me to our captain. I am ſcarcely leſs convinced of my own being, than that I ſhould have been what I tremble to think of, if, inſtead of his humane encouragement, he had at that moment ſcoffed, threatened, or reviled me. And this was the more kind in him, becauſe, as I afterwards underſtood, his own conduƈt in his firſt trial had evinced to all appearances the greateſt fearleſſneſs, and that he ſaid this therefore only to give me heart, and reſtore me to my own good opinion." This anecdote, I truſt, will have ſome weight with thoſe who may have lent an ear to any of thoſe vague calumnies from which no naval commander can ſecure his good name, who knowing the paramount neceſſity of regularity and ſtriƈt diſcipline in a ſhip of war, adopts an appropriate plan for the attainment of theſe objeƈts, and remains conſtant and immutable in the execution. To an Athenian, who, in praiſing a public funƈtionary had

ſaid that every one either applauded him or left him without cenſure, a philoſopher replied — " How ſeldom then muſt he have done his duty!"

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

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

Thus that the humane plan deſcribed in the pages now referred to, a ſyſtem in purſuance of which the captain of a man of war uniformly regarded his ſentences not as dependent on his own will, or to be affected by the ſtate of his feelings

* Vol. I. ſ. 1. Eſſay 2.—*Ed.*
† Excurſion, B. I.—*Ed.*

at the moment, but as the pre-eſtabliſhed determinations of known laws, and himſelf as the voice of the law in pronouncing the ſentence, and its delegate in enforcing the execution, could not but furniſh occaſional food to the ſpirit of detraction, muſt be evident to every reflecting mind. It is indeed little leſs than impoſſible, that he, who in order to be effectively humane determines to be inflexibly juſt, and who is inexorable to his own feelings when they would interrupt the courſe of juſtice; who looks at each particular act by the light of all its conſequences, and as the repreſentative of ultimate good or evil, ſhould not ſometimes be charged with tyranny by weak minds. And it is too certain that the calumny will be willingly believed and eagerly propagated by all thoſe, who would ſhun the preſence of an eye keen in the detection of impoſture, incapacity, and miſconduct, and of a reſolution as ſteady in their expoſure. We ſoon hate the man whoſe qualities we dread, and thus have a double intereſt, an intereſt of paſſion as well as of policy, in decrying and defaming him. But good men will reſt ſatisfied with the promiſe made to them by the divine Comforter, that by her children ſhall wiſdom be juſtified.

ESSAY IV.

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

T the cloſe of the American war, Captain Ball was entruſted with the protection and convoying of an immenſe mercantile fleet to America, and by his great prudence and unexampled attention to the intereſts of all and each, he endeared his name to the American merchants, and laid the foundation of that high reſpect and predilection which both the Americans and their government ever afterwards entertained for him. My recollection does not enable me to attempt any accuracy in the date or circumſtances, or to add the particulars, of his ſervices in the Weſt Indies and on the coaſt of America. I now therefore merely allude to the fact with a proſpective reference to opinions and

* The Chriſtian Warrior.—*Ed.*

circumſtances, which I ſhall have to mention hereafter. Shortly after the general peace was eſtabliſhed, Captain Ball, who was now a married man, paſſed ſome time with his lady in France, and, if I miſtake not, at Nantes. At the ſame time, and in the ſame town, among the other Engliſh viſitors, Lord (then Captain) Nelſon happened to be one. In conſequence of ſome punctilio, as to whoſe buſineſs it was to pay the compliment of the firſt call, they never met, and this trifling affair occaſioned a coldneſs between the two naval commanders, or in truth a mutual prejudice againſt each other. Some years after, both their ſhips being together cloſe off Minorca and near Port Mahon, a violent ſtorm nearly diſabled Nelſon's veſſel, and in addition to the fury of the wind, it was night-time and the thickeſt darkneſs. Captain Ball, however, brought his veſſel at length to Nelſon's aſſiſtance, took his ſhip in tow, and uſed his beſt endeavours to bring her and his own veſſel into Port Mahon. The difficulties and the dangers increaſed. Nelſon conſidered the caſe of his own ſhip as deſperate, and that unleſs ſhe was immediately left to her own fate, both veſſels would inevitably be loſt. He, therefore, with the generoſity natural to him, repeatedly requeſted Captain Ball to let him looſe; and on Ball's refuſal he became impetuous, and enforced his demand with paſſionate threats. Ball then himſelf took the ſpeaking-trumpet, which the fury of the wind and waves rendered neceſſary, and with great ſolemnity and without the leaſt diſturbance of temper, called out

in reply, "I feel confident that I can bring you in ſafe; I therefore muſt not, and, by the help of Almighty God! I will not leave you!" What he promiſed he performed; and after they were ſafely anchored, Nelſon came on board of Ball's ſhip, and embracing him with all the ardour of acknowledgment, exclaimed—"a friend in need is a friend indeed!" At this time and on this occaſion commenced that firm and perfect friendſhip between theſe two great men, which was interrupted only by the death of the former. The pleaſing taſk of dwelling on this mutual attachment I defer to that part of the preſent ſketch which will relate to Sir Alexander Ball's opinions of men and things. It will be ſufficient for the preſent to ſay, that the two men, whom Lord Nelſon eſpecially honoured, were Sir Thomas Troubridge and Sir Alexander Ball; and once, when they were both preſent, on ome alluſion made to the loſs of his arm, he replied, "Who ſhall dare tell me that I want an arm, when I have three right arms—this (putting forward his own left one) and Ball and Troubridge?"

In the plan of the battle of the Nile it was Lord Nelſon's deſign, that Captains Troubridge and Ball ſhould have led up the attack. The former was ſtranded; and the latter, by accident of the wind, could not bring his ſhip into the line of battle till ſome time after the engagement had become general. With his characteriſtic forecaſt and activity of (what may not improperly be called) practical imagination, he had made arrangements to meet every probable contingency. All the ſhrouds and

ſails of the ſhip, not abſolutely neceſſary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted and ſo rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as ſo many ſolid cylinders of wood; every ſailor had his appropriate place and function, and a certain number were appointed as the firemen, whoſe ſole duty it was to be on the watch if any part of the veſſel ſhould take fire: and to theſe men excluſively the charge of extinguiſhing it was committed. It was already dark when he brought his ſhip into action, and laid her along-ſide the French *L'Orient*. One particular only I ſhall add to the known account of the memorable engagement between theſe ſhips, and this I received from Sir Alexander Ball himſelf. He had previouſly made a combuſtible preparation, but which, from the nature of the engagement to be expected, he had purpoſed to reſerve for the laſt emergency. But juſt at the time when, from ſeveral ſymptoms, he had every reaſon to believe that the enemy would ſoon ſtrike to him, one of the lieutenants, without his knowledge, threw in the combuſtible matter; and this it was that occaſioned the tremendous exploſion of that veſſel, which, with the deep ſilence and interruption of the engagement which ſucceeded to it, has been juſtly deemed the ſublimeſt war incident recorded in hiſtory. Yet the incident which followed, and which has not, I believe, been publicly made known, is ſcarcely leſs impreſſive, though its ſublimity is of a different character. At the renewal of the battle, Captain Ball, though his ſhip was then on fire in three different parts, laid

her along-ſide a French eighty-four; and a ſecond longer obſtinate conteſt began. The firing on the part of the French ſhip having at length for ſome time ſlackened, and then altogether ceaſed, and yet no ſign given of ſurrender, the firſt lieutenant came to Captain Ball and informed him that the hearts of his men were as good as ever, but that they were ſo completely exhauſted, that they were ſcarcely capable of lifting an arm. He aſked, therefore, whether, as the enemy had now ceaſed firing, the men might be permitted to lie down by their guns for a ſhort time. After ſome reflection, Sir Alexander acceded to the propoſal, taking of courſe the proper precautions to rouſe them again at the moment he thought requiſite. Accordingly, with the exception of himſelf, his officers, and the appointed watch, the ſhip's crew lay down, each in the place to which he was ſtationed, and ſlept for twenty minutes. They were then rouſed; and ſtarted up, as Sir Alexander expreſſed it, more like men out of an ambuſh than from ſleep, ſo co-inſtantaneouſly did they all obey the ſummons! They recommenced their fire, and in a few minutes the enemy ſurrendered; and it was ſoon after diſcovered that during that interval, and almoſt immediately after the French ſhip had firſt ceaſed firing, the crew had ſunk down by their guns, and there ſlept, almoſt by the ſide, as it were, of their ſleeping enemy.

ESSAY V.

Whofe powers fhed round him in the common ftrife
Or mild concerns of ordinary life
A conftant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment, to which heaven has join'd
Great iffues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, is attired
With fudden brightnefs like a man infpired;
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmnefs made, and fees what he forefaw.

WORDSWORTH.*

AN acceffibility to the fentiments of others on fubjects of importance often accompanies feeble minds, yet it is not the lefs a true and conftituent part of practical greatnefs, when it exifts wholly free from that paffivenefs to impreffion which renders counfel itfelf injurious to certain characters, and from that weaknefs of heart which, in the literal fenfe of the word, is always craving advice. Exempt from all fuch imperfections, fay rather in perfect harmony with the excellencies that preclude them, this opennefs to the influxes of good fenfe and information, from whatever quarter they

* The Chriftian Warrior.—*Ed.*

might come, equally characterized Lord Nelson and Sir Alexander Ball, though each displayed it in the way best suited to his natural temper. The former with easy hand collected, as it passed by him, whatever could add to his own stores, appropriated what he could assimilate, and levied subsidies of knowledge from all the accidents of social life and familiar intercourse. Even at the jovial board, and in the height of unrestrained merriment, a casual suggestion, that flashed a new light on his mind, changed the boon companion into the hero and the man of genius; and with the most graceful transition he would make his company as serious as himself. When the taper of his genius seemed extinguished, it was still surrounded by an inflammable atmosphere of its own, and rekindled at the first approach of light, and not seldom at a distance which made it seem to flame up self-revived. In Sir Alexander Ball, the same excellence was more an affair of system: and he would listen even to weak men, with a patience, which, in so careful an economist of time, always demanded my admiration, and not seldom excited my wonder. It was one of his maxims, that a man may suggest what he cannot give: adding, that a wild or silly plan had more than once, from the vivid sense and distinct perception of its folly, occasioned him to see what ought to be done in a new light, or with a clearer insight. There is, indeed, a hopeless sterility, a mere negation of sense and thought, which, suggesting neither difference nor contrast,

cannot even furniſh hints for recollection. But on the other hand, there are minds ſo whimſically conſtituted, that they may ſometimes be profitably interpreted by contraries, a proceſs of which the great Tycho Brahe is ſaid to have availed himſelf in the caſe of the little lackwit, who uſed to ſit and mutter at his feet while he was ſtudying. A mind of this ſort we may compare to a magnetic needle, the poles of which had been ſuddenly reverſed by a flaſh of lightning, or other more obſcure accident of nature. It may be ſafely concluded, that to thoſe whoſe judgment or information he reſpected, Sir Alexander Ball did not content himſelf with giving acceſs and attention. No! he ſeldom failed of conſulting them whenever the ſubject permitted any diſcloſure; and where ſecrecy was neceſſary, he well knew how to acquire their opinion without exciting even a conjecture concerning his immediate object.

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

but they never directed his judgment, much less superseded it. He even made a point of guarding against additional confidence in the suggestions of his own mind, from finding that a person of talents had formed the same conviction, unless the person, at the same time, furnished some new argument, or had arrived at the same conclusion by a different road. *On the latter circumstance he set an especial* value and, I may almost say, courted the company and conversation of those, whose pursuits had least resembled his own, if he thought them men of clear and comprehensive faculties. During the period of our intimacy, scarcely a week passed, in which he did not desire me to think on some particular subject, and to give him the result in writing. *Most frequently by the time I had fulfilled his request, he would have written down his own* thoughts, and then, with the true simplicity of a great mind, as free from ostentation as it was above jealousy, he would collate the two papers in my presence, and never expressed more pleasure than in the few instances, in which I had happened to light on all the arguments and points of view which had occurred to *himself, with some additional reasons* which had escaped him. A single new argument delighted him more than the most perfect coincidence, unless, as before stated, the train of thought had been very different from his own, and yet just and logical. He had one quality of mind, which I have heard attributed to the late Mr. Fox, that of deriving a keen pleasure from clear and

powerful reaſoning for its own ſake, a quality in the intellect which is nearly connected with veracity and a love of juſtice in the moral character.*

Valuing in others merits which he himſelf poſſeſſed, Sir Alexander Ball felt no jealous apprehenſion of great talent. Unlike thoſe vulgar functionaries, whoſe place is too big for them, a truth which they attempt to diſguiſe from themſelves, and yet feel, he was under no neceſſity of arming himſelf againſt the natural ſuperiority of genius by factitious contempt and an induſtrious aſſociation of extravagance and impracticability with every deviation from the ordinary routine; as the geographers in the middle ages uſed to deſignate, on their meagre maps, the greater part of the world, as deſerts or wilderneſſes inhabited by griffins and

* It may not be amiſs to add, that the pleaſure from the perception of truth was ſo well poiſed and regulated by the equal or greater delight in utility, that his love of real accuracy was accompanied with a proportionate diſlike of that hollow appearance of it, which may be produced by turns of phraſe, words placed in balanced antitheſis, and thoſe epigrammatic points that paſs for ſubtle and luminous diſtinctions with ordinary readers, but are moſt commonly tranſlatable into mere truiſms or trivialities, if indeed they contain any meaning at all. Having obſerved in ſome caſual converſation, that though there were doubtleſs maſſes of matter unorganized, I ſaw no ground for aſſerting a maſs of unorganized matter; Sir A. B. pauſed, and then ſaid to me, with that frankneſs of manner which made his very rebukes gratifying, "The diſtinction is juſt, and, now I underſtand you, abundantly obvious; but hardly worth the trouble of your inventing a puzzle of words to make it appear otherwiſe." I truſt the rebuke was not loſt on me.

chimæras. Competent to weigh each ſyſtem or project by its own arguments, he did not need theſe preventive charms and cautionary amulets againſt deluſion. He endeavoured to make talent inſtrumental to his purpoſes in whatever ſhape it appeared, and with whatever imperfections it might be accompanied; but wherever talent was blended with moral worth, he ſought it out, loved and cheriſhed it. If it had pleaſed Providence to preſerve his life, and to place him on the ſame courſe on which Nelſon ran his race of glory, there are two points in which Sir Alexander Ball would moſt cloſely have reſembled his illuſtrious friend. The firſt is, that in his enterpriſes and engagements he would have thought nothing done, till all had been done that was poſſible:

Nil actum reputans, ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.

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

Never was greater diſcernment ſhown in the ſelection of a fit agent, than when Sir Alexander Ball was ſtationed off the coaſt of Malta to intercept the ſupplies deſtined for the French garriſon, and to watch the movements of the French commanders, and thoſe of the inhabitants who had been ſo baſely betrayed into their power. Encouraged by the well-timed promiſes òf the Engliſh

captain, the Maltese rose through all their casals (or country towns) and themselves commenced the work of their emancipation, by storming the citadel at Città Vecchia, the ancient metropolis of Malta, and the central height of the island. Without discipline, without a military leader, and almost without arms, these brave peasants succeeded, and destroyed the French garrison by throwing them over the battlements into the trench of the citadel. In the course of this blockade, and of the tedious siege of Valetta, Sir Alexander Ball displayed all that strength of character, that variety and versatility of talent, and that sagacity, derived in part from habitual circumspection, but which, when the occasion demanded it, appeared intuitive and like an instinct; at the union of which, in the same man, one of our oldest naval commanders once told me, "he could never exhaust his wonder." The citizens of Valetta were fond of relating their astonishment, and that of the French, at Captain Ball's ship wintering at anchor out of the reach of the guns, in a depth of fathom unexampled, on the assured impracticability of which the garrison had rested their main hope of regular supplies. Nor can I forget, or remember, without some portion of my original feeling, the solemn enthusiasm with which a venerable old man, belonging to one of the distant casals, showed me the sea coomb, where their father Ball, (for so they commonly called him) first landed; and afterwards pointed out the very place, on which he first stepped on

their iſland, while the countenances of his town'ſ-men, who accompanied him, gave lively proofs that the old man's enthuſiaſm was the repreſentative of the common feeling.

There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe, that Sir Alexander Ball was at any time chargeable with that weakneſs ſo frequent in Engliſhmen, and ſo injurious to our intereſts abroad, of deſpiſing the inhabitants of other countries, of loſing all their good qualities in their vices, of making no allowance for thoſe vices, from their religious or political impediments, and ſtill more of miſtaking for vices a mere difference of manners and cuſtoms. But if ever he had any of this erroneous feeling, he completely freed himſelf from it by living among the Malteſe during their arduous trials, as long as the French continued maſters of the capital. He witneſſed their virtues, and learned to underſtand in what various ſhapes and even diſguiſes the valuable parts of human nature may exiſt. In many individuals, whoſe littleneſs and meanneſs in the common intercourſe of life would have ſtamped them at once as contemptible and worthleſs with ordinary Engliſhmen, he had found ſuch virtues of diſintereſted patriotiſm, fortitude, and ſelf-denial, as would have done honour to an ancient Roman.

There exiſts in England a gentlemanly character, a gentlemanly feeling, very different even from that, which is the moſt like it, the character of a well-born Spaniard, and unexampled in the reſt of Europe. This feeling probably originated in the

fortunate circumſtance, that the titles of our Engliſh nobility follow the law of their property, and are inherited by the eldeſt ſons only. From this ſource, under the influences of our conſtitution and of our aſtoniſhing trade, it has diffuſed itſelf in different modifications through the whole country. The uniformity of our dreſs among all claſſes above that of the day labourer, while it has authorized all claſſes to aſſume the appearance of gentlemen, has at the ſame time inſpired the wiſh to conform their manners, and ſtill more their ordinary actions in ſocial intercourſe, to their notions of the gentlemanly, the moſt commonly received attribute of which character is a certain generoſity in trifles. On the other hand, the encroachments of the lower claſſes on the higher, occaſioned and favoured by this reſemblance in exteriors, by this abſence of any cognizable marks of diſtinction, have rendered each claſs more reſerved and jealous in their general communion, and far more than our climate, or natural temper, have cauſed that haughtineſs and reſerve in our outward demeanor, which is ſo generally complained of among foreigners. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of this gentlemanly feeling: I reſpect it under all its forms and varieties, from the Houſe of Commons to the gentlemen in the one ſhilling gallery. It is always the ornament of virtue, and oftentimes a ſupport; but it is a wretched ſubſtitute for it. Its worth, as a moral good, is by no means in proportion to its value, as a ſocial advantage. Theſe obſervations

are not irrelevant: for to the want of reflection, that this diffusion of gentlemanly feeling among us is not the growth of our moral excellence, but the effect of various accidental advantages peculiar to England; to our not considering that it is unreasonable and uncharitable to expect the same consequences, where the same causes have not existed to produce them; and, lastly, to our proneness to regard the absence of this character (which, as I have before said, does, for the greater part, and, in the common apprehension, consist in a certain frankness and generosity in the detail of action) as decisive against the sum total of personal or national worth; we must, I am convinced, attribute a large portion of that conduct, which in many instances has left the inhabitants of countries conquered or appropriated by Great Britain, doubtful whether the various solid advantages which they derived from our protection and just government were not bought dearly by the wounds inflicted on their feelings and prejudices, by the contemptuous and insolent demeanor of the English as individuals. The reader who bears this remark in mind, will meet, in the course of this narrative, more than one passage that will serve as its comment and illustration.

It was, I know, a general opinion among the English in the Mediterranean, that Sir Alexander Ball thought too well of the Maltese, and did not share in the enthusiasm of Britons concerning their own superiority. To the former part of the

charge, I ſhall only reply at preſent, that a more venial and almoſt deſirable fault could ſcarcely be attributed to a governor, than that of a ſtrong attachment to the people whom he was ſent to govern. The latter part of the charge is falſe, if we are to underſtand by it, that he did not think his countrymen ſuperior on the whole to the other nations of Europe; but it is true, as far as relates to his belief, that the Engliſh thought themſelves ſtill better than they are; that they dwelt on, and exaggerated their national virtues, and weighed them by the oppoſite vices of foreigners, inſtead of the virtues which thoſe foreigners poſſeſſed, and they themſelves wanted. Above all, as ſtateſmen, we muſt conſider qualities by their practical uſes. Thus he entertained no doubt, that the Engliſh were ſuperior to all others in the kind and the degree of their courage, which is marked by far greater enthuſiaſm than the courage of the Germans and northern nations, and by a far greater ſteadineſs and ſelf-ſubſiſtency than that of the French. It is more cloſely connected with the character of the individual. The courage of an Engliſh army (he uſed to ſay) is the ſum total of the courage which the individual ſoldiers bring with them to it, rather than of that which they derive from it. This remark of Sir Alexander's was forcibly recalled to my mind when I was at Naples. A Ruſſian and an Engliſh regiment were drawn up together in the ſame ſquare:—"See," ſaid a Neapolitan to me, who had miſtaken me for one

of his countrymen, "there is but one face in that whole regiment, while in that" (pointing to the English) "every soldier has a face of his own." On the other hand, there are qualities scarcely less requisite to the completion of the military character, in which Sir A. did not hesitate to think the English inferior to the continental nations; as for instance, both in the power and the disposition to endure privations; in the friendly temper necessary, when troops of different nations are to act in concert; in their obedience to the regulations of their commanding officers, respecting the treatment of the inhabitants of the countries through which they are marching, as well as in many other points, not immediately connected with their conduct in the field; and, above all, in sobriety and temperance. During the siege of Valetta, especially during the sore distress to which the besiegers were for some time exposed from the failure of provision, Sir Alexander Ball had an ample opportunity of observing and weighing the separate merits and demerits of the native and of the English troops; and surely since the publication of Sir John Moore's campaign, there can be no just offence taken, though I should say, that before the walls of Valetta, as well as in the plains of Galicia, an indignant commander might, with too great propriety, have addressed the English soldiery in the words of an old dramatist—

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

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

From the firſt inſurrectionary movement to the final departure of the French from the iſland, though the civil and military powers and the whole of the iſland, ſave Valetta, were in the hands of the peaſantry, not a ſingle act of exceſs can be charged againſt the Malteſe, if we except the razing of one houſe at Città Vecchia belonging to a notorious and abandoned traitor, the creature and hireling of the French. In no inſtance did they injure, inſult, or plunder, any one of the native nobility, or employ even the appearance of force toward them, except in the collection of the lead and iron from their houſes and gardens, in order to ſupply themſelves with bullets: and this very appearance was aſſumed from the generous wiſh to ſhelter the nobles from the reſentment of the French, ſhould the patriotic efforts of the peaſantry prove unſucceſsful. At the dire command of famine the Malteſe troops did indeed once force their way to the ovens, in which the bread for the Britiſh ſoldiery was baked, and were clamorous that an equal diviſion ſhould be made. I mention this unpleaſant circumſtance, becauſe it brought into proof the firmneſs of Sir Alexander Ball's character, his preſence of mind, and generous diſregard of danger and perſonal reſponſibility, where the

* Cartwright, Love's Convert, act i. ſc. 1.

ſlavery or emancipation, the miſery or the happineſs, of an innocent and patriotic people were involved; and becauſe his conduct in this exigency evinced that his general habits of circumſpection and deliberation were the reſults of wiſdom and complete ſelf-poſſeſſion, and not the eaſy virtues of a ſpirit conſtitutionally timorous and heſitating. He was ſitting at table with the principal Britiſh officers, when a certain general addreſſed him in ſtrong and violent terms concerning this outrage of the Malteſe, reminding him of the neceſſity of exerting his commanding influence in the preſent caſe, or the conſequences muſt be taken. "What," replied Sir Alexander Ball, "would you have us do? Would you have us threaten death to men dying with famine? Can you ſuppoſe that the hazard of being ſhot will weigh with whole regiments acting under a common neceſſity? Does not the extremity of hunger take away all difference between men and animals? and is it not as abſurd to appeal to the prudence of a body of men ſtarving, as to a herd of famiſhed wolves? No, general, I will not degrade myſelf or outrage humanity by menacing famine with maſſacre! More effectual means muſt be taken." With theſe words he roſe and left the room, and having firſt conſulted with Sir Thomas Troubridge, he determined at his own riſk on a ſtep, which the extreme neceſſity warranted, and which the conduct of the Neapolitan court amply juſtified. For this court, though terror-ſtriken by the French, was ſtill actuated by

hatred to the Engliſh and a jealouſy of their power in the Mediterranean; and this in ſo ſtrange and ſenſeleſs a manner, that we muſt join the extremes of imbecility and treachery in the ſame cabinet, in order to find it comprehenſible.* Though the very exiſtence of Naples and Sicily, as a nation, depended wholly and excluſively on Britiſh ſupport; though the royal family owed their perſonal ſafety to the Britiſh fleet; though not only their dominions and their rank, but the liberty and even the lives of Ferdinand and his family, were interwoven with our ſucceſs; yet with an infatuation ſcarcely credible, the moſt affecting repreſentations of the diſtreſs of the beſiegers, and of the utter inſecurity of Sicily if the French remained poſſeſſors of Malta, were treated with neglect; and urgent remonſtrances for the permiſſion of importing corn

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* It cannot be doubted, that the ſovereign himſelf was kept in a ſtate of deluſion. Both his underſtanding and his moral principles are far better than could reaſonably be expected from the infamous mode of his education: if indeed the ſyſtematic precluſion of all knowledge, and the unreſtrained indulgence of his paſſions, adopted by the Spaniſh court for the purpoſes of preſerving him dependent, can be called by the name of education. Of the other influencing perſons in the Neapolitan government, Mr. Leckie has given us a true and lively account. It will be greatly to the advantage of the preſent narrative, if the reader ſhould have previouſly peruſed Mr. Leckie's pamphlet on the ſtate of Sicily: the facts which I ſhall have occaſion to mention hereafter will reciprocally confirm and be confirmed by the documents furniſhed in that moſt intereſting work; in which I ſee but one blemiſh of importance, namely, that the author appears too frequently to conſider juſtice and true policy as capable of being contradiſtinguiſhed.

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

The whole of this tedious ſiege, from its commencement to the ſigning of the capitulation, called forth into conſtant activity the rareſt and moſt difficult virtues of a commanding mind; virtues of no ſhow or ſplendour in the vulgar apprehenſion, yet more infallible characteriſtics of true greatneſs than the moſt unequivocal diſplays of enterpriſe and active daring. Scarcely a day paſſed, in which Sir Alexander Ball's patience, forbearance, and inflexible conſtancy, were not put to the ſevereſt trial. He had not only to remove the miſunderſtandings that aroſe between the Malteſe and their allies, to ſettle the differences among the Malteſe themſelves, and to organize their efforts:

he was likewiſe engaged in the more difficult and unthankful taſk of counteracting the wearineſs, diſcontent, and deſpondency, of his own countrymen; —a taſk, however, which he accompliſhed by management and addreſs, and an alternation of real firmneſs with apparent yielding. During many months he remained the only Engliſhman who did not think the ſiege hopeleſs, and the object worthleſs. He often ſpoke of the time in which he reſided at the country ſeat of the grand maſter at St. Antonio, four miles from Valetta, as perhaps the moſt trying period of his life. For ſome weeks Captain Vivian was his ſole Engliſh companion, of whom, as his partner in anxiety, he always expreſſed himſelf with affectionate eſteem. Sir Alexander Ball's preſence was abſolutely neceſſary to the Malteſe, who, accuſtomed to be governed by him, became incapable of acting in concert without his immediate influence. In the out-burſt of popular emotion, the impulſe, which produces an inſurrection, is for a brief while its ſufficient pilot; the attraction conſtitutes the coheſion, and the common provocation, ſupplying an immediate object, not only unites, but directs, the multitude. But this firſt impulſe had paſſed away, and Sir Alexander Ball was the one individual who poſſeſſed the general confidence. On him they relied with implicit faith: and even after they had long enjoyed the bleſſings of Britiſh government and protection, it was ſtill remarkable with what childlike helpleſſneſs they were in the habit of applying

to him, even in their private concerns. It ſeemed as if they thought him made on purpoſe to think for them all. Yet his ſituation at St. Antonio was one of great peril: and he attributed his preſervation to the dejection, which had now begun to prey on the ſpirits of the French garriſon, and which rendered them unenterpriſing and almoſt paſſive, aided by the dread which the nature of the country inſpired. For ſubdivided as it was into ſmall fields, ſcarcely larger than a cottage-garden, and each of theſe little ſquares of land incloſed with ſubſtantial ſtone walls; theſe too from the neceſſity of having the fields perfectly level, riſing in tiers above each other; the whole of the inhabited part of the iſland was an effective fortification for all the purpoſes of annoyance and offenſive warfare. Sir Alexander Ball exerted himſelf ſucceſsfully in procuring information reſpecting the ſtate and temper of the garriſon, and by the aſſiſtance of the clergy and the almoſt univerſal fidelity of the Malteſe, contrived that the ſpies in the pay of the French ſhould be in truth his own moſt confidential agents. He had already given ſplendid proofs that he could outfight them; but here, and in his after diplomatic intercourſe previouſly to the recommencement of the war, he likewiſe out-witted them. He once told me with a ſmile, as we were converſing on the practice of laying wagers, that he was ſometimes inclined to think that the final perſeverance in the ſiege was not a little due to ſeveral valuable bets of his own, he

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

Anxious not to give offence, but more anxious to communicate the truth, it is not without pain that I find myſelf under the moral obligation of remonſtrating againſt the ſilence concerning Sir Alexander Ball's ſervices or the transfer of them to others. More than once has the latter rouſed my indignation in the reported ſpeeches of the Houſe of Commons; and as to the former, I need only ſtate that in Rees's Encyclopædia there is an hiſtorical article of conſiderable length under the word Malta, in which Sir Alexander's name does not once occur! During a reſidence of eighteen months in that iſland, I poſſeſſed and availed myſelf

of the beſt poſſible means of information, not only from eye-witneſſes, but likewiſe from the principal agents themſelves. And I now thus publicly and unequivocally aſſert, that to Sir A. Ball pre-eminently—and if I had ſaid, to Sir A. Ball alone, the ordinary uſe of the word under ſuch circumſtances would bear me out—the capture and the preſervation of Malta were owing, with every bleſſing that a powerful mind and a wiſe heart could confer on its docile and grateful inhabitants. With a ſimilar pain I proceed to avow my ſentiments on this capitulation, by which Malta was delivered up to his Britannic Majeſty and his allies, without the leaſt mention made of the Malteſe. With a warmth honourable both to his head and his heart, Sir Alexander Ball pleaded, as not leſs a point of ſound policy than of plain juſtice, that the Malteſe, by ſome repreſentative, ſhould be made a party in the capitulation, and a joint ſubſcriber in the ſignature. They had never been the ſlaves or the property of the Knights of St. John; but freemen and the true landed proprietors of the country, the civil and military government of which, under certain reſtrictions, had been veſted in that order; yet checked by the rights and influences of the clergy and the native nobility, and by the cuſtoms and ancient laws of the iſland. This truſt the Knights had, with the blackeſt treaſon and the moſt profligate perjury, betrayed and abandoned. The right of government of courſe reverted to the landed proprietors and the clergy. Animated by

a juſt ſenſe of this right, the Malteſe had riſen of their own accord, had contended for it in defiance of death and danger, had fought bravely, and endured patiently. Without undervaluing the military aſſiſtance afterwards furniſhed by Great Britain (though how ſcanty this was before the arrival of General Pigot is well known), it remained undeniable, that the Malteſe had taken the greateſt ſhare both in the fatigues and in the privations conſequent on the ſiege; and that had not the greateſt virtues and the moſt exemplary fidelity been uniformly diſplayed by them, the Engliſh troops (they not being more numerous than they had been for the greater part of the two years) could not poſſibly have remained before the fortifications of Valetta, defended as that city was by a French garriſon which greatly outnumbered the Britiſh beſiegers. Still leſs could there have been the leaſt hope of ultimate ſucceſs; as if any part of the Malteſe peaſantry had been friendly to the French, or even indifferent, if they had not all indeed been moſt zealous and perſevering in their hoſtility towards them, it would have been impractible ſo to blockade that iſland as to have precluded the arrival of ſupplies. If the ſiege had proved unſucceſsful, the Malteſe were well aware that they ſhould be expoſed to all the horrors which revenge and wounded pride could dictate to an unprincipled, rapacious, and ſanguinary ſoldiery; and now that ſucceſs had crowned their efforts, was this to be their reward, that their own allies were

to bargain for them with the French as for a herd of ſlaves, whom the French had before purchaſed from a former proprietor? If it be urged, reaſoned Sir A. B., that there is no eſtabliſhed government in Malta, is it not equally true that through the whole population of the iſland there is not a ſingle diſſentient;—and thus that the chief inconvenience, which an eſtabliſhed authority is to obviate, is virtually removed by the admitted fact of their unanimity? And have they not a biſhop and a dignified clergy, their judges and municipal magiſtrates, who were at all times ſharers in the power of the government, and now, ſupported by the unanimous ſuffrage of the inhabitants, have a rightful claim to be conſidered as its repreſentatives? Will it not be oftener ſaid than anſwered, that the main difference between French and Engliſh injuſtice reſts in this point alone, that the French ſeized on the Malteſe without any previous pretences of friendſhip, while the Engliſh procured poſſeſſion of the iſland by means of their friendly promiſes, and by the co-operation of the natives afforded in confident reliance on theſe promiſes? The impolicy of refuſing the ſignature on the part of the Malteſe was equally evident; ſince ſuch refuſal could anſwer no one purpoſe but that of alienating their affections by a wanton inſult to their feelings. For the Malteſe were not only ready but deſirous and eager to place themſelves at the ſame time under Britiſh protection, to take the oaths of loyalty as ſubjects of the Britiſh

crown, and to acknowledge their iſland to belong to it. Theſe repreſentations, however, were overruled: and I dare affirm, from my own experience in the Mediterranean, that our conduct in this inſtance aggravated the impreſſion which had been made at Corſica, Minorca, and elſewhere, and was often referred to by men of reflection in Sicily, who have more than once ſaid to me, "a connection with Great Britain, with the conſequent extenſion and ſecurity of our commerce, are indeed great bleſſings: but who can rely on their permanence; or that we ſhall not be made to pay bitterly for our zeal as partizans of England, whenever it ſhall ſuit its plans to deliver us back to our old oppreſſors?"

ESSAY VI.

The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path; and ftraight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and fhattering what it reaches.
My fon! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which bleffing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's courfe, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
———————————— There exifts
A higher than the warrior's excellence.

WALLENSTEIN.*

APTAIN BALL'S fervices in Malta were honoured with his fovereign's approbation, tranfmitted in a letter from the fecretary Dundas, and with a baronetcy. A thoufand pounds † were at the fame time directed to be paid him from the Maltefe

* Part I. act 1. fc. 4.—*Ed.*

† I fcarce know whether it be worth mentioning, that this fum remained undemanded till the fpring of the year 1805: at which time, during an examination of the treafury accounts, I obferved the circumftance and noticed it to the governor, who had fuffered it to efcape altogether from his memory, for the latter years at leaft. The value attached to the prefent by the receiver, muft have depended on his conftruction of its purpofe and meaning; for, in a pe-

treafury. The beft and moft appropriate addition to the applaufe of his king and his country, Sir Alexander Ball found in the feelings and faithful affection of the Maltefe. The enthufiafm manifefted in reverential geftures and fhouts of triumph whenever their friend and deliverer appeared in public, was the utterance of a deep feeling, and in nowife the mere ebullition of animal fenfibility; which is not indeed a part of the Maltefe character. The truth of this obfervation will not be doubted by any perfon, who has witneffed the religious proceffions in honour of the favorite faints, both at Valetta and at Meffina or Palermo, and who muft have been ftruck with the contraft between the apparent apathy, or at leaft the perfect fobriety, of the Maltefe, and the fanatical agitations of the Sicilian populace. Among the latter each man's foul feems hardly containable in his body, like a prifoner, whofe jail is on fire, flying madly from one barred outlet to another; while the for-

cuniary point of view, the fum was not a moiety of what Sir Alexander had expended from his private fortune during the blockade. His immediate appointment to the government of the ifland, fo earneftly prayed for by the Maltefe, would doubtlefs have furnifhed a lefs queftionable proof that his fervices were as highly eftimated by the miniftry as they were gracioufly accepted by his fovereign. But this was withholden as long as it remained poffible to doubt, whether great talents, joined to local experience, and the confidence and affection of the inhabitants, might not be difpenfed with in the perfon entrufted with that government. *Crimen ingrati animi quod magnis ingeniis haud raro objicitur fæpius nil aliud eft quam perfpicacia quædam in caufam beneficii collati.*

mer might ſuggeſt the ſuſpicion, that their bodies were on the point of ſinking into the ſame ſlumber with their underſtandings. But their political deliverance was a thing that came home to their hearts, and intertwined itſelf with their moſt impaſſioned recollections, perſonal and patriotic. To Sir Alexander Ball excluſively the Malteſe themſelves attributed their emancipation: on him too they reſted their hopes of the future. Whenever he appeared in Valetta, the paſſengers on each ſide, through the whole length of the ſtreet ſtopped, and remained uncovered till he had paſſed: the very clamours of the market-place were huſhed at his entrance, and then exchanged for ſhouts of joy and welcome. Even after the lapſe of years he never appeared in any one of their caſals,* which did not lie in the direct road between Valetta and St. Antonio, his ſummer reſidence, but the women and children, with ſuch of the men who were not at labour in their fields, fell into ranks, and followed, or preceded him, ſinging the Malteſe ſong which had been made in his honour, and which was ſcarcely leſs familiar to the inhabitants of

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

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

Theſe feelings were afterwards amply juſtified by his adminiſtration of the government; and the very exceſſes of their gratitude on their firſt deliverance proved, in the end, only to be acknowledgments antedated. For ſome time after the departure of the French, the diſtreſs was ſo general and ſo ſevere, that a large portion of the lower claſſes became mendicants, and one of the greateſt thoroughfares of Valetta ſtill retains the name of the "*Nix Mangiare Stairs*," from the crowd who uſed there to aſſail the ears of the paſſengers with the cries of "*nix mangiare*," or "nothing to eat," the former word *nix* being the low German pronunciation of *nichts*, nothing. By what means it was introduced into Malta, I know not; but it became the common vehicle both of ſolicitation and refuſal, the Malteſe thinking it an Engliſh word, and the Engliſh ſuppoſing it to be Malteſe. I often felt it as a pleaſing remembrancer of the evil day gone by, when a tribe of little children, quite naked, as is the cuſtom of that climate,

and each with a pair of gold ear-rings in its ears, and all fat and beautifully proportioned, would ſuddenly leave their play, and, looking round to ſee that their parents were not in ſight, change their ſhouts of merriment for "*nix mangiare!*" awkwardly imitating the plaintive tones of mendicancy; while the white teeth in their little ſwarthy faces gave a ſplendour to the happy and confeſſing laugh, with which they received the good-humoured rebuke or refuſal, and ran back to their former ſport.

In the interim between the capitulation of the French garriſon and Sir Alexander Ball's appointment as his Majeſty's civil commiſſioner for Malta, his zeal for the Malteſe was neither ſuſpended, nor unproductive of important benefits. He was enabled to remove many prejudices and miſunderſtandings; and to perſons of no inconſiderable influence gave juſter notions of the true importance of the iſland to Great Britain. He diſplayed the magnitude of the trade of the Mediterranean in its exiſting ſtate; ſhowed the immenſe extent to which it might be carried, and the hollowneſs of the opinion, that this trade was attached to the ſouth of France by any natural or indiſſoluble bond of connection. I have ſome reaſon likewiſe for believing, that his wiſe and patriotic repreſentations prevented Malta from being made the ſeat of, and pretext for, a numerous civil eſtabliſhment, in hapleſs imitation of Corſica, Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope. It was at leaſt generally rumoured, that it

had been in the contemplation of the miniſtry to appoint Sir Ralph Abercrombie as governor, with a ſalary of 10,000*l.* a year, and to reſide in England, while one of his countrymen was to be the lieutenant-governor, at 5,000*l.* a year; to which were to be added a long *et cetera* of other offices and places of proportional emolument. This threatened appendix to the ſtate calendar may have exiſted only in the imaginations of the reporters, yet inſpired ſome uneaſy apprehenſions in the minds of many well-wiſhers to the Malteſe, who knew that —for a foreign ſettlement at leaſt, and one too poſſeſſing in all the ranks and functions of ſociety an ample population of its own—ſuch a ſtately and wide-branching tree of patronage, though delightful to the individuals who are to pluck its golden apples, ſheds, like the manchineel, unwholeſome and corroſive dews on the multitude who are to reſt beneath its ſhade. It need not, however, be doubted, that Sir Alexander Ball would exert himſelf to preclude any ſuch intention, by ſtating and evincing the extreme impolicy and injuſtice of the plan, as well as its utter inutility, in the caſe of Malta. With the exception of the governor and of the public ſecretary, both of whom undoubtedly ſhould be natives of Great Britain, and appointed by the Britiſh government, there was no civil office that could be of the remoteſt advantage to the iſland which was not already filled by the natives, and the functions of which none could perform ſo well as they. The number of inhabitants (he would

ſtate) was prodigious compared with the extent of the iſland, though from the fear of the Moors one-fourth of its ſurface remained unpeopled and uncultivated. To deprive, therefore, the middle and lower claſſes of ſuch places as they had been accuſtomed to hold, would be cruel; while the places holden by the nobility were, for the greater part, ſuch as none but natives could perform the duties of. By any innovation we ſhould affront the higher claſſes and alienate the affections of all, not only without any imaginable advantage but with the certainty of great loſs. Were Engliſhmen to be employed, the ſalaries muſt be increaſed four-fold, and would yet be ſcarcely worth acceptance; and in higher offices, ſuch as thoſe of the civil and criminal judges, the ſalaries muſt be augmented more than ten-fold. For, greatly to the credit of their patriotiſm and moral character, the Malteſe gentry ſought theſe places as honourable diſtinctions, which endeared them to their fellow-countrymen, and at the ſame time rendered the yoke of the order ſomewhat leſs grievous and galling. With the exception of the Malteſe ſecretary, whoſe ſituation was one of inceſſant labour, and who at the ſame time performed the duties of law counſellor to the government, the higheſt ſalaries ſcarcely exceeded 100*l.* a year, and were barely ſufficient to defray the increaſed expenſes of the functionaries for an additional equipage, or one of more impoſing appearance. Beſides, it was of importance that the perſon placed at the head of that government

ſhould be looked up to by the natives, and poſſeſs the means of diſtinguiſhing and rewarding thoſe who had been moſt faithful and zealous in their attachment to Great Britain, and hoſtile to their former tyrants. The number of the employments to be conferred would give conſiderable influence to his Majeſty's civil repreſentative, while the trifling amount of the emolument attached to each precluded all temptation of abuſing it.

Sir Alexander Ball would likewiſe, it is probable, urge, that the commercial advantages of Malta, which were moſt intelligible to the Engliſh public, and beſt fitted to render our retention of the iſland popular, muſt neceſſarily be of very ſlow growth, though finally they would become great, and of an extent not to be calculated. For this reaſon, therefore, it was highly deſirable, that the poſſeſſion ſhould be, and appear to be, at leaſt inexpenſive. After the Britiſh Government had made one advance for a ſtock of corn ſufficient to place the iſland a year before hand, the ſum total drawn from Great Britain need not exceed 25, or at moſt 30,000*l.* annually; excluding of courſe the expenditure connected with our own military and navy, and the repair of the fortifications, which latter expenſe ought to be much leſs than at Gibraltar, from the multitude and low wages of the labourers in Malta, and from the ſoftneſs and admirable quality of the ſtone. Indeed much more might ſafely be promiſed on the aſſumption that a wiſe and generous ſyſtem of policy would beadopted and per-

ſevered in. The monopoly of the Malteſe corn-trade by the government formed an exception to a general rule, and by a ſtrange, yet valid, anomaly in the operations of political economy, was not more neceſſary than advantageous to the inhabitants. The chief reaſon is, that the produce of the iſland itſelf barely ſuffices for one-fourth of its inhabitants, although fruits and vegetables form ſo large a part of their nouriſhment. Meantime the harbours of Malta, and its equi-diſtance from Europe, Aſia, and Africa, gave it a vaſt and unnatural importance in the preſent relations of the great European powers, and impoſed on its government, whether native or dependent, the neceſſity of conſidering the whole iſland as a ſingle garriſon, the proviſioning of which could not be truſted to the caſualties of ordinary commerce. What is actually neceſſary is ſeldom injurious. Thus in Malta bread is better and cheaper on an average than in Italy or the coaſt of Barbary: while a ſimilar interference with the corn-trade in Sicily impoveriſhes the inhabitants and keeps the agriculture in a ſtate of barbariſm. But the point in queſtion is the expenſe to Great Britain. Whether the monopoly be good or evil in itſelf, it remains true, that in this eſtabliſhed uſage, and in the gradual incloſure of the uncultivated diſtrict, ſuch reſources exiſt as without the leaſt oppreſſion might render the civil government in Valetta independent of the Treaſury at home, finally taking upon itſelf even the repair of the fortifications, and thus realize one

inſtance of an important poſſeſſion that coſts the country nothing.

But now the time arrived, which threatened to fruſtrate the patriotiſm of the Malteſe themſelves and all the zealous efforts of their diſintereſted friend. Soon after the war had for the firſt time *become indiſputably juſt and neceſſary*, the people at large, and a majority of independent ſenators, incapable, as it might ſeem, of tranſlating their fanatical anti-Jacobiniſm into a well-grounded, yet equally impaſſioned, anti-Gallicaniſm, grew impatient for peace, or rather for a name, under which the moſt terrific of all wars would be inceſſantly waged againſt us. Our conduct was not much wiſer than that of the weary traveller, who having proceeded half way on his journey, procured a ſhort reſt for himſelf by getting up behind a chaiſe which was going the contrary road. In the ſtrange treaty of Amiens, in which we neither recognized our former relations with France, nor with the other European powers, nor formed any new ones, the compromiſe concerning Malta formed the prominent feature: and its nominal re-delivery to the Order of St. John was authorized in the minds of the people by Lord Nelſon's opinion of its worthleſſneſs to Great Britain in a political or naval view. It is a melancholy fact, and one that muſt often ſadden a reflective and philanthropic mind, how little moral conſiderations weigh even with the nobleſt nations, how vain are the ſtrongeſt appeals to juſtice, humanity, and national honour

unlefs when the public mind is under the immediate influence of the cheerful or vehement paffions, indignation or avaricious hope. In the whole clafs of human infirmities there is none, that makes fuch loud appeals to prudence, and yet fo frequently outrages its plaineft dictates, as the fpirit of fear. The worft caufe conducted in hope is an overmatch for the nobleft managed by defpondence: in both cafes an unnatural conjunction that recalls the old fable of Love and Death, taking each the arrows of the other by miftake. When iflands that had courted Britifh protection in reliance upon *Britifh honour, are with their inhabitants and proprietors* abandoned to the refentment which we had tempted them to provoke, what wonder, if the opinion becomes general, that alike to England as to France, the fates and fortunes of other nations are but the counters, with which the bloody game of war is played: and that notwithftanding the great and acknowledged difference between the two governments during poffeffion, yet the protection of France is more defirable becaufe it is more likely to endure? for what the French take, they keep. Often both in Sicily and Malta have I heard the cafe of Minorca referred to, where a confiderable portion of the moft refpectable gentry and merchants (no provifion having been made for their protection on the re-delivery of that ifland to Spain) expiated in dungeons the warmth and forwardnefs of their predilection for Great Britain.

It has been by fome perfons imagined that Lord

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

Lord Nelſon was an admiral every inch of him. He looked at every thing, not merely in its poſſible relations to the naval ſervice in general, but in its immediate bearings on his own ſquadron; to his officers, his men, to the particular ſhips themſelves his affections were as ſtrong and ardent as thoſe of

a lover. Hence though his temper was conſtitutionally irritable and uneven, yet never was a commander ſo enthuſiaſtically loved by men of all ranks from the captain of the fleet to the youngeſt ſhip-boy. Hence too the unexampled harmony which reigned in his fleet year after year, under circumſtances that might well have undermined the patience of the beſt balanced diſpoſitions, much more of men with the impetuous character of Britiſh ſailors. Year after year, the ſame dull duties of a weariſome blockade and of doubtful policy; little if any opportunity of making prizes; and the few prizes, which accident might throw in the way, of little or no value; and when at laſt the occaſion preſented itſelf which would have compenſated for all, then a diſappointment as ſudden and unexpected as it was unjuſt and cruel, and the cup daſhed from their lips! — Add to theſe trials the ſenſe of enterpriſes checked by feebleneſs and timidity elſewhere, not omitting the tireſomeneſs of the Mediterranean ſea, ſky, and climate; and the unjarring and cheerful ſpirit of affectionate brotherhood, which linked together the hearts of that whole ſquadron, will appear not leſs wonderful to us than admirable and affecting. When the reſolution was taken of commencing hoſtilities againſt Spain, before any intelligence was ſent to Lord Nelſon, another admiral, with two or three ſhips of the line, was ſent into the Mediterranean, and ſtationed before Cadiz, for the expreſs purpoſe of intercepting the Spaniſh prizes. The admiral diſ-

patched on this lucrative ſervice gave no information to Lord Nelſon of his arrival in the ſame ſea, and five weeks elapſed before his lordſhip became acquainted with the circumſtance. The prizes thus taken were immenſe. A month or two ſufficed to enrich the commander and officers of this ſmall and highly-favoured ſquadron: while to Nelſon and his fleet the ſenſe of having done their duty, and the conſciouſneſs of the glorious ſervices which they had performed were conſidered, it muſt be preſumed, as an abundant remuneration for all their toils and long-ſuffering! It was indeed an unexampled circumſtance, that a ſmall ſquadron ſhould be ſent to the ſtation which had been long occupied by a large fleet, commanded by the darling of the navy, and the glory of the Britiſh empire, to the ſtation where this fleet had for years been wearing away in the moſt barren, repulſive, and ſpirit-trying ſervice, in which the navy can be employed; and that this minor ſquadron ſhould be ſent independently of, and without any communication with, the commander of the former fleet, for the expreſs and ſolitary purpoſe of ſtepping between it and the Spaniſh prizes, and as ſoon as this ſhort and pleaſant ſervice was performed, of bringing home the unſhared booty with all poſſible caution and deſpatch. The ſubſtantial advantages of naval ſervice were perhaps deemed of too groſs a nature for men already rewarded with the grateful affections of their own country-men, and the admiration of the whole world. They were to be

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

This ſtrong attachment of the heroic admiral to his fleet, faithfully repaid by an equal attachment on their part to their admiral, had no little influence in attuning their hearts to each other; and when he died it ſeemed as if no man was a ſtranger to another: for all were made acquaintances by the rights of a common anguiſh. In the fleet itſelf,

many a private quarrel was forgotten, no more to be remembered; many, who had been alienated, became once more good friends; yea, many a one was reconciled to his very enemy, and loved, and (as it were) thanked him, for the bitterneſs of his grief, as if it had been an act of conſolation to himſelf in an intercourſe of private ſympathy. The tidings arrived at Naples on the day that I returned to that city from Calabria: and never can I forget the ſorrow and conſternation that lay on every countenance. Even to this day there are times when I ſeem to ſee, as in a viſion, ſeparate groups and individual faces of the picture. Numbers ſtopped and ſhook hands with me, becauſe they had ſeen the tears on my cheek, and conjectured that I was an Engliſhman; and ſeveral, as they held my hand, burſt themſelves into tears. And though it may excite a ſmile, yet it pleaſed and affected me, as a proof of the goodneſs of the human heart ſtruggling to exerciſe its kindneſs in ſpite of prejudices the moſt obſtinate, and eager to carry on its love and honour into the life beyond life, that it was whiſpered about Naples that Lord Nelſon had become a good Catholic before his death. The abſurdity of the fiction is a ſort of meaſurement of the fond and affectionate eſteem which had ripened the pious wiſh of ſome kind individual, through all the gradations of poſſibility and probability, into a confident aſſertion believed and affirmed by hundreds. The feelings of Great Britain on this awful event have been deſcribed

well and worthily by a living poet, who has happily blended the paſſion and wild tranſitions of lyric ſong with the ſwell and ſolemnity of epic narration:

——Thou art fall'n; fall'n, in the lap
Of victory. To thy country thou cam'ſt back,
Thou, conqueror, to triumphal Albion cam'ſt
A corſe! I ſaw before thy hearſe paſs on
The comrades of thy perils and renown.
The frequent tear upon their dauntleſs breaſts
Fell. I beheld the pomp thick gather'd round
The trophied car that bore thy grac'd remains
Thro' arm'd ranks, and a nation gazing on.
Bright glow'd the ſun and not a cloud diſtain'd
Heaven's arch of gold, but all was gloom beneath.
A holy and unutterable pang
Thrill'd on the ſoul. Awe and mute anguiſh fell
On all.—Yet high the public boſom throbb'd
With triumph. And if one, 'mid that vaſt pomp,
If but the voice of one had ſhouted forth
The name of Nelſon,—thou hadſt paſſ'd along,
Thou in thy hearſe to burial paſſ'd, as oft
Before the van of battle, proudly rode
Thy prow, down Britain's line, ſhout after ſhout
Rending the air with triumph, ere thy hand
Had lanc'd the bolt of victory.*

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

* Sotheby's Saul.*—*Ed.*

of Egypt. Nelſon ſaw the hollowneſs of this metaphor: or if he only doubted its applicability in the former inſtance, he was ſure that it was falſe in the latter. Egypt might or might not be the key of India; but Malta was certainly not the key of Egypt. It was not intended to keep conſtantly two diſtinct fleets in that ſea; and the largeſt naval force at Malta would not ſuperſede the neceſſity of a ſquadron off Toulon. Malta does not lie in the direct courſe from Toulon to Alexandria: and from the nature of the winds (one time taken with another) the comparative length of the voyage to the latter port will be found far leſs than a view of the map would ſuggeſt, and in truth of little practical importance. If it were the object of the French fleet to avoid Malta in its paſſage to Egypt, the port-admiral of Valetta would in all probability receive his firſt intelligence of its courſe from Minorca or the ſquadron off Toulon, inſtead of communicating it. In what regarded the re-fitting and proviſioning of the fleet, either on ordinary or extraordinary occaſions, Malta was as inconvenient as Minorca was advantageous, not only from its diſtance (which yet was ſufficient to runder it almoſt uſeleſs in caſes of the moſt preſſing neceſſity, as after a ſevere action or injuries of tempeſt) but likewiſe from the extreme difficulty, if not impracticability, of leaving the harbour of Valetta with a N. W. wind, which often laſts for weeks together. In all theſe points his lordſhip's obſervations were perfectly juſt; and it muſt be

conceded by all perſons acquainted with the ſituation and circumſtances of Malta, that its importance, as a Britiſh poſſeſſion, if not exaggerated on the whole, was unduly magnified in ſeveral important particulars. Thus Lord Minto, in a ſpeech delivered at a country meeting and afterwards publiſhed, affirmed, that upon the ſuppoſition (which no one could conſider as unlikely to take place) that the court of Naples ſhould be compelled to act under the influence of France, and that the Barbary powers were unfriendly to us, either in conſequence of French intrigues or from their own caprice and inſolence, there would not be a ſingle port, harbour, bay, creek, or road-ſtead in the whole Mediterranean, from which our men of war could obtain a ſingle ox or a hogſhead of freſh water,—unleſs Great Britain retained poſſeſſion of Malta. The noble ſpeaker ſeems not to have been aware, that under the circumſtances ſuppoſed by him, Odeſſa too being cloſed againſt us by a Ruſſian war, the iſland of Malta itſelf would be no better than a vaſt almſhouſe of 75,000 perſons, excluſively of the Britiſh ſoldiers, all of whom muſt be regularly ſupplied with corn and ſalt meat from Great Britain or Ireland. The population of Malta and Gozo exceeds 100,000; while the food of all kinds produced on the two iſlands would barely ſuffice for one-fourth of that number. The deficiency is ſupplied by the growth and ſpinning of cotton, for which corn could not be ſubſtituted from the nature of the ſoil, or were it attempted,

would produce but a ſmall proportion of the quantity which the cotton raiſed on the ſame fields and ſpun* into thread, enables the Malteſe to purchaſe;—not to mention that the ſubſtitution of grain for cotton would leave half of the inhabitants without employment. As to live ſtock, it is quite out of the queſtion, if we except the pigs and goats, which perform the office of ſcavengers in the ſtreets of Valetta and the towns on the other ſide of the Porto Grande.

Againſt theſe latter arguments Sir A. Ball placed the following conſiderations. It had been long his conviction, that the Mediterranean ſquadron ſhould be ſupplied by regular ſtore-ſhips, the ſole buſineſs of which ſhould be that of carriers for the fleet. This he recommended as by far the moſt economic plan, in the firſt inſtance. Secondly, beyond any other it would ſecure a ſyſtem and regularity in the arrival of ſupplies. And, laſtly, it would conduce to the diſcipline of the navy, and prevent

* The Malteſe cotton is naturally of a deep buff, or duſky orange colour, and, by the laws of the iſland, muſt be ſpun before it can be exported. I have heard it aſſerted by perſons apparently well informed on the ſubject, that the raw material would fetch as high a price as the thread, weight for weight; the thread from its coarſeneſs being applicable to few purpoſes. It is manufactured likewiſe for the uſe of the natives themſelves into a coarſe nankin, which never loſes its colour by waſhing and is durable beyond any clothing I have ever known or heard of. The cotton ſeed is uſed as a food for the cattle that are not immediately wanted for the market: it is very nutritious, but changes the fat of the animal into a kind of ſuet, congealing quickly, and of an adheſive ſubſtance.

both ſhips and officers from being out of the way on any ſudden emergence. If this ſyſtem were introduced, the objections to Malta, from its great diſtance, and the like, would have little force. On the other hand, the objections to Minorca he deemed irremovable. The ſame diſadvantages which attended the getting out of the harbour of Valetta, applied to veſſels getting into Port Mahon; but while fifteen hundred or two thouſand Britiſh troops might be ſafely entruſted with the preſervation of Malta, the troops for the defence of Minorca muſt ever be in proportion to thoſe which the enemy may be ſuppoſed likely to ſend againſt it. It is ſo little favoured by nature or by art, that the poſſeſſors ſtand merely on the level with the invaders. *Cæteris paribus*, if there were 12,000 of the enemy landed, there muſt be an equal number to repel them; nor could the garriſon, or any part of it be ſpared for any ſudden emergence without riſk of loſing the iſland. Previouſly to the battle of Marengo, the moſt earneſt repreſentations were made to the governor and commander at Minorca by the Britiſh admiral, who offered to take on himſelf the whole reſponſibility of the meaſure, if he would permit the troops at Minorca to join our allies. The governor felt himſelf compelled to refuſe his aſſent. Doubtleſs, he acted wiſely, for reſponſibility is not transferable. The fact is introduced in proof of the defenceleſs ſtate of Minorca, and its conſtant liability to attack. If the Auſtrian army had ſtood in the ſame

relation to eight or nine thoufand Britifh foldiers at Malta, a fingle regiment would have precluded all alarms, as to the ifland itfelf, and the remainder have perhaps changed the deftiny of Europe. What might not, almoft I would fay, what muft not eight thoufand Britons have accomplifhed at the battle of Marengo, nicely poifed as the fortunes of the two armies are now known to have been? Minorca too is alone ufeful or defirable during a war, and on the fuppofition of a fleet off Toulon. The advantages of Malta are permanent and national. As a fecond Gibraltar, it muft tend to fecure Gibraltar itfelf; for if by the lofs of that one place we could be excluded from the Mediterranean, it is difficult to fay what facrifices of blood and treafure the enemy would deem too high a price for its conqueft. Whatever Malta may or may not be refpecting Egypt, its high importance to the independence of Sicily cannot be doubted, or its advantages, as a central ftation, for any portion of our difpofable force. Neither is the influence which it will enable us to exert on the Barbary powers to be wholly neglected. I fhall only add, that during the plague at Gibraltar, Lord Nelfon himfelf acknowledged that he began to fee the poffeffion of Malta in a different light.

Sir Alexander Ball looked forward to future contingencies as likely to increafe the value of Malta to Great Britain. He forefaw that the whole of Italy would become a French province, and he knew that the French government had been long

intriguing on the coaſt of Barbary. The Dey of Algiers was believed to have accumulated a treaſure of fifteen millions ſterling, and Buonaparte had actually duped him into a treaty, by which the French were to be permitted to erect a fort on the very ſpot where the ancient Hippo ſtood, the choice between which and the Helleſpont as the ſite of New Rome is ſaid to have perplexed the judgment of Conſtantine. To this he added an additional point of connection with Ruſſia, by means of Odeſſa, and on the ſuppoſition of a war in the Baltic, a ſtill more intereſting relation to Turkey, and the Morea, and the Greek iſlands. — It had been repeatedly ſignified to the Britiſh government, that from the Morea and the countries adjacent, a conſiderable ſupply of ſhip timber and naval ſtores might be obtained, ſuch as would at leaſt greatly leſſen the preſſure of a Ruſſian war. The agents of France were in full activity in the Morea and the Greek iſlands, the poſſeſſion of which by that government would augment the naval reſources of the French to a degree of which few are aware, who have not made the preſent ſtate of commerce of the Greeks an object of particular attention. In ſhort, if the poſſeſſion of Malta were advantageous to England ſolely as a convenient watch-tower, as a centre of intelligence, its importance would be undeniable.

Although theſe ſuggeſtions did not prevent the ſigning away of Malta at the peace of Amiens, they doubtleſs were not without effect, when the

ambition of Buonaparte had given a full and final anſwer to the grand queſtion: can we remain in peace with France? I have likewiſe reaſon to believe, that Sir Alexander Ball baffled by expoſure an inſidious propoſal of the French government, during the negotiations that preceded the recommencement of the war—that the fortifications of Malta ſhould be entirely diſmantled, and the iſland left to its inhabitants. Without dwelling on the obvious inhumanity and flagitious injuſtice of expoſing the Malteſe to certain pillage and ſlavery from their old and inveterate enemies, the Moors, he ſhowed that the plan would promote the intereſts of Buonaparte even more than his actual poſſeſſion of the iſland, which France had no poſſible intereſt in deſiring, except as the means of keeping it out of the hands of Great Britain.

But Sir Alexander Ball is no more. I ſtill cling to the hope that I may yet be enabled to record his good deeds more fully and regularly; that then, with a ſenſe of comfort not without a ſubdued exultation, I may raiſe heaven-ward from his honoured tomb the gliſtening eye of a humble but ever grateful friend.

APPENDIX.

A.

Prospectus of The Friend, (extracted from a Letter to a Correspondent.)

IT is not unknown to you, that I have employed almost the whole of my life in acquiring, or endeavouring to acquire, useful knowledge by study, reflection, observation, and by cultivating the society of my superiors in intellect, both at home and in foreign countries. You know, too, that at different periods of my life I have not only planned, but collected the materials for, many works on various and important subjects; so many indeed, that the number of my unrealized schemes and the mass of my miscellaneous fragments have often furnished my friends with a subject of raillery, and sometimes of regret and reproof. Waiving the mention of all private and accidental hinderances, I am inclined to believe that this want of perseverance has been produced in the main by an over activity of thought, modified by a constitutional indolence, which made it more pleasant to me to continue acquiring, than to reduce what I had acquired to a regular form. Add, too, that almost

daily throwing off my notices or reflections in desultory fragments, I was still tempted onward by an increasing sense of the imperfection of my knowledge, and by the conviction that, in order fully to comprehend and develope any one subject, it was necessary that I should make myself master of some other, which again as regularly involved a third, and so on with an ever-widening horizon. Yet one habit, formed during long absences from those with whom I could converse with full sympathy, has been of advantage to me, — that of daily noting down in my memorandum or common place books both incidents and observations;—whatever had occurred to me from without, and all the flux and reflux of my mind within itself. The number of these notices and their tendency, miscellaneous as they were, to one common end—*(quid sumus et quid futuri gignimur*, what we are and what we are born to become; and thus from the end of our being to deduce its proper objects)—first encouraged me to undertake the weekly essay, of which you will consider this letter as the *prospectus.*

Not only did the plan seem to accord better than any other with the nature of my own mind, both in its strength and in its weakness; but, conscious that in upholding some principles both of taste and philosophy, adopted by the great men of Europe, from the middle of the fifteenth till toward the close of the seventeenth century, I must run counter to many prejudices of many of my readers, (for old faith is often modern heresy,) I perceived too in a periodical essay the most likely means of winning instead of forcing my way. The truth supposed on my side, the shock of the first day might be so far lessened by the reflections of succeeding days, as to

procure for my next week's eſſay a leſs hoſtile reception than it would have met with had it been only the next chapter of a preſent volume. I hoped to diſarm the mind of thoſe feelings, which preclude conviction by contempt, and, as it were, fling the door in the face of reaſoning by a preſumption of its abſurdity. A motive too for honourable ambition was ſupplied by the fact, that every periodical paper of the kind now attempted, which had been conducted with zeal and ability, was not only well received at the time, but has become permanently, and in the beſt ſenſe of the word, popular. By honourable ambition I mean the ſtrong deſire to be uſeful, aided by the wiſh to be generally acknowledged to have been ſo. As I feel myſelf actuated in no ordinary degree by this deſire, ſo the hope of realizing it appears leſs and leſs preſumptuous to me ſince I have received from men of higheſt rank and eſtabliſhed character in the republic of letters, not only ſtrong encouragements as to my own fitneſs for the undertaking, but likewiſe promiſes of ſupport from their own ſtores.

The object of the Friend, briefly and generally expreſſed, is—to uphold thoſe truths and thoſe merits, which are founded in the nobler and permanent parts of our nature, againſt the caprices of faſhion and ſuch pleaſures as either depend on tranſitory and accidental cauſes, or are purſued from leſs worthy impulſes. The chief ſubjects of my own eſſays will be:

The true and ſole ground of morality or virtue, as diſtinguiſhed from prudence:

The origin and growth of moral impulſes, as diſtinguiſhed from external and immediate motives:

The neceſſary dependence of taſte on moral impulſes and habits, and the nature of taſte (relatively to judg-

ment in general and to genius) defined, illuſtrated, and applied. Under this head I compriſe the ſubſtance of the Lectures given, and intended to have been given, at the Royal Inſtitution on the diſtinguiſhed Engliſh poets, in illuſtration of the general principles of poetry; together with ſuggeſtions concerning the affinity of the fine arts to each other, and the principles common to them all;—architecture; gardening; dreſs; muſic; painting; poetry:

The opening out of new objects of juſt admiration in our own language, and information as to the preſent ſtate and paſt hiſtory of Swediſh, Daniſh, German, and Italian literature,—to which, but as ſupplied by a friend, I may add the Spaniſh, Portugueſe, and French—as far as the ſame has not been already given to Engliſh readers, or is not to be found in common French authors:

Characters met with in real life;—anecdotes and reſults of my own life and travels, as far as they are illuſtrative of general moral laws, and have no direct bearing on perſonal or immediate politics:

Education in its wideſt ſenſe, private and national:

Sources of conſolation to the afflicted in misfortune, or diſeaſe, or dejection of mind, from the exertion and right application of the reaſon, the imagination, and the moral ſenſe; and new ſources of enjoyment opened out, or an attempt (as an illuſtrious friend once expreſſed the thought to me) to add ſunſhine to daylight, by making the happy more happy. In the words "Dejection of mind" I refer particularly to doubt or diſbelief of the moral government of the world, and the grounds and arguments for the religious hopes of human nature.

Such are the chief ſubjects in the development of which I hope to realize, to a certain extent, the great object

of my eſſays. It will aſſuredly be my endeavour, by as much variety as is conſiſtent with that object, to procure entertainment for my readers as well as inſtruction: yet I feel myſelf compelled to hazard the confeſſion, that ſuch of my readers as make the latter the paramount motive for their encouragement of the Friend, will receive the largeſt portion of the former. I have heard it ſaid of a young lady,—"if you are told, before you ſee her, that ſhe is handſome, you will think her ordinary; if that ſhe is ordinary, you will think her handſome." I may perhaps apply this remark to my own eſſays. If inſtruction and the increaſe of honourable motives and virtuous impulſes be chiefly expected, there will, I would fain hope, be felt no deficiency of amuſement; but I muſt ſubmit to be thought dull by thoſe who ſeek amuſement only. The Friend will be diſtinguiſhed from its celebrated predeceſſors, the Spectator and the like, as to its plan, chiefly by the greater length of the ſeparate eſſays, by their cloſer connection with each other, and by the predominance of one object, and the common bearing of all to one end.

It would be ſuperfluous to ſtate, that I ſhall receive with gratitude any communications addreſſed to me: but it may be proper to ſay, that all remarks and criticiſms in praiſe or diſpraiſe of my contemporaries (to which, however, nothing but a ſtrong ſenſe of a moral intereſt will ever lead me) will be written by myſelf only; both becauſe I cannot have the ſame certainty concerning the motives of others, and becauſe I deem it fit, that ſuch ſtrictures ſhould always be attended by the name of their author, and that one and the ſame perſon ſhould be ſolely reſponſible for the inſertion as well as compoſition of the ſame.

B.

Commencement of No. I.

IF it be ufual with writers in general to find the firft paragraph of their works that which has given them the moft trouble with the leaft fatisfaction, the Friend may be allowed to feel the difficulties and anxiety of a firft introduction in a more than ordinary degree. He is embarraffed by the very circumftances that difcriminate the plan and purpofes of the prefent weekly paper from thofe of its periodical brethren, as well as from its more dignified literary relations, which come forth at once and in full growth from their parents. If it had been my ambition to have copied its whole fcheme and fafhion from the great founders of the race, the Tatler and Spectator, I fhould indeed have expofed my effays to a greater hazard of unkind comparifon. An imperfect imitation is often felt as a contraft. On the other hand, however, the very names and defcriptions of the fictitious characters, which I had propofed to affume in the courfe of my work, would have put me at once in poffeffion of the ftage; and my firft act have opened with a proceffion of mafks. Again, if I were compofing one work on one given object, the fame acquaintance with its grounds and bearings, which had authorized me to publifh my opinions, would, with its principles or fundamental facts, have fupplied me with my beft and moft appropriate commencement. More eafy ftill would my tafk have been, had I planned the Friend chiefly as a vehicle for a weekly defcant on public characters and

political parties. My perfect freedom from all warping influences; the distance which permitted a distinct view of the game, yet secured me from its passions; the liberty of the press; and its especial importance at the present period from whatever event or topic might happen to form the great interest of the day; in short, the *recipe* was ready to my hand, and it was framed so skilfully, and has been practised with such constant effect, that it would have been affectation to have deviated from it. For originality for its own sake merely is idle at the best, and sometimes monstrous. Excuse me, therefore, gentle reader! if borrowing from my title a right of anticipation, I avail myself of the privileges of a friend before I have earned them; and waiving the ceremony of a formal introduction, permit me to proceed at once to the subject, trite indeed and familiar as the first lessons of childhood; which yet must be the foundation of my future superstructure with all its ornaments, the hidden root of the tree, I am attempting to rear, with all its branches and boughs. But if from it I have deduced my strongest moral motives for this undertaking, it has at the same time been applied in suggesting the most formidable obstacle to my success,—as far, I mean, as my plan alone is concerned, and not the talents necessary for its completion.

Conclusions drawn from facts which subsist in perpetual flux, without definite place or fixed quantity, must always be liable to plausible objections, nay, often to unanswerable difficulties; and yet, having their foundation in uncorrupted feeling, are assented to by mankind at large, and in all ages, as undoubted truths. As our notions concerning them are almost equally obscure, so are our convictions almost equally vivid, with those of

our life and individuality. Regarded with awe as guiding principles by the founders of law and religion, they are the favourite objects of attack with mock philosophers, and the demagogues in church, state, and literature; and the denial of them has in all times, though at various intervals, formed heresies and systems, which, after their day of wonder, are regularly exploded, and again as regularly revived when they have re-acquired novelty by courtesy of oblivion.

Among these universal persuasions we must place the sense of a self-contradicting principle in our nature, or a disharmony in the different impulses that constitute it; —of a something which essentially distinguishes man both from all other animals that are known to exist, and from the idea of his own nature, or conception of the original man. In health and youth we may indeed connect the glow and buoyance of our bodily sensations with the words of a theory, and imagine that we hold it with a firm belief. The pleasurable heat which the blood or the breathing generates, the sense of external reality which comes with the strong grasp of the hand, or the vigorous tread of the foot, may indifferently become associated with the rich eloquence of a Shaftesbury, imposing on us man's possible perfections for his existing nature; or with the cheerless and hardier impieties of a Hobbes, while cutting the Gordian knot he denies the reality of either vice or virtue, and explains away the mind's self-reproach into a distempered ignorance, an epidemic affection of the human nerves and their habits of motion.

"Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!"

I shall hereafter endeavour to prove, how distinct and different the sensation of positiveness is from the sense

of certainty;—the turbulent heat of temporary fermentation from the mild warmth of eſſential life. Suffice it for the preſent to affirm, to declare it at leaſt, as my own creed, that whatever humbles the heart, and forces the mind inward, whether it be ſickneſs, or grief, or remorſe, or the deep yearnings of love, [and there have been children of affliction for whom all theſe have met and made up one complex ſuffering,] in proportion as it acquaints us with the thing we are, renders us docile to the concurrent teſtimony of our fellow men in all ages and in all nations. From Paſcal in his cloſet reſting the arm, which ſupports his thoughtful brow, on a pile of demonſtrations, to the poor penſive Indian that ſeeks the miſſionary in the American wilderneſs, the humiliated ſelf-examinant feels that there is evil in our nature as well as good;—an evil and a good, for a juſt analogy to which he queſtions all other natures in vain. It is ſtill the great definition of humanity, that we have a conſcience, which no mechanic compoſt, no chemical combination of mere appetence, memory and underſtanding, can ſolve; which is indeed an element of our being;—a conſcience, unrelenting yet not abſolute; which we may ſtupify but cannot delude; which we may ſuſpend but cannot annihilate; although we may perhaps find a treacherous counterfeit in the very quiet which we derive from its ſlumber, or its entrancement.

Of ſo myſterious a *phænomenon* we might expect a cauſe as myſterious. Accordingly, we find this [cauſe be it, or condition, or neceſſary accompaniment] involved and implied in the fact, which it alone can explain. For if our permanent conſciouſneſs did not reveal to us our free-agency, we ſhould yet be obliged to deduce it, as a neceſſary inference, from the fact of our

conſcience: or rejecting both the one and the other, as mere illuſions of internal feelings, forfeit all power of thinking conſiſtently with our actions, or acting conſiſtently with our thought, for any ſingle hour during our whole lives. But I am proceeding farther than I had wiſhed or intended. It will be long ere I ſhall dare flatter myſelf that I have won the confidence of my reader ſufficiently to require of him that effort of attention, which the regular eſtabliſhment of this truth would require.

After the brief ſeaſon of youthful hardihood, and the ſucceeding years of unceaſing fluctuation, after long continued and patient ſtudy of the moſt celebrated works in the languages of ancient and modern Europe, in defence or denial of this prime article of human faith, which (ſave to the trifler or the worldling) no frequency of diſcuſſion can ſuperannuate, I at length ſatisfied my own mind by arguments, which placed me on firm land. This one conviction, determined, as in a mould, the form and feature of my whole ſyſtem in religion and morals, and even in literature. Theſe arguments were not ſuggeſted to me by books, but forced on me by reflection on my own being, and obſervation of the ways of thoſe about me, eſpecially of little children. And as they had the power of fixing the ſame perſuaſion in ſome valuable minds, much intereſted, and not unverſed in the controverſy, and from the manner probably rather than the ſubſtance, appeared to them in ſome ſort original—[for oldeſt reaſons will put on an impreſſive ſemblance of novelty, if they have indeed been drawn from the fountain-head of genuine ſelf-reſearch]—and ſince the arguments are neither abſtruſe, nor dependant on a long chain of deductions, nor ſuch as ſuppoſe previous habits

of metaphyſical diſquiſition; I ſhall deem it my duty to ſtate them with what ſkill I can, at a fitting opportunity, though rather as the biographer of my own ſentiments than a legiſlator of the opinions of other men.

At preſent, however, I give it merely as an article of my own faith, cloſely connected with all my hopes of melioration in man, and leading to the methods by which alone I hold any fundamental or permanent melioration practicable;—that there is evil diſtinct from error and from pain, an evil in human nature which is not wholly grounded in the limitation of our underſtandings. And this, too, I believe to operate equally in ſubjects of taſte, as in the higher concerns of morality. Were it my conviction, that our follies, vice, and miſery, have their entire origin in miſcalculation from ignorance, I ſhould act irrationally in attempting other taſk than that of adding new lights to the ſcience of moral arithmetic, or new facility to its acquirement. In other words, it would have been my worthy buſineſs to have ſet forth, if it were in my power, an improved ſyſtem of book-keeping for the ledgers of calculating ſelf-love. If, on the contrary, I believed our nature fettered to all its wretchedneſs of head and heart, by an abſolute and innate neceſſity, at leaſt by a neceſſity which no human power, no efforts of reaſon or eloquence could remove or leſſen, [no, nor even prepare the way for ſuch removal or diminution]; I ſhould then yield myſelf at once to the admonitions of one of my correſpondents, [unleſs, indeed, it ſhould better ſuit my humour to do nothing than nothings, *nihil quam nihili,*] and deem it even preſumptuous to aim at other or higher object than that of amuſing, during ſome ten minutes in every week, a ſmall portion of the reading public.

Conclufion of No. I.

Previoufly to my afcent of Etna, as likewife of the Brocken in North Germany, I remember to have amufed myfelf with examining the album or manufcript, prefented to travellers at the firft ftage of the mountain, in which, on their return, their fore-runners had fometimes left their experience, and more often difclofed or betrayed their own characters. Something like this I have endeavoured to do relatively to my great predeceffors in periodical literature, from the Spectator to the Mirror, or whatever later work of excellence there may be. But the diftinction between my propofed plan and all and each of theirs, I muft defer to a future effay. From all other works the Friend is fufficiently diftinguifhed, either by the very form and intervals of its publication, or by its avowed exclufion of the events of the day, and of all perfonal politics.

For a detail of the principal fubjects, which I have propofed to myfelf to treat in the courfe of this work, I muft refer to the *Profpectus*, — printed at the end of this fheet. But I own I am anxious to explain myfelf more fully on the delicate fubjects of religion and politics. Of the former perhaps it may, for the prefent, be enough to fay that I have confidence in myfelf, that I fhall neither directly nor indirectly attack its doctrines or myfteries, much lefs attempt bafely to undermine them by allufion, or tale, or anecdote. What more I might dare promife of myfelf, I referve for another occafion. Of politics, however, I have many motives to declare my intentions more explicitly. It is my object to refer men to principles in all things; in literature, in the fine arts, in morals, in legiflation, in religion. Whatever,

therefore, of a politic nature may be reduced to general principles, neceſſarily, indeed, dependant on the circumſtances of a nation internal and external, yet not eſpecially connected with this year or the preceding — this I do not exclude from my ſcheme. Thinking it a ſort of duty to place my readers in full poſſeſſion, both of my opinions and the only method in which I can permit myſelf to recommend them, and aware, too, of many calumnious accuſations, as well as groſs miſapprehenſions of my political creed, I ſhall dedicate my ſecond number entirely to the views, which a Britiſh ſubject, in the preſent ſtate of his country, ought to entertain of its actual and exiſting conſtitution of government. If I can do no poſitive good, I may perhaps aid in preventing others from doing harm. But all intentional alluſions to particular perſons, all ſupport of, or hoſtility to, particular parties or factions, I now and for ever utterly diſclaim. My principles command this abſtinence, my tranquillity requires it:—

> Tranquillity! *thou* better name
> Than all the family of fame, &c.
> * * * * *

But I have tranſgreſſed a rule, which I had intended to have eſtabliſhed for myſelf, that of never troubling my readers with my own verſes:

> *Ite hinc Camœnæ! vos quoque, ite, ſuaves,*
> *Dulces Camœnæ! Nam (fatebimur verum)*
> *Dulces fuiſtis: et tamen meas chartas*
> *Reviſitote; ſed pudenter et raro.*

I ſhall, indeed, very rarely and cautiouſly, avail myſelf of this privilege. For long and early habits of exerting my intellect in metrical compoſition have not ſo enſlaved me, but that for ſome years I have felt, and

deeply felt, that the poet's high functions were not my proper aſſignment;—that many may be worthy to liſten to the ſtrains of Apollo, neighbours of the ſacred choir, and able to diſcriminate, and feel, and love its genuine harmonies; yet not therefore called to receive the harp in their own hands, and join in the concert. I am content and gratified, that Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, Milton, have not been born in vain for me: and I feel it as a bleſſing, that even among my contemporaries I know one at leaſt, who has been deemed worthy of the gift; who has received the harp with reverence, and ſtruck it with the hand of power.

C.

Commencement of No. II.

CONSCIOUS that I am about to deliver my ſentiments on a ſubject of the utmoſt delicacy, to walk

per ignes
Suppoſitos cineri doloſo,

I have been tempted by my fears to preface them with a motto of unuſual length, from an authority equally reſpected by both of the oppoſite parties. I have ſelected it from an orator, whoſe eloquence has taken away for Engliſhmen all cauſe of humiliation from the names of Demoſthenes and Cicero: from a ſtateſman, who has left to our language a bequeſt of glory unrivalled, and all his own, in the keen-eyed, yet far-ſighted genius, with which he has almoſt uniformly made the moſt original and profound general principles of poli-

tical wiſdom, and even recondite laws of human paſſions, bear upon particular meaſures and events. While of the harangues of Pitt, Fox, and their elder compeers, on the moſt important occurrences, we retain a few unſatisfactory fragments alone, the very flies and weeds of Burke ſhine to us through the pureſt amber, imperiſhably enſhrined, and valuable from the precious material of their embalmment. I have extracted the paſſage from that Burke whoſe latter exertions have rendered his works venerable, as oracular voices from the ſepulchre of a patriarch, to the upholders of government and ſociety in their exiſting ſtate and order; but from a ſpeech delivered by him while he was the moſt beloved, the proudeſt name with the more anxious friends of liberty; (I diſtinguiſh them in courteſy by the name of their own choice, not as implying any enmity to true freedom in the characters of their opponents;) while he was the darling of thoſe, who, believing mankind to have been improved, are deſirous to give to forms of government a ſimilar progreſſion.

From the ſame anxiety, I have been led to introduce my opinions on this moſt hazardous ſubject by a preface of a ſomewhat perſonal character. And though the title of my addreſs is general, yet, I own, I direct myſelf more particularly to thoſe among my readers, who, from various printed and unprinted calumnies, have judged moſt unfavourably of my political tenets; and to thoſe, whoſe favour I have chanced to win in conſequence of a ſimilar, though not equal, miſtake. To both I affirm, that the opinions and arguments I am about to detail have been the ſettled convictions of my mind for the laſt ten or twelve years, with ſome brief intervals of fluctuation, and thoſe only in leſſer points, and known only

to the companions of my fireſide. From both and from all my readers I ſolicit a gracious attention to the following explanations; firſt, on the congruity of this number with the general plan and object of the Friend, and ſecondly on the charge of arrogance, which may be adduced againſt the author for the freedom with which, in this number, and in others that will follow, on other ſubjects, he preſumes to diſſent from men of eſtabliſhed reputation, or even to doubt of the juſtice with which the public laurel crown, as ſymbolical of the firſt claſs of genius and intellect, has been awarded to ſundry writers ſince the Revolution, and permitted to wither around the brows of our elder benefactors, from Hooker to Sir Philip Sidney, and from Sir Philip Sidney to Jeremy Taylor and Stillingfleet.

Firſt, then, as to the conſiſtency of the ſubject of the following eſſay with the propoſed plan of my work, let ſomething be allowed to honeſt perſonal motives, a juſtifiable ſolicitude to ſtand well with my contemporaries, in thoſe points, in which I have remained unreproached by my own conſcience. *Des aliquid famæ.* A reaſon of far greater importance is derived from the well grounded complaint of ſober minds, concerning the mode by which political opinions of greateſt hazard have been, of late years, ſo often propagated. This evil cannot be deſcribed in more juſt and lively language than in the words of Paley, which, though by him applied to infidelity, hold equally true of the turbulent errors of political hereſy. They are "ſerved up in every ſhape that is likely to allure, ſurpriſe, or beguile the imagination; in a fable, a tale, a novel, a poem; in interſperſed and broken hints; remote and oblique ſurmiſes; in books of travels, of philoſophy, of natural hiſtory; in a word, in

any form, rather than the right one, that of a professed and regular disquisition."* Now, in claiming for the Friend a fair chance of unsuspected admission into the families of Christian believers and quiet subjects, I cannot but deem it incumbent on me to accompany my introduction with a full and fair statement of my own political system; — not that any considerable portion of my essays will be devoted to politics in any shape, for rarely shall I recur to them, except as far as they may happen to be involved in some point of private morality; but that the encouragers of this work may possess grounds of assurance, that no tenets of a different tendency from these I am preparing to state, will be met in it. I would fain hope, that even those persons to whose political opinions I may run counter, will not be displeased at seeing the possible objections to their creed calmly set forth by one who, equally with themselves, considers the love of true liberty as a part both of religion and morality, as a necessary condition of their general predominance, and ministering to the same blessed purposes. The development of my persuasions, relatively to religion in its great essentials, will occupy a following number, in which, and throughout these essays, my aim will be, seldom, indeed, to enter the temple of revelation, (much less of positive institution,) but to lead my readers to its threshold, and to remove the prejudices with which the august edifice may have been contemplated from ill chosen and unfriendly points of view.

But, independently of this motive, I deem the subject of politics, so treated as I intend to treat it, strictly congruous with my general plan. For it was and is my

* Moral and Polit. Philosophy, B. V. c. 9.—*Ed.*

prime object to refer men in all their actions, opinions, and even enjoyments to an appropriate rule, and to aid them with all the means I possess, by the knowledge of the facts on which such rule grounds itself. The rules of political prudence do, indeed, depend on local and temporary circumstances in a much greater degree than those of morality, or even those of taste. Still, however, the circumstances being known, the deductions obey the same law, and must be referred to the same arbiter. In a late summary reperusal of our more celebrated periodical essays, by the contemporaries of Addison and those of Johnson, it appeared to me that the objects of the writers were, either to lead the reader from gross enjoyments and boisterous amusements, by gradually familiarizing them with more quiet and refined pleasures; or to make the habits of domestic life and public demeanour more consistent with decorum and good sense, by laughing away the lesser follies and freaks of self-vexation, or to arm the yet virtuous mind with horror of the direr crimes and vices, by exemplifying their origin, progress, and results, in affecting tales and true or fictitious biography; or where, as in the Rambler, it is intended to strike a yet deeper note, to support the cause of religion and morality by eloquent declamation and dogmatic precept, such as may with propriety be addressed to those, who require to be awakened rather than convinced, whose conduct is incongruous with their own sober convictions; in short, to practical not speculative heretics. Revered for ever be the names of these great and good men! Immortal be their fame; and may love, and honour, and docility of heart in their readers constitute its essentials! Not without cruel injustice should I be accused or suspected of a wish to under-

rate their merits, becaufe, in journeying toward the fame end, I have chofen a different road. Not wantonly, however, have I ventured even on this variation. I have decided on it in confequence of all the obfervations which I have made on my fellow creatures, fince I have been able to obferve in calmnefs the prefent age, and to compare its *phænomena* with the beft indications we poffefs of the character of the ages before us.

My time fince earlieft manhood has been pretty equally divided between deep retirement, with little other fociety than that of one family, and my library, and the occupations and intercourfe of [comparatively at leaft] public life both abroad and in the Britifh metropolis. But in fact the deepeft retirement, in which a well educated Englifhman of active feelings, and no mifanthrope, can live at prefent, fuppofes few of the difadvantages and negations, which a fimilar place of refidence would have involved a century paft. Independently of the effential knowledge to be derived from books, children, houfemates, and neighbours, however few and humble,—newfpapers, their advertifements, fpeeches in parliament, law courts, and public meetings, reviews, magazines, obituaries, and [as affording occafional commentaries on all thefe] the diffufion of uniform opinions, behaviour and appearance, of fafhions in things external and internal, have combined to diminifh, and often to render evanefcent, the diftinctions between the enlightened inhabitants of the great city, and the fcattered hamlet. From all the facts, however, that have occurred as fubjects of reflection within the fphere of my experience, be they few or numerous, I have fully perfuaded my own mind, that formerly men were worfe than their principles, but that at prefent the principles

are worse than the men. For the former half of the proposition I might, among a thousand other more serious and unpleasant proofs, appeal even to the Spectators and Tatlers. It would not be easy, perhaps, to detect in them any great corruption or debasement of the main foundations of truth and goodness; yet a man—I will not say of delicate mind and pure morals, but—of common good manners, who means to read an essay, which he has opened upon at hazard in these volumes to a mixed company, will find it necessary to take a previous survey of its contents. If stronger illustration be required, I would refer to one of Shadwell's comedies, in connection with its dedication to the Duchess of Newcastle, encouraged as he says, by the high delight with which her Grace had listened to the author's private recitation of the manuscript in her closet. A writer of the present day, who should dare address such a composition to a virtuous matron of high rank, would secure general infamy, and run no small risk of Bridewell or the pillory. Why need I add the plays and poems of Dryden, contrasted with his serious prefaces and declarations of his own religious and moral opinions? Why the little success, except among the heroes and heroines of fashionable life, of the two or three living writers of prurient love-odes [if I may be forgiven for thus profaning the word love] and novels, at once terrific and libidinous? These gentlemen erred both in place and time, and have understood the temper of their age and country as ill as the precepts of that Bible, which, notwithstanding the atrocious blasphemy of one of them, the great majority of their countrymen peruse with safety to their morals, if not improvement.

The truth of the latter half of the proposition in its favourable part is evidenced by the general anxiety on

the ſubject of education, the ſolicitous attention paid to ſeveral late works on its general principles, and the unexpected ſale of the very numerous large and ſmall volumes, publiſhed for the uſe of parents and inſtructors, and for the children given or intruſted to their charge. The firſt ten or twelve leaves of our old almanack books, and the copper-plates of old ladies' magazines, and ſimilar publications, will afford, in the faſhions and head-dreſſes of our grandmothers, contraſted with the preſent ſimple ornaments of women in general, a leſs important, but not leſs ſtriking elucidation of my meaning. The wide diffuſion of moral information, in no ſlight degree owing to the volumes of our popular eſſayiſts, has undoubtedly been on the whole beneficent. But above all, the recent events, [ſay rather, tremendous exploſions,] the thunder and earthquakes and deluge of the political world, have forced habits of great thoughtfulneſs on the minds of men; particularly in our own iſland, where the inſtruction has been acquired without the ſtupifying influences of terror or actual calamity. We have been compelled to acknowledge, [what our fathers would have perhaps called it want of liberality to aſſert,] the cloſe connection between private libertiniſm and national ſubverſion. To thoſe familiar with the ſtate and morals, and the ordinary ſubjects of after dinner converſation, at leaſt, among the young men in Oxford and Cambridge, only twenty or twenty-five years back, I might with pleaſure point out, in ſupport of my theſis, the preſent ſtate of our two univerſities, which has rather ſuperſeded, than been produced by, any additional vigilance or auſterity of diſcipline.

The unwelcome remainder of the propoſition, the "feet of iron and clay," the unſteadineſs, or falſehood, or abaſement of the principles, which are taught and re-

ceived by the exifting generation, it is the chief purpofe and general bufinefs of the Friend to examine, to evince, and [as far as my own forces extend, increafed by the contingents which, I flatter myfelf, will be occafionally furnifhed by abler patrons of the fame caufe] to remedy or alleviate. That my efforts will effect little, I am fully confcious; but by no means admit, that little is to be effected. The fquire of low degree may announce the approach of puiffant knight, yea, the giant may even condefcend to lift up the feeble dwarf, and permit it to blow the horn of defiance on his fhoulders.

Principles, therefore, their fubordination, their connection, and their application, in all the divifions of our duties and of our pleafures—this is my chapter of contents. May I not hope for a candid interpretation of my motive, if I again recur to the poffible apprehenfion on the part of my readers, that the Friend

O'erlaid with black, ftaid wifdom's hue,

with eye fixed in abftrufe refearch, and brow of perpetual wrinkle, is to frown away the light-hearted graces, and unreproved pleafures; or invite his guefts to a dinner of herbs in a hermit's cell; if I affirm, that my plan does not in itfelf exclude either impaffioned ftyle or interefting narrative, tale, or allegory, or anecdote; and that the defect will originate in my abilities, not in my wifhes or efforts, if I fail to bring forward,

Due at *my* hour prepared
For dinner favoury fruits, of tafte to pleafe
True appetite—
In order, fo contrived as not to mix
Taftes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Tafte after tafte upheld with kindlieft change.*

* Par. Loft. V. 303. 333.—*Ed.*

D.

No. V.

THE comparifon of the Englifh with the Anglo-American newfpapers will beft evince the difference between a lawlefs prefs, [lawlefs, at leaft, in practice and by connivance,] and a prefs at once protected and reftrained by law.

Ibid.

Chryfippus, in one of his Stoical Aphorifms, prefented by Cicero,* fays:—Nature has given to the hog a foul inftead of falt, in order to keep it from putrefying. This holds equally true of man confidered as an animal. Modern phyfiologifts have fubftituted the words vital power [*vis vitæ*] for that of foul, and not without good reafon: for, from the effect we may fairly deduce the inherence of a power producing it, but are not entitled to hypoftafize this power, that is, to affirm it to be an individual fubftance, any more than the fteam in the fteam engine, the power of gravitation in the watch, or the magnetic influence in the lodeftone. If the machine confift of parts mutually dependant, as in the time-piece or the hog, we cannot difpart without deftroying it: if otherwife, as in a mafs of lodeftone and in the *polypus*, the power is equally divifible with the fubftance. The moft approved definition of a living fubftance is, that its vitality confifts in the fufceptibility

* *De Natura Deorum*, II. f. 64.—*Ed.*

of being acted upon by external ſtimulants, joined to the neceſſity of re-action, and in the due balance of this action and re-action, the healthy ſtate of life conſiſts. We muſt, however, further add the power of acquiring habits, and facilities by repetition. This being the generical idea of life, is common to all living beings: but taken excluſively, it deſignates the loweſt claſs, plants and plant-animals. An addition to the mechaniſm gives locomotion. A ſtill coſtlier and more complex apparatus diverſely organizes the impreſſions received from the external powers, that fall promiſcuouſly on the whole ſurface. The light ſhines on the whole face, but it receives form and relation only in the eyes; in them it is organized. To theſe organs of ſenſe we ſuppoſe, by analogy from our own experience, ſenſation attached, and theſe ſenſuous impreſſions acting on other parts of the machine framed for other ſtimulants included in the machine itſelf, namely, the organs of appetite; and theſe again working on the inſtruments of locomotion, and on thoſe by which the external ſubſtances correſponding to the ſenſuous impreſſions can be acted upon, [the mouth, teeth, talons, and the like,] conſtitute our whole idea of the perfect animal. More than this Des Cartes denied to all other animals but man, and to man himſelf as an animal: for that this truly great man conſidered animals inſenſible, or rather inſenſitive, machines, though commonly aſſerted, and that in books of higheſt authority, is an error, and the charge was repelled with diſdain by himſelf, in a letter to Dr. Henry More, which, if I miſtake not, is annexed to the ſmall edition of More's Ethics.

The ſtrict analogy, however, between certain actions of ſundry animals and thoſe of mankind, forces upon us

the belief that they possess some share of a higher faculty; which, however closely united with life in one person, can yet never be educed out of the mere idea of vital power. Indeed, if we allow any force to the universal opinion, and almost instinct, concerning the difference between plants and animals, we must hold even sensation as a fresh power added to his *vis vitæ*, unless we would make an end of philosophy, by comprising all things in each thing, and thus denying that any one power of the universe can be affirmed to be itself and not another. However this may be, the understanding or regulative faculty is manifestly distinct from life and sensation; its junction being to take up the passive affections into distinct thought of the sense, according to its own essential forms.* These forms, however, as they are first awakened by impressions from the senses, so have they no substance or meaning unless in their application to objects of the senses: and if we would remove from them, by careful abstraction, all the influences and intermixtures of a yet far higher faculty [self-consciousness, for instance,] it would be difficult, if at all possible, to distinguish its functions from those of instinct, of which it would be no inapt definition, that it is a more

* Aristotle, the first systematic anatomist of the mind, constructed the first numeration table of these innate forms or faculties (not innate ideas or notions) under the names of Categories: which table, though both incomplete and erroneous, remains an unequivocal proof of his penetration and philosophical genius. The best and most orderly arrangement of the original forms of the understanding, the moulds as it were both of our notions and judgments concerning the notices of the senses, is that of quantity, quality, relation, and mode, each consisting of three kinds. There is but one possible way of making an enumeration of them interesting or even endurable to the general reader: the history of the origin of certain useful inventions in machinery in the minds of the inventors.

or lefs limited underftanding without felf-confcioufnefs, or fpontaneous origination. Befides this, the underftanding with all its axioms of fenfe, its anticipations of apperception, and its analogies of experience, has no appropriate object, but the material world in relation to our worldly interefts. The far-fighted prudence of man, and the more narrow, but at the fame time far more certain and effectual, cunning of the fox, are both no other than a nobler fubftitute for falt, in order that the hog may not putrefy before its deftined hour.

E.

No. XII.

He who taketh the fide of juftice maketh the land profperous: he who withdraweth from the fame is an accomplice in its deftruction.

RABBI ASSI was fick, lay on his bed furrounded by his difciples, and prepared himfelf for death. His nephew came unto him, and found him weeping. "Wherefore weepeft thou, Rabbi?" he afked. "Muft not every look which thou cafteft back on thy paft life, bring a thought of joy to thee? Haft thou not then fufficiently ftudied, not fufficiently taught the facred law? Lo! thy difciples here are proofs of the contrary. Haft thou then been backward in practifing the works of righteoufnefs? Every man is fatisfied that thou haft not. And thy humility was the crown of all thy virtues! Never wouldft thou fuffer thyfelf to be elected the judge of the diftrict, anxioufly as the whole diftrict wifhed it." "It is even this, my fon," anfwered Rabbi Affi, "which now troubles me. I had it in my power

to exercife right and juftice among the children of men, and out of miftaken humility, I did not avail myfelf thereof. Whofo withdraweth himfelf from juftice is an accomplice in the ruin of the land."

F.

No. XIV.

DURING my fecond term at Cambridge, I had for my own amufement commenced a work on the plan of the well known Miferies of Human Life, at leaft with the fame title; for by its title only, and the pleafure expreffed by all who have fpoken to me of it, am I acquainted with that publication. But at the fame time I had meant to add, as an appendix, a catalogue *raifonné* of the fights, incidents, and employments, that leave us better men than they found us; or, to ufe my original phrafe, of the things that do a man's heart good. If the feventeen or eighteen years which have elapfed fince that period, would enable me greatly to extend and diverfify the former lift, the latter, as more properly the offspring of experience and reflection, would be augmented in a ftill larger proportion. Among the *addenda* to this fecond catalogue I fhould rank foremoft, a long winter evening devoted to the re-perufal of the letters of far-diftant or deceafed friends. I fuppofe the perfon fo employed to be one, whofe time is feldom at his own difpofal, and that he finds himfelf alone in a quiet houfe, the other inmates of which are abfent on fome neighbourly vifit. I have been led to this obfervation by the numerous letters (many of which had all the pleafure of novelty for me, joined with the more

tender charm of awakened recollection) from the Friend, with a slight sketch of whose character I have introduced the present number under the name, which he went by among his friends and familiars, of Satyrane,* the Idoloclast, or breaker of idols.

A few seasons ago, I made the tour of the northern counties with him and three other companions. His *extensive erudition, his energetic and all too subtle in*tellect, the opulence of his imagination, and above all, his inexhaustible store of anecdotes, which always appeared to us the most interesting when of himself, and his passionate love of mountain imagery, which often gave an eloquence to his looks and made his very silence intelligible, will for ever endear the remembrance of that tour to the survivors. Various were our discussions, most often with him, but sometimes [when we had split our party for a few hours] concerning him and his opinions; not a few of which appeared, to some of us at least, sufficiently paradoxical, though there was nothing which he bore with less patience than the hearing them thus characterized. Many and various were our topics, often suggested by the objects and occurrences of the moment, and often occasioned by the absence of other interest. O Satyrane! who would not have lost the sense of time and fatigue in thy company? How often, after a walk of fifteen or twenty miles, on rough roads and through a dreary or uninteresting country, have we seen our proposed resting place with a sort of pleasant surprise, all joining in the same question—" Who would

* The attentive reader will of course see that Satyrane is the author himself, and that this extract contains one of the many sketches of his own character, scattered throughout his writings.
E.

have thought we had walked ſo far?" And then, perhaps, we examined our watches, as if half in doubt, or perhaps to contraſt the length of time which had thus ſlipped away from us, with our own little ſenſe of its lapſe. Theſe diſcuſſions, and the marked difference of our ſeveral characters (though we were all old acquaintances, and, with one exception, all of us fellow-Cantabs) ſuggeſted to us the plan of a joint work, to be entitled, 'Travelling Converſations.' Since that time I have often renewed this ſcheme in my mind, and pleaſed myſelf with the thought of realizing it. Independently of the delightful recollections, the lively portraiture and inward muſic, which would enliven my own fancy during the compoſition, it appeared to me to poſſeſs the merit of harmonizing an indefinite variety of matter by that unity of intereſt, which would ariſe from the characters remaining the ſame throughout, while the tour itſelf would ſupply the means of introducing the moſt different topics by the moſt natural connections. We had agreed to call each other by the names of our walking ſticks, each of which happened to be of a different wood; Satyrane, however, excepted, who was well pleaſed to be called among us by his old college name, and not diſpleaſed with his learned *agnomen*, when we uſed with mock ſolemnity to entreat a ſhort reprieve for our prejudices from him, under the lofty title of 'Puiſſant and moſt redoubtable Idoloclaſtes.' I flatter myſelf that the readers of the Friend will conſent to travel over the ſame road with the ſame fellow-touriſt. High, indeed, will be my gratification, if they ſhould hereafter think of the walk and talk with the Friend's Satyrane, Holly, Larch, Hiccory and Sycamore, with a ſmall portion of the delight with which they have ac-

companied the Spectator to his club, and made acquaintance with Will Honeycomb, and the inimitable Sir Roger de Coverley. From any imitation, indeed, I am precluded by the nature and object of my work; and for many reasons, the persons, whom I introduce, must be distinguished by their sentiments, their different kinds of information, and their different views of life and society, rather than by any prominent individuality of humour in their personal characters. What they were to myself they will be to my reader; glasses of different colours and various degrees of power, through which truth and error, happiness and misery, may be contemplated.

From his earliest use, Satyrane had derived his highest pleasures from the admiration of moral grandeur and intellectual energy; and, during the whole of his short life, he had a greater and more heartfelt delight in the superiority of other men to himself, than men in general derive from the belief of their own. His readiness to imagine a superiority where it did not exist, was, indeed, for many years, his predominant weakness. His pain from the perception of inferiority in others, whom he had heard spoken of with any respect, was unfeigned and involuntary, and perplexed him, as a something which he did not comprehend. In the child-like simplicity of his nature, he talked to all men as if they were, at least, his equals in knowledge and talents; and his familiars record many a whimsical anecdote, and many a ludicrous incident, connected with this habit of his of scattering the good seed on unreceiving soils. When he was at length compelled to see and acknowledge the true state of the morals and intellect of his contemporaries, his disappointment was severe, and his mind, always thoughtful, be-

came penſive and almoſt gloomy: for to love and ſympathize with mankind was a neceſſity of his nature. Hence, as if he ſought a refuge from his own ſenſibility, he attached himſelf to the moſt abſtruſe reſearches, and ſeemed to derive his pureſt delight from ſubjects that exerciſed the ſtrength and ſubtlety of his underſtanding, without awakening the feelings of his heart. When I firſt knew him, and for many years after, this was all otherwiſe. The ſun never ſhone on a more joyous being. The Letters of earlieſt date, which I poſſeſs of his, were written to a common friend, and contain the accounts of his firſt travels. That I may introduce him to my readers in his native and original character, I now place before them his firſt letter, written on his arrival at Hamburgh.* I have only to premiſe, that Satyrane was incapable of ridiculing a foreigner merely for ſpeaking Engliſh imperfectly; but the extravagant vanity that could prompt a man, ſo ſpeaking and pronouncing, to pride himſelf on his excellence as a linguiſt is as honeſt a ſubject of light ſatire, as an old coquette, or as a beau of threeſcore and ten, expoſing the infirmities of old age in a reel on his wedding-day.

* The Letter here alluded to was publiſhed in the author's "Literary Life."

G.

Preliminary to No. XXI.

Ante quod eſt in me, poſtque ——
* * * *
Omnis habet geminas, hinc atque hinc, janua frontes,
E quibus hæc populum ſpectat; at illa larem.
Utque ſedens veſter primi prope limina tecti
Janitor egreſſus introituſque videt;
Sic ego ———. OVID.

† I HAVE always looked forward to the preſent number of The Friend as its firſt proper ſtarting poſt; for the twenty numbers preceding I regarded as a preparatory heat, in order to determine whether or no I ſhould be admitted, as a candidate, on that longer courſe, on which alone the ſpeed and ſtrength of the racer can be fairly proved.

* * * *

I was not ſo ignorant of mankind as to expect that my eſſays would be found intereſting in the hurry and ſtruggle of active life. All the paſſions which are there at work it was my object to preclude: and I diſtinctly foreſaw, that by rejecting all appeals to perſonal paſſions, and party ſpirit, and all intereſt grounded wholly on the cravings of curioſity, and the love of novelty for its own ſake, I at the ſame time precluded three-fourths of the ordinary readers of periodical publications, whether reviews, magazines, or newſpapers. I might, however,

* Faſt. I. 114, 135, &c.—*Ed.*

† The following paſſages are extracted from an addreſs by Mr. Coleridge to his ſubſcribers, and to the readers of the Friend in general.—*Ed.*

find. difperfedly what I could not hope to meet with collectively. I thought it not improbable, that there might be individuals, fcattered throughout the kingdom, to whom the very abfence of fuch ftimulants would prove a recommendation to the work; and that, when the exiftence of fuch a work was generally known, a fufficient number of perfons, able and willing to patronife it, might gradually be collected.

* * * *

I ought to have made it a condition, that a notice of fix weeks fhould be given of the intention to difcontinue the work;—but this I neglected from unwife delicacy, an habitual turning away from all thoughts relating to money, and, from a felf-flattering perfuafion that thofe, who, after the perufal of my *Profpectus*, had determined on giving the work a trial, would be fenfible of the difficulties it had to ftruggle with, and whether fatisfied or not with its ftyle of execution, yet for the earneft wifh of the Friend, not only to pleafe them, but to pleafe them in fuch a way as might leave them permanently better pleafed with themfelves, would be difpofed rather to leffen than increafe them.

* * * *

Among other things of the kind, a perfon, figning himfelf "Carlyol," has addreffed a threatening and abufive letter to me from Dover. I fhall not tell him that fuch an act was ungentlemanly, unmanly, and unchriftian, for this would be to him the fame "learned non*fence* and unintelligible jar*gin*" for which he abufes me; but fome other points I may venture to prefs on his attention. Firft, that it was a lack of common honefty in him to write a letter with a fictitious fignature, and not pay the poftage: fecondly, that it was injudicious to addrefs the

letter to me, as the editor of the Courier is alone refponfible for the appearance of the paffages which have offended him, and the other admirers of Buonaparte in that paper: thirdly, that there is one branch of learning without which learning itfelf cannot be railed at with common decency, namely, fpelling: and laftly, that unintelligibility is a very equivocal charge. It certainly may arife from the author, efpecially if he fhould chance to be deficient in that branch of erudition laft mentioned; but it may likewife, and often does, arife from the reader, and this from more than one caufe. He may have an idiotic underftanding, and what is far more common, as well as incomparably more lamentable, he may have an idiotic heart. To this laft caufe muft we attribute the commiffion of fuch crimes as provoke the vengeance of the law, by men who cannot but have heard from the pulpit truths and warnings, which, though evident to their underftandings, were, unhappily for them[1], religious nonfenfe and unintelligible jargon to their bad hearts. And I feel it my duty to prefs on my correfpondent's reflection the undoubted fact, that a man may be quite fool enough to be a rogue, and yet not appear fool enough to fave him from the legal confequences of his roguery.

Ibid.

DURING the compofition of this laft paragraph, I have been aware that I fhall appear to have been talking arrogantly, and with an unwarrantable affumption of fuperiority; but a moment's reflection will enable my reader to acquit me of this charge, as far as it is, or ought

[1] On thought and attention contained in Vol. I. Eff. 2.—*Ed.*

to be; a charge. He will recollect that I have been giving the hiftory of my own mind; and that, if it had been my duty to believe, that the main obftacle to the fuccefs of my undertaking exifted not in the minds of others, but in my own infufficiency and inferiority, I ought not to have undertaken it at all. To a fincere and fenfible mind it cannot but be difgufting, to find an author writing on fubjects, to the inveftigation of which he profeffes to have devoted the greater portion of his life, and yet appealing to all his readers promifcuoufly, as his full and competent judges, and thus foliciting their favour by a mock modefty, which either convicts him of grofs hypocrify, or the moft abfurd prefumption. For what can be conceived at once more abfurd and prefumptuous, than for a man to write and publifh books for the inftruction of thofe who are wifer than himfelf, more learned, and more judicious? Humility, like all other virtues, muft exift in harmony with truth. My heart bears me witnefs that I would gladly give up all the pleafures which I can ever derive from literary reputation, could I receive inftead of them a deep conviction, that the Friend has failed in pleafing no one, whofe own fuperiority had not rendered the effays tirefome, becaufe fuperfluous. And why fhould that be deemed a mark of felf-fufficiency in an author, which would be thought only common fenfe in a mufician or a painter, namely, the fuppofition that he underftands and can practife thofe arts, to which he has devoted his beft faculties during life, in confequence of a particular predilection for them, better than the mafs of mankind, who have given their time and thoughts to other purfuits? There is one fpecies of prefumption among authors which is truly hateful, and which betrays itfelf,

when writers, who, in their prefaces, have proſtrated themſelves before the ſuperiority of their readers as ſupreme judges, will yet, in their works, paſs judgments on Plato, Milton, Shakeſpeare, Spenſer, and their compeers, in blank aſſertions and a peremptory *ipſe-dixi*, and with a groſſneſs of cenſure, which a ſenſible ſchoolmaſter would not apply to the exerciſes of the youths in his upper forms. I need no outward remembrances of my own inferiority, but I poſſeſs them on almoſt every ſhelf of my library; and the very book which I am now uſing as my writing deſk (Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*) inſpires an awe and heartfelt humility, which I would not exchange for all the delight which Buonaparte can enjoy at the moment that his crowned courtiers hail him emperor of emperors, and lord paramount of the Weſt.

As the week, which is to decide on the continuance of the Friend, coincides with the commencement of the new year, the preſent addreſs has not inappropriately taken its character from the two-faced god to whom the firſt month is indebted for its name; it being in part retroſpective, and in part proſpective. Among the various reaſons which Ovid, in the paſſage from which I have taken my motto, has made Janus himſelf aſſign for his bifront appearance, he has omitted the moſt obvious intention of the emblem, that of inſtructing his worſhippers to commence the new year with a religious, as well as prudential, review of their own conduct, and its conſequences during the paſt year: and thus to look onward to the year before them with wiſer plans, and with ſtrengthened or amended reſolutions. I will apply this to my own conduct as far as it concerns the preſent publication; and having already ſufficiently informed the

reader of the general plan which I had propofed to myfelf, I will now, with the fame fimplicity, communicate my own calm judgment on the manner in which that plan has been fo far realized and the outline filled up. My firft number bears marks of the effort and anxiety with which it was written, and is compofed lefs happily than I could wifh. It affuredly had not the cheerful and winning afpect, which a door-keeper, prefenting the bill of fare, ought to poffefs. Its object, however, was fo far anfwered, as it announced diftinctly the fundamental pofition or grand poftulate on which the whole fuperftructure, with all its fupporting beams and pillars, was to reft. I call it a poftulate, not only becaufe I deferred the proofs, but becaufe, in ftrictnefs, it was not fufceptible of any proof from without. The fole poffible queftion was—Is it, or is it not, a fact?—and for the anfwer every human being muft be referred to his own confcioufnefs.

* * * *

If man be a free agent, his good and evil muft not be judged according to the nature of his outward actions, or the mere legality of his conduct, but by the final motive and intention of the mind. Now the final motive of an intelligent will is a principle: and confequently to refer the opinions of men to principles (that is to abfolute and neceffary, inftead of fecondary and contingent, grounds) is the beft and only fecure way of referring the feelings of men to their proper objects. In the union of both confifts the perfection of the human character.

The fame fubject was illuftrated in my fecond effay, and reafons affigned from the peculiar circumftances of the age, and the prefent ftate of the minds of men, for giving this particular direction to their ferious ftudies,

instead of the more easy and attractive mode of instruction adapted by my illustrious predecessors in periodical literature. At the same time, being conscious how many authorities of recent, but for that reason more influential reputation I must of necessity contravene in the support and application of my principles, both in criticism and philosophy, I thought it requisite to state the true nature of presumption and arrogance, and thus, if it were possible, preclude the charge in cases where I had not committed the offence. The object of the next four numbers was to demonstrate the innoxiousness of truth, if only the conditions were preserved which the reason and conscience dictated; to shew at large what those conditions were which ought to regulate the conduct of the individual in the communication of truth; and by what principles the civil law ought to be governed in the punishment of libels. Throughout the whole of these numbers, and more especially in the latter two, I again, and again recalled the attention of the reader to the paramount importance of principles, alike for their moral and their intellectual, for their private and national, consequences; the importance, I say, of principles of reason, as distinct from, and paramount to, the maxims of prudence, even for prudence' sake. Some of my readers will probably have seen this subject supported by other and additional arguments in my seventh letter, 'On the grounds of hope for a people warring against Armies,' published during the last month, in the Courier.

In the meantime I was aware, that in thus grounding my opinions in literature, morals and religion, I should frequently use the same or similar language as had been applied by Rousseau, the French physiocratic philosophers, and their followers in England, to the nature

and rightful origin of civil government. The remainder of my work, therefore, hitherto has been devoted to the purpose of averting this mistake, as far as I have not been compelled by the general taste of my readers to interrupt the systematic progress of the plan by essays of a lighter kind, or which at least required a less effort of attention. In truth, since my twelfth number, I have not had courage to renew any subject which did require attention. The way to be admired is to tell the reader what he knew before, but clothed in a statelier phraseology, and embodied in apt and lively illustrations. To attempt to make a man wiser is of necessity to remind him of his ignorance, and in the majority of instances, the pain actually felt is so much greater than the pleasure anticipated, that it is natural that men should attempt to shelter themselves from it by contempt or neglect. For a living writer is yet *sub judice:* and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride, as well as more agreeable to our indolence, to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring out of our sight above us. *Itaque id agitur, ut ignorantia etiam ab ignominia liberetur.* Happy is that man, who can truly say, with Giordano Bruno, and whose circumstances at the same time permit him to act on the sublime feeling;—

Procedat nudus, quem non ornant nubila,
Sol: non conveniunt quadrupedum phaleræ
Humano dorso. Porro veri species
Quæsita, inventa, et patefacta, me efferat.
Etsi nullus intelligat,
Si cum natura sapio et sub numine,
Id vere plusquam satis est.

Should the number of subscribers remaining on my list be sufficient barely to pay the expences of the pub-

lication, I ſhall aſſuredly proceed in the preſent form, at leaſt till I have concluded all the ſubjects which have been left imperfect in the preceding eſſays. And this, as far as I can at preſent calculate, will extend the preſent volume to the twenty-eighth or perhaps thirtieth number. The firſt place will be given to 'Fragments and ſketches of the life of the late Admiral Sir Alexander Ball.' I ſhall next finiſh the important ſubject left incomplete at the ninth number, and demonſtrate that deſpotiſm and barbariſm are the natural reſult of a national attempt to realize anti-feudaliſm. or the ſyſtem of philoſophical jacobiniſm. This poſition will be illuſtrated and exemplified at each ſtep by the preſent ſtate of France; and the eſſay will conclude with a detailed analyſis of the character of Buonaparte, promiſed by the author ſo many years ago in the Morning Poſt, as a companion to the character of Mr. Pitt, which I have been requeſted by men of the higheſt reputation in the philoſophical and literary world, to republiſh in a more permanent form. In the third place, I ſhall conduct the ſubject of taxation to a concluſion, my eſſay on which has been groſsly miſunderſtood. Theſe miſconceptions and miſrepreſentations I ſhall uſe my beſt efforts to remove; and then develope the influences of taxation and a national debt, on the foreign trade of Great Britain: and laſtly, [the only mournful part of the tale] on the principles and intellectual habits of the country. And the volume, whether it be deſtined to ſtand alone or as the firſt of a ſeries, will conclude with a philoſophical examination of the Britiſh conſtitution in all its branches, ſeparately and collectively. To the next, or twenty-firſt number, I ſhall annex a note of explanation requeſted by many intelligent readers, concern-

ing my ufe of the words 'reafon' and 'underftanding, as far as is requifite for the full comprehenfion of the political effays from the feventh to the eleventh numbers. But as I am not likely to receive back my lift of fubfcribers from London within lefs than ten days, and muft till then remain ignorant of the names of thofe who may have given orders for the difcontinuance of the Friend, I am obliged to fufpend the publication for one week. I cannot conclude this addrefs without expreffions of gratitude to thofe who have written me letters of encouragement and refpect; but at the fame time entreat, that in their friendly efforts to ferve the work by procuring new names for it, they will apply to fuch only as, they have caufe to believe, will be actually pleafed with a work of this kind. Such only can be of real advantage to the Friend: and even if it were otherwife, he ought not to wifh it. An author's fuccefs fhould always depend on feelings infpired exclufively by his writings, and on the fenfe of their having been ufeful to the perfon who recommends them. On this fuppofition, and on this only, fuch recommendation becomes a duty.

Ibid.

No. XXI.

AS to myfelf, and my own prefent attempt to record the life and character of the late Admiral Sir Alexander Ball, I have already ftated that I confider myfelf as debarred from all circumftances, not appertaining to his conduct or character as a public functionary that involve the names of the living for good or for evil. What-

ever facts and incidents I relate of a private nature, must for the most part concern Sir Alexander Ball exclusively, and as an insulated individual. But I needed not this restraint. It will be enough for me, still as I write, to recollect the form and character of Sir Alexander Ball himself, to represent to my own feelings the inward contempt, with which he would have abstracted his mind from worthless anecdotes and petty personalities;—a contempt rising into indignation, if ever an illustrious name were used as the thread to string them upon. If this recollection be my Socratic demon to warn and to check me, I shall on the other hand derive encouragement from the remembrance of the tender patience, the sweet gentleness, with which he was wont to tolerate the tediousness of well meaning men; and the inexhaustible attention, the unfeigned interest, with which he would listen for hours where the conversation appealed to reason, and like the bee made honey while it murmured.

H.

No. XXII.

TO the doctrine of retribution after death the philosopher made the following objection. "When the soul is disunited from the body, to which will belong the guilt of the offences committed during life? Certainly not to the body; for this, when the soul takes its departure, lies like a clod of earth, and without the soul would never have been capable of offending: and as little would the soul have defiled itself with sin but for its union with the flesh. Which of the two then is the proper object of the divine justice?" "God's wis-

dom only," anſwered the Rabbi, "fully comprehends the way of his juſtice. Yet the mortal may without offence, if with humility, ſtrive to render the ſame intelligible to himſelf and his fellows. A houſeholder had in his fruit garden two ſervants, the one lame and the other blind. Yonder, ſaid the lame man to the blind, on thoſe trees I ſee moſt delicious fruit hang, take me on thy ſhoulders and we will pluck thereof. This they did, and thus robbed their benefactor who had maintained them, as unprofitable ſervants, out of his mere goodneſs and compaſſion. The maſter diſcovered the theft, and called the two ingrates to account. Each threw off the blame from himſelf, the one urging in his defence his incapability of ſeeing the fruit, and the other the want of power to get at it. What did the maſter of the houſe do? He placed the lame man upon the blind, and puniſhed them in the ſame poſture in which they had committed the offence. So will the Judge of the world do with the ſoul and body of man."

THE END.

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