

AN ESSAY
ON
CRANIOLOGY.



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AN ESSAY
ON
CRANIOLOGY,

BEING

THE SUBSTANCE OF A PAPER SUBMITTED TO THE
PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY, LEEDS,
DECEMBER 2, 1825.

BY RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON,
ONE OF ITS VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Ποτερα δὲ κερτομῶν λεγεις ταδε;
Εἰ κερτομησις ἐσι τάληθῆ λέγειν.

SOPH. PHILOC.

Et mala si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,
Ignoscas: *capiti* sint precor illa meo.

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1826.

DEDICATION.

TO JAMES WILLIAMSON, M. D.

PHYSICIAN TO THE GENERAL INFIRMARY, AND SECRETARY TO
THE PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY, LEEDS,
&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I beg you to accept the dedication of the following little sportive essay as a token of my sincere respect and gratitude. A trifle may sometimes explain the heart. Mine admiration of your highly cultivated talents is shared by so many, that it were as gratuitous in me, as it would be oppressive to you, to add one encomium. I have known, from unreserved intercourse, how correct are your habits of thinking, and how refined your perceptions of taste. I must condemn myself for not having assimilated more closely to such a model.—In personal and domestic affliction I have found in you the skilful adviser and affectionate friend.—As a minister of Christianity, I gladly conjoin your name with an illustrious enumeration which refute the common suspicion that there is a necessary alliance between the Medical Profession and a Materializing Infidelity.—As one who has enjoyed a large portion of your society and confidence, I avail myself of the present opportunity to testify that I owe to this one of the choicest associations which have reconciled me to a residence so alienated from every original tie and every youthful haunt. Nor have many of these pleasurable links been wanting in a scene, to which I came a perfect stranger nearly twelve

years ago, but where I have found a continually enlarging circle of liberal-minded friends, though occupying almost each distinct degree of political and religious variation. I am sure you will unite with me in wishing that this populous and wealthy town, in which we are now well-nigh naturalized, may long flourish: that its scientific and beneficent institutions may prosper: and that the Owl of its Shield may prove Minerva's own bird,—the presiding genius of commerce, freedom, urbanity, philosophy, and art!

It will be your's, my friend, to seize the honors of your liberal profession. A very unusual share of them you have already secured. It is mine to tread a humbler path. I have had my dreams of ambition, but they are fled. Nor can that moment be very distant when we shall feel, what I am sure we are daily seeking to learn, that the life of usefulness is the only life of honor; that faithfulness over our few or many endowments can alone secure that APPROBATION which is of infinitely greater value than the fame of ages and the treasure of worlds!

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your sincere and grateful friend,

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.

Albion-Street, Leeds.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In casting the following jeu d' esprit on public notice and candour, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that the society, before which it was read, is no party in the transaction. Let not it be visited with my faults. When I was somewhat unexpectedly required to submit a paper to it, no thesis occurred to me but that of Craniology. I had once treated it as so merely foolish, that it seemed alike incapable of mischief or refutation. I have discovered many painful evidences that I had misconceived it. When once admitted, the first barrier is broken down between the individual and the gulf of a general scepticism. "Principiis obsta." But certainly the subject opened upon my mind more ludicrously than I had been induced to expect. I may now perhaps borrow the language of Cicero, "moleste ferrem, in tam leves, ne dicam in tam ineptas, sententias incidisse." But, "e'en let it pass." The folly it combats, deserves to be laughed off the stage. A few allusions of a religious nature have been added, which the proper restriction imposed on our discussion would have prevented me from using in the Hall. Having delivered my opinions on the question, I may just remark, that no species of attack upon me, shall draw me into controversy. I have stood forth "pro aris;" but I shall henceforth devote myself to their *service* rather than *defence*.—I am not conscious that there is an argument in favour of this modish philosophy, but to which I have replied. But because jocular and sarcastic writing may be detected in the essay, I am quite prepared to hear that it contains no argument at all. There may be *point* which some cannot feel; there may be

reasoning which they cannot understand. The satire, if it may claim so dignified a name, is not an end ; it is only employed as a means to an end. “Dulce desipere” has become an adage: but to “answer a fool according to his folly” is almost a religious duty. “Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects.” I might address not a few, who may laugh at this pamphlet, as Johnson did a person who very heartily was enjoying his jokes, without appreciating his sentiments: “What provokes your risibility? Have I said any thing that you understand? Then I ask pardon of the rest of the company.”

I think it proper to declare, most solemnly, that in raising the “No Craniology” cry, I have not entertained the slightest wish to divide this great County, or to exasperate any portending Contest! Nor would such attempt have been fitting, for my head is mine only freehold. I have written to defend it from certain encroachments. My intention is answered. The synchronism of my cry, with other dreadful notes of preparation, is purely fortuitous. Far be it from me to prejudice the claims of any Honourable Gentlemen by charging them with either having too little brain, or with having (an imputation they have hitherto escaped) too much. But perhaps their Constituents should demand a pledge of them upon this Capital Question as well as upon some others.

Leeds, January 2d, 1826.

On Craniology.

THERE is considerable propriety, and no little acuteness, in Justice Shallow's remark concerning news: "there is," said the worthy member of the commission, and it is to be hoped of the quorum, "there is but two ways, either to utter them or to conceal them." Henry the Fourth might think himself fortunate in obtaining a magisterial representative, who could pronounce such deep-thought oracles; and had not Falstaff survived all honourable feeling and righteous principle, upon hearing the foregoing one, he would certainly have refunded the "borrowed thousand pounds." But it is often difficult to practise what we are constrained to admire, and to obey the claims of the authority we are disposed to concede as abstractedly just. I see the better, and cannot withhold my approbation: I fear that the charge may lie against me of following the worse. I had it in my power to "conceal" certain sentiments upon certain popular studies: I have embraced the alternative of "uttering them."

"Peream male, si non

"Optimum erat: verum nequeo dormire."

I know that Prudence has ever been held in great esteem: that no deity can be guilty of absence, or speak of pre-engagement, where this goddess deigns to preside. But I much prefer Honesty for my tutelary genius, uncouth and uncourtly as may be his manner, blunt and rugged as may be his speech; though Olympus refuse him a seat, and not a divinity be seen in his train. When the pedestals of *prudence* and *honesty* are properly arranged, they stand on the same line, and in the closest contact: they may be worshipped on the same knee, and fumed by the same censor: the suppliant look is directed, the grateful homage paid, at once to both. Yet it is too easy and too common so to dispose the statues, that not only shall the adoration be always divided, but that to offer sacrifice to the one is to commit sacrilege on the other.

There exists a general opinion that Craniology is an anatomical study; that it must be left for the scalpel to decide, and be referred to the dissector to adjudge, the truth of the case. The surgical and medical professions are naturally regarded as the best qualified to examine the conflicting evidence. They have constituted the principal circle, hitherto, through which the novel enquiry has ranged,—and the school which has furnished the foremost disputants of the controversy. Whether the members of these professions be the only, or

the best, qualified parties to engage in these lists, may, without any depreciation of the healing art, or of the respected class occupied in it, admit of a reasonable doubt. That the disciples of the serpent-twined rod are the most fitly accomplished for the *practical* research and *scientific* examen, is most cheerfully allowed. Such Peripatetics are within their own walk amidst these discussions. The descriptions of the head and the brain are familiar in their mouths as household words.— Their prehensile extremities, as Helvetius would denominate them, have already acquired a most delicate tact and sensibility; and the rude handling of skulls by an inadept and unprofessional grasp is quite a different thing from their well-practiced manipulations. “Cuique in arte sua perito credendum est.” But *their* enquiries, it is probable, will be biassed in favor of a system, which asserts the dignity of a particular corporeal substance and structure; which reflects an honor over their own pursuits, which, on this hypothesis, associate them with the highest elements, and most secret springs, of human nature; and which not only agrees and strikes in with their favourite subject of inquiry, but is calculated to flatter them that their own field comprehends the very ultimate of all the knowledge that can be attained respecting man. It is simply natural that every professor should seek the credit

and the enlargement of his own sphere : it is only just that he should entertain an enthusiasm for it. And if the spirit reside in certain material formations topically described, characteristically developed, I wonder not that some ardent youths should feel exalted by so near an approach to its presence, be confident that soon they shall feel the soul as accurately as they now do the pulse, and seize the trephine as the very key which shall lay open the last recesses of the thinking being. Anatomy is denied by those who are called phrenologists, to be either the source or the test of their science. Yet, they who have devoted themselves to the dissecting-room, have not infrequently declared their approbation of it, and the physical impossibility they felt of arriving at any other conclusion. I might perhaps quote a line which very nearly describes the state of things, —but then the author I must not confess, and any translation would fail to express the original:

“Εἰσι γὰρ πολλοὶ φρεναπαταί, μαλιστα οἱ ἐκ περιτομῆς.”

These observations will perhaps acquit me of arrogance in attempting a sketch of the general controversy, as it relates to the popular theory of the cerebral organization and physiology,—though I can pretend to little technical, and to no professional, knowledge. If I should unfortunately differ from any around me, I hope, as Bacon said,

it is *in melius*, and not *in aliud*, with a view to benefit, and for no purpose of dissention.

That the mind expresses itself through some external sensible manifestations and conditions, is an opinion that has been very commonly received. The particular developement has been variously represented. Cheiromancy, or the inference of the character from the shape of the hand, once possessed a very exalted reputation; and long before the tricks of palmistry were played off by the impostor, grey-beard-philosophers sifted intellects by shaking hands. And our contemporary, Dr. Haslam, thinks that idiots have a peculiar construction of hand, “the sentient extremities being less pulpy and expanded.”—But the adjustment of the problem, in what part of the interior the soul resides, and on what part of the superficial volumen it is indicated, has not been remarkably successful,—of course, with the exception of our day! Montaigne gave little hope of reaching certainty, or acquiring satisfaction, in these studies: he has left the following pointed advice: “’Tis not in the sphere of the maturest understanding to judge of us simply by our external actions, it must fathom the very soul, and find out the springs which give it motion; but as this is a dangerous and sublime undertaking, I wish that fewer persons would attempt it.”

There has been, it must be confessed, a common disposition to elect the human head to this rank and influence : and as it holds an extensive correspondence with its constituents, answering all their applications with the greatest despatch, using its franking privilege with the kindest liberality, and withal having the tongue in its possession, (whereof the memory of man sheweth not to the contrary), perhaps the *body* will shew itself *politic* in ensuring its return !

No observer of the human figure can remain unimpressed with the abrupt majesty, the commanding contour, of the head. It is not horizontal, as in some animal forms : it is not prone, as in others : but it towers with a mysterious elation. Drawing the facial line, we mark the obtuse angle that is formed with the one which is carried from the floor and alæ of the nose to the passages of the ear. It is sometimes all but rectangular, and even the brow occasionally impends over the face. Well might the ancient poet sing of “the sublime countenance which man uplifts to the stars:” and our own bard assigns to this front,

“ A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on some heaven-kissing hill.”

General consent has associated with that rounded mass of matter,—the actual seat of four senses,—the reflecting medium of all emotions,—something

indefinably ascendant. Its very wreck is terrific. Look at its hollow globe! the eyeless sockets, the grinning jaws, the ghastly nostrils, the cheek-hollow, the scalp,—all proclaim a desertion and abandonment of the curious apparatus by a power which must have been great itself to have employed and wielded it. And in that sensitive and majestic orb a substance existed more delicately attenuated, more singularly configured, than any known form which corporeal matter wears. Its susceptibility insured its decay. It is the skull which, of all the relics of our frame, gives its horror of expression to the charnel-house. The musings of Hamlet are perfectly natural. “How abhorred in our imagination it is! To what base uses may we return!” And Byron, with deep power of language and feeling, masters the similar strain :

“ Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps :
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell ?
 Why e'en the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell.
 Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
 Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul :
 Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
 And passion's host, that never brook'd controul :
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit.”

Our common idiomatic parlance conveys the same prepossession. A person of slow and narrow faculties is called a blockhead and numskull; he who is quick in acquiring, has brains and a good long head. When we resolve on any measure, we take it into our heads. We often count heads, taking for granted that they own a body each. A tax cannot be more universally styled than a poll-tax. The classical scholar will recollect the frequent use and peculiar meaning of the word *Caput* among the Romans. It is not seldom found in Virgil and Horace; and Homer employs *Κεφαλη* in the same acceptation.

There have not been wanting in past ages men of genius, who have endeavoured to reduce craniological phenomena to a system. Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century, in prosecuting his mechanical studies, formed a wooden image of man, fitting it with springs and contrivances for motion and sound. It will not surprise us to be informed, that the worthy Dominican was suspected of harbouring a familiar. Having thus wrought his curious imitation of the human shape and its functions,—he began to reflect on our nature itself. It is said that he proceeded to map out, upon the head, the various dispositions and faculties of the mind,—regarding the head as its seat, and those divisions as its manifestations.

Jean de Rhetan, who lived about the sixteenth century, wrote a book in which he anticipated many modern opinions on the organology of the brain. He particularly insists on the partition of the brain into a twofold set of energies and convolutions. I much regret that, though the work is extant, and in a *recherchè* library of this county, I have not been able to peruse it.

In the fourth book of “*Outlines of a Philosophy of the History of Man*,” published by John Godfrey Herder, at Weimar, in 1784, I have found the following remarks, which certainly very curiously anticipate some recent speculations. “Even what may be termed a good or bad shape of the human head itself, appears determinable by this general and simple law of its adaptation to the erect posture. For as this shape of the head, this expansion of the brain into beautiful wide hemispheres, with its internal formation to rationality and freedom, were consistent only with the erect form;—as the proportion and gravitation of the parts themselves, the degree of warmth they possess, and the manner in which the blood circulates through them, clearly show;—no other than the superior human form could result from this internal proportion. Why does the crown of the Grecian head incline so pleasingly forward? Because it contains the amplest space for an unconfined brain, and indicates fine sound concavities

in the frontal bone, so that it may be considered as the temple of clear and youthfully beautiful thought. The hind part, on the contrary, is small, that the animal cerebellum might not preponderate. I am persuaded that on the agreement of these parts will be erected a valuable science, to which physiognomy proceeding on conjecture would not easily attain. The grounds of the external form lie within; for every skull has been fashioned by the organic powers operating from within to without.”

These speculations have never been altogether abandoned. The correspondents of Martinus Scriblerus, who met at the Grecian coffee-house, thus enunciate the result of their enquiries. “We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the ariation and motion of the spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal: when two of these canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a proposition: and when two of these propositional channels empty themselves into a third,

they form a syllogism. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain. Some people think wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those glands. Some are born without the propositional or syllogistical canals: in others that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities: in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded,—and so of the rest.”

And Emanuel Swedenborg is another name which may be added to the proud catalogue of those who have ventured on these grave discussions. “There is in the brain an eminent sensorium, and in it are the inmost recesses, to which, and no further, the sensual rays of the body ascend: in those recesses the soul resides, ornamented with the most distinguished organical clothing, and in this abode, as it were, meets the ideas which emerge so far, and receives them as her guests.”

A more modern work than any has lately appeared, entitled “Encephalology, by Dr. Hirnschadel,” though people say, ill-naturedly, that it is a satire, and that this is merely a *nom de guerre*.—Still the system is ingenious. The head is divided into sixty-eight organs or ratios. There is a complete division of labor. One even enables a man to die, called *Expiratio*. The inventor describes his travels; at length he arrives in Dublin. He is

surprised to hear, in quite common conversation, of a new ratio, making a sixty-ninth, of which he had never before read or heard. He immediately notes it down, and, as he wrote in Latin, he enters it by the denomination—"organum Botheratio, sive ambarum rationum mistura fortuita, effervescens, bullas gignens." But as this *may not* be a *serious* work, it would be inconsistent to introduce any more quotations from it in so *serious* a dissertation as these pages contain.

Gall, a native of Swabia, and a student of Strasburg, has, within these few past years, claimed a monopoly of these discoveries. Like an Ovid Redivivus, he feels himself strongly impelled to sing not of bodies, but of minds changed into new forms. He appears to be a man of inquisitive mind, respectable education,—ingenuous and candid,—patient and inoffensive;—if prejudiced in favor of his system, only warped as every abettor of a theory must be:—if ever out of temper, asking no other revenge upon his foes than that he may survive them, to flesh his knife with their brains, and fill his museum with their skulls. He established himself at Vienna,—and having conceived his plan and rule, when yet a school-boy, now had ample opportunity to apply it in the hospitals of that metropolis. But whether incautious or not, he gauged the crowns of subjects so well and so mercilessly, that another crown was

considered in danger. The Capital was in little less alarm than when another Gaul thundered at its gate. Nor was the panic unreasonable. Since when that enlightened and paternal government interposed, it was only consistent with itself. For it claims the prerogative of making gentlemen, notaries, and poets : and has declared, by imperial edict, that it does not desire profound scholars but submissive subjects. Such a science might have elicited knowledge, fostered genius, excited emulation ; and thus the jewel of the imperial prerogative might have been dimmed or shivered. But Magnates and Ecclesiastics were perfectly reconciled, by a royal assurance that the professor's hands and callipers should be restricted to the *foreign* heads which might bend themselves to his examinations. The issue might be expected ; Austria was saved, and heads go on there as usual, alike unexamining and unexamined, unknowing and unknown. The "distracted globe" of thought and research soon becomes elliptical and misshaped : curves change into angles, and waving flexures into zigzag asperities. This innovation upon the standard-measure of the human skull has been prevented there ; and in one happy country at least man raises a head, "orbed in its full round." Such proportions banish all political disquietude, all persons and all heads necessarily keeping in

their *sphere*. Yet even ROUND-HEADS have proved troublesome, and made free with others beside their own. Whether CROPPIES had worthy heads or not, they did not attempt to conceal them.— It was still only consistent in the boasted descendant of the Cæsars to seek to

“ Have men about him, that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights :
Not men who have a lean and hungry look ;
They think too much : such men are dangerous.”

Berlin and Dresden however welcomed our philosopher, the one with the favor of the court, the other with the enthusiasm of the people. About this time Spurzheim became a warm admirer of the theory, associated himself with the traveller, rose to be a sort of demonstrator to his lectures, and perhaps at the present time, and certainly in this country, more than shares his fame. The German illuminati took up the cause with singular ardor, though it was doubtlessly in Great Britain that some of its staunchest adherents were found. We are proverbially candid and credulous : and while the exotic philosophy buzzed in every converzationè, and adorned every boudoir, of fashionable life ; while it acquired favor with the quidnunc and the bas-bleu ; it ranked among its supporters some of the truly learned : and the very multitude (prob-

ably because the “many headed”) paused ere they condemned. Scarcely have we a city, containing an university, or a town boasting a lunatic asylum, but it has added the beneficial institution of a Phrenological Society!

It may be proper to state the originality and amount of the discoveries assumed to be made by this Human Naturalist. I speak not of his physiognomy, for this is not justly a part of his system. An obscure author, by name Aristotle, thought of this before. It is unfairly mixed up with a system which is too well calculated to discredit and deform it. We are made to be affected with a fine head; the chiseled brow, the speaking eye! But who ever thought of cerebral convolution amidst this admiration? The love of *proportion* strikes us. The pride of our nature is stirred, when notwithstanding frequent degeneracies of size and expression, the grandeur of the first model is renewed. An association of intellect is felt. We yield to a spell of moral authority.—The “large and arched front sublime” is a very different spectacle when exhibited by a Lavater and a Gall. In the one, what magnificent mood; in the other, what artificial detail. The one is a field left rich and luxuriant in its own growth; the other the same field staked into building lots. The one is a noble palace; the other the same palace leased by sundry

agents, and broken into divers offices.—The claims of Craniology, be they true or false, must be viewed quite apart from Physiognomy: upon the latter, the system of Gall cannot, in legal phrase, found. Nor will I now speak of those scientific deductions which he pretends to have infallibly established. I leave to others whether the white or medullary matter be strictly and uniformly fibrous: whether it originate in the grey or cineritious matter as its matrix, and be supported by it as its pabulum: whether the first be nervous, and the latter a surrounding ganglion, which connects these fibrils: whether these filaments be all excurrent and diverging, recurrent and converging: whether the spinal marrow be their universal source and termination: whether it can dignify the thinking faculties to unite them with that cord which is common to all vertebrated animals. I leave to others whether we should begin with the surface of the brain, or unwind it from what this system considers its origin: whether we ought to content ourselves with horizontal sections, as we slice a Dutch cheese; or commence with the root, as we eat our Celery with it.

Gall maintains that the substance we call brain is not, as some have thought, the *one* organ of thought, but a concatenation of organs: that these

are the seats and mediums of all our faculties and affections: that their strength rests principally in their size, though partly on their activity, which again is determined by temperament: that the bony case or shell we call the head, has protuberances and depressions corresponding to the organs, whether fully or feebly developed, on the brain: and that these indications will readily confess themselves to the experienced eye and hand. Thus, like the skilful rhabdomantist, he has placed his divining rod on the surface of the skull; it has given signs that precious ores of cogitation and passion are buried within it; if we cannot find this to be the case, his crucible proves it true; and so accurate have his observations become, that, resigning the wand of the enchanter for the humble task of the surveyor, he can at once decide from the soil,—the nature, bed, and dip of the intellectual strata, where the truest level can be driven, or the most eligible shaft be sunk. And, therefore, though man has nominally but one head, it is so happily multiplied into itself, that he may claim the virtual possession of many. He is eleven times richer than Cerberus. And, as new organs discover themselves, he may hereafter acquire the faculty of Hydra itself. His head is a Divan and Senate: there are various parties and different tribunes: oftentimes there are opinions without votes: a *standing* order defeats a *session*: and a *subse-*

quent motion, instead of being taken on its merits, frequently goes off on a *previous* question :

“ The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.”

Let us not suppose, however, that the brain has yet done its best,—that it will not at any time work up new elevations,—that man has reached his last eminence! The acmè is not attained. It is to be hoped, from a recollection of the past, that the cranium will soon be more fully studded, that it will tower high, and that some great tunnel-undertaking will facilitate the intercourse between the external and subterraneous region of the skull. Dr. Gall set up with only twenty-six organs,—they now bear a premium of seven. The head has still much vacant space and terra incognita: and if, at any future time, it should be quite built up, no one can believe that the author of this improvement-act has obtained a clause to prevent another architect raising an additional and equally well-propped—*story* !

Gall's first division of these organs embraced those which enable man to enter into the external world ; his second, those by which we acquire a more familiar knowledge of objects that are known to us by means of the external senses ; his third,

those that are strictly intellectual. Spurzheim divides them into two genera, —feelings and intellect: the feelings into the species of propensities and sentiments; the intellect into the species of knowing and reflecting faculties.

“ This fellow’s of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings.”—

Had I ventured to address you a little time ago, there would have been an awkward necessity of laying out of this classification two important organs,—the one was admitted to belong to the family, but was treated as a non-descript,—the second was confessedly posthumous, but has of late been very cordially recognized. The powers and dispositions are feeble at first, their nidi are consequently small. For, by a singular law, this callow brood must shape their several tenements, as well as break their own eggs. The mind is oviparous, but having buried its deposits, leaves them to be hatched as they can, without the trouble and weariness of incubation.

A brief enumeration of these organic developments may be expected,—a nice analysis it would be foreign to my purpose to attempt. Perhaps indeed, my purpose is favourable to my reputation,—as, when Cromwell found that there was not a loaf among his army, he most prudently

issued orders from his head-quarters for a solemn fast. I pass over the *first two* with the remark, that were their names unknown, or their sites undiscovered, the winged boy would probably have taken as sure an aim, and our offspring would have been as dear to our hearts. Still should we find a Romeo, we might entertain hope of relieving him, a knowledge of the disease being half the cure,—and Cornelia, by a reduction of her occipital projection might have been spared her solicitude for the Gracchi.—*Ignis mollibus ardet in medullis.*

Inhabitiveness.—Lying just above the affection we have for our offspring, the locality itself impresses the useful moral, that those who have families should keep much at home. It is said to be found in animals of various kinds: and Dr. Spurzheim, in his recent course of lectures, still maintains that, under this influence, English rats live in garrets, while Norwegian ones prefer down-stairs. Mr. Combe thinks it might be called concentrativeness; but it is still the same with the other; only instead of impelling man simply to obtain a settlement, it equally assists him to connect his arguments, and generalize his ideas. A recent advocate imputes to the fullness of inhabitiveness the extraordinary faculty which Pitt exhibited, of coming to the point! So that inhabitiveness, though always in doors, has no very easy life of it!

Adhesiveness.—This being situated larboard and starboard of inhabitiveness, intimates the propriety of keeping well with our neighbours, and sometimes visiting them. Under this developement lies all the stock of friendship the brain may boast. It gives rise to every penchant and liaison of mankind. It is very boon and social. The Symposian wreath is always tied above it. When it swells up inordinately, it becomes an United Service Club-house. It is necessary to give integrity to firms and companies of trade; and ought always to be well looked to ere articles of partnership are signed. On lending money, we cannot be too scrupulous in inspecting the Adhesive organ; and should always require a note of head, in addition to a note of hand!

Combativeness.—This organ takes a very good-natured station near to Adhesiveness, probably with a view of resenting any wrong or indignity offered to compact or friendship. It does not equally well support its own credit. Why does it not rush forward to the van? Why does it shrink behind, to borrow the term of fortification, the *curtain* of the ear? Some men have this pugnacious quality in a very large degree. It forms the school of warriors, and shews that, amongst the benevolent designs of nature, the mortal strife is not to be forgotten. Perhaps Alexander was very Great here; and, in a modern hero, it is under-

stood that the organ is a high pressure one, and of forty lion power. Surely the torch of Alecto must have struck this part of Turnus, and not have fixed itself in his bosom; for it was then the Combative-organ beat to arms,—though, to be sure, if the organ were not agitated at all, a lighted brand in the breast would somewhat alter the temperament, and powerfully excite by consequence, the functionary activity! Nor could this disposition be better illustrated and confirmed:

“ Arma amens fremit; arma toro tectisque requirit:
Sævit amor ferri, et scelerata insania belli.”

It is supposed that Combativeness reaches an unsightly eminence in some of legal celebrity; but, if so, it is dexterously capuched. The correspondence of Thomas Sudden, Esq. of the Inner Temple, with the Spectator, has probably given rise to the insinuation. His memorial sheweth “That he stayed behind in Westminster Hall when the late shake of the roof happened, only because a counsel of the other side asserted it was coming down: that he cannot for his life consent to any thing.”

Destructiveness.—This is very properly fixed near the former organ; they “are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations.” It would be very comfortable could we have war without bloodshed and death,—but as we are or-

ganized to fight, it was at least honest to post an adjoining notice of what would be the consequence.

“ For things like that you know must be
After a famous victory.”

No developement is more accurately made out by Gall and Spurzheim than this: though here the men of models and craniums, the Castor and Pollux, seem not quite agreed. The latter has so clearly defined it, that mistake is impossible. “ It gives the propensity to pinch, scratch, bite, cut, break, pierce, devastate, demolish, ravage, burn, massacre, struggle, butcher, suffocate, drown, kill, poison, murder, and assassinate.” This amiable feature of the skull rises about half behind and half above the ear.

Secretiveness juts out above this formidable next-door companion, the skull resembling an Edinburgh house, laid out into flats; though there the comparison may fail, for it is very fond of bows, a thing which it is said the inhabitants will not suffer their dwellings to do, reserving the privilege wholly for themselves. Now this organ is very serviceable in diplomacy; is useful in letter-carriers, and indispensable in the tylers of free-mason lodges. It gives an air of shrewdness, it contains the principle of cunning; it makes its possessor speak knowingly, mysteriously; “ he

could, but he will not: the man must be dexterous to get any thing out of him: he can be fast." Thus we are more or less worthy of *confidence*; or more or less guilty of *duplicity*. It is to be lamented that this bony index was not known to Ulysses, or he must have been saved the most painful anxiety about Telemachus. For Fenelon thus describes him when he confided his child to the nobles of Ithaca: "If you ever loved the father shew it in your care towards the son; but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret."

Acquisitiveness.—This organ, which rises in nearly the same line with the last, but approaching the eye, is the Amor habendi, and that disposing cause which *some* yield to, of making as much their own as they can. Its locality may explain the meaning of the common expression, having an *eye* to this or that. It loves encroachments, chuckles over gains; would come by any desideratum honestly, but will have it at all events. It makes misers and oppressors; now an Elwes, anon an Overreach. Thieves are influenced by it, and owe to it their unfortunate inclinations. It is found in various countries, but is supposed to have some magnetic property; its polarization being greatly excited as we travel North. These sympathies of things I do not pretend to discuss.

Constructiveness is discovered in drawing the same line down to nearly the external angle of the eye. In savage life we may suppose that this part was very depressed, but after the tower of Babel, the brain would be determined not to be behind man in architecture. It had only a narrow area on which it could build, and that not a plane but a precipice. The same area was on opposite sides; but what did the brain do, but threw out two lateral projections, and there they stand as the transepts of the head's temple. A Wren need not point to the pile which he has reared; a cupola would take the place of the ordinary constructiveness; fixed against the side, I admit, like a cupping-glass, and not swelling into air; but sufficiently majestic for his monumental "circumspice."—It was in obedience to this faculty that the pyramids of Egypt and the colonnades of Palmyra were produced. It is this which will not let man keep his hand out of stone and bitumen, brick and mortar. With such protuberances of construction you cannot wonder that he is incessantly talking of *elevations*. The increasing breadth of some people's heads, in a certain town, has attracted general notice: hatters and peruquiers are at fault: nay, the building-convexities of common skulls are said to have assumed the most singular forms in the instances of many: in the case of some to hang over like

terraces, and of others to run out into squares. Its citizens will soon acquire the *mural* crown. It is this propensity, our craniological guides inform us, which gives the mechanical turn, unsuccessful as it may oftentimes prove. Thus Hajji Baba, speaking of his inventions, says, "I contrived a wheel for perpetual motion, which only wants one little addition to make it go round for ever."—They also assure us that milliners and dress-makers require a large constructiveness to excel in their art. They also warn us that the organ is occasionally mischievous; one man builds a castle by it, and adds to his name Ville; another by it coins money, and gets the name of villain. It may however, be doubted whether criminals should suffer, on such *constructive* evidence!—This completes the synthesis of human *propensities*. And a superficial inspection will convince us that they have only skirted the basement of the skull; we shall now ascend to the suite of apartments on the second floor. Here the *sentiments* live; and of course this is better kind of neighbourhood.

The first we come at is *Self-esteem*, though *Pride* occupies the higher part of the room as a sort of chum. They dwell together on excellent terms, which is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that they are never out of humour with themselves. Some say they have too much pretension in their style, that they exceed their

income, that they show themselves too often at their window. This they impute to the envy of their neighbours, because their habitation is more lofty, reaching to the vertex of the back of the head, even to the best situations on the *walls*,—but they constantly say they know their own business best.

Love of Approbation is contiguous, and being partial to spacious accommodation, and not finding any one mansion sufficiently large, occupies two, on the right and left of Self-esteem. It is probable, however, that both have secret passages into the centre one. Its character is variously reported; sometimes it is considered right in seeking “golden opinions,” sometimes servile and venal in collecting the “most sweet voices:” some would wish it to take a nobler name, Emulation; some would say its present is not its own, for that of its parents is Vanity.

Cautiousness has raised two watch-towers for itself, though sadly out of the perpendicular, on the higher sides of the head; thus it is ever at the post of observation, commands a large horizon, and keeps a sharp look out. To a honest temperament, this inmate is by no means an agreeable being. He looks with a feverish suspicion around him; never speaks when he can listen; is a shameless eaves-dropper; only, in answering a question, can stammer out yes,—but

—if—will think—cannot decide—is always faithful, for he never promises; and true to his engagements, for he never commits himself.

“ Dubius is such a scrupulous good man—
 Yes—you may catch him tripping if you can.
 He would not with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes,—presumes,—it may be so.
 His sole opinion, whatsoe’er befall,
 Cent’ring at last in having none at all.”

We now reach another ascent, and find ourselves on a species of table-land. And consulting the last Directory for the year 1825, we can scarcely lose our way. But for such gazetteers, the deaths, removals, and new erections, would puzzle Ariadne herself.

Having climbed the height, the weary traveller finds a kind of St. Bernard’s Hospice, offering him the kindest reception. Here is the seat of *Benevolence*. We can only enrol our names in its album, and wish, as we depart, that if it be so, as the door-plate informs us, its mansion may be enlarged, and its strength be confirmed: that when it deceases, its fine expanse of dwelling may long survive as its tomb; that “goodness and it may fill up one monument.”

Veneration most properly surmounts the whole skull; and when we recollect the quarrelsome and ill-favoured rabble, “the fierce democracy,” of organs beneath it, we may say, with the Eighth Henry,

“Is this the honor they do one another?

’Tis well, there’s one above them yet.”

Or its position may remind us of Michael Angelo’s boast, that he would lift the dome of the Pantheon into mid-air. Now, when we recollect the utility of this developement, that in the memorable words of Gall, “the feeling of religion is attached to it,” we cannot but regret its recent discovery. And when we recollect, too, the name by which he first announced it, Theosophy, our regret is embittered. From what perplexity might philosophers and sages have been preserved, had this oracle been consulted more early; strange that any other steep should be preferred to the one of the Phrenological Ridge! Clarke might have raised his matchless demonstration without his prodigious cost of mental exertion, had he but known that there was a portion of brain which could be spun into arguments on all moral subjects, surmounted by an imperfect cylinder, which somehow or other assisted the interior manufacture. And pity it is, that Socrates, though often obliged to wipe his head from the *overwhelming* missiles

of Xantippe, never fastened on that boss, which would have enabled him to withstand all the charges of the Areopagus, respecting new deities, by proclaiming the First and Only Cause. And it might greatly assist the dispatch of all moral litigations, and religious controversies, if we would ever recollect that they are within this jurisdiction; that the venue must be laid, and the parties be bound in recognizances to appear, in this particular district. This is indeed the very pole of the head, and the circles are the parallels of latitude. We can easily do what the sailor in the arctic expedition said he would, could he find the one of which he was in quest, "Hang his hat on it; for the say-so of the thing." These latter two are really respectable members of the common-wealth of the organs, but in their *morality* they stand alone. Benevolence and Veneration are the only Graces which ever pass the Caput.

Decision, or *Firmness* demands, and keeps with characteristic energy the next rank. The idea of the brain, entertained by the Craniologists, is more favourable to the genius of this organ than to the last. They compare the spinal marrow to a tree having its roots in the brain; and "this," says Villers, "is to remind man of his immortality." Now this is a curious vegetation indeed; and a downward growth does not seem the best fitted emblem to remind us of our *paramount* destiny. But

in the case of *Decision*, it ought to be *radical*, and here I would not strike at the *root*.

It is said by the poet that "*Conscience* does make cowards of us all," we must therefore admire the stand which *Firmness* makes, though the organs of *Conscientiousness* are always at its elbows.—This word is used sometimes as equivalent with righteousness, and is supposed to form the basis of all legislation and jurisprudence. We often speak of conscience; now we know where to find it. We often speak of making conscience of such a *thing*, now we see what a *thing* we can make of conscience!

Hope is also to be found in the regions anterior to conscientiousness. It seems scarcely to answer our ideas of justice to put this fine sentiment into osseous confinement;—yet recollecting how narrow a chance there was formerly of its taking flight through an open lid, it seems to be a necessary, though rigid measure, to hermetically seal it, or, as despots have treated criminals, to build it up. A *ne exeat regno* is the slightest restraint such a subject can expect.

And now we come to a new sentiment, and recollecting the Horatian rule, *Nil admirari*, we refer to what was originally termed in French, *supernaturalité* and *sens des merveilleux*. Its "local habitation and name" are not precisely decided. It is however imagined to lie somewhat anterior to

Hope, and contiguous to the corners of *veneration*. It is now called Marvellousness. It is a common feeling, and produces the rage for novel-reading. It induces men also to brave the most terrific sublime of nature. Thus the stranger who haunted the Mall, informed the great satirist of his adventures: "It has been my good fortune to have seen all the phenomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica for that benefit!"

Ideality presents itself on the temples, and is the organ of Imagination. It is fully developed on some heads which affect to see farther into those of their neighbours than it is commonly deemed possible to do. It gives birth to the empiricism of speculation, and to each vagary of the day. In the brain, below this surface, lie the glands which secrete such works as the *Iliad*, the *Inferno*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Childe Harold*. Here is formed and preserved the humour of genius.—
Here are

"Such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends."

And they who have this organ very large

"Are of imagination all compact."

No longer do we ask,

“ Where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head ?”

Yet some may not have any high notion of the birth-place, and be prepared to hear that

“ Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.”

All those ethereal aspirations which genius kindles, all those witching strains which poetry chants, the creating power, the imaginative world, dwell in this narrow nook. *Idola specus!* we may well sigh! It has not an elf's ring about which to sport! Even Mab could not put up her hazel nut waggon in it! “ Let us all ring fancy's knell !”

Wit sweeps from the course of the last organ, and just makes a small curve with the forehead.— As brevity is the soul of wit, and they who lack it only attempt to define it, one remark shall suffice. We do not doubt there is such a faculty,— that its sallies are many and forcible,—all our surprise is about the sally-port. We do not deny that there are such treasures—

“ Tis true the things are costly, rich, and rare,
But how in wonder's name did they come there ?”

* * * * *

“ Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
And had no other play-place for his wit.”

Imitateness is (mirabile dictu!) a *sentiment*; and stretches away above wit, and alongside benevolence. But these Cicerones over the skull here indeed prove their *own* imitative organ large, while they assert their *originality*. I fearlessly maintain a grosser plagiarism was never committed. It is due to those observing monkeys which went forth to see the world, and seized immediately on this mimic peculiarity of the human character:

“ For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.”

This completes the topography of the lateral, superior, and posterior portions of the head; and here we reach the *os frontis* on which the intellectual operations are most distinctly characterized! *Individuality*, or *Curiosity*, is the first, and by it we acquire our knowledge of the distinct properties of beings and things. The man who frequently speaks of genus and species, botanical tribes and geological diversities, will always shew a high rotundity in the centre of the forehead, and be almost cornuted by it. *Form* stands next in order, and is indicated by breadth between the eyes. It makes great sculptors, and spoils fine gentlemen. *Size* is a new addition, and

henceforth, by aid of a small eminence above *form*, we may speak out very positively about things being large and small; which, until lately, would have been the height of imprudence. Immediately above the eye, but verging towards the internal canthus, is the organ of *Color*, and constitutes, of necessity, the Drawing-room of the soul. Then protrudes *Order*; and it is an antiquarian trick to refer to ancient times, “When order in the land commenced,” it being quite a modern discovery. It particularly assists all arrangements of natural history; and in choosing its Curator, each Philosophical Society should regulate its suffrages by the actual experiment of the rise on the candidate’s outer eye-brow. *Locality* is honoured, as is very proper, with a larger *space* than can be afforded to the other organs of this region; and enables us, by a parallax, to tell the diameter of a planet, or, by striding across a room, it’s so much by so much dimensions. *Number* informs us, in a moment, “how many fingers we hold up!”—perhaps the origin of decimals—helps us to keep birth-days; and is sometimes made use of in working logarithms. And thus far the knowing faculties are very fortunate for Craniologists; for their system is the evolution of curiosity respecting *individuality*, the symmetry of *form*, the guage of *size*, the knighthood of *order*, the continent of *locality*,

the magic of *number*, and the perfection of *colouring*!

But, pursuing this analysis, we find that the head once more presents other objects of notice. There is the organ of *time*, and there never was a more steady chronometer. Then *tune* arranges itself on both sides of the brow, as all prepared for a double chorus. *Language* most appropriately disdains a cranioscopy, and proves it true that eyes can speak. Gall must have forgotten this part of his organology, when he uttered his well known witticism on Porson's skull, which was said to be very thick—“How the ideas got into such a skull, is the business of others, not mine: I have nothing to do with that; but let them once get in, that is all I want—once in, I will defy them ever to get out again.” Now he should have remembered, that his system absolutely pointed out the seat of these ideas, and their cause; and gave them a seat and cause as nearly as he could to the easiest outlet of the whole cranium!

Poor *Weight* and *Resistance* have somehow been overlooked of late; though I have little doubt they are entitled to share with Newton the discovery of the centripetal and centrifugal forces: Sic vos non vobis. *Weight* may have fallen through, and *Resistance* have given in.

The two remaining faculties are denominated reflecting. They are *Comparison*, which, being

a *degree* in its *own right*, occupies a high latitude. While *Causativeness*, ranged on both sides, intimates the propriety of examining the foundations on which the entire system rests. “It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.”

It may be premised that there are many objections to this system, whose force I am unable to perceive. I cannot consent to join in the senseless clamour of men who have never examined it. I cannot cringe to men who will admit no opinion and theory but those which they may plead are generally allowed, and sanctioned by immemorial prescription. I cannot honor the supercilious race who dare not think for themselves, and sneer at all who cannot drift down the tide with equal smoothness and confidence. An honest mind will risk any chance of singularity and disfavor in the pursuit and assertion of truth. “Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.” They who talk of their contented and happy ignorance, and of their determination to abide by the opinions of prescription and antiquity, may be reminded that the brute enjoys its ignorance in a much higher degree, and adheres to the usages of its ancestors with a much stricter fidelity.

If the cause of liberal and useful knowledge have an ardent well-wisher and sincere admirer, I would claim to be he. I never knew what it was to fear that man could grow too wise, or that the world might become too enlightened. Super-

stitution and tyranny may court refuge in ignorance, may love to shroud themselves in artifice and delusion, and may require a darkened stage to act their parts. It is their interest to extinguish intellect and stifle inquiry. They are birds of the night; and they clamour at each streak of the dawn. They are guardians of the sepulchre; and they grudge the faint quivering lamp which hangs in it, lest it should disturb the dead. I hail the progress of research, and the triumph of mind. I would beckon forward the outstretched curiosity of the age. Am I afraid that Craniology will unveil too many secrets? Do I fear it may throw too broad and piercing a beam over prudent concealments? My religion not only mounts up with wings as the eagle, but like it seeks the sun! Did I suppose that this system had any relation to truth, I would honor it; that it was the meanest fragment or particle of truth, I would collect it. Isis raised her monuments to each limb of Osiris. Truth, in the sense of physical fact, cannot be known without dispensing some advantage.—“Truth and goodness,” says Bacon, “are one, differing but as the seal and the print; for truth prints goodness.” “I persuade myself,” says Middleton, in his *Life of Cicero*, “that the life and faculties of man, at the best but short and limited, cannot be employed more rationally or laudably than in the search of knowledge: and especially of that sort which relates to our duty,

and conduces to our happiness. In these enquiries, therefore, wherever I perceive any glimmering of truth before me, I readily pursue and endeavour to trace it to its source, without any reserve or caution of pushing the discovery too far, or opening too great a glare of it to the public. I look upon the discovery of any thing which is true, as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever: for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain, which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current." These are glorious passages of ancient and modern eloquence; they breathe the temper which every student of truth must imbibe: and were this theory a point on that *seal*, or a drop in that *rain*, it must be fit, reasonable, and beneficent.—The greater multitude of anticranialogists are they who have made it their vaunt that they have never, not they!—given the subject any thought or enquiry. "I candidly told Dr. Spurzheim," says Abernethy, "that though I admitted his opinions might be true, yet I would never enquire whether they were so or not." "Shocking," "silly," "contemptible," "puerile," go very little way with observant independent minds.

The system is frequently impugned for meddling with the relations which exist between mind and body. But mind and body are never seen apart in the present state of things. I never think of asking myself where is my mind, it being no subject of my senses, or my consciousness; and locality, so far as I know, seems no law of mind. Still my mind must be somewhere, and somewhere with me; but as a better sort of prisoner, instead of being locked up in any particular place, it is on its parole. Now the Craniologist is by no means *obliged* to have an opinion upon the *manner* of the connexion between the two,—all he is bound to say is, that the mind must act by certain sensible mediums, and be affected by particular material conditions.

A mechanical action is supposed, by some of its opponents, to be attributed to the mind. The body *is* a machine. The types of almost all such contrivance are contained in it. The pulley, the lever, the hydraulic engine, the stringed instrument, the pendulum. Now the mind does impel its cerebral apparatus. I will to open mine eye, it opens,—there is the power, and the instrument obeys. But no mechanical action need be attributed to the mind, even though the various parts of the brain be appropriated to its function—the question how a particular nerve or mass of medullary substance is moved by the volitions of

the mind, not forming a necessary branch of the investigation.

It is useless to discard the system because it represents so many propensities and dispositions to be common to man and animals ; and makes so frequent an appeal to comparative anatomy. We are animals, whether we like to be told so or not. If they sometimes rise to us, how often do we grovel with them. We are "links, though reluctant, in a fleshly chain." I fully agree in these just ideas of Pascal ; "It is dangerous to inform man how near he stands to the beasts, without shewing him, at the same time, how infinitely he shines above them." And again, he writes, "Nature, which is stronger than all the reason of those who depreciate human nature, convinces them more powerfully of man's greatness, than reason can persuade them of his meanness." Physical conformity does not preclude great intellectual differences. Brains are at least possessed by both. And both exhibit an astonishing coincidence in eating and drinking. A craniologist may hold in equal honor with others the philosophy of animal stems and origins ; and recognize, what I cannot suppose any doubt, the natural essential pre-eminence of man.

Fatalism, with some show of reason, has been charged upon this system ; but it scarcely seems *inevitably* to belong to it. It certainly assumes an

original distinction of intellectual capability. I have no doubt of the same fact; I only doubt this organic mode of explaining it. It is surely not mere poetry to speak of heaven-born genius, of mental originality, of those precious specimens of character which are "just shewn to the earth, but are not suffered to abide." Are there no native germs which spring up in spontaneous luxuriance? Of all my antipathies, the opposite doctrine creates the strongest: that man is a mere creature of circumstances,—that he, without a plastic energy of soul, is moulded by the most foreign influences,—that he has no determining impulse,—that "he is a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she please." Commend me to the schools in which skull-meters teach the maxims of intellectual inequality, illustrated by unequal conformation, rather than to those parallelograms in which men are cooped to be blended and assimilated; where as on the bed of Procreustes, all characters are racked or lopped to a standard.

Materialism has in some cases been maintained in connection with craniology,—but hundreds who hold the latter, contend most religiously and unequivocally for the necessary distinctness of mind from all modifications of matter,—and candor must allow that the very idea of organs implies a superior independent power which can use them. The very objectors speak of the eye

which sees, and what grosser materialism can there be than this? *They* have no hesitation in calling the brain the instrument of thought, and yet would denounce in the same breath those who imagine it the many instruments of diversified thoughts!

It is quite fashionable to deride innate ideas, and, therefore, the opponents of craniology have rather adroitly essayed to prove that it was favorable to that exploded opinion. Now, had they attended to the most bungling advocate, they must have perceived the futility of the charge. The question is of faculties,—ideas are the results of faculties employed. Though I do not admit the existence of innate ideas, I believe that man was made to be affected in particular ways, and is originally endowed with the capacity of particular notions and impressions. The student of this science need contend for no more. But indeed many have little clearer notion of what is meant by innate ideas than Dogberry: “to be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.”

A flippant remark is often made, that the dissection of the portions of brain, lying under the several developements, exhibit no peculiarity of structure, and no fitness to their corresponding ends. But this proves too much; for let the optic or any nerves be traced from their thalamus to

their termination and expansion ; and there is no operator, however keen his tact, and microscopic his eye, who could shew why the one assists in vision, another in hearing, and a third in taste. Till nervous structure and influence be better understood, it seems indecent to allege *our ignorance* of the appropriateness of the brain to these pretended uses, in disproof of the system that assigns them. The onus is sufficiently heavy on the system to prove the affirmative.

Craniology is often mis-stated, and it is appealed to for the discovery of *character*. It need pretend to nothing of this kind. It can only decide on the tendency and disposition. It says nothing of what man is ; simply of his leading and master inclinations. Like Brown it only fills its mouth with *capability*. It is not the *inducement* which constitutes character ; it may be that the character is made up of *self-control*. And should it be said, that upon any revolution of sentiment and conduct, these organs mislead, it may be replied, No, for this revolution supposes the most counter qualities, and, according to this system, a change will be wrought on the head,—the brain altering, and the bone recruiting, according to the vital œconomy.

Other extenuations are fairly admissible. Many of the organs are named, not from their common but extreme action. Combativeness has a dread-

ful sound, but courage is a virtue. Secretiveness implies a hateful reserve, but fidelity we admire. Many dispositions are virtuous or evil simply according to their direction. Their qualities, too, depend upon the degrees of their exercise. We may be angry and sin not; we may be angry, and “do that we shall be sorry for.” Character is seen in trial; Cæsar is proved by the Rubicon.

“ The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou knowest, being stopped, immediately doth rage ;
 But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamell’d stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge,
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport to the wild ocean.

And a foreigner may be pardoned for some abuse of our language, and for an anxiety to retain some words of the language in which he is accustomed to write and think. For if the phrases be uncouth, we have the scholia of the authors; or else we might be reminded of the manner in which Aristotle, after the publication of his *Acroatics*, or more difficult parts of his philosophy, replied to Alexander, who reproached him for it, “ Though published, none can understand it without my explanations.” We must sometimes, indeed, admit, with Dangle, that

“ the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two.” Or that, to quote the lines of Milton,

“ Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray.”

Should it be reflected on this theory, that instead of proving particular organization and structure to be the *effect* of mind, it contents itself with the mere *coincidence*, we must remember that a thousand things are believed by us to be related without being able to exhibit the link: that our conclusions are more generally determined by the *post hoc*, than the *propterea hoc*. Few men can separate between compound ideas and sequent events, like Sir R. De Coverley. “ Among other pieces of news which he brought from his country-seat,” says the Spectator, “ he informed me that Moll White was dead; and in about a month after her death, the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But, for my own part, says Sir Roger, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.”

Nor is the absence of consciousness respecting these functions and processes of the brain, at all decisive against their reality, for there are many things in the brain little dreamt of in common philosophy. People live and die without any apprehension that there are bays, conduits,

bridges, vaults, pillars, horns, bed-chambers, harps, shanks, hedges, roads, pine-apples; nay, even the hippocampus inside their heads. But all those things are, though no subjects of our consciousness!

And if the system be founded in fact, a great convenience will be supplied by it. Think how business may be dispatched and intercourse facilitated, by this juxta-position and police of the organs. The soul has not to be running about to look for its lacqueys and servants; they all stand thick together in files and clusters. It has not to send for them all over the grounds: they are always within sight, or at least, hearing. The cranium thus becomes an exchange in which the intellectual nations may assemble, a bazaar where all mental businesses may be negociated; an “*officina gentium* ;” perhaps, even Soane constructed the courts of Westminster on this commodious principle, so that it is easy to practice in all. Nor is it improbable; there being a close resemblance in the things. What is the organ of secretiveness or cunning but a Court of Common Pleas? What the organ of conscientiousness but a Court of Equity? What the organ of causativeness but a Court of King’s Bench? What the organ of acquisitiveness but a Court of Exchequer? Marvellousness and Veneration have their jurisdictions apart; marvellousness sits in the Admiralty, and veneration in the Spiritual, courts.

And willing, as I am, to state all in my power that can favour this system, it is only *just* to remark on the cast of popular language. Is not the whole founded upon a recognition of it? What was the ancient cry, O Tempora, O Mores,—that is, O the state of the human brows! O the degeneracy of the moral sentiments which ought to be ensconced above them! And even the most modern and vulgar idioms convey the same opinion, that the skull is variously mounted by organs,—for what is more common, or more proper, according to this system, than to say of a person who has fallen or tumbled, He came *bump* down, or down *bump*? And may not the other exclamation, so frequent when any thing alarming occurs, O Gemini! arise from the universal belief in the two hemispheres of the brain?

And this fact is unaccountably forgotten by many anti-craniologists. They speak of the brain as of one undistinguished mass, overlooking the partition which must strike every eye. Their arguments drawn from any injury of its parts, are therefore apparently inconclusive, unless they can prove the injury to affect the two corresponding parts. Sir Knight rode only with one spur, finding that if one side of his horse went well, the other side managed to keep up with it; but it seems possible, according to the form of the brain, to have a healthy side with a side ill-conditioned.

In adducing the objections which I entertain to the system, I shall explain my reasons for not employing the term PHRENOLOGY. $\Phi\rho\eta\nu$ signifies properly the membranes of the heart, but especially the diaphragm. The term has no relation whatever to the substance of the brain, or to the skull which encloses it. Were I to enquire of any anatomist for the phrenitic nerve, I feel certain he would not look above my shoulders for it. Now the diaphragm was originally thought to be the seat of mind. It was a happy idea to locate it so centrally, that no jealousy could be felt by the mountaineers or low-landers.—Hence the term, analogically, and not properly, came to be used to signify mind.—For us, therefore, who doubt the manifestation of intellection by the cerebral apparatus, to call this theory phrenology, would be a foolish *misnomer*, for there is no reference to such apparatus in this title,—and a gratuitous *concession*, for we do not discover in this science the *philosophy of mind*. It is most true, that disordered intellect is expressed by a similar word, but what can *phrenology* have to do with *phrenzy*?

And what is the first assumption of this theory? That the brain is the instrument of mind. Upon what is this assumption founded? We feel conscious, it is replied, that we think by the brain. Being accustomed to speak in popular language of the head as the seat of our thoughts, this is

pleaded to decide the fact. But is not the heart the seat of the affections as truly? do we not feel conscious that we love and hate in our hearts? Now our passions are as intellectual as our ideas. From custom, it may be, we rub our heads when we think; we also press our hearts when we feel. All we know of the subserviency of brain to mind, is this: we can open our eyes at pleasure, but that is a muscular act, and the impressions on them are involuntary. We must see, hear, taste, smell, feel,—whether we approve or not. The mind has *little* power over the brain even as a *sensorium*. Not a single proof has ever been furnished that a *mental* operation is connected with the head or its interior parts. Shakespeare speaks of “The liver, brain, and heart, those sovereign thrones.” If mind have a locality, it may divide itself between these organs, as a monarch goes from one palace to another: or it may be a republican power invested in three consuls. Were I compelled to draw the bounds of its habitation, I should fix on the spleen. It is unfair to let that be idle and useless (and physiologists can neither give it employment nor assign its scope) and to lay the burden of thinking on liver, brain, and heart, already over-worked. Besides I feel conscious of my soul being in my *spleen* whenever I contend with certain debasing sophistries and frivolous conceits.

Independently of the absence of all proof that the brain is the ministering office of thought, there is reasonable doubt, whether it be so essential to the nervous system. It is rather strange that the same substance should stand, as various anatomists assert, in relation to this system of origin, termination, and centre: "its first, its last, its midst!" When nervous influence is explained, it will be time enough to attempt to conceive it. Dr. Baillie has shown, in his *Morbid Anatomy*, that in the case of original monstrous formation, there may be wanting a great part of the cerebrum, the cerebellum, and the medulla spinalis; even a total want of the brain, without any appearance of the spinal cord. In this case he observes, "one should expect a want of nerves through the whole body. It is, however, not so; nerves are found distributed in the common way through the limbs, and the dorsal nerves can be seen arising from a membrane somewhat resembling the dura mater in the canal behind the vertebræ."—The inference is, that the nerves may be as necessary to the brain as the brain is to the nerves. I do not wish to depreciate the brain, convinced, as I am, that there remain innumerable phenomena of its structure and physiology to be explored. I wish to rescue it from a perversion which threatens to retard and discredit its study. I would leave its "book and volume unmixed with baser matter!" I

would, with Lord Bacon, allow it to be “*cathedra et universitas*,” provided there be neither cranio-logical prebend, nor chair!

That the intellect may be unimpaired, notwithstanding the destruction of large quantities of cerebral substance, has long since received anatomical demonstration. From a paper in the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, communicated by Dr. Ferrier, I transcribe the following quotations. “A girl died very lately with evident symptoms of an oppressed brain, but in perfect possession of her intellectual powers. When the upper part of the skull was removed, before opening the *dura mater*, I was surprised at the flacid appearance of the brain: it did not seem to fill its membranes, and it moved under the fingers with a very trifling resistance, so as to feel almost like a poultice. We found the ventricles quite full of water, and an effusion of blood upon the *tentorium*, on the right side. But the principal disease seemed to be a total change in the consistence and color of the brain throughout. It would scarcely bear either handling or cutting, and the parts were uncommonly indistinct.—Bonnetus found the whole substance of the brain watery, and so soft that it would hardly bear a knife, in a patient who died after an illness of twelve years, without having any alienation of mind. The spinal marrow was equally tender, and shrunk to

half its natural size.—Dr. Hunter was in possession of a skull, in which the bones of the cranium, on the right side, were every where corroded. And the whole of the right hemisphere was found to be destroyed by suppuration. Yet the man retained his faculties perfectly till the instant of his death.—La Peyronie quotes the following case. A child, six years old, received a pistol shot in the head: a suppuration followed, during which he lost a great quantity of the brain at every dressing. At the end of 18 days he died, having retained his faculties to the last. When the head was opened, the portion of brain remaining in the skull did not exceed the size of a small egg.” To these cases many others might be added,—instances of hydrocephalus, in which the mind suffered no decay, and hernia, in which, though “the brains were out, the man would not die.”

If for a moment we think of that disorganization which must be occasioned by large bodies of fluid occupying the cavities of the cranium, we shall be still more disposed to suspect this singular organology. During a healthy state they could not be made to hold more than two or three ounces. In hydrocephalic cases several pounds have been effused. In their internal and chronic form the ventricles of the brain have been greatly enlarged by such contents. Now there must be a great alteration, under such circumstances, in the relative

position of the parts even where there is no derangement of structure. But the convolutions of the brain become broader, until at length the form of convolution disappears, and there remains only as a wall to the enlarged ventricles a layer of white matter, not thicker perhaps than the eighth part of an inch, with a stratum of brown substance superposed. Yet all the thinking faculty whatever, or wherever, it is, is unimpaired amid this devastation. In vain will it be said that there is no disorganization, and that the fluid acts by so regular a force on the convolutions of the ventricles that their duplicatures are regularly unfolded. The fact is, the brain is converted into a sort of membranous expansion. And the substance is demonstrably less; besides the brain is incapable of such distension without the injury of its finer vessels. Sometimes the ventricles are enlarged without any enlargement of the superficial brain. So destitute is this system, notwithstanding its overweening pretensions, of sound anatomical and physiological data.

To all this, it is objected, that these injuries only affect a half of the brain, which is constituted of two series of organs: that as we can see with one eye, and hear with one ear, so we can think with one of the two sections of the brain. Now some diseases are generally distributed through both. But these objectors appear to de-

feat themselves by some other positions. They contend that the several organs, though rising on the superficies of the cerebral mass, really descend to the base of the skull; that each is freehold through its respective substratum as far as it may choose to penetrate; and that an action would lie against any which would presume to undermine the rest. Let the anatomist say how far this partition is traced? how low the falx reaches? The brain becomes common, and the separation indistinguishable, perhaps before the mid-way descent. It may be compared to the span of a bridge, thinner at the cope and broader at the abutments. Towards the floor any affection will be general. This, I must think, does away with the main shift of the theory,—the duplex state of the organs. Yet this bipartite form of the brain is the cordial which the advocates of the theory quaff in every discomfiture. It quite intoxicates them. They see all things double. Janus is their god. The natural division of cerebrum and cerebellum never occurs to them, because it is thought of by every other person besides. Like the philosopher of Ferney, they have built the wings of the house on two different national boundaries, and, in case of arrests or lettres de cachet, the mind, by exchanging rooms, can secure the protection of kingdoms. They are the avowed

“ Patrons of all those luckless brains,
That to the wrong side lean !”

The proportion of the human brain to the human face and figure, is commonly urged as the cause of our intellectual superiority. But there are subjects which natural history and comparative anatomy discover to us of equal and larger proportions. The brain of a seal six feet long is fully as large as a man's. Who can any longer wonder at the exploit of the Phoca in overthrowing Hector, and scrambling off with Monkbar's stick? The brain of a canary-bird is said to be twice as large, in proportion to its body, as man's is to his. Can so much be wanting for its one quality of song, its one organ of tune? With this double store we might expect it to be not only "cantare par," but "respondere parata." The brain is adduced with too much confidence in these questions. The living brain has, of course, never been dissected; and though when portions of the calvarium have been removed, the action of its blood-vessels has been perceptible, yet its appropriate functions have never been brought to light. In an exanimated brain, the very organization *may* be deranged: the *modus operandi must* be sought in vain.

The principal argument employed to prove that the brain is made up of many organs, is, the sense of relief we gain, after application to one subject, by attention to another. When wearied by studying language, we are still refreshed by painting and

music. The mind can be continuously occupied, but its occupations must be varied. *Therefore*, though it is a conclusion per saltum, the brain must consist of many parts,—which, like the eyes of Argus, take it by turns to wake and sleep. This statement goes on the naked unprotected assertion, that brain is the instrument of thought. It also attributes a muscular idea to mental fatigue, most gratuitous, most uncongenial. The same *sensible* organ may be uninterruptedly exercised, and yet be relieved by diverting that exercise. My eye is all along employed in gazing upon the most vivid colours, and then upon the green of earth: but it is refreshed by the change, though there is no cessation of its attention. And why may not intellect require varied excitement in conformity to its own laws, and yet find its relief in its change of employments? Has the eye two organs, one of which exchanges with the other, when by a new effort on a new object it is invigorated? Nor is it more reasonable to infer that the mind is in need of many mediums, and that these are alternately in action or at rest,—because a little poetry comes in very opportunely after hours devoted to conic sections.

In laying open the brain, we see a generally equal surface, no high eminences, no sudden depressions; and as it is averred that the *organs* are in the brain, and only their developements on the skull, we have

a right to demand a proof of their existence at this stage of the enquiry. All the brain presents the same appearance, grey and white: there is no sign of distinct compartments: no variety to indicate final causes: no *fitness*, which we naturally associate with organic structure; no *muscle* which seems wanted for the execution of its purposes. Analysis of the brain has been most successfully conducted by the ablest anatomists of the age: but their dissections go for nothing in the estimation of those who could confound Sphinx herself! It is most true that Haller, Hunter, Blumenbach, Gordon, Bell, have discovered various distinct parts in the mass: have defined them: so that little knowledge can be required to declare their position, their order, their interesting character, their general resemblance. If there be organs, they might be expected to consist of the corpus callosum, the fornix, the pons varolii, the commissures, the pituitary and pineal glands. These are too unimportant parts, besides, every one knows about them; it is the property of all organs, such as eyes, nostrils, and ears, to be unseen—therefore the instruments of thought shall lie on the surface of the brain, to put our confidence in Gall and Spurzheim to the ordeal; sense is not to be consulted; faith is to be unhesitating; how much more proper is it to speak of parts which have

never been seen, instead of those which at any time may : ipsi dixerunt, and let all with Pythagorean docility un murmuringly submit !

As no science can have any chance of patronage in our day, which does not eulogise Bacon, and shout Induction, we are informed by Craniologists that their system is conducted on the most rigid principles of scientific enquiry. “ We never,” says Spurzheim, “ venture beyond experience ; we never deny nor affirm any thing that cannot be verified by experiment. We never make researches on the dead body alone, nor upon the soul alone, but upon man as he appears in life.” Be it remembered that induction must have facts to collate : what are the facts of this investigation ? It maintains that every brain has certain organs, and that these are expressed by the superficial skull. And the facts are these. They can multiply busts at pleasure,—see the ideality of Homer, the form of Phidias, the casualty of Aristotle ! No rational doubt can exist that each its true to its prototype !

“ Caput argutæ præbeat historiæ.”

And it is very probable they may have a hundred skulls out of the *few* millions which, at one time or other, have appeared on the earth ! The result must be most satisfactory ! The research must be most complete !—Who can resist the inference

that the brain has thirty-three divisions; and the external cranium as much raised and indented work as may correspond! Proud generalization! Man has certain dispositions; if not in the brain where can they be? therefore they are in the brain. But of what use can they be, if only in the brain? therefore they have an ostensible revelation. But if not ostensibly revealed on the cranium, where else are they? Therefore they are revealed on the cranium. Triumphant induction! Never had theorem a more victorious right to claim its *Quod erat demonstrandum*; never had statute stronger claim to its *Be it enacted and it is hereby enacted*.

To maintain that man has certain eminences on his skull is to little purpose; that is not litigated; but the craniologist is bound to show that they are occasioned by the encephalon. For my own part I neither care whether they be so or not, believing the encephalon to have as much connection with mind and character as the marrow of the leg-bone. But surely *they* should demonstrate that the external formation depends upon an "internal sculpture:" that in short the brain moulds the skull. I have handled many skulls, but have always been struck with their disagreement in respect of interior and exterior formation. Every convex point of the formation without, ought to be marked by a concavity within: so every outward depression should cause an inverted rotundity

within. Take the internal plate of the skull; you will find it channeled and fretted with a variety of involutions. Suppose these be produced by the sulci of the brain, though every one knows they are owing to the meningeal veins,—was the external bone ever thus found configured? There is often as great a difference as between the outside and inside of a peach-stone, only just inverting the arrangement. As the cranium consists of an upper and under plate, it behoves the craniologist to establish their perfect parallelism. But he would be hardy indeed who would undertake the proof.

Sometimes the thickness of one part of the skull is nearly double that of another. Hence large protuberances arise under the touch, but in reality the brain is equidistant from them and the levels of the skull.—That cellular attachment called the *diploe* is not unhappily named; for it not only may be explained to indicate a duplicity of the external and vitreous plates,—but the *deception* of inferring the peculiarities of one from the other.—A remarkable instance of the error committed by those who suppose that a perfect equality subsists in these plates is furnished by the frontal sinus.—Here a separation and chasm is produced. Now, beshrew it, this unseemly yawn is just under the organ of *Locality*. But the entire system of Craniology depends upon *Locality*. It is this which fixes the position of all the developements. If

deceived in this, none can be trust-worthy. This is the unkindest cut of all. So *Locality*, to which all the remainder are so much indebted, to which they owe house and home, is pushed out from the brain, is disclaimed by the diploe, and has no place for the sole of its foot.—Whatever, too, are the exertions of the brain to round out the temporal bones, they are most invidiously counter-acted by a muscle which flattens them, sometimes to a semi-transparency.—The reason why the eye, the mirror of expression, “that most pure spirit of sense,” should be converted into a development of the organ of language is not the least surprising part of the theory. The optic nerve passes through a deep foramen; and no pressure of the brain on the orbital plates seems likely to affect a substance such as the eye. Surely its own connection with the brain is enough, without linking it to another. Should it be denied that the eye is the developement, except as the index to the bones behind it, the wrong will only be aggravated by making it not the developement of an organ, but a developement of a developement!

The bone of the skull, like all bony substance, is subject to disease. Eminences are sometimes found upon it from the peculiarity of the sutures. Cornelius Celsus in his lib. 8. cap. 4. (I note the quotation from Gideon Harvey’s *Vanities of Philosophy and Physic*,) has left this passage. “A suturis se de-

ceptum esse Hippocrates memoriæ tradidit, more scilicet magnorum virorum, et fiduciam magnarum rerum habentium.” And in his recent lectures Spurzheim treats this matter very lightly, though these inequalities together with some bony processes might lead the uninitiated into great mistakes.—“ We are often asked,” he is pleased to say, “ by persons who have not studied the subject, about the import of the trifling sprouts of bone on the skull, and little projections and depressions of bone.— They mean nothing, they are irregularities of the bone only, we pay no attention to them, but to the greater developement of different parts in various directions.” Alas, some of his organs are so crowded that there *can* only be a little sprout of bone; and he cannot be offended at us when we say that all are nothing more than irregularities of the bone, that they mean nothing, that we pay no attention to them, for *we* only apply to the *great* what *he* applies to the *small*.—I will here propose two questions, which may, perhaps, place the theory in a correct point of view. Would any craniologist stake the credit of his system upon a guess of the outer from the inner, or of the inner from the outer tables of the skull? Would he stake the credit of his system upon a guess of the peculiar cranium, after the closest inspection of the brain which once filled it, but which he shall now inspect by itself? Methinks, like Stanley, he would shrink from this, “ Well, as you guess?” No one, how-

ever versed in this particular anatomy, could point out the organic diversity between the brightest genius, and the most stupid dunce.

It is rather difficult to know whether we should follow Gall or Spurzheim ; it is no longer possible to follow both. The names are so very different that it is scarcely possible to apply them to the same things. Gall makes the love of offspring to include love to parents ; Spurzheim confines it. The former speaks of the organ of good nature ; this certes can not be the same with the benevolence of the latter. The master speaks of the organ of rhetorical acuteness ; the disciple styles it comparison. The ambiguity has misled no small number of half-fledged orators. The founder speaks of the organ of learning things ; the retainer describes it as locality and space. Nor does the topography of their charts always agree. Let the combativeness and destructiveness of the two be compared. Covetiveness is allowed a greater range by the one than the other. The confusion becomes rather embarrassing on the frontal bone. Few things are more perplexing to a stranger than for the same street to pass under two different names ; though a native is sometimes as much bewildered by the alteration of a well known street, during his temporary absence !

The vicinity of these organs is frequently so repulsive and heterogeneous, that we need more than an assertion that this huddled state of things

is unavoidable. Even a modern party is scarcely worse sorted. Without any line of demarcation in the brain to answer to the trellis-work of the craniological specimen, we enter the most alien-domains. “Mingle you that may.” From *pugnacity* we enter *friensdhip*, without a turnpike between. The readiest transition lies from *prudence* to *confidence*. *Love of money* and *luxuriance of fancy*, *thrift* and *imagination* are quite inseparable. *Building* and *music*, though their noises are so distinguishable, almost occupy a common ground. *Metaphysics* are found most favourable to *wit*. It is difficult to prove a trespass where there is no fence.—We may, perhaps, enquire into the proof that these organs are so strangely figured, as well as uncouthly collocated. Here are angles acute and obtuse; triangles, right-angled, isosceles, and scalene; straight and curved lines; cones and circles; rhomboids, trapeziums, and polygons. Now as there is nothing *very* like all this upon the brain, or the skull, it may not be impertinent to ask how they have been discovered? He must have had ingenuity at least who drew these amorphous etchings of the head.

It is not a little singular how every objection to Craniology may be evaded. When we show a large head, with every symptom of healthy brain, and are obliged to associate with it great stupidity—we are told every thing depends upon the

proportion of the organs. There is not even Juvenal's apology :

“ Vacuumque cerebro

Jam pridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita quærat.”

When we exhibit a small head, and allege the intellectual superiority of its owner, we are told every thing depends on its activity. As to *size*, it is common to say, “*great head, little wit;*” and most unphilosophic does it seem to make mind a question of scale and dimension. Even Hume enquires if any one “can conceive a passion of a yard in length, a foot in breadth, and an inch in thickness.” Every craniologist loves a large sweeping development. But when this is not the case, though it is anomalous and opposed to the *comme il faut*—then *activity* is to supply the place. This of all principles is most occult, and is rather a picklock than a key to every difficulty. You can have no hold, for they pass from what is most tangible to what is most subtle, the equivocation is incessant, and they play themselves out of the game! Theirs is a system of eternal counter-balance, of antagonist powers—each organ is a Marplot.

“ Function

Is smothered in surmise ; and nothing is,

But what is not !”

Intersect the palæstra as you please, they compel the athletæ to a particular course, and ere the

race can be run, adjudge the palm. Strike the keys as you may, you must finger through their Chiroplast, must obey their Da Capo, and must follow their Score.

The Negro skull is often cited as a witness in favour of these speculations. The receding brow, the overhanging occiput are quoted as conclusive. It is never remembered that barbarism rules over the African continent. It is never remembered that its kidnapped children are necessarily imbruted by slavery. Their frontal depression brands them to endless ignorance and degradation. Then where stood Egypt whose glories still survive? Who was the Hannibal that climbed the Alps and shook the Capitol? What were the Cyprian, Tertullian, Augustine, whose venerable writings are still eagerly perused? That profile must have consisted with Cleopatra's beauty; and may be traced in the Memnon's head, whose deified, though negro countenance, forms the most magnificent relic in our national museum.

That some tribes have adopted singular methods of altering the natural shape of the head, is generally admitted. It has been made to assume a flat, a square, a mitred appearance. The organs must have been crushed when their developements were stunted. Yet these tribes have equalled others, who were contented with the natural head, in all the arts of savage life; and in the instance

of the Caribs, there was a generous and refined race. It is easy now to speak of them as mean, dastard, recreant: the bay of the bloodhound, and the toil of the gold-mine, would soon change the proudest national character, and quench the finest native spirit.

I recollect an experiment or two of a singular nature, which was performed a little time since in this hall. Craniologists are anxious to bring their system within the operations of consciousness. The worthy lecturer gave us specimens how the head was managed by us, in various instances of conduct. In pride we tossed our head. In cunning we slanted it. No globe could be worked with greater exactness than his own *exempli gratiâ* head. But in bringing any place on a globe to the *meridian*, we very rudely send many others below the *horizon*. And, in his case, having only a vertical hemisphere to adjust, while it was day with one set of powers, it was night also with the very same. Zenith and Nadir saw outspread above and below them the one invariable zone. Latitude and longitude were set at defiance!

There has been nothing more advantageous to the belief in Craniology than the fortunate guesses made by its professors of character and disposition. A person feels himself in the presence of one who can scan his inward being. He is awed by the credulity of a superior power. The cross-exami-

nation begins, mixed with most dexterous *leading* questions.—“ You have pride very large.” “ That’s a mistake, I am very bashful, and oppressively humble.” “ I mean proper pride, honor.” “ O yes, that is very correct; I hope always to respect myself.”—“ You have ideality very large.” “ There you are out, I am a plain matter-of-fact man, and often admire what the Governor says to Tilburina, when distraught with love and fiction; “ The Spanish fleet thou *canst* not see—because it is not yet in sight!” But you like poetry?” “ O yes, I hope so.”—“ You have destructiveness very large.” “ *Now* I have *no* opinion of this science at all; for I would not tread on a worm; and conscientiously abstain from lobsters and eels.” “ Yes, now I perceive it *will* be so, for your destructiveness is counteracted by a very large benevolence.”—“ You have causality very large.” “ Farther and farther from the truth. I never ask a reason, and cannot endure an argument.” “ Stop; do not be hasty; let me see: I have it: your *comparison*, which is a superficial sort of an organ, is so immense, that your *causality* cannot work.”—“ You have wit very large?” “ That is not at all in my way.” “ But when you speak do not they laugh?” “ They do, and much more than I like.” “ That is your wit which makes them, for wit consists not only in being so ourselves, “but is the cause that it is in other men.” Thus the conjurer may throw his balls at

pleasure, without the trick being perceived. A sleight of hand, and a readiness of equivocation are the perfection of his art.

Another expedient is found of great utility in these lectures on heads. Such dispositions are attributed to the party under examination, as no one would renounce, or could disclaim. What are called in this system “fundamental powers,” are of course acknowledged by all. The most excellent, being the most humble, will admit their faults and temptations, though they maintain the strictest self-government. The inspector cannot fail in his generalship or generalization.—The physiognomy, as the word is commonly employed, will lend most valuable aid. The idea of the disposition is obtained before the head is explored. But never is the inquisitor so accurate as when he is the bosom friend or familiar companion of him whom he tries. He seldom, in these cases, misapprehends! It is wonderful with what divination he hits off the character! If you will give the lines of Catullus a rather *punning* translation, they will most satisfactorily explain the intuitive knowledge which these connoisseurs are accustomed to boast.—

“ Risi nescio quem modò in coronâ,
 Qui, cum mirificè Vatiniana
 Meus crimina CALVUS explicâsset,
 Admirans ait hæc, manusque tollens !”

The celebrity of some names, which have given their sanction to this new company of speculatists, has caused many to waver in pronouncing against it, though strongly, and, but for this circumstance, convincingly impressed. But there never was an invention, however weak, but it has found advocates among learned men. How the great VERULAM himself defends and approves what a child would now detect to be fallacious. When MESMER, after repeated disappointment in Germany, taught and practised his Animal Magnetism in France, he was the idol of the multitude. Testimony was borne to his candour and acuteness by the learned. He declared that there must be a revolution in philosophy as well as medicine. Thousands gave experimental evidence in his favor by the most singular cures. Man was represented by him as having the poles of the magnet, and animal magnetism was described as a most subtle, circumambient fluid, connecting the starry influences with our frame. It is now universally scouted, but it had once as many able apologists as Craniology can boast. The Academicians who examined it, and reported on its falsity, agreed that the system was not useless to philosophy, "as it affords one fact more to be added to the history of the errors and illusions of the human mind." PERKINS, of America, discovered the powers of the *Metallic Tractors*; and, when he arrived in

this country, such relief was given to innumerable cases of disease, that he must be incredulous indeed who rejects them all. Many of the witnesses were unimpeachable, the cases were generally incontestable, and the benevolent sold these rods cheaply, or gave them gratuitously, in their pity for human misery. Then GALL and SPURZHEIM come into vogue, with their nostrum; and will be remembered with the same affectionate veneration! Theirs will prove “a caput mortuum” too!

In some cases the misfortune would be to have only one bad disposition; its influence would be most active and mischievous. A solitary burglar or murderer generally proceeds to a greater excess than when surrounded with associates. The banditti is restrained by mutual jealousy. Happy is he who has not only the organ of slaughter, but of covetiveness! he will be the kindest of men in seeking to be rich! Happy is he who is cunning, if he have but pugnacity, which is always frank! he will be the most honest and ingenuous soul alive! The neutralization is perfect! The balance of power is restored!— Thus the quantities of Craniological Algebra will repair every evil of superfluity or deficiency; this quality plus that; that quality minus this, until we should get into its most convenient equations.

I am prepared to expect, if this hypothesis be true, that some great end is to be answered by it. These are golden words of Warburton—"Truth is productive of utility, and utility is indicative of truth." If it be a work of nature, what does it intend? The organs struggle to the surface of the skull, and contend for pre-eminence. Is it not that they may be exhibited? Why then the thick integument and over-spreading hair of the pericranium? How can we learn the human tendencies? By passing the hand over the head? Upon what pretence? Can we bring up the fashion of patting it? Many, with Ollapod, would resent the contact, and exclaim, "Touch my ears, you touch my honor!" Or are heads to be shaved, as is universal in Persia? In some cases of mental hallucination it has been found very serviceable here; when the theorizing epidemic prevails it may be safely recommended! But the "Rape of the Lock" is always an adventure!

If the mass of the brain can thus affect the bulk and conformation of the skull, it must be possessed of powers which have hitherto eluded detection. In mechanics it is easy to produce a *simple* motion; and to *multiply motions* in the same direction; but it requires genius to give *complex* and *contrary* motions. But what an instrument must we have inside our heads, perpendicular, horizontal, rotatory in its operations; raising, elongating,

rounding, at the same time the same substance; gouging out prominences through the whole compass of the periphery; and losing no power, though thus extended, multiplied, and inverted. No Board of Works could do the business of the cerebral machine!

It is commonly urged in support of this theory, that it will have a favourable effect on education. This must be necessarily dependant on its truth. But grant that it is true,—and I have found that its advocates are very reluctant to express an opinion of the juvenile head. A professor of the art assured me that he never confided in a judgment formed of a person under twenty years of age. The structure of the infant's head may be so affected by circumstances, and the growth of the head is so peculiar, that I am not surprised that the craniologist is somewhat chary of his sentiments. Then how does it assist education? An affectionate parent will be too observant of the early dispositions, the unfolding faculties, of his child, to have occasion to grope for them on the skull. The lisp, the look, the manner will plainly declare the invisible mind. One remark of Gall may serve to illustrate the utility of this science in education: speaking of certain organs he most comfortably adds, “these are to be sought for after the death of the person!”

I am not to be informed that this system is extolled as the only solution of the phenomena of

insanity. Believing that insanity is often produced by animal causes, it is at least as probable that it is often a pure independent disease of the mind. Why may not intellect have its idiopathy as well as the body? But surely this pretext of defence is most luckless; for countless cases of mental derangement might be adduced, in which the organization of the brain has not been even most slightly affected. It is only a quirk to take refuge in the physiology of the brain. It merely begs the question. What *is* this functionary action? And when the structure is perfect, what possible ground have any to assume an imperfect and unhealthy action?

It is often put as a strong case, that the mind must be in the brain, for that, on the removal of the brain, the operations of the mind cease. But I suspect that man would find an equal difficulty in thinking, were he under a bond to some Shylock to lose a pound of his heart. That the brain is essential to vitality, was never disputed; and, of course, whatever destroys life, destroys also intellect, as far as united to flesh, and confined to earth.—That the soul is in the brain, can be as little proved in case of amputations. It is said that the sufferer feels pain in the extremities, though no longer his. Now if this be true, and the inference drawn from it be valid, the pain should be in the head; and it is a misinformation

of the mind to assign it to a limb which no longer exists. The explanation is easy without so clumsy a deduction,—mental association springing from morbid habitude.

I should be very glad if I thought the theory, as a straw, whirled into air, would only mark the veerings of popular opinion. I am no alarmist; and were I one, I would not disturb you with my tocsin. Yet I cannot calmly review these trifles without regret; in sorrow more than anger. “Hæ nugæ seria ducunt.” I ask, do not these studies argue a decay and vitiation of public intellect? Are they characteristic of a thinking age? Breathe they a healthy spirit of learning? Can they school genuine philosophers? Appear they not the toys of our second childhood? Speak they not a degeneracy of power and taste? Surely we have fallen on an age of little men. Its very activity is a wanton caprice, and feverish restlessness. If any which preceded it was the age of *iron*, though heavy, it was massive; though rigorous, it was useful. This is the age of *tinsel*. Is it come to this? Is our Io Pæan loudest whilst we most flagrantly offend the god? Could any recorded climacteric of liberal enquiry, of severe art, of genuine science, have produced this abortion? Could it have lived for a moment in the times of Newton, Locke, or Johnson? It seems, that after the unexampled growth of former years, we

must now have a fallow,—this is one of the weeds. The river has retreated to its channels, and only left its ooze,—this is part of the spawn. If such bagatelles have any attraction for us, our intellectual retrograde has at least commenced. If these be the proofs of an enlightened æra—if these be the rays of our noontide splendor,—the twilight will soon thicken, and the night quickly fall. I am incapable of nationality in science; “*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*” But I confess that a suspicion haunts me when the import arrives from a particular land: the bills of lading demand a quarantine and fumigation. We have had enough already of Transcendental Mysticism, of Antisupernatural Religion, of Mawkish Sentimentality, from the German shores. Our literature, our metaphysics, have been sufficiently infused by Teutonic decoctions. Let our fountains for a time be left to well up their own waters. Let not, at any rate, Gall embitter or poison them.

I do not retract a single apology which I have both suggested and admitted in favour of this system. I freely grant that Craniology is not necessarily, in the case of its partizans, identified with a low animal philosophy. But that there is such a grovelling principle at work, cannot be denied. The Linnæan arrangement is more calculated to degrade man than to assist science.

What boots it him that, in all the essentials of his humanity, he is so dissimilar, and so transcendent? A pectoral indication suffices to classify him! A whale! (“very like a whae!”) a bat! (“cast to the bats, as we shall soon be to the moles!”) a man! *Id omne genus!* These are levelling and equalizing doctrines truly! And as little can it be denied, that this system is cordially greeted by these brutalizing misanthropists. They only wanted this to make the demonstration complete. It now becomes us to decide whether we must succumb! It is for us now to determine whether we feed our lamp with our kindred leviathan! Whether the bat pays us the tribute of a common nature, as it skims over our grave!—Those resemblances, which all admit it were folly to question. But the comparison has lately known no prudence. Man is described as an ameliorated brute. He has made his own way out of the economy of bestial instinct! Not satisfied with this emersion, he is to be taunted with his origin. The chance of a forehead makes him what he is. His intellect is a mere result of organization. His dispositions are blind and mechanical instincts. Let him think fellowly of the ape! This philosophy only wanted the Craniological addition to complete the ingredients of its enchanted cauldron;—

“Cool it with a baboon’s blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.”

It has been already admitted that a believer in these speculations is not required of necessity to be a materialist. But I must express my conviction that they are founded on a low gross materialism. If such be the origin of the theory, such may well be its consequence. Perhaps its suspected or its real connection with the system of materialism creates no alarm. Be it so; I am the keeper of no man's conscience, and judge of no man's creed. My own alarm is undissembled, and there are thousands who participate it.—Some have supposed that they might allow the facts of materialism, and yet reason differently upon them. They feel themselves secure against the *undue* conclusions of a Spinoza or a Lawrence. But it is untrue that it has any. It can claim assumptions and find analogies, to surfeit; but it is destitute of a single credible and argumentative ground, of a solitary plain and tangible fact. If you admit its *facts*, you cannot long quarrel with its *inferences*. And is this the precise time for concessions? Have all the previous concessions of too-confiding candour been generously used? Are first principles of no importance? Are we to surrender our consciousness to the omnific power of brute flesh, and to describe thought as the effect of organized, and the accident of perishable, matter? It is painfully evident that Materialism has made a great advance; that it is viewed with less apprehension

than it was wont to excite ; that it is flattered by a candor which it never exhibits, that it has corrupted our language, that it has debased our finest thinking, that it threatens the Palladium of our Religious Faith. Yet in our candor we are to open every gate for it, and never forbear until it is within our walls.

“ Instamus tamen immemores, cæcique furore,
Et monstrum infelix sacratâ sistimus arce.”

In the mean time Infidelity has not been inactive in the conflict, nor indifferent to the dispute : and I may expect her venomed serpents to entwine me for the “ ne credite, Teucric,” I have presumed to utter. Ever watchful, she has gloated over the rising enchantment. Her loud boastful laugh now proclaims her triumph. Man, an animal merely!—man, a compound of matter!—man, a tool of fate! She asks no more! Drunken with hope she once again flings high her thyrsus! mingles her filthy potions, and prepares her bloody revels!

Its influence on human conduct seems to me also necessarily mischievous. For many reasons it would be wrong as well as ungracious in me to discuss questions of necessity, volition, well-being ; but when mankind at large are informed that their histories are engraved where they may read them,—that their cranioscopy is truer than their conscious-

ness,—then, it may be feared, that man will presume a destiny decides every thing, that human liberty is a fiction, that virtue and vice are only conventional, and that he is running but an appointed race. The freedom of the will, it may be alleged by the advocates of this system, is not denied,—nor this impulse of disposition unconquerable. But such extenuation will appear as unmeaning as must other two statements of the poet on the same subject :—

“ And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.”

Inform any ordinary man that on such portions of bone are his leading propensities, his powerful appetites; that you can tell his character from his skull; surely his apology will be immediate, and placing his hand on the part he will exclaim :—

“ The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—No more !”

To impress on any person his master-disposition must be unnecessary, for surely he knows it, and often will he who finds himself the subject of a prophecy fulfil it. Macbeth had been happy but for the “ All hail, hereafter !” By the bye, the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal knows as much of the usurper’s head as though it had seen it brought in by Macduff: the murder of Duncan, with all

the successive tragic horrors, arose, it informs us, from Macbeth's "love of approbation and cautiousness acting on *defective conscientiousness!*" To shew that I am no caricaturist, I will quote from the preface to Foster's Phrenology his own eulogium on the science. "It is a method, the physical structure of the individual being given, to find the moral and intellectual character!" Surely the men who compute the grounds of friendship and the qualities of esteem by the dimensions of a bone, must reduce them to a mean principle of gregariousness. They have yet to learn what is meant by the high commerce of mind, the kindred soul, the bosom confidence. They should live by themselves; and sing their Anacreontics over the adhesiveness of their own fortunate skulls. I would, with Demosthenes, most fervently invoke the heavenly powers on their behalf,

“ Τετοις βελτιω τινα νεν και φρενασ ενθειητε.”

But if these indulgences be refused, I cannot withhold his indignant imprecations ;

“ Εἰ δ' αρα εχουσιν ὄτως ανιατως, τετους μεν αυτες καθ' εαυτους.....ποιησαιτε.”

But, forsooth, there is to be a universal reign of candor when Craniology wins its triumph. We shall then make allowance for mutual misfortune ! We shall bewep these calliosities as the common

sources of human error and woe! Amiable specimens of this temper begin to appear! But for these unwearied philanthropists some of the most *finished* characters might have been unrecorded. They have rescued neglected excellence from the grave! What though premature death withdrew a Haggart from the present scene? They have embalmed his virtues! It was theirs too to honor a much injured man; to throw a blaze of benevolence around his memory;—I speak of the lamented Thurtell! This sweet forbearance is exercised to all but to the unbelievers in Craniology. In the first number of the above-mentioned Journal, of course before any provocation, they divide their opponents into twelve equally elegant and charitable departments. “Wasps, butterflies, ants, geese, ducks, owls, parrots, monkeys, bears, swine, asses, and curs.” Preachers of candor! Models of benevolence! “Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?”

I would intimate in this place the propriety of disclosing the results of Craniological investigation rather more prudently than has been the habit of its professors. There are certain feelings which cannot be eradicated at once! There are particular scruples which must not be too abruptly shocked! Let the weak eye be strengthened by gradual allowances of light, ere it be required to endure the blaze! We have been gravely informed that there “is a superadded portion of the brain

by which we obtain a knowledge of the GREAT FIRST CAUSE." We are pleased at any recognition of the Deity in science, for it favors the testimony that only "the fool says in his heart there is no God." We may be informed that the head is incapable of such atheism. But I do solemnly protest against the profane indecency of many recent attempts to connect the Great First Cause with peculiar studies. He is introduced as a poetical machine. His holy and reverend name is abused to sanction, while it is mixed up with, the most hideous incongruities. Is my indignation kindled of too earthly elements when I denounce a practice of as bad taste as of impious levity? That name is sufficiently blasphemed without any philosophical auxiliaries. Man has always possessed this "superadded portion;" but "by wisdom knew not God." Did Tully successfully discover the "nature of the Gods," or the existence of the True One? Or did La Metherie, in our own day; who, on giving a table of elective attractions, speaks of that particular combination and mode of chrySTALLIZATION which constitutes the Divine Being? Thus men will leave the source of all religious knowledge to find it in a bone or a pulp; will turn from every manifestation of his nature with which the Supreme meets them, for the desperate hazard of one which he will never deign; and create the horror of thick darkness which descends upon them by extinguishing the only

torch which could have dispelled it. With Priam I demand, “*Quid petunt? quæ religio?*”

They who are acquainted with the publications of this school, will recollect the prevailing attempt of many to reconcile the system with Revelation. The position which the Divine Word rather assumes, than intends to argue, is the universal depravity of man. The great aim it proposes to itself is to achieve a moral revolution in his condition and nature. Other dogmata are contained in it, which neither the tone nor compass of my theme can allow me to discuss. But Craniology assures us that it calls not for the surrender of these truths; that it provides their basis and ground-work; that it constitutes their evidence and rationàle. It repeats the very ignorance of Nicodemus, and to be “born again” we ought, according to its doctrine of physical formation, to “enter the second time into our mother’s womb, and be born.” Thus the unwary are deceived; and the believers in Revelation are betrayed into a league with Materialists, Fatalists, and Infidels against it.

“*Lucernam fur accendit ex ara Jovis,
Ipsamque compilavit ad lumen suum.*

* * * * *

Repente vocem sancta misit Religio

* * * * *

*Ne ignis noster facinori præluceat
Per quam verendos excolit pietas Deos,
Veto esse tale luminis commercium.”*

Of the Intellectual philosophy Craniologists speak in unmeasured terms of acrimony. How can it be pursued without them? What was ever accomplished by it before them? They are the only discoverers of body and mind! They have inserted the link! They have sprung the arch! For ourselves we affect no such trophies. We think the studies different, and shall not be disappointed if we never make them meet. Such an enquiry is indeed interesting, if not of very probable solution. We have done our utmost. Our consciousness, like a *discovery-ship*, is in full sail for that point, while dissection is a *sort of expedition over land*. "From what I have stated," says Spurzheim, "it results that the philosophy of the mind must be entirely changed!" A modest warning truly, and his recent lectures demonstrate his qualifications for the task. In them he has laid down one most novel position. "I repeat," says he, "the assertion, and it is an important one in the consideration of the philosophy of mind, that *all the feelings are felt!*"

There is a liberal intercommunity between the genuine sciences: they reciprocate kind offices, and useful succours. This new system is the most intolerant firebrand. It denounces all other enquiry to be absolutely fruitless. Like Moliere's *Maistre de Philosophie*, it treats all instructors besides itself with singular disdain. "Je vous

trouve tous trois bien impertinens, de parler devant moi avec cette arrogance; et de donner impudemment le nom de science a des choses que l'on ne doit pas même honorer du nom d'art, and qui ne peuvent être comprises que sous le nom du métier misérable de gladiateur, de chanteur, et de baladin." It knows no bounds to its contempt of metaphysics. Did Craniologists but know the meaning of this word, they would never apply it to the philosophy of mind. But as this is what they ignorantly intend by it, a more gratuitous groundless averment was never risked than their common one, that little or nothing has been done in this department. As there is no subject so capable of being explained, so there is no one that has received greater explanation. I fearlessly conjoin a Locke with a Newton, and a Berkeley with a La Place. Only in this enquiry have we the united aids of consciousness and induction. This intuition is far more certain than demonstration, or testimony, or external sense; for upon it all these other instruments of conviction depend.—What do we know of the *substance* of mind? is frequently asked; equally as much, we reply, as you know of the *substance* of matter. When you inform us of the one, we shall be induced and enabled to inform you of the other. In the mean time we shall content ourselves with the perceptions of the first, and willingly remit you to all the

qualities which your favourite study of the second can reveal: the contexture of either element and substratum will still be latent and evitable.—A strong objection is alleged against the Intellectual Enquiry, because it can go no farther than effects: and is ignorant of the corresponding causes. These, Craniology declares it has discovered; but with all its causality it shows little knowledge of causation. The relation of a cause and effect no man who has thought at all would pretend to define. The fact is, that we do not understand a *law* or *reason* of nature. Let the experimentalists in what is most absurdly, when restrictively, called Physical science, tell,—why the sealing-wax upon friction will gather light substances about it; why the load-stone draws certain metallic matter; why atoms cohere; why bodies are borne in a particular direction; why limpid water is arrested into crystals. It is not enough to answer that these phenomena are *caused* by Electricity, Magnetism, Attraction, Gravitation, Congelation. These are only so *many declared effects*; or more properly speaking,—so *many subsequent states* in which these things are found. I know from experience when I may expect these states: in what order of succession they will occur; but of their *causal subsistence* nothing has been apprehended. Of mental *operations* we may speak as correctly and confidently; we are only stopped by the *limit of all enquiry*.

But when Intellectual Science is mentioned, all must have "a gird at it." Its persecution is as common as it is unreasonable. Is it possessed of facts? Are those facts within our cognizance? Are they capable of classification? Can they be reduced to system? May they be turned to account? The introverted mind at once answers each interrogation. I know no pretext for its depreciation but this; that it is so accessible and so transcendant. It may be dangerous to the other sciences by its greatness. They may be neglected in consequence of its attraction. They may shrink from comparison with its paramount importance. They therefore, by a species of ostracism, would exile it!

O happy world! The secret of thy redress and reformation is elicited at last! Eldorado and Atalantis cannot picture thy bliss! Let Bacon yield the prize, and pore over this "Novum Organum." Ye Grotius', and Montesquieus, ye studied laws too soon! Statesmen shall now acquire their wisdom amid cabinets of skulls! Ye Howards and Vennings, ye wept unavailing tears! There shall be, though not in a Scotch sense, a universal Humanity Class! By a better management of heads, prisons and lazarettos will soon be swept from the earth! "Redeunt Saturnia regna." Servants will need no character, register offices will be superseded, and counties will

entrust to the returning officer, the business of measuring the candidates' heads. Should they wish to be seen by their constituents, it will be unnecessary to speak, but be sure they uncover and *keep the poll open*. Biography will be no longer required to depict the "daily beauty of the life," but merely to lithograph the proportions of the skull. Education will direct its aim to higher purposes than it now contemplates; it will "rear the tender" pate, and "teach the young" cerebrum "how to shoot." By a vacuum it will be easy to elevate a cranial depression, and should another organ rise too high a compress or ligature must be used. The Atomic theory will be probably applied, and a scale of proportions be hung up in each school. Some great national undertaking must be adopted to close a chasm which now swallows up so much important matter, and either some Curtius will devote himself, or the parts of the sinus be brought together by a nobler Roman cement. A certain enemy to many high human powers will no longer be permitted to flatten and suffocate them, nor to stave in their apartments,—the evil will be no longer endured, nor further *temporizing* admitted. These grievances being healed, the Caphalic globe will swell into nobler dimensions, it will stand out with new enchasements and bas relievos, and show how it has been restrained for ages. The passions, now the

vultures of the mind, will become simple and gentle as Venus' doves. The powers will adopt the mutual instruction and co-operative scheme, and be adepts alike in all mental employments.— Monboddo, the theorist of human tails, would hear, could he return to the earth, of nothing but heads. Men will no longer steal,—acquisitiveness is checked, nor fight,—destructiveness is destroyed. The snake will not only be scotched but killed. The possibility of mischance will be extinguished. Each new born babe will exhibit a head within a sort of tourniquet; a youthful training shall prevent the thousand ills of the community. Equality of character will generally obtain, and man at peace with himself will be at peace with his neighbour. Should any fossil remains of the present generation be discovered in future times, our descendants, with their towering heads, will stand aghast at the smallness and comparative nothingness of ours. Theories will be rife,—classifications puzzled: these anomian specimens will not submit to any arrangement: but surely the singular petrifications must be placed hard by the ammonitæ, while posterity will speculate with St. Hilda or without her, on the circumstance of our headless conformation. By the greater mass, and superior activity, of the brain, essential advantages may be obtained. Even sleep will become superfluous, perhaps impracticable. There will be

heard a voice which shall cry through all the chambers of the skull, sleep no more. A part of the head may occasionally feel drowsy, but it will only answer to our idea of a leg or arm being asleep: neither body nor mind, then most perfectly amalgamated, will require repose. An earthly immortality will be enjoyed. An unfading youth will be perpetuated. Hail! ye happy scenes! Hail! ye glowing visions!

“ Spare mine aching sight,
Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul !”

The fulcrum is obtained for the lever which shall move the world. After the failures of six thousand years this grand experiment will make man the subject of knowledge and virtue, and render earth the dwelling of happiness and love!— — —
Sancho and Barataria! Spirit of Cervantes thou art outdone!

To conclude this essay, so prolix and desultory, I would sum up with as much indulgence as the case will allow; and really do think that Craniology will deserve respectful attention *when* it can exhibit one fact for its basis, one plausibility for its recommendation, one application for its use:— but not *till then!* If my faculties be developed or not, if they be various or not, all of which I am conscious determine me against this system. My *order* revolts at a confusion of genera and

species and substances, such as it involves. My *locality* rejects an area so pitiful, refuses to "prate of such a where-about," and seeks a limitless space. My *comparison* pronounces a theory like this unworthy to be weighed against the standard systems of human philosophy. My *causality* demands premises and reasons, as well as conclusions. I trust I have too much *wit* to be overawed by such shallow pretence, and I am sure I have too much *ideality* to be reconciled to such debasing materialism. My *cautiousness* renders me suspicious of the thousand and one tales of modern discovery. My *benevolence* holds me back from giving a sanction to that prying inquisitorial surveillance, which, if it were general, would taint all the sources of confidence and good will. *Veneration* teaches me to adore the Great First Cause not only as a Potter having power over his clay, but as the Father of Spirits. *Hope* cheers me that the silly bubble will speedily burst. My *conscientiousness* yields me the testimony that in scouting such charlatanism, I am subserving the cause of truth and virtue. My *pride* I own disdains affinity with the brutal herd. My *decision* confirms my purpose, however fashion may simper its favor upon this conceit, and gaping credulity devour it. My *love of approbation* assures me that I shall gain the applause of many, for an honest effort against a dangerous folly. My

adhesiveness shall still grapple me to my friends, whether their heads be circular, projected on a plane or tapering to a cone, small or large, elevated or oblong. Nay, my *Love of Offspring* is so passionately intense, that I will not, I cannot, be, a party in transmitting such a distorted mischievous fable to *posterity*!

POSTSCRIPT.

In a former part of the preceding essay a reference is made to a Jean de Rhetan. He is stated by me to have lived about the sixteenth century. I have since obtained, through the medium of a most excellent friend, a notice of this curious work. Part of my statement was inaccurate, but the inaccuracy only establishes a fortiori, the more certain copyism of this visionary scheme. It was (I gladly correct myself) included in a collection of Medical Tracts, published by a Petrus de Montagnana. It is in Latin, and was printed by the Gregories, in the year *fifteen hundred*, March twenty-eight, at Venice. It is **Black Letter**, and has all the venerable air of that period of typography. The *particularity* of the title is this:—"Incipit fasciculus medicinæ compositus per excellentissimum Artium ac Medicinæ doc-

torem, Dominum Joannem de Retham Alamanum; tractans de anathomia et diversis infirmitatibus corporis humani.” And that the *modern discovery* is about three hundred years too late is evident, from the contents of this Tractate. The terms in both are the same, generally ending in *iva*.—The local seats of the mind are as determinately indicated in each. The ancient German speaks of the cellula imaginativa, cellula communis sensus, cellula estimativa seu cogitativa et rationalis, cellula memorativa, &c. The fable is therefore as obsolete as it is absurd; and presents but the “ORGANIC REMAINS” of a Craniology exploded more than three centuries ago! As well might any star-gazer of our time maintain that he discovered Orion, because he witnessed some variety in its constellation,—the ancients having only attributed seventeen stars to it, the moderns have enlarged it to the Babylonish Number of our Craniologists, thirty-three, and Herschell having given it the small addition of one thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven.

By a singular law, very different from that which Blackstone tells us “abhors perpetuities,” this wild conjecture is resuscitated age after age. Proteus could change his forms in the grasp of Hercules,—but this is a low, dull, monotonous repetition, a very “Monsieur Tonson come again.” The anatomy which this system pretends to have

originated was demonstrated by Vesalius, the Nomenclature in which it triumphs was assigned by Rhetam, long before the Reformation! The Induction however is due to the modern *Par nobile fratrum*; the praise is all their own. Who can dispute their claims to originality? As Wilkes once admitted, that a song was very good, with the exception of the words and the music,—so is this theory most novel with the trifling reserve of having been discovered with its local knobs and euphonic names at so distant an epoch that three centenaries might have been celebrated since its founders slept in the dust! But as Puff remarks of his plagiarism,—“All that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought,—And Shakspeare made use of it first, that’s all!”

FINIS.