THE JUDGMENT OF BRUTUS.

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From a Painting by G. F. Sargent.

MAN,

AS A MORAL AND ACCOUNTABLE BEING.

BY ROBERT MUDIE,

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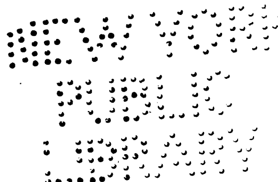
"THE BRITISH NATURALIST," &c. &c.

SOCRATES.



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PREFACE.

IF we are to judge from the writings of authors, from the prelections of public instructors, or from the opinions which we generally hear expressed by persons who think upon and broach such subjects—and these are almost the only means we have of getting at the current opinion concerning them,—there seems to be one general error running through the whole of what is called "Moral Philosophy," or "Practical Ethics," whether as systematic among the schools, or popular among the great body of the people. In my humble opinion—and in this matter it is given with great deference—this prevailing error, both scholastic and popular, consists in the confounding with each other of two things, which are, in their very nature and essence, not only distinct, but in direct opposition to each other. These are, First, the law which has been given to Man as a member of the creation, and in which the parties are, God the Creator on the one hand, and Man the creature on the other; and, secondly, the social law, or law between man and man, in any state of society in which human beings do or can exist, and which is of course adapted to the particular society of which it is the law, and may be wise or

foolish, kind or cruel, according to the dispositions and abilities of those who may happen to be the lawgivers. In the law of nature, on the other hand, there is no equality of parties. It is not, and cannot be, in any sense of the word, conventional. Men sometimes speak—and speak most impiously—of a covenant, or covenants, between God and Man, in which covenants there are said to be certain articles, or conditions, which are binding upon both parties; but, in order to give even the least glimmering shadow of meaning to any covenant of this kind, it is indispensably necessary that the covenanting parties should be upon some sort of parity, the one with the other, and that each should be equally answerable to the other, in case of violation of the covenant.

I shall say nothing of the impiety—not to name the blasphemy, of this extraordinary doctrine, because its absurdity, upon grounds purely philosophic, is quite enough for our purpose. Between the Creator and the creature there can be no covenant, or stipulation of any kind; for, independently of the impossibility of instituting a comparison between a finite being and an infinite one, the question of time is quite enough for all purposes of argument. The one is self-existent from all eternity, the other exists only of the good pleasure of that one; and thus, Man could not by possibility have been present at the only time at which the covenant could have been made. Therefore the law of God, or, which is the same thing, the law of nature, as binding upon Man, is part of his very constitution; and he can neither set up any plea against any of its consequences, nor find any fault whatever with them,

how severely soever they may press upon him. To do this would be as absurd in him as to quarrel with the structure of his body, because he cannot fly through the air like a bird, or live under the water like a fish. But still, notwithstanding these peculiarities of its nature, and its total difference from all the laws which do or which can subsist among human beings, this law of God to Man is the fundamental, and, indeed, the only moral law of human nature.

Any attempt to blend this law with any laws, be they better or worse, which mankind may enact for the civil government of those societies into which they form themselves by the mandates of rulers, or the voice of the people, or those chosen by them, is therefore a blending of subjects which are perfectly dissimilar; and, by necessary consequence, any system of morals founded upon it, or upon any allusion to it, whatever specious aspect it may have, is an absurdity and delusion calculated to mislead the simple, and to confirm in their error those who have already gone astray.

In the present volume, I have been most studious to avoid all error and absurdity of this kind; and, indeed, the desire of extending the means of avoiding this, is one of the main causes which prompted me to its composition. Society has great influence in modifying the characters of all its members; and, as we have no means of judging what Man would be out of society, I have been under the necessity of taking my illustrations from characters which have been, in great part at least, formed by its influence; but, in the main tenor of the argument, I have, as far as I was capable of making such an abstraction, endeavoured

to consider Man without any reference to society, and as standing in the sight of his God, and of him only.

In this, which appears to me the simple as well as the correct view of the question, and the only one by means of which error can be avoided, I have endeavoured to show that the finite being, proceeding by his own acquired experience, which is frail and imperfect in all cases, and wholly at fault in not a few, cannot, by possibility, keep the law which has been ordained for him by a Being who is infinite in wisdom as well as in power. The reason of this is so obvious that I need hardly mention it. The law which God has given to Man for his conduct in life has those peculiarities which make it totally different from any laws that men can enact among each other. In the first place, the law, in its full extent, and suited to every condition of Man, civilized or savage, learned or unlearned, is intimately known to God from the beginning; and Man is, at the beginning of his reasoning existence, in total ignorance of it, and knows it very imperfectly even in the most advanced state of knowledge at which he has yet arrived. In the second place, Man is indebted for all that he enjoys, or can enjoy, under this law, to the free and sovereign bounty of the Lawgiver, which is not the case with any human laws, as in these the parties supposed to enjoy the benefit of the law—such benefit as it may be—have to pay for it, and all that they can enjoy under it is their own; for, of all unproductive things that can be named, a law is, out of all question, the most barren. In the third place, the law of nature, which God has given to Man, has no specific penalty annexed to it, farther than that the punishment is

of necessity involved in the transgression, by the natural and necessary sequence of cause after effect.

There are various other distinctions between the law of God to Man, and those laws with which it is but too often confounded; but the three which have been stated are sufficient to point out the difference. Of these, the last is perhaps the most striking and characteristic, because it shows that no judgment is required,—the transgression involving in itself its own punishment, with a certainty of sequence that no human power can prevent. The punishment awarded by human laws may be avoided; and such is in fact the case, for the greatest offenders, according even to the laws of society, not unfrequently descend to their graves, not only without meeting with the human vengeance deserved by their crimes, but with honour in the world; and, while I write, there is before me the name of a man who has obtained no mean renown, both in the popular and in the official sense, who ought certainly to have been—not more than once hanged, as that is a physical impossibility, but who has certainly richly merited that exit, if human villany of any description can justify such a mode of expelling a man from the world.

In the case of the divine law which God has given to Man, there is no escape of this kind. In it there are no judges and juries—liable to error, as all judges and juries are—between the crime and the punishment; but, on the contrary, the one of these follows the other as certainly and invariably as any effect whatever follows its cause. Here, too, there is another broadly-marked distinction between the laws of God and men. In the case of human

laws, there are many instances in which reparation or restitution can be made for injury done; and if this is made to the full amount, the equity of the case is satisfied, and the offender is again brought within the pale of those against whom the law denounces no vengeance. But when Man violates the divine law, the injury is to himself: the Almighty Lawgiver and the offender are the only parties; and as Man, however he may conduct himself, can do his Maker neither good nor evil, the offence and its punishment are upon the offending man, and upon him only, so that he can make no reparation, no satisfaction, and no atonement for his offence, whatever it may be.

This is not, I believe, the usual view of the case which is taken, even by those who profess to be religious, without any pretence of idolatry,—from a mixture of which, by the way, many who call themselves Christians are by no means free; and for this reason, as well as from a firm conviction that it is the only sure foundation of morality, I have stated it at considerable length, and with as much plainness of language as such a subject admits; and I have endeavoured throughout the volume—which, of course, is little else than summary—to introduce such delineations and contrasts of character, often from personal observation, as I thought would conduce more to fix the moral lessons in the mind of the reader, than the mere deductive statement of those emotions, as it is usually given by writers on the subject. These little contrasts appear to me to be the more necessary, from the fact that the tendency of what is—perhaps not very correctly—termed the "light literature" of the present time, is more than usually immoral, and calculated,

in as far as it can have any influence, to convert the whole mass of society into scum and dregs. This is sought to be accomplished—if the seeking is any more than the motive of filthy lucre—by reiterating, season after season, and month after month, the scandal of high life, and the abominations of life the very lowest; and I feel—I presume in common with every honest man and well-wisher of society—that when those abominations are assiduously poured over the land like a flood, every man in whom there is the least feeling of virtue should lend his aid in stemming the torrent. It is true that these are but things of the day; and that there is a progressive stamina in the improving knowledge and good sense of the better portion of the public, which will inevitably send them to that oblivion out of which they ought never to have come; but still, how brief soever their day may be, it is a day of iniquity while it lasts, and of iniquity which comes not within the statutes of ordinary legislation; and therefore it is the more necessary to stamp it in its true colours, upon every appropriate opportunity.

ROBERT MUDIE.

London, Nov. 4, 1839.

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MAN,

AS A MORAL AND ACCOUNTABLE BEING.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

How intimately soever we may be acquainted with the structure, improvement, and uses of our bodies, whether as instruments of perception or of action,—how well-grounded soever may be our belief in the immortality of our intellectual spirit,—and how carefully soever we may have observed all its more simple states, and analysed all its compound ones;—yet, if we stop short at mere theoretical belief and knowledge, we have no profit in this our labour, be it ever so extensive and philosophical. When it stops here, the knowledge of ourselves is of that kind which is so truly characterized by Solomon:—"In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Thus far the knowledge of ourselves may tend—and, when we carry it no farther, does tend—to make us vain and useless, and, by these means, unhappy.

There is really no merit whatsoever in the acquisition of this or of any other kind of purely speculative knowledge. It is what anybody may acquire, and what everybody ought to acquire, unless they are chained for life to the oar of labour, or the chariot-wheel of fashion, between which it is impossible to decide which is the more dementing and degrading slavery. An unemancipated negro, and an unemancipated votary of fashion, stand pretty nearly on the same level, and both below an independent farmer or artisan.

The man speculatively learned, and the ignorant one, also, both as to usefulness in the world and to happiness in themselves, are much upon a level; and there is no part of learning to which this more obviously or more fully applies, than the knowledge of ourselves, more especially that of our own minds, whether as regards our conviction of the truth of the immortality of mind, or the knowledge of our mental states or phenomena.

If abstract knowledge of any kind be applied to no other purpose save that of showing off, it is reduced to a very humble category indeed,—it is nothing but a mere personal distinction, and one which, in the general estimation of the world, ranks far below bodily distinction, and distinctions of dress, equipage, possession, and all the other mere accidents of life. A countenance, an eye, a whisker, the holding of some paltry office, shall, in most societies, carry off the palm from all the abstract learning that man can possess; and hence those merely speculative literati, who have

been fond of fashionable society, have always been obliged to mingle the fop with the philosopher, in order that they might stand their ground.

It is not, however, with the bearing which a man's knowledge and belief of the doctrines of mind and immortality has upon his fellow-men in society, and his rank and estimation there, that we have to do in the meantime. Our concern is with the individual man himself,—with the effect of this knowledge upon his temporal and eternal happiness or misery,—without any reference to his conduct toward his fellow-men, or the estimation in which he may be held by them, or that in which, in justice, he ought to be held. These are, no doubt, very important matters in the economy and conduct of human life; but still, as human society is for the present life only, and all the relations of it are for ever at an end when the body becomes fit only for the grave, it is a secondary consideration with the individual, as concerns the whole of his happiness.

Not only this; for the world, even in its purest states, and in the least objectionable portion of its society, is a very questionable school of morality; and they who have not some fixed principles before they get entangled in its meshes, have but little chance of acquiring any of very high order there. The world is a tissue of expediencies; and hence the term, "A man of the world," always implies something suspicious,—a man who is more agreeable than trustworthy.

For entering into the world, in such a manner as that it shall be enjoyed and taken pleasure in to the

fullest extent, and yet with perfect safety that no plant which is sown in the present world shall grow up and poison the atmosphere of eternity, when the world is gone for ever, and no opiate can be obtained from it, but when the mind must bear the full torment of its own remorse, without assistance, without sympathy, and without abatement, for ever and for ever:—for this, some preparation is necessary; and that preparation mainly consists in understanding how to turn our knowledge of the doctrines of mind and immortality to the proper account, for the regulation of our conduct in all its parts, from the most important actions of our lives to those which, in common estimation, are the most trivial and indifferent.

This preparation, too, must be of such a nature as that we shall at all times, and in all our actions, be they what they may, be entirely free from restraint; that we shall at no time, or under any circumstances that can possibly arise, have any one desire to which we may not, and, generally speaking, cannot, freely and fully act up. This, too, not merely in fancied security at the time, when the desire so magnifies its own object as to hide all else, and which leads the unprepared mind captive as it lists, but a confidence resting upon a foundation which is far more sure, which is secure against an assailment which we cannot keep back, which we can by no means withstand or mitigate, and of which if we once suffer the existence, it is sure to ruin our peace, and deprive us of everything like happiness, in a way and to an extent that admit of no relief.

The necessity of being thus prepared for acting our part in the world, fully, freely, and vigorously, and with certainty of the greatest and most constant happiness to ourselves, is evident from the very nature of mind. All our mental states, whether these have been merely thoughts from which no action immediately followed, or have been followed by emotion and action of any kind whatsoever,—all those states partake of the immortality of that mind of which they are states; and they can no more be lost to the mind in utter forgetfulness, than the mind itself can undergo the oblivion of death.

This is a view of the subject which is not always taken, but it is a view the truth of which cannot be denied; and it is one of the most important considerations, as preliminary and preparatory for the study of Man, as a Moral and Accountable Being. If we could, of ourselves, decide what we were to remember, and what not, then might we, in all cases, follow those impulses which are immediately consequent upon sensation, disregarding the laws of man, and setting at nought the majesty of Heaven itself. But this cannot be; for every mental state, every thought, every mental desire and purpose, is treasured up in the eternal storehouse of the mind, without the least power of selection on our part. Nor is this a matter in which the mind requires experience and practice, as it does in the process of making comparisons of the different parts of knowledge, drawing conclusions from those comparisons, and thence proceeding to further advances in knowledge or to action. It is the

very constitution of the mind,—a faculty, so to call it, without which the mind would be no mind at all. It is the criterion of mind, in the same way that gravitation is the criterion of matter. The very name is identical for the intellectual being which is remembered, and the thought which it remembers.

It is a fundamental, absolute, and inevitable law of the human mind, from the power of which no individual of the human race can by any possibility escape, that every thought shall and must remain for ever with the thinker. It in nowise depends upon the acquired or accidental differences of men, whether in respect of acquired knowledge, of conduct, or of anything else. It does not require that the party should know anything about the phenomena of mind, or even about the simple fact of its existence. A man may be totally ignorant of that, or he may wilfully, as we say, deny it,—at least in so far as a man can be said to deny that which he does not understand; for an understanding of the nature of mind necessarily implies a belief in its existence and immortality,—the one being so intimately connected with the other, that they cannot be separated.

But, granting the ignorance to be the most profound, and the error to be supported by the most plausible sophistry, still our ignorance or our error cannot, by possibility, alter the nature or the laws of that of which we are ignorant; and thus, though we know nothing about mind, or are ever so sceptical of the fact of its existence, that will not assist us in losing the memory of a single thought.

To meet their own thoughts is, therefore, an ordeal which all human beings must abide, and it is one before which there can be no concealment. Neither is it over in a day, in a month, a year, an age, or ten thousand millions of ages: it is an ordeal which we must abide through all eternity, and have it reiterated upon us every moment. There are none of us who have not thoughts which are agonizing to us in the recurrence—far more agonizing than the very sharpest reverses of the external world. These, if we have entered into the world with the requisite preparation, we can bear, and bear with equanimity of temper; but there are suggestions of the memory of former thoughts, or of former actions, which, either in themselves, or in the new trains of thought to which they lead, gnaw us with an agony whereunto there is no parallel in all the ills of the physical world.

We do not speak of those who are guilty of crimes, either of crimes against the laws of society, or of those crimes against God and nature which do not come within the statute, and which are therefore really more dark and deadly in their enormity than those for which criminals forfeit their lives, right or wrong, to the laws of society. If "Lazarus, the beggar," had lived in these our times, when the land is so "daintily dight with *decent* law," and had exposed his sores, even to be licked by dogs, the probability is that the rubicund majesty of the beadle would have been upon him, to bring him before "Dives," in the chair of justice, who would have sent him to the tread-mill as a rogue and vagabond. And yet, what says He "who

spake as never man spake," about the matter?—Why, when the days of splendour on earth, to Dives, were numbered, "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment," and supplicated relief through the instrumentality of that very Lazarus whom on earth he had so much despised. It is true that this is a parable,—a case put in illustration of a principle; but no one will deny that it is put with equal truth and force, and put in illustration of the very fact which we are endeavouring, in so far, to explain: that no man is safe from the arrows of torment which are prepared for him in the quiver of his own memory; and it goes a little farther than this, and shows that no man can help another in this his most bitter of all suffering,—there is "a gulf fixed," so that Lazarus cannot go to Dives, neither can Dives come to Lazarus: whatever of anguish the memory may bring—and it will bring all that it has to bring—the party must bear it all in himself, without relief and without sympathy.

It is not necessary—indeed it is not consistent with the view of the subject which we purpose to take in this volume—that we should allude to any other member of society but the individual himself, or to the injury of any one's happiness but his own. Man's injustice to himself is not only the foremost consideration with him, and the one the memory of which shall torment him the most, but such ought, upon very obvious principles of justice, to be the case. It is here that his knowledge is the most perfect,—here, and here alone, that simple thought can torment him, as much, if not more, than any thought which can be

wakened into action. If there is but one mental regret,—one thought of having perpetrated wrong, or one thought or opportunity neglected, which can arise in the mind, then that thought, or that neglected opportunity, although it would not weigh a thistle-down in the world's balance, may be torment indescribable to the mind to all eternity.

Now, this is a source of future misery from which no individual of the human race can, by possibility, be exempted. No matter how correct the life may be,—no matter how pure the intentions; for not a human being can exist without some mental regret. No matter for its measure by the human scale,—no matter for its being the result of ignorance at the time; the cause is nothing; it is a regret, and being a regret, and one which is as immortal as the mind itself, it is an eternal torment,—an everlasting burning, which Man has, of himself, no power whatever to quench.

This points to the very foundation of morals,—to the only basis upon which the happiness of Man, whether in the present life or throughout eternity, can be rested. Before we proceed to this, however, it may not be amiss to enumerate, in few and simple words, the meaning of the word MORAL, and its substantive, MORALS, as these words are, in general, but vaguely understood. The literal meaning of the word is that which is "according to the *standard*,"—what it *should* be, and not more or less.

Thus the question, "What is the standard?" immediately arises, and it is not very easily answered,

at least in a general way, with reference to any thing external of the man himself. Human laws are not the standard; for, even in those codes which have been pieced, patched, and altered with the most laborious care, there are statutes to be found which are not only not moral, but which, in truth, have a very opposite tendency. The manners, customs, and opinions of society are not the standard; for there are as many varieties of these as there are classes of society; and that which is perfectly moral in one class, is quite the contrary in another. Even the Christian religion, or any other religion, is not the standard of morals; for we find the different sects of professing—or, at all events, preaching—Christians, Mahometans, and all others, who do profess and preach, most lustily assigning each other to the devil for heresies; and surely that cannot be the standard of morals, by means of which one part of the human race, without any wrong done, assigns another over to eternal damnation? We know that these anathemas which sect hurls against sect, as "trumpet tongues" by the sound of which the parties may, like other street criers, earn their temporal bread, are mere idle words,—"sound and fury signifying nothing;" but it is not with the mere emotions which we have to deal in the meantime, it is with the sources whence they emanate; and we must say that this external form or phantasma of religion, is a mere section of public opinion, and liable to all the objections, and they are not few, which can be brought against that. Farther, these are not only liable to mutation, but

they are in a state of continual change; so that, among the very same people, that which is lauded to the echo in one age, is mentioned with the deepest execration in another, and this often after the lapse of no very long interval of time.

Thus it appears impossible to find any thing in the world like a fixed standard of morals; and yet, as thoughts and actions can, according to the very meaning of the word, be moral only when they are agreeable to, or in perfect accordance with, the standard, it should at first sight seem that we can get no solid foundation at all for morality.

It is true that, among the many men who have written *about* the subject of morals, there have not been wanting some who have prepared standards of morality. Some have made "the will of God" the moral standard; but this is a standard which Man cannot know, far less act up to, unless we suppose that he is endowed with the omniscience of a God. Others, again, have considered "the fitness of things," as the proper standard of morals. This, however, is little else than repeating the word "morals" itself in another form; and we are not told "to what" things should be fitted, without which we are of course just as much in want of a standard as ever.

The dictates of "common sense" and of a "moral sense," in Man himself, have also been sometimes brought forward as standards of morality; but these are words of very loose import, if indeed they have any meaning at all. Man is born in utter ignorance, without the slightest means of judging of any thing

whatever, until he acquires it by experience ; in his infancy he would destroy himself, crawl into the fire and be burned, or into the water and be drowned, or by waiting in the pathway until a waggon wheel passed over him and crushed him to death. And yet, surely, if Man had in himself any inherent principle of guidance—any thing which he does not derive from experience, surely he would, in accordance with that law which pervades all nature, have it in the greatest perfection at those times when the very preservation of his body requires it the most?—and it ought to shine out with much conspicuous splendour during those infant years, when, as yet, of guidance from his own experience there is none? Of any such sense, or innate principle, or whatever else it may be called, we have not, however, a single trace; and therefore, although its existence were not at utter variance with the doctrine of mind, we should be led to reject it upon the simple fact that it neither has nor can have any existence.

Seeing, then, that we are unable to assume and define any standard to which the thoughts and the actions of Man can be brought, in order that we may see whether they agree or disagree with that standard, we are led to a different but not less valuable view of the question; namely, What is the object and purpose of Man, considered as an individual? We say, "considered as an individual;" because, though Man has many and important duties to perform in society, yet he must be prepared for society before he can perform these duties as they ought to be performed.

Now the object and purpose of Man may be briefly enumerated thus :—

That Man shall enjoy the greatest possible measure and degree of happiness of which his nature is capable, both in the present life, and through all eternity.

This is the simple enunciation, in so far as the individual is concerned; and it is an enunciation which we presume no one will deny; for he who would say that men ought, under any circumstances, to make themselves miserable—or even to be made miserable, is in no very fit state of mind for being reasoned with upon any subject, far less upon such a subject as this.

Of course, this enunciation applies, in its full extent—as a mere worldly principle, to the individual only. When we come to consider Man in his social relations, there comes in another element,—*that no man shall diminish, or think, or say, or do, any thing tending to diminish, the happiness of another man.*

This will, of course, be alluded to in our volume upon SOCIAL MAN. But we may remark, in the meantime, that it is essentially included in the former; and that though the wrong which one man does to another should never be known to one human being, even to the injured party, the injurer cannot hide it from himself, or prevent the memory of it from arising and being to him a source of eternal torment. Indeed, it may happen that this shall be far more bitter torment to a man than any injury that he may have done to himself. Self-injuries, whether in thought, or word, or deed, are seldom done with the deliberate knowledge that they are injuries—at least at the time, how

soon and how severely soever the truth may come afterwards. Therefore, the torment which we feel in the memory of self-injury is simple. It comes as a regret, and though it may be bitter enough, still it is only simply a regret.

In the case of injury to others, the anguish which the mind cannot avoid having in store for itself, may also be sometimes a simple regret, and it will be nothing more in all cases, in which we injure others without the knowledge that we are doing so. But, if we know that it is an injury, and especially if we malevolently or craftily intend and plan it as such, it will come upon us with double torment, and the anguish of regret will be mingled and made dreadful by the deeper anguish of remorse; and the agony of the man who injures his neighbour, will be a deeper hell than that of the man who injures himself,—though the line between the two is not, in all cases, very easily drawn.

In the case of injury to our neighbours, also, as in that of injury to ourselves, ignorance will in nowise take off the bitterness of the anguish. It may lessen the remorse, or even prevent that altogether, but it will not take away the regret. Therefore, in as far as Man is a moral and accountable being, his conduct to his fellow men is in truth part and parcel of that greatest happiness which it is the object and end of Man's being to enjoy.

There is another agent which has been often introduced with no small parade, as the standard of morals, and the guide of human action; and that is a very

imaginary and fanciful personification, usually known by the name of *Conscience,* but in reality nothing else than the Moral Sense of another and less numerous set of men. This Conscience has been described as a distinct and separate power of the mind; and as such, it has been instituted into the office of keeping the more turbulent passions in order, which it does very well so long as it can be kept awake. But it is given to sleep; and all the other powers can drug it to temporary oblivion, with the sweet opiates of sin; and these do what they list till it wakens again, when it storms and rages at that which really, according to the fable, appears to be its own fault.

Now all this, while it may "eke out," though it certainly cannot "*adorn* a tale," far less "point a moral," is a most gratuitous and most injurious piece of absurdity, whoever may have been its inventor. Separate powers of the mind, whether they act in opposition or in concert, are inconsistent with the unity, and therefore with the immutability of the mind; for a mind which could be regarded as made up of parts, could be resolved into these parts, and this would be mental death; so that a mind having conscience as a *power,* would be a mortal mind—no mind at all, in the proper sense of the term, the only sense in which it is or can be applicable to Man.

After all, supposing for a moment that it does exist, it is a wonderfully accommodating power. Swift's simile in the "Tale of a Tub," is not quotable; but, like most of the coarse sayings of that extraordinary man, it is most graphically striking. Conscience,

taking it in a general sense, is really one of the most flexible "powers" that can well be imagined; for, instead of mankind committing crimes only when conscience is asleep, conscience goes along with them in the perpetration of all the very worst ones—in every crime of intention and plan. Human laws, which are not always "absolute wisdom," are yet wise enough never to inflict their severest punishments unless conscience appears to be *particeps criminis*.

And it should not, and in truth cannot, be otherwise. What is Conscience? It is composed of the two words *con*, "with," and *scientia*, "knowledge;" and all that it does or can imply is, that the thought, the word, or the action, to or in which knowledge—the simple knowledge that it is thought, or spoken, or done, and that by one's self and not another, is done with conscience. In this, the general sense of the word, we are conscious of our own existence, of our mental identity, or that amid all the changes of the body, from nature or from casualty, we are the same thinking beings through life; we are also conscious, though not always, of our thoughts, our words, and our actions; and we are always conscious of that which returns in memory, though not always of its original occurrence.

But, of all these general cases, of conscience, or of consciousness, as we ought rather to say, there is not one which abstractedly, and of itself, can be considered either as good, or as bad,—as moral—according to the standard—or the reverse. The consciousness of our existence is a very important matter in another

sense; because it is the foundation of all our knowledge, whether of existence or of action. The knowledge of our mental identity is also very valuable, because it is the means by which we turn the experience of the past into a guide to the future; and the knowledge that our thoughts, words, and actions are our own, enables us to bring them into the train or sequence; but still, whatever of morality or its opposite may be in either of them, depends on that of which we are conscious, and not on the consciousness itself.

There is, however, another, and much more contracted use of the word consciousness, in which it has a different meaning and value. This is the conscience or consciousness of *right*, which, of course, implies the consciousness of *wrong*, or the opposite of right, also. This arises from the fact of there being only *one* right in everything, and all else being, of necessity, wrong.

But we must be careful that we do not fall into mistakes about this right and wrong; for they are very vague words, and as such they are used in many senses. The *right*, in what may be considered as its original and appropriate meaning, is the direct way to the accomplishment of anything, which is the only sure way, and, at the same time, the shortest. All other ways of attempting to arrive at the same object, whether they do or do not succeed, are wrong, though not all equally wrong. We have stated that the moral end and purpose of all human life, considering merely the individual, is, that he shall enjoy the greatest share

and the highest degree of happiness, of which his nature is capable, both in this life and for ever; and we have further hinted, and, to some extent, endeavoured to show, that in this there is involved, to a considerable degree, the good of his fellow-men,—of that society of which he is a member,—during the time of his sojourn upon earth, or any part of it. Of course, the accomplishment of this, or the using of every means within the scope of our knowledge and capacity for the accomplishment of it, is the practice of moral right; and neglecting to do it, or to acquire the knowledge and the means of doing it, when we have them in our reach, is the practice of moral wrong,—of which, as well as of the practice of moral right, there may be many shades or degrees.

Thus it appears that moral right and wrong, as they are descriptive of the thoughts, the words, or the actions of human beings, are not causes, or rules of conduct having a separate existence from the subjects to which they refer. They are not even effects: they are merely the modes or manners of effects; and can be found out only by experience, whether by the party concerned or by others. There is no knowing of moral right until we have learned to know it, any more than there is doing any practical operation right till we have learned to do it. With wrong, either of the one kind or of the other, the case is, as we might expect, a good deal different. There is but *one* right, and therefore, if we attempt in ignorance, the probability that we shall miss it amounts almost to a certainty; while, in the case of wrong, the certainty is in favour

of its being done. This is a very important matter, and eminently claims our attention, both as regards our own case and the cases of all others who are in any way committed to our care.

It is a matter, too, in which precept and mere passive example are not sufficient. There must be actual knowledge and practice. It is matter of common observation, that those young persons who are the most simple and pure, ever plunge the most readily into error and vice when they are loosened from the command of the parent or the guardian, and placed in the way of temptation. To this, we believe, there is no exception,—at least no exception which can make the opposite have even the slightest pretence to being the rule; and therefore it is a matter which merits the deepest consideration.

We do not mean that any persons, whatever may be their age or rank in society, should be schooled either in error or in vice, as a preparation for entering the world; but, unquestionably, they should be made to take strong and practical hold on virtue, in reasonable knowledge of the consequences, both here and hereafter, if, in evil hour, they shall let go their hold.

The matter of hereafter, which is the grand foundation and bond of the whole, is that with which it is most difficult to deal. A mere verbal assent to the truths of religion, which never are or can be understood by the very young, is nothing; and habitual attendance on a place of public worship, often a matter of weariness and aversion on the part of the very young, is no better. They are merely flaxen

threads, broken by the first gust of temptation; and if the forms remain after this, they are in no small danger of degenerating into mere hypocrisy, from which, if it is once confirmed into a habit, there are no very likely means of escaping through life.

What, then, is to be done in this case? is the natural inquiry which will suggest itself to any one who reads these preliminary remarks thus far,—if any shall be found to read thus much of a book so little in unison with the fashionable literature of the parlour—or the pulpit; and any one who shall read thus far, and sincerely put that question, is not only prepared for the answer, but will anticipate it in great part.

Put the young in the way of knowledge: "Train them up in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it." This is the substance of the answer, in the words of Inspiration itself; and if the truth of these is denied, there is no hope. The parties will go on in their own stubbornness of ignorance, and they must take the consequences.

What is it that the young are to know? You do not expect that children, or even youths, are to become mental philosophers or profound divines?—Far from it; but still they may be put in the way at much more early stages of life than we are in the habit of supposing, and with very little of what is now named, or rather misnamed, "school learning," but which is, in truth, nothing but school ignorance,—a pestilent mildew brought over the mind in early youth, which withers it for life; and if there be deeper torment in one region of the place of mortal retribution than in

another, of a surety it is prepared for the perpetrators of these things, whatever may be their names, their offices, or their characters, in the merely carnal world upon earth.

But are not the schools, of which there are such charitable abundance, on week-day and Sabbath-day, all over these islands, and which are "suited to the capacities of children," from the moment that they can lisp,—are not these adequate to this and to every purpose which is required? We doubt it,—nay, we have no doubt upon the subject, for we are sure they are not. "Bell's system," as it is called, according to which all the national schools are taught, is nothing else than a clumsy mechanical substitute for education, which communicates not one ray of light to the young mind. The committing to memory, by rote, of catechisms, hymns, and chapters of the Bible, is no better, if, indeed, it be not far worse. Catechisms, like creeds, belong to churches, not to religion; and, in so far as they are religious, the doctrines which they expound, or rather darken, are far above the comprehension of a child. What child of nine or ten years of age can understand the "Church of England Catechism?" The "Shorter Catechism" of the Westminster divines, still the text-book of the Kirk of Scotland, is not so "churchish" as the English one certainly; but it is certainly not better adapted for infant study. We have no wish to censure these modes and matters; but we must say that there is no more certain way of poisoning and perverting the infant mind, than that of making children con by

rote, and *say* that they believe, matters of which they cannot possibly understand one word. We speak not from vague hypothesis, but from practical observation; for we have, again and again, taken occasion to test the understandings of these juvenile prodigies in sacred lore, and by interpolating a question of our own, we have got so strange an answer as fully convinced us that not one of the questions could have been understood. We are, of course, not the only parties that have made experiments on this painful subject; and we have heard of a case in which a learned dignitary of the church got himself into rather an untoward situation before the lady-patronesses of a metropolitan school, by pressing an infant catechumen to a fair confession of the final act of her vesper services. Scorners may laugh at such displays; but truly the utter mental ignorance which they demonstrate, is no laughing matter.

This is but an incidental matter; and yet, as it has come in our way, we must consider it a little farther. We believe that, though of course not universal, as there are no universals in human nature, the complaint against the children who have "gone through" these schools, is, that they are worthless, wayward, and wicked; and, truly, we do not well see how it can be otherwise. They have the pride of education, without any of the reality and usefulness, and this makes them conceited; they have got this distinction for charity's (?) sake, without any equivalent, and this makes them still expectant of what they do not deserve; and their occupation in the school matters, which are never to

be of the smallest earthly use to them, has prevented them from attending to and understanding things which would have been really useful had they been understood. They are worse than the totally uneducated, provided those have been kept out of the way of vice; for they must be "unschooled," before they can be of the smallest use. If, therefore, the pious persons who support those establishments, for glory, for fashion, or for expiation—we decide not which of the three, would leave their foolery and cant—it is no better—and go about the matter in plain and sober earnest, they might do much good at half the trouble, one-third of the expense, and without any parade about it.

"Well, but what should be done?" That is exactly what we are coming to; but there is a previous question, or subject, for consideration,—"What have we to deal with, and for what end and purpose are we to deal with it?"

The subject with which we have to deal is a human being,—a compound creature, consisting of a mortal body and an immortal spirit, or soul, or mind, or whatever else may be the name given to it. The body, we shall suppose, has not yet arrived at its full strength; but its organs of observation and of action are in the most buoyant tone and vigour. They must be employed in one thing or another, until, worn out with its own exertions, it sinks into that balmy state which man never knows after the cares of the world come upon him. Such is the activity of the body at

this early time, that it observes everything, and would attempt to do everything.

The mind, again, is in full maturity, in so far as its essence is concerned, from the very first moment of its consciousness; but it can neither observe nor act upon the external or material world, or indeed anything else, without the instrumentality of the body. Hence, the materials, or subjects of thought, are few; but the thinking itself is, according to the degree of knowledge, as correct and logical as that of the most profound philosopher,—more so, indeed, for it has less chance of being warped by hypothesis, or blinded by sophistry; so that, when we say a child shall understand a plain truth more readily and clearly than a person of great learning, we state what is the fact. The child decides at once upon the facts of the case; the philosopher has to search for precedents and points in the record of his acquired knowledge. We do not, of course, mean to say, or even to imply, that children are more valuable than the venerable learned: we only mean that they are more teachable. Yet, upon the general point, we may venture the quotation, "Better is a wise child than an old and foolish king" —or philosopher either.

Such is the subject that has to be prepared for taking its part in the world; and this subject is in nowise altered in itself, whether the party is to be prepared by others, or by its own tuition. But the knowledge of the subject is only one part of the matter, and the end and purpose the other part. This is the same

as that which we have already enumerated,—" the greatest and most perfect happiness of the individual, both in this world and through eternity." It is true that, in society, human beings are often educated upon very nearly the same principle as domestic animals are trained, or machines made, to answer some purpose of others, in which their happiness forms no part. Perhaps this may be expedient in very complicated and busy states of society,—at least it may be easiest; and the consequence may be, that the parties being left to find out their own happiness as they best may, in those snatches of time which they can be allowed to spare from merely mechanical drudgery, seek it in dissipation. But we have nothing to do with society, in the meantime: our business is with the individual, and how he is to start in life with the best ɔspect of attaining the grand moral end and purpose of his being.

Now, in the first place, we do not think it will be denied, that the more independent a human being is, he has the greatest prospect of happiness. We speak not now of what the world calls independent,—that is, having no occasion either to think or to act in procuring a living in the world; for this independence has always a disposition to dwarf the characters of those who are born to it; and if you could ship off all the rest of England, and leave these independent parties behind, you would see what a wretched figure they would cut. The independence to which we allude, as being really valuable to Man in accomplishing the grand moral end of nis existence, is independence

of other men in what he has to know or plan, and what he has to do. No matter what may be the office: it may be that of a minister of state, or a scavenger; but surely the man will do it best, and with most satisfaction to himself, who has both the "ken" and the "can" of it; and to this we cannot think of any exception. They who have no confidence in themselves, but proceed with doubt and hesitation, always lead lives of pain and uneasiness. Such doubters as the late Earl of Eldon must not be confounded with the unhappy description of persons here alluded to. Eldon's doubts were not his own, for few men on or off the bench or woolsack have had more clear and ready judgment; but he doubted whether his decision might accord with all that had gone before, upon similar cases and similar points; and it will be found, that the more clear and strong any man's judgment is, he has always the more difficulty in making it tally with precedent, or in knowing whether it does so tally or not. This, by the way, appears to be the principle upon which great scholars are never very remarkable for the extent and clearness of their reasoning powers; and why very acute and comprehensive reasoners are seldom remarkable for the extent of their erudition.

But, in the second place, we take it for granted that a man never can have proper confidence, either in knowing or in doing, unless he knows himself, and the situation in which he stands in virtue of his very nature, and also of the relations of this nature for the present life and the future.

This is, in fact, the grand point of education,—the

one without which all the rest is not worth a straw to Man as an active and immortal being; and yet, strange to say, instead of being taught, it is not so much as mooted in the schools, at least in any with which we are acquainted. It is true that, in the higher classes of our colleges, and for the select few that can afford to attend them, we have courses of probations upon the physiology of mind, and on what is called morals, or practical ethics; but even these are what one may aptly term "cold concerns," which have no tendency to come personally home to the individuals to whom they are addressed. They are treated with the same abstract gravity as if they were the doctrine of the equilibrium of fluids, or that of spherical triangles; and while the subjects are thus coldly "gone by" in the higher schools, they have no place at all in the lower.

It is often urged that these matters are above the comprehension of all but the learned; and that they are so, in the manner in which the learned treat them, we readily admit,—and are half inclined to add, "Perhaps it is just as well." But surely, if a child can understand the Catechism, and the chapters, and the hymns, and the first rules of grammar, which are perfectly incomprehensible in their expression, it ought to understand something about its own nature, place, and object in the creation? We do not assert that young children can or do understand any one of the school exercises of which we have given a list, because we are pretty sure that the contrary is, in most cases, the fact; but we do say that the elements of self-

knowledge are not more difficult to children, and other ignorant persons, than the simplest, if there be difference in that way, of those matters to which we have alluded.

Besides, the self-knowledge is as attractive as the other matters are repulsive. The first pleasure of the child is in the exercise of its senses and its limbs; and if we would but take the trouble—the pleasure it ought to be—of explaining to it the operations of the several senses, the deceptions to which they are liable—such as parallax, perspective, and echoes—and a variety of other little matters, we should have very willing and delighted, and therefore very apt scholars; and scholars of a far higher order than any that can be bred in the common schools, where what should be done in a month takes several years, and is missed after all. By this mode of procedure, our little scholars would be able to "take the field" for themselves, for business or for pleasure,—indeed there would be no distinction of them, as soon as their young limbs had strength to carry them. This is no fond picture of the imagination; for we ourselves have seen a young bush-ranger, barely turned ten, and engaged the live-long day in a laborious business, by which he maintained himself, standing, cap in hand, beside a knot of the school-bound, and laughing in his little sleeve at the absurdity of their conjectures upon a subject of which he had made himself master by simple observation.

Then there are the whole host of heaven, the sun, the moon, and the stars. Even when the infant can neither point a foot nor lisp, just take note in what

ecstacies it is, how it cries and struggles, and tries to start out of your arms, to catch the radiant beauties. Then, would you close this splendid and attractive volume of the book of God, when the infant begins to reason? If you do, remember that it is one of those things which shall arise and torment you when there is none to pity or deliver.

The letters of the alphabet are "heathen Greek," in comparison with the simple rudiments of astronomy. A child loathes the former, because it sees no use of them, and it loves the latter. How far this infant astronomy should be carried, must of course depend on the peculiar case; but this generally may be said of it, that every child is capable of understanding much more of it than any child is taught; for the infant astronomy of the schools is, like the letters of the alphabet, a repulsive collection of unmeaning puzzles. If this were to be begun, it would go on; and (were it not that I feel a little personal delicacy) I could name a most able professor of astronomy, now living, who, from juvenile hints, worked out his knowledge while engaged in the honourable discharge of a most laborious and unastronomic office; and worked it out with so much power and truth, that, when the then astronomers were in a little difficulty, they sent to him, saying, "Come over to us, and help us."

There is also a good deal of the knowledge of nature in which very young children can and ought to be schooled, not with the formality of science certainly, or with the parade of scientific names, which, to say the

best of them, often sound uncouth enough in the ears of grown-up men, and make one fancy that the learned clique who look vain on subjects of nomenclature and system, had entered into a conspiracy, or league, to keep the whole body of their plain countrymen in utter ignorance, in order that they may be intelligible to the foreign sophists of butterflies and beetles, to whose hands the majority of them are, after all, not able to hold water.

This we would not, of course, prescribe to the juvenile mind; and we will even go the length of confessing, that it is humiliating to human nature to see the professed student thumbing his vocabulary with the one hand, and applying sensorial stimulation with the other, in fond hope of producing a reciprocation of sympathy between the book and the brain.

Still there are a thousand little matters connected with the appearance and economy of beasts, and birds, and creeping things, and plants and flowers of every bloom and of every dye, which are perfectly within the comprehension of every child; and, be it remembered, that as there is no vice in nature, every tie which you give nature on the minds and feelings of the young, restrains them from vice more powerfully than you can do with all your saws, and all your authority.

At this, we think we hear some grub of the ledger, or some notable of the needle, taking deep offence, and exclaiming, "What! fill the heads of children with such stuff as this, when they ought to be learning how

to get a penny, and how to keep it." To all of whom we gently reply, "*You* ought to have been born *scarabæi*, in Egypt, and spent the whole of your lives in rolling pellets of dung in the desert; for assuredly you are out of your place among rational and immortal creatures. By all means get money as fast, and as abundantly as you honourably can; but do not make it the idol of your worship, so as to be miserable yourselves, and disgusting to others."

There is one other little portion of knowledge connected with the body, (we must not call it science, because of the hard name), in which children cannot be initiated at so early an age. This is what may be called the mechanical knowledge of the body, in balancing it so as to make it stable in simple motion and in action. It requires some time before children can find this out for themselves, notwithstanding the tumbles that they get from want of knowing how to balance themselves. They fall most frequently forward on the face, and they do this in their eagerness to reach any person or object that strongly attracts their attention. In this eagerness both the head and the hands get in advance of the feet, and throw forward the centre of gravity beyond the point at which it is stable. If they were instructed never to lean forward and stretch the arms in this way, without having one foot considerably in advance of the other, they would be in much less danger of falling. Standing or running sideways along a steep slope, is also a situation in which children are very apt to fall; and therefore they should be cautioned against it. The

balancing of planks, stools, and all other moveable things, upon which children are prone to mount, ought also to be pointed out. They should not be restrained from climbing about, because that makes them timid, but they should be shown how they can work off the excess of their animation with safety to their heads and limbs. The dangers which they run when any vehicle in which they are starts from rest into motion, or stops suddenly after moving rapidly, should also be noticed, especially the latter, which is by far the more dangerous. The principle in this is so very simple, that any body may understand it. Supposing a child to be standing up in any of those little vehicles which are common in some of the humbler classes of society, the feet of the child are drawn from under the body, before the forward motion has time to be communicated to that; and the consequence is that the child is left sprawling on its back behind the vehicle, which would not be the case if it were taught to lean forward at starting. A sudden stoppage from rapid motion, is still more dangerous if the body is thus projected across the front of the vehicle, not with its own weight only, but with the momentum that it acquired from the motion of the vehicle in addition, and the two occasion a much more severe fall than any of them would do singly. This precaution is valuable to adults, as well as to children.

The difference of effect in coming into contact with objects in motion and objects at rest, is also very useful, as a part of the merely elementary education. Motion and matter are not, of course, quantities of

the same kind, or such that the one of them can be made the measure of the other; but the momentum or whole force of the body in motion at different rates, is very much as the squares of these rates, that is, as the products which arise from the multiplication of each by itself. Thus, for instance, a waggon moves along a road at the very moderate rate of two miles an hour, a stage coach at the rate of ten miles an hour, and a waggon train on a railway at the rate of thirty miles. To simplify the understanding of the matter, we shall suppose that all the three are of exactly the same weight, and made of the same materials, so that if either were to run against one of them with the same force, the effect would be the same, be it whatever it might; and thus, if they stood still, no more caution would be necessary for keeping clear of any one than of any other. But let them have the motions aforesaid, and the case would be very different. The force with which any of them would strike an obstacle in their way, is to be found by observation; but if one is known, the others may be found very nearly. Thus, if the waggon at two miles an hour be called one, (which one means only the force with which it would strike any thing in its way), the coach at ten miles will be five, and the railway train at thirty miles fifteen. The squares of these numbers are one, twenty-five, and two hundred and twenty-five; that is, the coach will hit twenty-five times as hard as the waggon; and the railway train two hundred and twenty-five times as hard. The blow of the waggon would be so slight, and come so gradually

that any one might get out of its way; the blow of the coach would knock down any human being; and the blow of the railway train would shiver one to atoms.

There are toys at some of the places of mechanical exhibition, in which a circular plate of soft iron is made to revolve so fast that it not only cuts hard steel but sets the particles on fire. Diamonds are cut by a copper wheel armed with the dust produced in grinding diamonds; and there is no doubt that a motion could be given to the copper wheel which would make it cut a diamond without any powder upon it. The wheels used in "dry grinding," at the manufactories of cutlery in Sheffield and other places, move with such rapidity, that their motion is not visible; and though they cut and polish the steel very rapidly, they are themselves but little worn.

In this way, almost any substance which has just consistency enough to keep its shape, may have such a rate of motion given to it as that it may cut or destroy any other substance, however hard; and lightning, the effects of which are often so powerful, is nothing but motion or action, unaccompanied by any substance at all. The vast change which motion thus produces on the power which substances have of doing mischief, render motion and its effects indispensable in the first preparation of a human being for acting its part in the world without danger to itself. The usual way is to leave the precaution till it shall be wanted. It is seldom given then; and thus indolence on the part of those who have the care of us in

our infancy, often costs us our limbs or our lives. It generally happens, however, that the industrious poor have no time to attend to the education of their children, and that the rich are committed to the care —the neglect and spoiling, of the very worst portion of the whole community.

Though these little points which we have mentioned, and they are but a few out of many, all of which are equally deserving of attention, refer directly to material things, and to the safety of the body, yet, considered as education, they are mental, and they belong to that class of subjects which require the immediate exercise of both observation and thought, and thus bring the whole compound nature of a human being far better and more usefully into play, than any or all of the common tasks of the schools, for the sake of which they are generally neglected, and the usefulness and happiness of the party very much improved.

But there are other and more intellectual portions of knowledge which can be communicated at a very early age, at an age far more early than most people are aware of, if they were taken in their simple elements. The simplicity of mind, its difference from matter, and the fact that it cannot die, but must have life and memory when the body perishes, are all plain enough to the youngest child that can understand words.

The leading functions of mind may also be explained:—How it is of the mind only that we know the fact of our own existence or of that of any thing

else. How, when we see or hear, it is not any body or substance which the mere bodily eye or ear of itself obtains the knowledge; but that the bodily organ is merely impressed in a different way by different organs, and the mind has the faculty of receiving those impressions, and turning them into knowledge. How the impression on the sense of the body passes away, the instant that the object which produces it is gone, and never of itself returns,—the eye never remembers having seen a certain flower, or the foot to have trodden a certain meadow; but the mind not only remembers all the impressions which the body communicates to it, but cannot lose the memory of them if it would. How the body, as being an organization of mere matter, can have no deliberation or judgment in itself, but must obey the one class of impulses,—the avoiding of sensations that are painful to it; but how the mind, having all the past retained in memory, can bring to recollection what were the consequences of former actions, then judge what will be the consequences of similar actions again, and so perform them or abstain from the performance, according to circumstances, that is, according as the former circumstances were advantageous or the reverse.

A sound intellectual lesson which is easy, and which cannot be communicated too soon, is that which may be termed the good moral lesson—never to act upon passion—never let the momentary feeling, however strong or violent it may be, prevent that reasoning—that calm seeing whether it is proper or not.

A person under the influence of passion, whether that passion be what is called a kindly or malevolent feeling, is mad—the connexion between the mind and the body is as completely broken for the time, as if the unhappy party were struck by incurable mania; and therefore, any action which is performed under the influence of passion, is the act of a madman. But it carries with it a bitterness from which the mad by disease are exempted. When the disease is complete, no trace of their actions remains on the memory; they pass away like the actions of the beasts, and the time of the disease is an utter blank, from which no future torment can arise. Not so with the passionate—although when the violence of the fit is upon them, they are mad enough, certainly; but, as the fit goes off, the mind returns to its office in time to lay hold of all that has been done in the phrensy of the most demonaic passion, and can and will turn it into fearful punishment afterwards.

To this government of the passions, which is, in fact, the very essence of practical virtue—the means, and the only means of human happiness both here and hereafter, we may have to revert somewhat more at length in a future chapter; but we felt it necessary to notice it here, because, though the principles cannot be fully explained to a child, the practice cannot be begun too soon; and it is probable that a large proportion of the human race,—of females especially, are ruined by their passions, before they have begun to reflect. Of course we do not allude only and chiefly to the turbulent

passions; we have equal allusion to them all, even those which are accounted estimable and amiable. They all lead to the same ruin; and the song of the Siren is as much a death-note as the roar of Charybdis.

There is but one other point to which we shall very briefly advert, and with that close this long, and, as some may feel, tedious introduction. If any should feel this, we might, perhaps, venture to say to them, "read it again;" but these are matters upon which we can come to no very positive conclusion, and on which we are not, indeed, called upon to give any opinion at all. The point to which we allude is the higher and more lasting destiny of Man, than any of those subjects with which he is conversant upon earth. Of these, the days and the cycles are numbered, from some of the ephemeral flies, which, in their winged state, never witness one sunrise, through all the gradations up to such an adjustment of the secular disturbances and variations of the solar system, which would, to bring them back to the same state in which they were at any given moment, require millions of years; but even these long periods are but as mere moments compared with the eternal duration of mind. Therefore, Man ought to link himself with, and lay the foundation of his happiness upon, something more lasting than these. And where shall he turn but to that God who made him, and who breathed into his nostrils the breath of eternal life?—But this deserves to be made the subject of a chapter.

CHAPTER II.

MAN'S MORAL RESPONSIBILITY.

We have already hinted that Man's ignorance does not and cannot absolve him from the eternal mental torment of regret for error and remorse for crime. And, when we reflect but a little upon the subject, we cannot fail to see that it would be strangely unjust, did such an effect exist, or were it even possible. At the bar of human justice, ignorance may, and should, be pleaded; because the law and the judge always, to a certain degree, partake of ignorance as well as the party accused. But when, so to speak, the memory of what a man has done or omitted brings him before the judgment of his God—the law is all-searching and all-pure, and the whole case comes fully and equally before it. There is no hiding, no shifting, no palliation; justice,—full, perfect, and eternal justice, is applied to the whole case—and the case is, in fact, the punishment, or the acquittal.

To suppose otherwise, would be to bring down the law of God to the human standard,—to make God after the image of Man. That any one is ignorant of any subject which it behoves them to know, is a crime against the law of God, and a crime which, like all

offences against this law, necessarily involves its own punishment. God has given to every man a body and a mind, the one with senses perfectly competent to all the requisite observation; and the other capable of turning these observations to proper account, both for information and for action. It is the very nature of this mind that every impression which it receives it retains; and though the impressions are made in time, and often in so short time, that we could not measure it by any physical means, yet the mental duration of each and all of them is eternal. After death, too,—the moment that the breath—nay, the action of the body ceases, all the impressions of the mind are unalterable—if pleasurable, nothing can change them into torment.

If all men have been, and are, so endowed by the kindness of their All-bountiful Creator, how think ye that the neglect of His bounty can be pleaded with HIM, as a means of justification? Remember the "parable of the talents:" it was spoken by One who cannot lie,—"Thou wicked and slothful servant." Away, then, with all crimes on the ground of ignorance; for no matter as to the crime, the ignorance itself is guilt in its very essence. The expressions may be novel to many, and they may appear strange, but they are in strict accordance with Divine justice. The most ignorant savage on the face of the earth deserves eternal punishment for not being a profound astronomer; and the most amiable and exemplary of our fine ladies deserves to be eternally condemned for not earning her bread in the sweat of her brow. Not

only deserves, but actually must suffer—are at this moment under the curse, the condemnation; and in strict justice there is no remission—not one ray of hope.

Heaven forbid that this should be the case with the parties named, or with any individual of the human race; and as the same God who created us of his goodness can redeem us by his grace, we have no ground of despair—though much cause for watchfulness and circumspection. This is a matter, too, in which we ourselves can do nothing. Prayers, church-goings, charities, are all as nothing; and may be, and often are, the means of deeper damnation than if they were let alone. "When ye spread both your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear."

The case cannot be otherwise: God is an infinite Being, and his law—even as to Man, is an infinite law; but Man is a finite creature, and as such he cannot yield a perfect obedience to this law. Every act of his obedience should be perfect, and he should know the whole law and perfectly obey it all. When he does this, but not till then, let him come before the throne of the Eternal; and stand up like a man, and plead in his own strength.

Mankind have such a longing desire of some merit for what they do, not in the sight of their fellow-men only—where it is all very just and proper, but in the sight of God himself, that the truth of this part of the doctrine of morals requires to be brought forward in every possible light. No matter for intentions; we

are not speaking of them in the meantime, and at all events, though they may be modifications, they are not principles; but in respect of facts, so far from there being any moral merit in one human action, by which it can in any wise mitigate the treatment arising from or being the immediate consequence of another, there is really no act that Man can perform which is not in itself a violation of this law. Will any man pretend to say that the very best action that he or any one else ever did was *infinitely* well done? If not, we tell him, that it is a breach of the law; and therefore, punishment—mental and eternal punishment—is a necessary consequence of it.

Mankind, in their vain wish to have some merit in a case where by possibility they can have none, are very apt to consider this law as somewhat hard; and if it had been like the laws of society, a compact between party and party, where, in the substantial part of the matter, the parties are upon an equality, there would have been some ground for the complaint. But Man is no party in the making of the law of his nature any more than he is in the fact of his existence; and so he must take the one and the other just as he finds them. The law of human nature, or of the relation in which Man stands to his God, as an immortal creature, is wholly a matter of discovery, deducible from what we know of the nature of Man from our feelings, and from what we perceive of others, and from the nature of God, so far as that can be known to us from the words of Revelation and the demonstration of nature; and when this induction is made,

with all the candour and all the care that we can bestow upon it, the only fair and legitimate conclusion at which we can possibly arrive is this: "That Man, so far from being able to make any amends, or reparation for a breach of the Divine Law—that is, the law of his own immortal nature, cannot keep, or act up to what that law demands, in any one particular, be it what it may."

Then the punishment is not inflicted by another party, as punishments are inflicted upon those who violate the laws of men. The mental punishment of Man is always spoken of as commencing after death. But we must not suppose that the Almighty brings the mind of Man before a personal tribunal, and pronounces a formal sentence upon it. For the sake of the ignorant, similitudes must be used; but still the better informed, or those who ought to be so, must beware that they do not make their similitudes the means of idolatry, and lose the true character of the Almighty in the labyrinth of their own minds. God is omnipresent, and cannot be more so in one place than in another; and therefore the whole universe is the throne, and equally the throne, of His judgment; and the instant that any human being breaks the law, the punishment for that breach is upon him, and must remain until removed by a power more mighty than his.

But, while Man is in this life, the punishment does not take full effect upon him, inasmuch as his attention is diverted from it by the occupations and enjoyments of the world. It is wisely provided that this

should be the case; for, were all the remorses and regrets to which mankind doom themselves ever to come upon them in the present life, they would not only be incapable of discharging any of the duties of that life, but it would be to them a burden not to be borne. But there are times, when an arrow from that quiver of anguish fastens its barb in the soul; and be the condition of the party what it may, when it comes it strikes him instantly to the earth. Mania, fatuity, suicide, and horrors which cannot be named, as under them the mind retains its consciousness, are often the result of one short moment of that which stubborn offenders must have in its full force to all eternity. The arrow is most terrible, no doubt, when it comes barbed and poisoned by crime; but there are many instances of suicide, and not a few of madness, that have their foundation in some simple regret—a disappointment in love, in ambition, or in vanity, which, in the judgment of sober reason, is a good to the party, and not an evil. Persons to whom these calamities happen, are, in the gentle language of the world, said to be of tender feelings; but in the estimation of truth, they are of violent and ungovernable passions—persons in whom, whatever may have been their outward bearing, there could have been none of the stamina of true morality.

When however the senses have brought in their last intelligence, when worldly hopes and prospects are at an end, when we have the body no longer to care for, and when the whole of the material world has gone from the region of our ken, and we have

nothing to fall back upon for the occupation through eternity of that mind which, relieved from the body, cannot be one moment without thought, save the remembrances which it had at the hour of dissolution, our situation will be very different indeed,—so different, that it is well worthy of a little consideration in time. We speak not of crimes as against the laws of Man, because these may be supposed to reach only a certain portion of mankind, of whom we wish to speak not only generally, but in what may be considered as their best natural phase. If there has been one lost opportunity, or subject not carried to the extent that it might have been carried, or any other source of regret, be it what it may, we may depend upon it that it will come to the disembodied mind speedily, and with an anguish of despair to which there can be no possible parallel in this world. While we are in life, there is hope to the mind, if it be kept in any discipline whatever; and let the worldly remorse be what it may, the suffering of it to drive us to madness or to suicide is an additional crime, and one which will be among the most grievous of our torments hereafter. But when the mind is disembodied, there cannot be one ray of hope; despair must be complete and eternal. Eternal without any relief; for there can be no madness, no suicide there. We are hopeless, helpless, utterly miserable; and this we must endure for ever and for ever.

This is the natural condition of the whole human race—the final and eternal state to which they must all come, if they have nothing to rely upon but themselves

and their deeds. And we have taken up this not as a dogma of fear, to serve any purpose, but as a calm deduction from the very nature of the relation in which finite Man must stand to an infinite God. This too, without any substantial distinction of good and bad. That may make differences in degree of anguish and misery; but when we look at the purity of the law and the frailty of the creature, we must come to the conclusion, "There is none righteous, no, NOT ONE."

As this conclusion rests upon no mere dictum of authority, be that authority what it may, but is fairly drawn from the philosophical examination of the question upon its own data, in the same way as we would draw a conclusion upon any other subject of reasoning, we are of course entitled to consider and use it as an established truth, however humbling it may be to our vanity or our pride. Such being the case, the first inference that we can draw from it is, that there is in Man no foundation of morals upon which we can rely; but that we must seek this foundation in some relation with the God who gave us life. If we know anything about that August Being, we must know that he is all-powerful, and that therefore he is able to deliver us from any misery, however great. In this there is a little ray of natural hope, faint withal, but still a hope; for to know that there is one who is able to help us, is a step, though a very short one, in the way of relief; but the secondary steps require a little more consideration.

The history of mankind, from the first dawning of

the exercise of mind among any race of them with whom we are acquainted, shows that the fear and the hope have a sort of shadowy existence in the very early stages, and long before either of them takes what may be called a definite form. We know of no people, having among them anything like civilization, who have not performed rites, or done services, or made supplications of some kind or other, to some being or beings whom they acknowledged as superior to themselves. No matter whether these rites and ceremonies appear to us as cruel, or ridiculous, or in any other way objectionable; or whether they were performed in the hope of propitiating beneficent beings, or averting the harm of malevolent ones. These are merely accidental differences arising from the habits and occupations of the people, and their characters as modelled upon these; but they have all one origin,—a natural feeling in mankind that they are under the government and control, in some way or other, of a being or beings more powerful than themselves; and that they have other guilt, and other punishments to fear, besides those that arise from their connexion with their fellow-men. They show, in fact, however imperfectly, that Man has a natural feeling of responsibility, in addition to everything which is to be final in this world; and thus they are evidences of the existence of mind even among those who are not informed of its existence. Farther than this, they afford evidence of the first and faint ray of hope to which we have alluded, however slight the evidence may be. Thus, in the very dawning, the dimmest

twilight of human nature, there are traces that Man feels a moral responsibility, whose foundation is higher than himself or his fellow-men. It is true that this primary feeling of responsibility is often sadly vitiated, and turned into an instrument not of good but of evil. But who shall say that this has not been the case with all religions? Even upon the altars of those professing themselves to be Christians, and pretending to act under the sanction of the God of mercy, there have probably been more human victims immolated than upon all the altars of all the false gods upon earth; and we may add, daring contradiction while we do it, that, from the angry, intemperate indiscretion, and even unearthly terms in which religious sects continue to objurgate each other, they would carry on their sacrificial system, were it not that they are restrained by the civil power, and that that again is still more powerfully restrained by the opinions and habits of society.

Therefore, though, in some countries, most ridiculous, or even most repulsive objects were sometimes drawn as gods, though in others the most cruel or the most abominable rites were performed, under the name of religious worship, or though the religion itself was often made a bond of ignorance and slavery to the great body of the people,—though all these things happened again and again, we must not suppose that the natural feeling which suggested even the idolatries of which these were the conceptions, was in itself, or its origin, bad, any more than that Christianity is bad, because so many foul and horrid deeds have been

perpetrated under the pretence of it as a cloak. The history of all ages shows, that if, by any means whatever, any set of men obtain a powerful hold over the minds of other men, there is a strong tendency in the men holding this power to turn it to selfish and wicked purposes. That such should be the case we regret, but the case is not of our making. It is registered on the page of history, too clearly to be gainsaid, and too indelibly to be blotted out; and all the conclusion that we shall attempt to draw from the matter is one which must be pretty apparent to every candid man,—that "Religion is the very safest rule of life, but the most dangerous of all trades."

Of course, while the various systems of idolatry continued, neither of them could be the foundation of anything like a moral system; for the gods were in general much greater profligates in representation, than the priests who ministered at their altars were in reality; and, consequently, the systems may be said to have invariably conduced more to profligacy than to anything else: but, notwithstanding their profligacy, they combined in showing that Man feels naturally a moral obligation upon him, from the burden of which obligation he seeks deliverance with more zeal and assiduity than from any of the common obligations of the present life.

This natural inquiry is nowhere more fairly or more forcibly put than in these words of the prophet Micah: —"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will

the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?"

The idea in this passage is, that though the application is to be made to "the High God," it is still to be made as though he had like passions as the powerful among men. He is to be appeased and propitiated by gifts and sacrifices. It will of course be understood that this is not a real question put by the prophet, as though he were himself asking for information in his own case. It is put hypothetically, with a view of giving more force and effect to the answer,—to which answer we shall have to advert by-and-by. It is also put, not as by one inspired, or in anywise instructed of God, but simply by a man in his natural ignorance, with the feeling of the obligation upon him, and the shadowy belief to which we have alluded, that the God of which he had some shadowy conception could relieve him if he would. Even in the error of the querist, there is something worthy of remark. He does not stand upon "his own righteousness," or on what good office he shall perform to his fellow-men. Thus he tacitly admits that he can do nothing, in the ordinary way of human doing, to relieve himself from the obligation; and therefore he takes the usual way with those who do not understand either God or religion: he goes about to bribe the object of his worship by offerings which can be of no use save for the priest, and the giving of which is really a wrong done in the judgment of common sense.

He goes about it, however, like a prudent man of the world, and cheapens the favour of his God much in the same way that a wary purchaser cheapens a parcel of goods. He begins low, and gradually rises to a climax: "Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings." These might be of but little value, for a pigeon was accounted a burnt-offering among the Jews. Then he rises in his offer to "calves of a year old," which, in a pastoral country, were of course of considerably more value. To this, however, there is still no response. Then comes what may be considered as the climax of real wealth and possible offering in the way of purchase; and he feels his way more warily at this stage of the inquiry: "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams?" This is a goodly proffer, although it is not directly made, as indicating that it was an extent of offering not very easily to be found. Then he breaks out into the hyperbole,—the offering which no man on earth could give,—to find if any offering of value would do: "Or ten thousands of rivers of oil?" As there are probably not half so many streams of water on the face of the earth as the rivers of oil here proffered, the querist is exhausted in his address to the mere cupidity of his divinity, and so he turns round, and tries to move his pity. This was and is a very common *ruse* in false worship. In the 18th chapter of the first Book of Kings, where the folly and absurdity of false worship are so triumphantly displayed by Elijah the Tishbite, the priests of Baal called and prayed to their idol "from morning even until noon," and leaped upon the altar. Then, when

this had no effect, and Elijah began to mock them, with most bitter irony certainly, "they cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." Still they could not move the pity of the unrelenting idol. Just so in the present case: the querist asks if he shall put his feelings as a parent to the test of the inward laceration,—a laceration which was doubly severe among the Jews, from the estimation in which the first-born was held above all the rest of the family:—"Shall I give my first-born for my transgression?" This shows how heavy the burden of the responsibility must have been felt, when the man was ready to make even *this* sacrifice in order to be relieved of it. Even this, however, was no hyperbola; for such sacrifices were often made to the idols of Canaan, and of other places; but even to this there was no response.

This succession of offers of purchase, each being above the former, and the address, both to the cupidity and the pity, being carried to the utmost limit to which human fancy or frenzy could well go, may be regarded as including and expressing the characters of all those who wish to purchase the favour of God in any way, whether by gift or by sacrifice; and any reader who chooses to use discernment and discretion in his observing, will not fail to see many such at the present time,—indeed, they were perhaps never more plentiful, though they have unquestionably been more splendid in their gifts: perhaps, however, the manners of former times allowed the gifts to be less fairly come by.

But in all such cases, whatever may be the degree and the offer, the Almighty is not the object of these oblations; and in modern times we should be inclined to say of the parties, that they "sacrifice to their own net, and burn incense to their own drag;" that so far from making their peace with God, they are ignorant of the relation in which they stand to him; and that all such attempts to propitiate the God of the Universe, after the way that the vain and the covetous among men upon earth are propitiated, only deepens the iniquity of the parties, and hardens them in it, how much soever it may be "marrow to the bones" of the "neamones" who profit by their prostitution.

Let us now attend for a little to the answer of the prophet to the man who had proffered those mighty sacrifices,—although, by the way, it is a reproof and instruction, and not an answer to all or to any of the queries. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

This short passage embodies much in a small compass. The first part of it,—"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good,"—we shall have to advert to afterwards, because in this lies the means by which Man is to be delivered from the fear of that moral responsibility on account of which he proffered such extravagant sacrifices; but the second part, though in the form of a question, embodies the answers to all the questions about the sacrifices. "What doth the

Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" There is no sacrifice demanded,—no atonement to be made by any action of Man himself,—in order to his relief from any mental fear or anguish of which he may feel the burden, which burden Man himself has pronounced to be so grievous that he would be willing to purchase relief from it by "ten thousands of rivers of oil," or by the sacrifice of his "first-born." All his proffers of sacrifice are passed over in silence, as matters not only of little value, but as matters absurd and unworthy to be named; and he is referred to the plain and obvious duties of life in all that he is required to do. Justice to his fellow-men upon ordinary occasions, and mercy to them when they are within his power, are the whole of the positive duties. Not one syllable is mentioned about any one deed he can do, which can be in the least meritorious in the sight of the Being with whom he seeks to establish his peace. He is merely to practise that plain and simple morality which any one can understand; and he is to do so, not as a task which shall be finished at any time, and for the completion of which he is to be entitled to give himself credit in any way, or to elevate himself in his own estimation above those whom he may fancy do not do it so well. He is to "walk humbly" with his God. He is simply to do his duty in the world, whatever that duty may be; and he is to do it with humility, and with constant feeling that he is with his God,—that the all-seeing eye of the Almighty is upon

him; and that if he is unjust, unmerciful, or vain-glorious, he must infallibly forfeit the favour and protection of that Being.

This is the rule of moral conduct, as simply and as plainly as it can be expressed, though, plain and simple as it is, it will, upon examination, be found to include all that is essential. But does it include that for which the man offered to make such large sacrifices? Not a jot; there is no redeeming virtue in it; it is simply what Man is required to do, not in the way of sacrifice or atonement, but simply as his duty, the performance of which is no merit, and the neglect of which would be crime; and even when the man has done his utmost to perform this humble duty aright, he may feel that he has failed, and the failure may add to the burden of that apprehension from which he seeks relief; and from which no relief is procured or can be obtained by the performance of that simple duty which, as a rational being, he is bound to perform to that society of which he is a member.

Thus, instead of there being, in any conduct of Man, any means of deliverance from those apprehensions which, in his natural and unenlightened state, send him to his sacrifices, even to the extent of "ten thousands of rivers of oil," and the immolation of his "first-born," there is a new obligation upon him which arises out of it, and leaves the old one just where it was. He is told that all he can do, any day and every day, is not more than suffices for the day itself; and that no to-morrow, even if it should come, of which coming Man is never sure, can in the slightest

degree compensate for anything of to-day, yesterday, or any former period.

Admitting, therefore, that Man is as correct in his conduct as he can possibly be, he cannot be morally happy. These things are only the simple performance of moral duty, but not the actual moral principle. The fear which arises with the first awakening of mind in the savage, and which grows with his intellectual growth, and strengthens with his intellectual strength, is still upon him; and, under the influence of that fear, it is not in the nature of things that he can be happy,—that he can be that moral being which he ought to be. There are still the regrets and the remorses to which we have again and again alluded; and let the life be as conformable to the justice, the mercy, and the humility, as it may, this conformity can in no case get rid of them. On the contrary, the more pure and the more humble that the man is, he will see the more imperfection in his character and conduct, because the perfect purity of that divine law which he feels that he ought to obey will be the more palpable to him. Hence, the more sedulously correct that Man is in his merely moral conduct, the more will he feel the misery of his moral condition, the more will he feel his utter inability to meet and abide his eternal destiny in his own strength.

Therefore, when we have made the most correct inquiry that can be made by Man upon this most important of all matters,—when we have taken note of the sacrifices which he is willing to offer for his deliverance,—when we have found that those sacrifices

are all set at nought, and that Man is told he can do nothing more than simply to perform that duty to his fellow-creatures which is binding upon him from day to day, we are brought back to the point at which we started,—and forced to come again to the conclusion, that Man, depending on himself, is utterly lost and ruined, be his course of life as moral in his own estimation as it may.

What, then, is to be done in this difficulty?—for though, in the day of health and strength, men are apt to look lightly upon it, yet there is a time coming when all will feel it a difficulty,—a difficulty far greater than any connected with the present life, much as we magnify those in that pride and vanity which make us wish to stand high among our fellows, and often lead us to ruin our eternal peace in our attempts—our vain attempts—to do so. Let us look at the first part of the reply to the questions of the man who was willing to "give his first-born for his transgression,"—to those words which we passed over. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good." Who hath shown this to Man?—The Almighty himself. Has it been shown in consequence of any merit on the part of Man, or because Man has made any supplication for it?—No. It is of the free grace and goodness of Him by whom it is shown. This "showing of what is good," is not, in any sense of the word, a human matter,—a matter for which Man can take the least merit to himself; but, on the contrary, it ought to make him more humble than ever. But, though it makes Man humble, it at the same time makes him

more happy, takes away that fearful apprehension of the future, from which, without this "good," he never could have been free, and which paralyzed, and, where it exists, paralyzes all the efforts of men as individuals, and destroys the bond of their union as nations.

This "good,"—this only deliverance from the fear of death—that fear which, until the good was known, was always as a millstone round the necks of the human race, which hung the more heavily upon them the more their minds were enlightened,—this good is salvation through the atonement made by the Eternal Sonship of God. At the time when the prophet Micah wrote, this was only a prophecy, and it was a prophecy that had full seven hundred years to run to its fulfilment; and yet, so thoroughly is the prophet impressed with its truth, that he speaks of it as an event already promulgated. "He *hath* shown thee, O man, what is good,"—not "he *will,*" or "he *shall;*" and this is put before the moral precepts as the foundation, without which moral conduct can avail nothing,—without which, in fact, there can be no moral conduct worthy of the name, no heartfelt pleasure in anything that Man does, no vital principle, no substantial happiness for the individual or for society.

We have been born and have grown up under the advantages of this, so that to us it appears as it were the *natural* condition of Man; and thus, as we have not the example of the contrast, we do not feel as we ought to feel upon a subject which concerns our interests so much more deeply and permanently than any or than all things which have their beginning and

their ending in the present life, can, by possibility, interest us. Our incapability of estimating the proper value of the Christian religion does not, however, lower the value of that religion, but is rather a witness in its favour; for it shows that there is in this religion something which tranquillizes the minds of men, even though they may not understand, or be capable of understanding, whence this great benefit comes, or in what it consists.

This is no vague assertion, but a plain and palpable truth,—the evidence and demonstration of which are plain and palpable to any man who will look around him and examine. Before the establishment of the Christian religion, there rose up, in different parts of the world, nations and races of men who made considerable advances in science and in art; and they had poets, and historians, and philosophers, of no common name. In general, however, those leading states were created out of and supported by the plunder and spoliation of the rest of the world; and even in the boasted republics of Greece, it was but a few that partook of the refinement, such as it was, for the great body of the people were in a state of absolute ignorance and slavery. We hear of the handful of great men, but we overlook the ignorant and superstitious mass, at the expense of whose labour the great men were raised up, and through whom, in the end, all the greatness, both of the men and the nations, was laid in the dust. The Indians, and more especially the Chinese, are peculiar people, and have maintained their peculiarities for a long time; but there is no vital

principle in their structure of society. They are not improving, but the contrary. Of the Indians we say nothing,—they were for a long time the shuttlecock of conquerors; but even the Chinese, little as they have been disturbed by foreign conquest or internal communication, have fallen off in some of their best manufactures: some of their finer kinds of porcelain are now almost as rare in China as in Europe. Besides, the systems, both of the Hindoos and the Chinese, are systems of restraint,—systems by which the mind is enfeebled and chained down, instead of having scope, far less encouragement, to expand as it ought.

Besides these—which are, in truth, stagnations rather than societies—where is the nation, without Christianity, which has come down to our times in an improved or improving state, or even which has maintained its ground? Look at the map,—examine the record: there is not one. There are many ruins, but no races; or, if a race has been found, they have come through a period of barbarism; and if they have been reclaimed, or are in progress of reclaiming, from that barbarism, it has been made by Christian means.

Take the other view of the subject. Where is the Christian nation that has been blotted out, or the Christian civilization and improvement which has not only not fallen back, but which has stood still? The Roman empire was overrun and overthrown by the barbaric hordes of the north; Western Asia, Egypt, and Eastern Europe, fell prey to the victorious leaders of Islam; Venice and Genoa are but the shadows of what they once were; and Poland has now no separate

existence among the states of Europe. All very true, but all makes *for* the argument, not against it. Rome was an unnatural excrescence, raised and maintained by rapine and plunder: its men of power had become profligate in the extreme; the great bulk of its people were ignorant, superstitious, fickle, and given to vice; and whatever it may have been in name, in reality it was not Christian. It was the same with the Eastern Empire, with Asia, with Egypt, and with Greece. The people there had been ground and oppressed in the degrading character of servants of servants; and, considered as a people, not one of the nations or tribes that yielded to the arms of the Mohammedans could be regarded as Christian.

The fact is, that, when one looks calmly at the matter, one is almost forced to believe, that all which was overturned by the Arab from the south, the bold barbarian from the north, or the Turk from the east, was lumber which had to be cleared away, in order to give scope for the Christian spirit, and the vast impulse and spring which it was to give, has given, and is giving, to the minds of men. As men of taste, and admirers, and, it may be in part, worshippers of the idols of antiquity, we would see Athens and Rome restored to the grandeur of their former day; but would we be content to take the ignorance, the gross superstition, the heartless luxury, and the degrading vice, along with it? They had warriors, and philosophers, and orators, and poets, and painters, and musicians, and buffoons; but where were their steam-engines and their printing-presses? Those Roman cities which

have been preserved till recent times, in their volcanic graves, afford evidence of a most disgusting state of sensuality and voluptuousness, — evidence that, to whatever perfection the arts may have been carried at that time, they ministered only to the worst and lowest passions of human nature,—were, in truth, the means of degradation, not of improvement, in any intellectual sense of the word. The Goth in his forest, or the Hun in his wide-extending marsh, was an honour to human nature, as compared with the sensual Roman lolling on his couch, and planning intrigues, poisonings, and assassinations, all for the gratification of the very lowest of his animal appetites. Away, then, with all puling lamentation at the removal of this rubbish from the earth; and let us rather rejoice that the obstacles were removed, and a way opened for that light and liberty which are now streaming in a living flood over the earth, and reaching even the remotest isles of the mighty ocean.

Of the minor blottings-out we need hardly speak. Venice and Genoa were growths of barbaric times, and barbarously they often used the power which they possessed. Poland has been blotted out, but the source of its political destruction is to be found in its elective monarchy, its overflowing and wretched nobility, and its enslaved population. Wales was once a kingdom, or rather a nest of principalities; and there was incessant strife upon the border. Are the flocks fewer upon the mountains, the mines less productive, or the people less happy, since the pleasure tour was exchanged for the plundering incursion?

Scotland was once, and more recently, a kingdom; and some of the people vapoured; and the blind—intellectually as well as physically, of course—are said to have smuggled daggers into the council, in order to stab its union with England. But how stands Scotland now? What bribe would you require to offer in order to make the Scots set up a queen of their own at old Holyrood. No less dower, we apprehend, with their modern monarch, than England, Wales, and Ireland—and the American possessions for pin-money.

This is our argument, which, we believe, has not often been brought forward in its breadth, to show that the Christian religion—not the form or the profession, but the vital essence of the religion itself—is the substantial and only foundation of true morals in the human race. We have adduced it not for the sake of its novelty, but for its comprehensiveness and its strength. We believe that all the common arguments are included in it, and that, to a candid mind, it is irresistible; for, if it were not for some moral power in Christianity, why should the spirit of mankind, under it, be so ever-green and so ever-growing, when, under all other systems, it always languished, and perished after a moderate period of years? It has been said by some, that they who preach of the permanence of cities, should "go preach over the ruins of Thebes and of Tadmor;" and we say, If the Gospel of Everlasting Peace had been preached at Thebes and at Tadmor, in the purity of its spirit, and if the people there had felt its power, Thebes and Tadmor

would now have been living witnesses for the power of Christianity, as much as their ruins are monuments of the feebleness and inefficiency of whatever may have borne the name of religion there.

As the great promulgation of the Christian religion was by means, not by miracles, and as one of the means is the preparing of the people for its reception, not by a willingness of faith, a proneness to believe without understanding, and without inquiry, for that is found in great abundance in the heathen world, and the more profound the ignorance the more ready is the belief,—as this preparing of the people is one of the means, and a means without which all other means must fail, it was a work of time, and the progress for years, for centuries, was comparatively slow; but still what was gained was kept; and with one impulse, and one discovery after another, the minds of men were awakened, and they were borne gently onward upon the sacred tide, hardly knowing that they were so borne, until a unity and power of character has been given to men as men, of which there never was a trace under any other system.

Nor is it difficult to perceive the reason; for those who were themselves destitute of the principle, were borne onward by the force of the feeling, till even the professing infidel himself put on what may be called an external type of Christianity, and supported by his countenance and conduct that which he gainsaid by his words.

The grand matter, however, is in the reality, and in the direct influence which it has on the minds of men,

without any reference to their conduct; for the conduct, though the only part which is seen by the world, is the consequence of the religion, not the cause. It is the deliverance from the fear of everlasting punishment which takes the bitterness out of the cup of human nature, and gives that tranquillity under which alone Man can be morally great, or morally happy. Without full assurance upon this point, a man is only the more miserable the more knowledge that he possesses, because he feels more and more that he is immortal; and, along with this, he feels more and more that those faults and failings, and utter impossibilities to act up to the law of God, which cling the faster to him the more he labours to get rid of them, will torment him to all eternity. A man with this dread upon him can have no real and solid happiness; and his powers must be enfeebled, and the tone of his whole character unhinged.

We can have no real example of this in a Christian country, because the instant that the mind of a man is awakened to the reality of his natural situation, in reference to the purity and perfection of the divine law, his own inability to act up to that law, in any one particular, and the eternal consequences of this feeling, he, as a matter of desire, becomes a Christian, and finds his consolation, while they who are too ignorant for seeing, or too indolent for mending their condition, move on in apathy, from day to day, and ultimately perish through their own intellectual insignificance. But though we cannot find any actual case of a man in hopeless despair about his eternal condi-

tion,—and, indeed, the thought is of that nature which the mind cannot long endure, without parting with the body altogether, or severing or weakening the natural connexion between them, so as to produce melancholy, or even mania, in its most appalling form,—though we are spared the sight of real example of this, we have worldly approximations which, though slight in comparison, yet enable us to form at least a conjectural notion of it. Thus, a man has some weight, some burden upon his mind. We do not now speak of the burden of real crime; but there is some obligation which he feels in honour that he ought to discharge, but which in reality he is unable to do, and then the man goes heavily and sorrowful; or, by some of those hallucinations against which no man is at all moments proof, he may have got entangled in some business, or other connexion, which he cannot legally dissolve, and will not illegally break; and, in spite of all his efforts, which he feels would, had he been out of the thraldom, have enabled him to live in comfort, and to do good, he finds himself doomed, early and late, day after day, season after season, and year after year, to toil like a galley-slave, and live in wretchedness, and constant fear of persecution and loss of liberty; and yet dare hardly ask a little of the sympathy even of one friend. How would this, though only a mere temporal matter, eat into the soul like a canker, derange every plan, and paralyze every effort, until the poor dupe—it may be of his own simplicity and good-nature—should sink heart-broken to an untimely grave, thankful to go where the weary are at

rest. Well might such a man welcome his death-bed as the couch of hope, and resign his last breath in the words of consolation, "Surely the bitterness of death is past!" Yet even this is nothing to the case of him who is "stricken by the eternal arrow," and has no ground of hope.

He is in a far worse condition than the mere culprit who fears for the wrong that he has done, for the culprit may have the means of laying to his soul the unction of sacrifice, or reparation of some kind or other; and as a bad man has always mercenary notions, not only of other men, but even of God himself, he has always a lingering belief about him that he may be able to purchase forgiveness before it is too late. The man who is awakened to the reality of his natural condition, and is as yet without hope, is far worse. He feels that his very best actions fall short of what they ought to be, and that he can make no reparation for what is already burdening him, but the commission of another offence, which will only add to the misery that he already feels. It seems to have been this which led men to the performance of so many ridiculous or cruel acts, as a portion of the service of the gods, both before the institution of the Christian system, and in the early and dark stages of that, when professing Christians differed not much from real heathens. This, also, was the real cause of the want of a growing principle of improvement in mankind, before the promulgation and general spread of the gospel.

But when that gospel came in its purity and its

power, and "showed man what is good,"—pointed out a Mediator, who is man to sympathize, and God to pardon and strengthen,—by the blood of whose atonement the failings and short-comings are all forgiven to those who have faith in him, and give evidence of that faith by the purity of their lives,—when this came fully upon a considerable portion of the world, the grand movement of human nature was made. Knowledge, which had aforetime been fear, became hope; and, through the strengthening of the God of Grace, men were enabled to turn the free and unrestrained vigour of their minds to the study of the works of the same God as the God of Creation; and the spirit has helped the infirmity of the people; and they have been inquiring in their minds, and diligent with their hands, and look around and see what they have done and are doing; and as this was never done—never attempted—under any one of the false religions, say, if you dare, that the power of Christianity is not in it. See the spirit of human nature released, aroused, and inspired by Him to whom it owes its existence, going forth into every zone and every clime, with the Bible in one hand and the Cyclopædia in the other, and the banner over them, "Love," inscribed by the sacred words choired by the seraphic throng on that hallowed morn when the Star of Bethlehem arose to illuminate the nations,—"I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: a Saviour is born, which is Christ the Lord."

But still it must be borne in mind that human nature is not altered; that we are born in the same

ignorance, and naturally disposed to the same vices, as mankind were before the promulgation of Christianity. We have the moral foundation certainly, but this foundation will be of no avail to us unless we build upon it. Not only this, but according as much has been given to us, much also will be required. The consideration of this will be better in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

MORAL DUTY UNDER THE RESPONSIBILITY.

If the nature of Man's moral responsibility, as we have endeavoured to explain it in the preceding chapter, be fully understood, it presents us with a guide or key to no inconsiderable part of Man's moral duty,—that is, that regulation of his life which shall insure to him the greatest portion of happiness through the whole of its compound duration.

Man certainly owes more to his Maker than any other creature upon earth; and he is the only one that is capable of expressing his gratitude for the very large measure of goodness which has been extended to him, or at all events he is the only one who is capable of communicating the expression, and of transmitting it from generation to generation; and even this, in us, ought to be one source of gratitude to our Maker.

Our bodies are, as we may say, more usefully formed than those of any other creatures with which we are acquainted. No doubt many, and probably all, of the animals exceed us in one structural point, or perhaps in two or more; but when we come to sum them up,

and take an average of the whole, we find that, even as animals, we have a decided superiority over all the rest,—such a superiority as that none of them can properly be included in the same Order with us, even without reference to anything but the mere structure of our bodies. For this superiority we are indebted to our Maker; and therefore, for the possession of it, again we ought to be grateful to our Maker.

Then, when we reflect that we only, of all the inhabitants of the earth, have minds capable of receiving instruction, and treasuring it up, and comparing and arranging it, and using it as our guide in action; and that the mind, which is never fatigued, can, while the body is enjoying a little pause in its labour, be comparing the knowledge of what is next to be done; and will very often, in these little pauses, find out the means of overcoming some difficulty which previously appeared to be insurmountable, and we shall return to our bodily activity, not only with no loss from the little time spent in resting the working parts of the body, but also altogether better prepared for the successful finishing of our work, than if we had plodded on with the body fatigued and in pain all the time.

Then the very nature of this mind makes it in itself a source of enjoyment to us, of a kind in which we have no reason to suppose that the mindless animals in the least participate. They perform none but bodily or animal functions, and have no wants, desires, or pleasures, but such as have their origin and their end in the animal; and so, however acute their organs of observation may be, they can observe for the gratifi-

cation of the animal appetites only. The whole of their system is nourished by physical food; and therefore, with the exception of that continuation of the race which is common to all animals, the only natural employment of an animal—the only source whence it can derive any gratification—is the finding of its subsistence; and it appears to have only one distinction of substances,—namely, whether they are or are not suitable for its support; and this occupation, small and limited as it is, is in a very great measure guided by an instinct. In the ordinary economy of such a creature, all the senses, or organs of observation, are concentrated upon one common object; and other than as they lead to the accomplishment of this object, the creature can have no enjoyment of them, and indeed no knowledge of their existence. Indeed, it is highly probable that what we call the most sagacious of the animals does not know the fact of the existence of any one of those substances which it so readily discriminates from each other.

We on the other hand have very often several sources of enjoyment in every single exercise of sense. In sight, for instance, we have the simple pleasure of the effect of colour upon the eye, without reference to the subject or substance which has the colour; and the pleasure is not less, though there is in reality no coloured substance whatever. Every child is delighted with the sight of a brilliant rainbow, though we well know that, in the case of it, there is no coloured substance whatever, nothing but the light of the sun, which as a whole is colourless—refracted and reflected

from the falling drops of a shower of rain, which are in themselves equally colourless. Do animals see rainbows? We should doubt it; for we have often watched, but never could notice an animal looking at one. Next there is the contrast of the colour with other colours, which is to us a source of much pleasure, and it is the foundation of one of the most fascinating parts of the art of the painter. After this, there is the form of the coloured substance, and the associations of beauty or indifference which arise from that. In a word, this one single exercise of one single sense of the body, would lead us on to pleasurable contemplations which would occupy hours or even days; and yet there would not necessarily be a single allusion, even of the remotest kind, to the gratification of one of our animal appetites. In the cases of all the senses, it is the same in kind, though not quite the same in degree; but we are within the truth when we say that, by the simple fact of the possession of mind, and the ready reciprocation of action between it and the observant senses of the body, the pleasures which we derive from the mere contemplation of the objects in nature around us is multiplied a hundred-fold more than it is to any merely living and feeding animal.

And this is only a very little of what the organ in the mind can take possession of with all its train of associated suggestions, and hundreds of new ones which the mind can form for itself. The mental eye, too, can see the treasures which the sensal eye has communicated to it, with as much clearness in the

darkness of midnight as in the radiance of the day; and the mental ear can renew to itself the song or the sound that gave it pleasure, in the depth of the stilly hour, when not a sound falls on the external ear to disturb the effect.

We overlook the vast field of pleasure which is opened up to us by the possession of this double existence, because we have it always, and therefore have not the contrast of the want of it to heighten the effect of the possession. But if it were a rarity, with which we were favoured only for one day by way of treat, it would be perfect magic, and we should never forget the dear delightful day upon which so high and wonderful a favour was conferred on us. We once knew of a young man of no ordinary acquirements, who was for several days in each month afflicted by a dreadful kind of mania or mental bereavement, during which both the external world and the world of the mind's contemplation were blanks; and then when he returned anew to the compound enjoyment of the sensal and the mental world, he was almost frantic with delight. This is a delineation of the enjoyment which we derive from simple contemplation, without any relation to application or usefulness of any kind; and it is another cause of gratitude for what seems to be peculiarly our own, and belongs to us in the free range of nature, whatever may be our condition in the world.

Again, when we think of the manner in which we can fashion and model the materials which we find in nature, of the substances, to all appearance wholly

new, which we can draw from others that are at first very unlike—as when we fill a furnace with stone of different kinds, and fuel, and after the action of due heat, let it out at the bottom, in a stream of molten iron; which iron we can cast into a variety of forms by means of moulds, into which it flows as easily as water; or when, by another process, we convert it into screws, draw it into wires almost as fine as a spider's thread, or forge it into cables by which our ships can ride safely in their moorings,—when we think of these, and countless other discoveries of mind, which the mere eye of the body could never have discovered,—of the curious instruments which we press into our service to assist us in our labour; and when we have done so, and turn to the other animals, and find many of them without the power of making even an artificial bed for themselves on the ground, and such as can do a little rude workmanship, taking such materials as they can find, or if they want an additional one as a substitute, having to prepare it by the organs of their own bodies, as part of the labour of their animal system, we cannot but feel a more elevated species of gratitude to Him who has been so bountiful to us.

Yet again, when we turn our view to the mighty canopy of the heavens, with all their careering planets and starry specks; and can tell the distances, magnitudes, motions, and apparent places, at any one moment of time, of each and all of the former, with all their disturbances upon each other, and the exact periods at the end of which these perturbations shall

be all adjusted, and they shall be in exactly the same relative situation with regard to our earth, and to each other, as they were at any assignable date in past time; also when we can say of the latter that they are, even in the nearest and brightest of their train, beyond the limits of our measurement; and that they recede star behind star, and cluster behind cluster, till imagination itself can set no bounds to their immensity, our especial marvel is excited at the extent to which it is given to us, and to us alone, of all the sentient beings on the face of the earth, to know so much of the creation of Him to whom we owe our being. Go where we will, attend to what we list, the impression of the special goodness of our God to us, stands recorded in all his works; and it is no idle record—no mere lay to please our fancy, and amuse us like children of a larger growth; for there is practical usefulness to us, in some way or other, in all these things; and the aptness of the use often startles us by bursting upon us at a time when we are not thinking of it, and having much of the air of a revelation expressly made for our peculiar advantage and enjoyment. And when we consider that we are fitted for the contemplation and the appreciating of this most stupendous system of things, we feel a veneration mingle with our gratitude, that we are the special favourites of Him who made the earth and the heavens, and who is the ruler and governor of all their parts.

Yet, again, when the doctrine of immortality is brought home to us with all the force of a demon-

strated truth, and that we shall not perish as our fellow dwellers upon the earth perish; that we shall not in our intellectual part wax old and need renovation, as material nature waxes old and must be repaired; but that we shall be in the vigour of immortal youth, in the full possession of all the knowledge that we have acquired, even after the heavens shall have passed away as a scroll which is rolled together, and the elements shall have melted of fervent heat; and when we are assured—as we cannot fail to be well assured, that in this the intellectual part of our nature, the portion of it by means of which we are men, raised in rank amid the works of God, not only above all that grows out of the earth, and all else that lives and moves on the earth or through the waters and the air, but that we rank high above planets and suns, and belong to an order of created existences in which they have neither part nor lot—we are rapt with inexpressible delight that the mighty Maker of all the worlds should have been so immeasurably kind and bountiful to us, and all of his own good pleasure, for merit in us there is none.

This is the most exalted view which Man can take of that natural condition in which the Almighty Creator has seen meet to place him: it eliminates him from the trammels of time—from all the arithmetic of days, and years, and centuries, and cycles—for these tell far less as compared with eternity, than the span of an infant does with the distance of the remotest star. It thus lifts him far "above the visible diurnal sphere," until that sphere and all its multitudes of worlds are

in viewless depth below. But as natural Man, and in his own strength, it lifts him even to the fields of eternal bloom and never-setting light. It bears him to the top of the precipice, and the blackness of intellectual darkness is on the other side, in all the dayless horrors of eternal night. The world is gone, and hope is gone along with it. He stands naked and alone, an immortal creature, certainly, but a finite and fallible one, to meet the stern majesty of that pure and holy law of God, according to which the full measure of justice must be awarded for every deed, every word, and every thought. There is not one upon which he can avoid the penalty, for in all the law is infinite and he only finite. Therefore, there is nothing for him but to be given over for all eternity to the torture of his own regrets and remorses. There is still, in every case, the difference between a finite attempt and an infinite demand; and therefore the burden which is about to fall mentally upon him is infinite in all its parts.

Thus is Man's highest exultation at the bounty of his God to him in his creation, turned into the most extreme point of everlasting despair; and were there no interposition, it would come full in the instant. No body, though formed of adamant, could for one moment endure the shock; and *fully* to feel this for one instant upon earth, would be to be fixed in it to all eternity. But this is the moment of misery,—the time when Man has seen all the advantages of his natural situation, and found them as nothing; it is therefore the hour of humility—of

humbling Man below the meanest crawling worm—for that never breaks the law, or falls short of what its nature calls upon it to do. It is the time of humiliation, and that is the frame of mind in which mercy is to be freely obtained. "Deliver from going down to the pit: *I* have found a ransom," saith He in whose hands are the issues of life, and the keys of death and hell; and the redeemed of the Lord is brought into the company of them that are saved.

This is an intellectual matter, of which there cannot be an external indication of any description whatever, neither is it one of which any human being can make confession, except to that God, between whom and his own immortal spirit the new covenant is—of too sacred a nature for the ken of a third party, and it may be all unknown to the man himself. But it has effects, and most happy effects upon the whole character. Gratitude to Heaven becomes the grand ruling principle; not shown in words, however, but in conduct; and that law of God which is the foundation of the gratitude, is branched out into love of all that God has made. A new vigour is given to the mind in all its pursuits; and the party becomes more fitted for acting his part in the world, whatever that part may be. There is an openness of character, too, because there is now no fear at the foundation. The duty is plain and pleasant, as the law is kept, not from fear of the punishment, but from a grateful desire of doing obedience to the revealed will of Him to whom so much is owing. It has no tendency to make the

countenance sad or the looks demure, neither is it attended with any of that punctilious minuteness which is assumed by those who go about to persuade others that they are religious, when they themselves feel that they have doubts upon the subject—or rather when they have doubts upon it which they are anxious to conceal. The enjoyment of the world is not a jot diminished; on the contrary, it is enhanced; and though nothing criminal or excessive is indulged in, there is a keener zest for all that is innocent, whether of more grave or more sportive character. The man, in short, can afford to be happy and to make others happy, for the burden which preyed upon his spirit, and turned the whole of his character into bitterness upon the slightest reverse, is now removed. There are so many counterfeits abroad, and they are so much more broad and prominent, and anxious to attract attention, that the genuine character is felt in society as giving an impulse to all that is valuable there, in so far as the sphere of the party bears upon it, rather than in any thing personal in the party himself. This does not relieve men of their passions, but only of the malevolent use of them; and there are some sympathetic species of the turbulent passions to which it may give more keenness than before. Such a character is never mean; and that occasions a detestation of meanness in others, in what form soever it may appear, and especially if it appears when accident has given temporary power, and that power is cruelly used. Such characters are often too honest for being favourites in society; and as they are apt to

take a hit at a hypocrite when they find him, strange though it may seem, they very often pass through the world as "good moral men," but "men who have no religious feelings,"—so prone are we to judge from specious appearances, even upon a subject on which every one knows that specious appearances are very prevalent, and equally unworthy of trust. It would avail little, however, to go on with details of the defamation of a character which none who actually possesses ever goes about boasting of; and therefore we close our brief enumeration by stating, that these are the characters which have elevated the tone of modern society—we mean of that spirit which is so rapidly improving modern society, though they are in all probability the men who have made the least stir and noise about the matter. They do not say much; they wait till the proper time comes; then they act prudently,—but promptly and with decision.

While we are on the subject of our duty to our Maker in consequence of the whole train of moral obligations under which we are laid, we may however mention that it seems exceedingly difficult for us, even at the present time, to get rid of the old entanglement of the sacrifices. There cannot be a doctrine more clearly deducible from the nature of any thing we know, than that Man cannot by possibility render any service to his Maker, in the way in which we usually understand the word service. It is perfectly absurd to suppose that a weak and finite creature like Man, who stands in need of pardon for executing—in his own strength and righteousness—his

very best intentions in his very best manner, can by possibility add one single iota to any one of the attributes of God, which attributes are all in themselves infinite. We can *ascribe* praise to God, but we cannot give him praise that he will be grateful for in the same way that a vain man is grateful for our adulations if we pay them plentifully and with skill. We may *ascribe* glory and honour to Him, but we must not suppose that he is gratified by such ascriptions, in the same way as a proud man is grateful for honours at the hand of his sovereign—or of any body else that has honours to bestow. They cannot please the Almighty with votive offerings of their worldly substance, in the same fashion as they could gratify a greedy fellow-creature. These things are plain enough to the most common understanding; and lest there should be any doubt upon the matter, they are reiterated again and again, throughout many parts of the sacred writings. "Offer to God thanksgiving" is one of the few instructions as to our direct conduct towards God, and it comes in at the end of a very splendid passage, showing the utter insignificance of all attempts to please the majesty of heaven by offerings, of whatever kind, and however rich. Justice, mercy, and humility are the subjects generally enjoined, the justice and mercy applying to our conduct toward others, and the humility to our own deportment—the only one in which there is an immediate connexion with our Maker.

Now, with the evident facts of the case against it, and instantly reducing it to one of the most gross

and palpable—we may almost say impious—of all absurdities; with the constancy of the injunction against it, and the declaration that justice and mercy—towards men, of course—are the only acts of ours which are in themselves agreeable to the law and according to the ordinance of God;—with all this, so decided and so strong, against these same sacrifices, one would naturally have supposed that they would have been wholly given up long ago: but no such thing; men cling to them with the same pertinacity as ever—all-forgetful of the rebuke, "Thy money perish with thee," which was given to him who, in the days of the apostles, fancied he could buy the Holy Ghost with money. No matter though it is useless or even mischievous, for only once promulgate that any thing is for "a religious purpose," and down come the subscriptions of those who would not give one half-penny to save a fellow-creature from starving. Some of these who are mean and crafty—characters often closely allied to each other—contrive to turn this propensity to very profitable account. We have ourselves heard of collections made every now and then for a series of years for "a religious purpose," when in fact the purpose was only a fetch for a carnal dinner, when funds otherwise run low. Now it is all very well that those who would be in grief of the flesh if they did not get a savoury dinner should have it if they can; but they should not just call it a "religious purpose." Of old, indeed, there was a sort of religionists whose "god was their belly," and perhaps there may be a remnant still; but if they worship

this "manifestation" in private, they should be manly enough to declare so in public.

But apart from this altogether—which is a digression, though we hope not an irrelevant one, there seems to be a most inordinate disposition on the part of some men, and men held to be of no small name and understanding either, a wonderful disposition to give themselves all possible labour and trouble about these little trappings and adjuncts of matters called religious, which have a good deal of the character of supererogation about them; and one is almost tempted to think the performance of these works is the more courted the more nearly that it approaches to absolute uselessness. In some places of the country, there are certain periods of the year which are called *armentary* or "droving" times; and at these times you will find some man of influence trotting away to make a speech, or even a face, or to get public thanks, when if he had just gone the other way, and given his word and countenance for ten minutes, he might have saved an honest neighbour from unmerited ruin, and a promising family from penury and want.—"He hath shewed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but *to love mercy?*" There must be some strange fascination in this: we have followed the multitude upon more than one of these occasions; we are not ashamed—nay, we are proud to own, that we love religion above all things—so that it is real; but we must confess that we found it there to be sad stuff. Now, why this fascination? It must be encouraged because

of its carnal value somewhere; for assuredly it is not religion, and we have our doubts whether it can come fairly within the moral pale or no. There must, as we have said, be some sort of fascination about this, although of what description, or what origin it is, it would not be very easy to determine. It is not, as we have seen, in virtue of any divine command; for the injunction is wholly against it. That to which it appears to approximate the most closely, is a sort of disposition to have a balance in religious banks, upon which they may be able to draw in the case of any emergency of worldly temptation; and as they, upon the whole, keep a balance there, they may be allowed to overdraw it if an extraordinary emergency should arise. This is at best a fair mercantile view of the subject; and as the whole seems very much to resolve itself into a pecuniary matter, perhaps this is as correct a view of it as can be taken. At all events, as it is a social matter much more than a moral one—one which has far more to do with a man's pecuniary power of showing off than with his real value as a man, if we have occasion to say any more respecting it, that will come in much better in some subordinate part of our volume on Social Man, than any amplification of it would do here.

The great religious foundation of morals—without which we very strongly suspect that no moral conduct in Man can be what it really ought—being a free gift of the grace of God, in which Man hasno part or merit whatsoever, cannot be subjected to any analysis. But as, in the structure which Man builds even upon

this sacred foundation, the principles of his own nature must come into play, and give a character to the whole of his conduct, we shall devote the remaining and more practical part of the volume to some account of these.

In order the better to understand the moral nature of Man, the foundation of which lies in the free grace of God, we shall give a brief analysis of the Emotions of the Human Mind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EMOTIONS—THEIR GENERAL NATURE.

The Emotions, or "outgoings" of the mind, are mental states, generally complex ones, in which the mind is more or less strongly affected by some object or event, past, present, or future; and, because the mind is always more strongly affected in those emotions, than in its purely intellectual states, or those in which it receives information, traces relations, or arrives at conclusions, they have been called the *passions*,—that is, the sufferings of the mind.

That the mind always does suffer, to some extent or other, when under the influence of strong emotion, is no doubt true, because when agitated, at least beyond a certain degree, it is less capable of either attending to the information given by the senses, or of observing the relation—the agreement or the difference, between one subject and another. But still, though the emotions too often become passions or sufferings,—for, as the mind can receive no injury that we are aware of—indeed, none whatever—mental suffering can be nothing but emotion,—yet it would be incorrect to call all the emotions sufferings, or pas-

sions. Thus, I have been ailing, and confined to my study for a good many days, and the weather has been cold and gloomy; but this morning I am better, the day is bright and beautiful, and I am much delighted in anticipation of a walk along the dry downs, which overlook the green valley, richly covered, and embroidered by the clear streams of the river. I feel an emotion certainly, but surely nobody would call it a suffering; and I am certainly not in any sort of passion, for I was never more at peace either with myself or with all the world. Even that ——,—but I must stop, else the emotion would soon take the form of passion, and the suffering of the end would destroy all the pleasure of the beginning. There is a very important moral lesson in attending to the break in the preceding sentence. It is this: let us have the emotion by all means, but always stop short of the passion,—beware of that.

The fact is, that, notwithstanding the necessity of food, clothing, and other accommodations for the body, all of which are physical, and notwithstanding all the information which the senses bring, and the mind elaborates, the whole of our mental life, in all of it that can be called life, is in the affections. In the mere appetites of the body, be they appetites for what they may, we are animals, and nothing but animals. In our mental perceptions, and in those abstract operations of mind by which we do nothing more than arrive at simple perceptions of truth or of falsehood, we are not beings of the world at all: we are as abstract as our thoughts, and must be so, for in truth

we know ourselves as nothing but our thoughts. Therefore, it is in the emotions only that we live as men,—in them that we have all our joys and sorrows; and not only this, for it is in the emotions that we shall be happy or miserable throughout those eternal ages which shall come after the present life.

Therefore, it is to the emotions that the attention of the moralist must be directed, and it is to them that Man must attend in that moral government of himself for which he can find no adequate substitute in the guidance of another person. Some account of the emotions will therefore form the leading subject of the remainder of this volume; and were it possible to give a thorough and clear analysis of all the emotions, pointing out their sources, objects, and limits, a most important service would be rendered to mankind; but the subject is one of much extent and extreme difficulty, and has not hitherto been treated in the manner which its importance deserves. We do not, in *the present work,* pretend to supply the desideratum, whatever we may attempt in another form; for neither the general style nor the purpose, which is to be intelligible to those who are not generally conversant with psychological investigations, will admit of such a mode of proceeding.

Before we attempt any classification of the emotions, or point out the names and characteristics of the leading ones, it will be desirable to understand a little more of their general nature, so that we may be the better able to discriminate them from the other intellectual states. But here, as in all subjects connected

with the study of mind, we must not fail to remember that an emotion is in itself nothing: it is merely a state of mind brought about by certain causes, and producing, or being capable of producing, certain effects, which effects are nothing more, however, than that the mind has a greater tendency to pass into some particular state from one emotion than it has from another and a different one. Thus, if the emotion which I feel towards any man be Regard, I am much more likely to wish, will, and ask that man to spend the evening with me, than if my emotion towards him were Dislike; and from this very simple instance, it will be seen that the emotions are really our motives of action, and consequently the states of mind which demand our greatest attention, as most immediately involving either our happiness or our misery.

There are three gradations of emotion—the stagnant, the excited, and the exasperated—which are well expressive of the inefficiency, the usefulness, and the mischief of any emotion, be it what it may; and they are also very characteristic of three classes of human beings, of each of which every one has opportunity of studying living specimens in the world around him, and thus may always command the perusal of "a treatise on the emotions, in three volumes."

Of course, these three classes, both of emotions, and of human beings as characterized by those emotions, pass imperceptibly into each other; and there are many human beings that can instantly pass from

apparent stagnation to perfect exasperation, while there are a few that can, when occasion requires, sweep the whole chord with the rapidity of thought. It is to be understood that there are no original mental differences to which the distinctions of the three classes of persons alluded to can be attributed, nor are they necessarily connected with any known peculiarity of the body or its organs. Disease, too, may make a little change the one way or the other, but never so much as that it can be considered as determinable of the emotional part of the character. The emotion is always, in the far greater part at least, a production of education and habit; and as it is the main point upon which both the happiness and the usefulness of every human being turn, it deserves more attention than any other. No part of the scale —much as the parts differ from each other—comes within the common category of virtue or of vice; and thus no statute or regulation-book takes any notice of it, though it is of far more consequence to the general weal and happiness of mankind than all the crimes which are enumerated in the statute-book,—and all the judges that ever sat on the bench. These come in after the mischief is done: that goes to the prevention, and consequently, were it properly attended to, it would, to a very great extent, supersede the others. But we must pay some attention to our three classes of emotionists.

Frigidity of mind is generally, but not always, accompanied by corresponding indolence of body, except in so far as the vital functions are concerned, and the

activity of these is generally in excess. Indeed, it is doubtful whether this excessive labour of the vital—the merely animal system, is not the main cause of the mental frigidity. It is not necessarily, or indeed generally, attended with corpulence, and never with florid or healthy corpulence of the body. There is a certain offensive sallowness, which always makes the face unpleasant to look upon. By care and cosmetics, the complexion may be kept at something like the hue of bleached tallow; but the natural skin of such parties always resembles that of a frog,—of a cold-blooded reptile,—far more than any of the mammalia. If you see a man of this complexion plying a knife and fork as if he were never to have done with them, it is in vain to hope for one witticism, or one demonstration of mind, from that man: he is *gourmis* all over, and sot to the very heart's core. He may not be a drinker; but even if he has the most exhilarating wine before him, and is in the choicest company, he is not a jot elevated; and he will contrive to sit in the most brutish unconsciousness, until the plenitude of his stomach, not the excitement of his system, brings him to the floor like a senseless lump of earth; but if he feels not the stimulus of other men, he escapes their penalty, for when he lifts his leaden eye at the end of his long sleep, he feels nothing the matter, farther than that he is very hungry.

This is perhaps the nearest approach to the mere brute that a man can make; and so that he is abundantly fed, he is never turbulent. We cannot afford to throw away a positive sketch upon such a thing,

as he is the least bad-tempered of the human race. Still, however, if by possibility he can be excited—and nothing but the utmost excess of exasperation can do it—then he is a demon, and a perfectly indiscriminating demon. Repulsive as his character is, you will—although, perhaps, more rarely—meet with a help *meet* for him among the other sex. If you observe a lady at table who is helped more largely and frequently than any of the rest, and who at the same time "pegs" silently away, as if she were a—something—what shall we say?—retired to its hole to enjoy its only pleasure; just glance at her: she will not blush, for she will not see you; and if she see you by accident, she has nothing to blush with. In spite of all the arts of the painter and the plasterer, her skin is like the head of an old drum unbraced. She is the woman; and if ever you find her say a bright thing, or understand one, we pay forfeit. If there is company, she is too much at home when feeding; and when that is over, she lolls and dozes if alone, and if in company, she is insipidity itself. What a contrast to the jolly *embonpoint* dame opposite! When she sails in from the drawing-room, not heavily certainly, you would fancy that she is the one to "eat an ox, and drink a flagon of wine;" but, lo and behold, she takes only a few mouthfuls, and she is radiant with smiles, and redolent of glee. Once in a way she may carry her emotions a little too far; but for all that, she is a genuine middle-class lady: she is thoroughly happy, and unhappiness skulks and hides itself at her very approach.

We have endeavoured to sketch these simple but very common pictures of the frigid of the human race, because the class have very little to show us except their pictures. It may be, to some extent, a natural infirmity, though we are rather inclined to ascribe it to improper training. In certain stages—we know not whether it would be etiquette to call them *ranks*—of society, this appears, in great part, to arise from the habit that mothers have of *enfarcting* their children during the holidays, as a sort of neutral solatium for the meagre days which they are supposed to have had at school; and this custom, which is both unwise and wicked, gives them a dislike of learning and thought, at the same time that it concentrates their attention upon the labour of the table as the only occupation of the human subject—we will not say body, for it is a possession of the body—in which there is real and substantial enjoyment. The mother's pet—if, unfortunately for itself, there is one—usually also suffers a good deal in this way; and besides, there are many even in whom it is self-acquired, one can hardly tell how; but it ought, by every means, to be got rid of, and we are convinced, that if the attempt were made early enough, it might in all cases succeed. In men, the party is only a disagreeable sort of nothing, and we have but to shun him in the house, and be careful not to tumble him into ditches when he comes abroad; but in females it is more serious. Physiologically, Woman is a far more curious study than Man; and if there is any peculiarity, it is always, to a considerable extent, thrown in a physiological

direction. Much of the vital energy of the female works for posterity; and any excess in the general vital system of course increases this legatorial part also. Hence, such females as we allude to are easily courted; and they make kind wives, in so far as their indolence will allow, but they make expensive ones, with little or nothing to show for it. In general, too, they have numerous children, some of whom are certain, and most of them likely, to inherit after mamma; and then the evil has a great tendency to increase,—faster, indeed, than the opposite good; for females on the opposite point of the intellectual compass are neither so accessible nor so fertile.

Sometimes a very high degree of this mental frigidity alternates with an equally high degree of exasperation; and then, short of absolute madness, there can be no more melancholy display of human nature. Indeed, it is a very close approximation to madness—to an alternation of the two principal forms: while the indolence lasts, it borders on fatuity; and when the paroxysm comes on, it is closely allied to furor. While they last, indeed, they are identically the same; at least there is only this difference,—that they are diseases in the one case, and vices in the other, in which light they deserve and ought to meet with severe punishment.

Attempting to analyse a state of mind of this description, or rather a mind which alternates between these states, is like attempting to dissect an encysted tumour: we find an external tunic, and an ill-conditioned matter inside, and this is all we can say about

it. The cure seems to be the same too,—nothing but excision will do: the party in whom the habit is confirmed may be expelled from society, but cannot be cured in it. In public hospitals for the insane, there ought to be a ward for such characters, as one of them is far more revolting to the sight than the poor maniac.

This is the lowest degradation of human nature, and the one in which there is not even a trace of moral training; and yet it does not necessarily follow that the parties are absolutely ignorant, for, as it is an acquired habit, it may be acquired after some education has been obtained. The bud which has been thus cruelly blasted may also have been a bud of promise; and in the times of the transit, gleams of something bright may appear, but these pass uselessly away, and leave a more melancholy impression than if they never had appeared.

Excitability of the emotions, though indispensable to the formation of a human character of the very highest order, is yet a temperament with which it is exceedingly difficult to deal, in such a manner as at once to secure the greatest usefulness and the greatest value of the party. It is, in fact, to the regulation of the emotions, that the essential part of all education, and the whole of moral education, ought to be directed.

That every human being should *know* as much, and as accurately as possible, is very desirable, because without knowledge there can be no enjoyment; and where the knowledge is limited, the enjoyment of life must be

limited in the same ratio. In the very lowest state of ignorance which we can imagine as being compatible with a healthy and properly-constituted body—and where there is such a body, the mind never can be backward in the performance of its functions—all the emotions will be immediate, or follow instantly upon sensation. The creature may be sullen or lively, according to the general example of the house in which it is brought up; but whether in the one or the other of these extremes, or in the mean between them, it will still be a mere creature of the moment,—one upon which no reliance can be placed. If you trust to it, your trust will be at the mercy of every contingency; and although it may part with you in the evening, wishing you all the blessings of heaven, a little artful persuasion will make it return in the night, to set your dwelling on fire, and murder you when you are attempting to escape from the flames.

This is the state in which Man has the fewest emotions, and in which those come nearest to the instinctive passions of the animals. Of these there are two leading ones,—being pleased and being angry,—and all the rest appear naturally to arrange themselves as related to the one or the other of these. A dog, for instance, is angry or pleased; and you shall find, upon examination, that fear, wonder, and all the other momentary emotions which the animal appears to have, soon merge in the one or the other of these; and according as the one or the other predominates, the dog takes his character of a snarling or a good-tempered animal. It is very much the same with Man

in the very lowest intellectual states. He has, of course, something of the man about him even then, but the animal predominates in his character: he is governed by immediate emotions, or impulses, as we may with propriety call them; and he is a ferocious or a mild savage according to circumstances,—hardship making him the one, and its opposite the other. This may be considered as the one extreme of human nature, in respect of emotion; and it is one in which immediate or impulsive emotion is the grand and almost the only rule—if rule it can be called—of conduct. Children, in their very early stages, partake in so far of this character; but in them the more violent and malevolent emotions are not yet developed, inasmuch as those come to their full maturity with the maturity of the body. In such as live apart from society, and are without education, there is a more close approximation to the character of the savage.

This is a part of the natural history of Man, which is, however, involved in much darkness and difficulty. The education of the emotions would unquestionably be—with regard to happiness, and probably as to the advancement of science and the arts—the most valuable of all education; but it may be said to have no regular or systematic place in the schools, or if there is something of the kind, it may usually be considered as productive of mischief rather than of good; and ample as the list of books is, there is not one—at least one worth reading—upon this most important of all possible subjects.

The only real moral teacher—for all moral teaching

consists in the regulation of the affections—is a good and judicious mother,—a female whose own emotions are as true and ready as nature itself, but which are all, at the same time, under due and strict control of understanding and reason. This is the female alluded to in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs, by one that knew the female character full well; and justly does the wise man say, "her price is far above rubies," for even the proudest philosophers that have instructed, and the most inspired poets that have delighted us, sink down into dwarfs in comparison with a thoroughly good mother. The developement of her character, so far as it falls within our plan and limits, belongs to another place; but we may quote a portion of the description as given by King Lemuel,—that is, by the king "with whom was God,"—who spake the words of divine inspiration:—"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the love of kindness; she looketh well to the ways of the household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. *Her children arise up, and call her blessed;* her husband, and he praiseth her." The important point,—at least the one which is so very important in respect of the moral training and happiness of society,—is that which we have marked in italics, but we have no room to enter upon the investigation of it. We may, however, remark in passing, that the words "arise up" do not allude to the mere fact of the children standing up when they see their mother. That is a mere ceremony; and is just as likely to be paid to a venal mother, who destroys the finer emotions of her

children, or a foolish mother, who rewards them with bribes in the ratio of their adulation, as it is by the model of mothers of whom Solomon speaks. They arise in happiness in themselves, and in esteem among their fellows; they feel that their mother is the main cause of this, and therefore they "call her blessed."

It is not easy to understand, and it is less easy to define, in what this peculiar excellence of a mother consists; for it is so exceedingly delicate, and often so nearly resembles, in its external expression, other matters, which have their foundation in mere animal affection, that perhaps even she who does the best in this way can seldom say in what the merit consists; but would, if asked to assign the cause, most likely assign a wrong one. It has nothing to do with fondling, or with any merely animal display of attachment. In this respect, the tigress fondles her cubs more than the ewe does her lambs. Public displays of animal attachment, of whatever kind they may be, are always offensive; and they are very generally to be suspected. When the mind is perfectly made up upon the subject of an affection, the body is not in general much troubled about the matter in public.

But, though we cannot bring out this foremost gem in the diadem of woman, so as to contemplate it as a subject apart, either by analysis or by contrast, still we must admit the fact, and also the reason why woman should have, in this matter, much more merit than man; and not only more merit in degree, but merit of a kind which is peculiar to woman, and in which man cannot participate.

Woman is our guidance,—a guidance of nature's own appointing, and in virtue of a law which dares not be broken with impunity; and, we may add, the breach of which will lie heavily and for ever upon all who are tempted to it by fashion, by frivolity, or by anything, *be it what it may.*

The emotions—such of them as have existence then—are in activity before any communication can be directly held with the infant, in words, or even by looks. There are, therefore, little attentions to be paid, which no one but a mother can pay; and it is in those little attentions that the foundation of the moral character is laid. These little attentions can be paid by none but a mother, and by a mother to none but her own child. In the case of another, she may, as the phrase goes, have all the will, and she may be "as kind as it is possible for her to be" to the infant of another, but still there is wanting that which constitutes the real essence of the whole matter. A good mother, of the kind we are commending, may make a tolerably close approximation to the treatment of her own. Even here, however, there is a difference; and it will tell as a difference in the result, though no one can point out, at the time, any one circumstance in which it consists. Such is the first stage of our moral regulation or government,—so delicate that it sets all philosophy at defiance to ascertain the principle or to apply the practice; and therefore we must leave it to that nature which is more powerful in its simplicity and weakness than we are in our fancied wisdom and strength.

One part of the difficulty—we may say the impossibility, for it never has been effectually got over—of applying the common means of education here, may be the vulgar error about the infant state of the mind in the infancy of the body. We have, upon a former occasion, endeavoured to point out that this is an error, and inconsistent with the very nature and immortality of mind; but it is a general and inveterate error, and even those who know enough of the subject to see that it is an error in theory, still follow the multitude in acting upon it in practice,—when they do act at all in the matter of the emotions. The consequence is, that when children are early separated from their mother, and sent to the school of education or of the world, the good which the mother had begun in the training of their emotions is very often speedily lost.

Hence we often, generally indeed, find that the ordinary scholar-craft, and the regulation of the affections, have no relation to each other; but that the boy of the most extensive acquirements has often the worst disposition. When this is the case,—and any one who chooses to look around him will find that it is the case in by far too many instances,—the learning tends little to elevate the character or increase the happiness. Hence, even the education is not valued, except as a means of distinction, or for better enabling the party, in some way or other, to get the mastery over his fellows. It does not ameliorate the character, but merely gives bitterness to the rancourous emotions, and renders the party more

wicked, and even more weak, than he would be without any education,—or at least without any of this common schooling.

There are, no doubt, a few upon whom education has a much happier effect; but they are so few, in comparison to the whole, that they merely form the exception, without any tendency to break the general rule. The great mass of the people are neither moral nor happy in the ratio of their learning; and in very many of the cases in which that learning is so conspicuous as to form any important or prominent part of the character, we find it as often a means of mischief or misery as the reverse, if not oftener. So much is this the case, that the bard who portrays nature as being all smiles, and sunshine, and roses, and lawns, and lodges of love and beauty, is often eaten up by the canker of self-conceit and envy; and he who delineates human nature in all the blandishments of even excessive kindness and sentiment, is not unfrequently found to be, in sober nature and in fact, the veriest churl upon earth. You shall find writings which breathe nothing but the most etherial airs, so that one would fancy that the fair authoress—for those pretty and flimsy things, and such they are, are often the productions of the fair—subsisted wholly upon smiles and syllabubs, whereas, if you chance to get into company with her, you find your fairy has been wholly a thing of your own fancy, and that the real authoress is not only flesh and blood, but flesh and blood in substantial quantity, well disposed to support and maintain itself by the most substantial means.

In a word, in whatever way the common education—the schooling, whether it be more of the tutor or more of self—breaks out, there is always enough to let you see that there is nothing substantially moral in it,—nothing that has taken the emotions along with it in the process.

As respects the happiness of individuals—the grand object of morals, and, in fact, of human life, this is the great fault of education; and it is a fault of which one can, in the present state of matters, see no means by which it is ever likely to get clear. This seems a hard matter too; for if we could educate the emotions in the same way—that is, to the same extent—that we can educate the faculties of observing, and the purely intellectual part of our nature, there is no doubt that, in a great measure, we could command both the purest moral conduct, and that happiness, both of body and of mind, which seems to be its natural and proper reward.

We cannot always control our thoughts—our purely intellectual states—which, in themselves, are not necessarily connected with any emotion. No doubt that even the strangest thought—the one that has the very least apparent connexion with the general train of our occupations and thoughts at the time—must have some suggesting cause in another thought, or relation to a thought; but this is often so slight and momentary that it escapes our notice, and the intruding thought appears to come in quite uncalled for, and sometimes very awkwardly, or even ludicrously. Often, when one is engaged in the gravest

pursuit, or the most profound or plodding inquiry, a thought so exquisitely incongruous will come in, put an end to our solemn gravity, and make us seek relief in a fit of laughter. On the other hand, when we are in the gayest mood imaginable—in glee ourselves, and labouring, with all our might, to produce the same effect in others, and succeeding to our wish in the production of it—some dark thought will arise, we know not how; and it will take hold of us, and refuse to quit, until it not only puts an end to our own personal happiness, but till it makes us the gloom of that company of which we had, but a very little before, been the gladness.

In cases like these, it is not the mere thought, but the emotion which is inseparably connected with the thought, that comes thus upon us, and mars our purpose or draws us entirely from it. There is no happiness or misery in a mere thought. It is the emotion which thus plagues us; and it is in all probability the present emotion which calls up the past thought, to which the former emotion follows so closely that we cannot stop the one before we are taken by the other.

The emotions are thus very troublesome states of mind to deal with, and we have the disadvantage of the want of any general principle to guide us. If we start our mental train with thought, we are always upon comparatively firm ground, even though we are to be annoyed by intrusions in the way that has been stated. But when we are carried away by an emotion, we very speedily lose all command of ourselves;

and when this is the case, the emotion is sure to carry us into some blunder or other. No matter of what kind it is, whether pleasurable or painful, if it once carry us along with it, we have no power to stop, or sense to direct our way; and thus we must just leave it to lead us where it lists.

"Castle-building" and reveries of all kinds, into which so many persons are so prone to enter, may be numbered among the aberrations of the emotions. These are often little worse than harmless idleness; but when they bear upon our plans and projects in life, which they very often do, they are more serious, and often lay the foundation of mischief which it is impossible for us ever to remedy.

There is never, of course, any substantial truth in a reverie or an air-built castle; but the effect upon us is very much the same as if it were true, until we come to the fatal breaking of the spell when it is all too late. The reason is not that we willingly deceive ourselves in those mental plans and projects—at least not until we have made them the means of that mental intoxication, at which they are the ruin of so very many. When they come to this stage, we act in regard to them as we do to the other intoxications, whether physical or mental, by means of which we ruin our minds, our fortunes, or both.

But, in the earlier stages, the progress is different; and we are carried away by the reverie much in the same way as the mind is deceived and led to believe in a wrong conclusion with as much zeal and determination as if it were a right one, by means of a

sophistical train of argument cunningly put. The premises from which the skilful sophist starts are never paradoxical, or such as to create the smallest suspicion in those whom he means to deceive. On the contrary, if he is an adept in his art, he is more particular about the truth and soundness of the foundation which he lays, than if his intention were to adhere steadily to the truth. All who deal in sophistry do not attend thus closely to the apparent soundness of their premises, for there are very many who deceive themselves and others by sophistry when they have every desire to be honest and logical,—of whom an almost endless number of examples may be found among the inferior order of senators, parsons, and other public speakers, when they venture beyond the range of their powers or abilities, or whatever else they may be called. The bungling and untrained senator—and it is a matter not unworthy of marvel, that in a country like this, where so much attention is paid to training in other matters, down even to the training of horses and dogs, senators and schoolmasters should be almost the only two classes that are not understood to need any training,—the bungling and untrained law-carpenter often makes an appearance which is exquisitely ludicrous; for he starts with certain premises, wriggles on well pleased with himself, but in the end "comes full circle," and confronts his premises right in the teeth.

He who intends to deceive, not only lays his foundations sure, but builds away in a very workmanlike manner, until he has excited the emotions

in some way or other; and while these are excited, he edges in the flaw unobserved; and by the skilful repetition of this, he contrives to make the false fabric look so very like a true one, that they who ought to know better are deceived by it.

In air-built castles, day-dream reveries, and all those other wanderings of the mind, in which mankind deceive themselves into the belief of what they ought not to believe, or the performance of what they ought not to do, the process is very nearly the same; and although we are in the habit of saying that our judgments, that is, our purely mental conclusions, are deceived, yet the probability is that some emotion or other is always the real deceiver, whether we are deceived by the sophistry of another or of ourselves. We, until we have become dissipated by practice in this self-deception, always start with some shadow of fairness; but emotion after emotion arises, often making an ideal case feel as if it were our own; and the end is very unlike what ought to have been expected from the beginning; and yet we are not aware of the difference. Upon the very same principle of self-deception, romancers who are in the habit of telling in one place the marvellous things done by and to themselves in another, actually come at last to believe them, though there is not one word of truth in the whole.

Such are a few of the more simple cases in which we are apt to be deceived by our, otherwise very simple and harmless emotions, at times and in manners when we little suspect it. Very closely allied to this is the

dissipation of novel-reading, we may almost say of objectless reading of any kind, to which persons of light and frivolous minds are so very prone. It has been generally remarked that inordinate novel-readers are generally, if not invariably, as inordinate scandal-mongers, and though we cannot speak experimentally upon the point, we are inclined to think so from the analogy. It is not the fact of the scandal which constitutes the value of it to these unhappy persons to whom it is as it were both meat and drink. The record of truth is never a bit the richer or the poorer, whether Lady A.'s new dress and equipage are or are not becoming; or whether Miss B. can or cannot wear the new corsets. But there is a something in being in the secret of matters, even down to this low point of insignificance; and in consequence of certain little selfish emotions, the stings which are venom to others are often honey to us.

The passion for novels and romances brings so exactly the same emotions into exercise as the scandal of real life, that the one of them is little else than a mere reflection of the other. There may be indeed this difference between them, that the scandal narrates only what never actually did happen, while the romance narrates that which never possibly could happen; and thus the difference is reduced to that between a falsehood and an impossibility, which are more nearly allied to each other in moral mischief than many are aware of.

The evil that any or all of the dissipations which have been enumerated do to the mind, is not con-

fined to the throwing of it too much away from the understanding and too much upon the emotions. Thus far, no doubt, there would be some injury done; but it is slight compared with that which results from long and confirmed practice in this waste of time and mind, the effect of which is not to produce what is usually termed a romantic character, but utter heartlessness,—the destruction of all character whatsoever. The final result, if the practice is long and incessantly pursued, thus very much resembles that to which a habitual and confirmed debauchee with opium or with ardent spirits sinks. That is very unlike the excitement occasioned in the incipient stages of the vice, or in the occasional appulses of those who are fortunate enough to escape the fatal contamination of mind. It is prostration of both mind and body—a stupor from which the unhappy individual can be roused only by the turbulence of the most violent emotions, and those which have most of the animal in them; and hence the unfortunate party is sot and brute by turns.

From the absence of any thing like a general principle to guide us in the analysis or the conduct of the emotions, we are compelled to feel our way to what may be right by such partial views of what is decidedly wrong as those which we have endeavoured to take. The emotions are so very numerous, and they vary so much in even their justifiable and useful designs, with the modes of thinking, times of life, and other variable circumstances, that no useful generalization can be made, and no general rules laid down for their

management, except such as would be so very vague, or so much clogged by exceptions, that any attempt to apply them would be attended with more trouble than they are really worth, and would after all be a failure. So very difficult is it to regulate the practice of morality in such a way as to meet every case with equal justice and propriety.

That we should preserve the sensibility of all our emotions, so that they shall be ready to come into play as occasion demands, is undoubtedly true; but then the difficulty lies in knowing when the occasion is a fit one. We should always be capable of "rejoicing with them that rejoice, or of weeping with them that weep," and so on through the whole catalogue of the emotions. But though we should be always capable of doing this, we ought not always to do it, even in that metaphorical sense which the words imply. If the emotion is produced by the case of others, or even by our own case, we ought always to preserve as much mental equanimity as to be able to decide upon proper grounds whether we ought to resist it or to act upon it; and for this reason, we always break down the tone of our character if we allow ourselves to be engrossed by any emotion as a mere feeling, whether that feeling is of a pleasurable or of a painful description. To do this is a sort of *carpe diem* way of going about matters,—a concentration of our attention upon the present, to the very dangerous neglect both of the past and the future, which is one of the most dangerous positions in which a human being can be placed. In as far as

mere action is concerned, the present is all that we have to attend to; for if every present action is well done, so must they continue to be when they become past actions. In like manner, if all our present hours are hours of happiness, they will go down to the past in this character, and our whole life shall be one scene of happiness.

While these positions may be readily admitted in the way in which we have worded them, it must not be lost sight of that much depends on the comprehensive words "every" and "all." It is never to be lost sight of that no moment of the life of any human being is insulated, so as that it can stand indifferent of the rest. We may have pauses in different kinds of labour, occupation, and enjoyment, just as we have pauses of sleep for the refreshment of the body. But we have no pauses during which we escape, or can escape, from ourselves or from our moral responsibility; and as little have we any moments that do not bear upon the whole of our lives. If we spend the present day, the present hour, or the present moment, without guidance from the experience of the past, or regard for the future, it will go upon the record as very unwisely and cruelly mis-spent, and become one of our torments for ever.

But it is not merely with reference to the final award when this life shall be over, that engrossment by the present becomes a misery to us. It is the floodgate which lets in very many both of the crimes and the sufferings of mankind; and he who wishes to be wretched has not a surer way of accomplishing his

purpose than by enjoying the present time, according to any one emotion which may there be predominant, without any warning from the past, or any care about the future.

We, in the meantime, speak of it only as a vice, which speedily recoils in misery, and not unfrequently in crime, upon the head of him who is foolish enough to be guilty of it. But we may say, with truth, that it is productive of more real mischief and suffering in every rank and denomination of society than all the other vices and follies taken together. Thus dangerous it is to give ourselves up to the mercy of our emotions, even for a day—or for a moment. And the worst of it is that, in the opinion of the silly dupes of their own weakness or worthlessness—for the first of these may be always in reality traced to the second, the emotion, the passion, the mad and heartless depravity, for which they make this cruel sacrifice, is so amiable, contributes so much to their name and respectability in society, that they would be "so mean," "so miserable," "so contemptible in the sight of every body," if they did not do it. Take note of these silly ones of the earth; and if you value your independence here, and your happiness for ever, shun them as you would all the plagues of Egypt, and a more grievous plague with which Egypt never was afflicted.

There is one little precaution more which we may just mention, as being of considerable advantage to those who wish to pass their lives pleasantly and usefully; and that is, never to allow themselves to be

under the influence of any one emotion so long as that it shall be even in danger of becoming a habit, and thus giving its own tone, or rather taint, to the whole character. There are degrees of injury to one's self, as well as of offensiveness to others, arising from the nature of the emotion which may thus be allowed to tyrannise over the character. The more violent that the emotion is, of course it is the worse for the party, and the more offensive to others; but there is not one emotion that can be named, however amiable and proper it may be in its due measure, but which may become a torment to the owner, and an offence to every body else. Even love, affection, or kindness, may lose all its fascination by this means, and become a downright nuisance. The conclusion of the whole matter is, that all the emotions may work for good, if they are kept within due bounds; but that, if these bounds are overstepped, they may, one and all, become injurious to the owner, and offensive to all our associates.

As a further inducement to the keeping of the emotions in a state of activity, at the same time that they are in subjection to the mind in its more purely intellectual states, we may mention that what is called conscience, and treated as a distinct and separate power of the mind, is, in reality, nothing but an emotion which blends with the desire or the wish, and moves us to the performance of certain actions, and the nonperformance of others, or which comes along with some suggestion from the past, and pronounces sentence of condemnation or acquittal for that which

has been done or thought of; and when we say that the conscience is "seared," or deadened, all that we mean is, that the emotion which should arise for warning or for approbation, has been, by some means or other, blunted and destroyed, so as to be incapable of performing its office. By what means soever this may be done, it is a very serious matter; for the blunting of the emotion at the time when that of which it ought to give warning is done, is no security against its awakening even to more terrible vengeance and alarm, when the day of mercy is gone, and there is nothing to look forward but to anguish and hapless misery, without abatement and without end.

Exasperation of the emotions is the third phase, under which we can contemplate this portion of our mental states; and it is the most painful of them all. This is very nearly allied to raving mania when the fit is on the party; and it not unfrequently ends in that in its most confirmed and dreadful state,—indeed there is some reason to believe that the more dreadful form of mania, that in which the unhappy sufferer would tear or gnaw the flesh from his own bones, if not restrained by physical force, always has its predisposing cause in this ungovernable state of one or other of the emotions. It is always an indication of a mean and contemptible mind, and generally of one of very limited acquirements, at least in the way of thought and reasoning. It has sometimes been supposed to be the result of bad treatment on the part of others; and it may be so in as far as the conduct of others has an influence in the forma-

tion of the character; but if a character of a different kind has once been fully established, we do not think that any treatment on the part of others could possibly reduce it to this the very lowest ebb of human degradation.

Though this is not confined exclusively to what may be called the horrible emotions—the different stages of rage and fury, yet it is in them chiefly that it displays itself; and the display is, generally speaking, always the more violent the smaller the apparent cause, and the more limited the power of vengeance on the part of the individual that labours under it. Notwithstanding its turbulence and blustering, indeed, this violence of temper is always a sign of imbecility, and it never fails to lower the character in the estimation of others. Even children despise it, and very soon learn that they can take greater liberties with a parent that gets into paroxysms of temper of any kind than with one of uniformly mild and dignified conduct. These exasperations of emotion, whatever the emotion may be, are with the greatest propriety denominated passions; for the party under any of them is in reality a sufferer, and a far greater sufferer, than a person of well-regulated emotions could be under the accumulated burden of all the ills which could happen from without. Against these, there is always something yet to muster, in a mind of calmness and equanimity; but one who gets into a paroxysm of violence spends one's all, and is sure to be left at the mercy of others.

Passions, too, are like pendulums: if they swing

far to one side of the perpendicular, they are sure to swing as far to the other on the recoil; and the very same party who abuses or loves to violence the one hour, will be lavishing favours on the abused, or abusing the loved, the very next hour. If the parties are in situations of ever so little command, they cannot maintain their authority, or rather they never have any authority to maintain. Those who have a chance of filling offices of command in society, are, generally speaking, elevated and disciplined above this turbulence of the emotions; but if they are not, then the value is more than lost.

Our proper business, however, is with the effect upon the moral character and worth of the party; and is this way we may say, that if a man intended to go headlong to his ruin, not only without sympathy, but amid the sporting and merriment of others, he could not pursue a course more certain for the accomplishment of his purpose than by allowing his emotions to be worked into a state of exasperation. A person who has acquired, no matter by what means, this unhappy temperament, is always at the mercy of others. He never can pursue a train of thought so as to arrive at any useful conclusion; and if he has a plan given him by another, he is almost certain to fail in the execution of it. He is incapable of being a master in the useful and honourable sense of the word; and as a servant he is not trustworthy, even with every desire to be honest and faithful in the execution of that which is committed to his care. In short, if a person wishes to be as useless, and cut as miserable a

figure in the world as he possibly can, he should by all means acquire these exacerbations of temper; but otherwise he should by every means avoid them.

This is one of the matters which are often supposed to be hereditary or constitutional; and in so far as the mere body is concerned, there may be something in this; for there is no doubt that there are very many degrees of irritability of body, and that some of them may descend from parent to child. But much less is owing to this hereditary taint than we generally suppose,—though a good deal may be owing to the example of the parents, especially the mother. Even in the case of example, the evil has sometimes a tendency to work its own cure; for the revolting conduct of the parent does, in a few instances, inspire the child with horror of similar conduct. The house of brawling and strife is certainly not *the* school in which to look for a human being of well-regulated mind; but there are some such to be found even there; and when they do occur they are choice spirits—for they are gold tried in the furnace. They are rare, however, and we must beware that we do not mistake a temporary calm for settled tranquillity. There are little pauses in the hurricane and the tiffoon, which are more stilly and breathless than the gently-playing atmosphere in the clime of perpetual zephyr and no storm. Indeed, a human character which is in a dead calm, passive to all emotion, is always to be suspected: it is either that frigidity which is incompatible with any character at all, or it is exhaustion after a storm,

which is sure to rage again when the exhaustion is over.

The portion of this very offensive character that can be hereditary or constitutional is but small; and so far as it goes, it is a misfortune and not a fault, though it has all the bad consequences, and entails all the punishment, of the latter. The body may, of its own act, shake and tremble, and even fall down in a fit, which is usually the climax of the constitutional part of this irascibility, especially in females, who, as it generally takes a physiological direction, are less able to restrain this mode of the matter than men. In these cases, the display is pitiable as well as painful, no doubt; but they are the least culpable of the whole, though not unfrequently the most difficult to deal with.

The line between this constitutional irritability of the mere body, and that want of proper moral training of the mind, which turns the whole into absolute vice, is often so fine, that an ordinary observer cannot readily perceive it. Something may be inferred from a very scrutinising attention to the causes, although we are liable to some deception even in this. The physically morbid, in general, weave the web of their misery out of themselves; they are overtaken as by an infection, and the whole of their feelings are, as it were, reversed. When the "time" is upon them, they hate what at other times they love, and love what at other times they hate; and so on through the whole range of the affections. They take up the contraries; and this to such an extent that words of kindness and

soothing offend them more than reproof. They never can be reasoned into a calmer mood, and, although they may be awed into it, the experiment is both unpleasant and hazardous. The best way is to let them alone till the fit goes off; for if they are excited up to the degree at which they act, their actions partake of the contrariety; and they are prone to destroy that which at other times they are the most careful to preserve.

Certain states of the atmosphere have very marked effects upon them; and they are, to a certain extent, what are termed lunatics. We do not mean that those exacerbations have the same regular periodic returns as the new and full moons; but the tide in the atmosphere, which is, of course, a spring-tide at these times, has a marked influence on them. If, indeed, the atmospheric spring-tide dependent on the moon produces little effect on the atmosphere itself, it produces equally little in those human bodies which are morbidly alive to atmospheric influence. If, on the contrary, a violent atmospheric change takes place, it is preceded by a corresponding violent paroxysm in the parties alluded to. They do not follow the moon only, but are similarly affected by similar atmospheric disturbances, whatever may be the causes of them. This follows as a matter of course, from the very nature of the case. There is no mystic good or evil one way or another in the moon, which is simply a piece of matter acting on the atmospheric air by the mere force of its gravitation; and if a similar disturbance is produced by any other means, be those means

what they may, the effect will be similar. Hence, parties such as those under consideration are always subject to unusual excitements on the eve of thunder-storms, or violent gales of wind, which have often, generally indeed, much more effect upon them than the mere coincidences of the solar and lunar tides of the atmosphere.

If these physiological and atmospheric "lunes" are constitutional, or hereditary, or whatever else we may term it—that is, if they are of the body only—they cease with their causes, and the one is not linked in revival with the other. They are detached fits, and there is no remain of the one bottled up to give bitterness to the other; but if the mind mingles in them,—if it participates in the taint, and moral misgovernment is joined to an unfortunate habit of the body, there is a treasuring up of subjects of irritation; and whether the cause is or is not one at which former offence has been taken, real or imaginary, they always come up at every succeeding paroxysm, and with increased malignity at each return. In cases of this kind, the parties sometimes do mischief far beyond their natural intentions and abilities. The accusations which they, in their paroxysms, bring against others, are not only very often, generally indeed, quite without foundation in themselves, but they are known to be so by the parties when they are first made. By repetition, however, they acquire the familiarity of truth, and in time they are seriously and habitually believed to be so; and there have no doubt been instances, especially in family squabbles, in which former fancies and inven-

tions have been sworn to as truths, in perfect conviction, at the time, of their actually being so. Such is the degradation to which our moral nature may be sunk, by the joint influence of a morbid body and an ill-conditioned and ill-governed mind; and though the bodily infirmity may not, in all cases, reach and injure the mind, though it has always a tendency that way, the mind seldom if ever fails in producing, in some degree at least, this baneful influence upon the body. This part of the subject is the more deserving of our attention, from the fact that it admits of no amelioration, except by our own care. The schooling of the world may make it worse, in any or in every sense of the word, but certainly not better.

We have noticed the influence of bodily morbidity, and of the joint influence of the body and mind, in producing those excessive displays of exasperated emotion which are so injurious to those who are afflicted by them, and so degrading to human nature. There remains a third form, which is probably the worst, certainly the most malignant, of the whole. This is the dark character, in which the emotion is probably stronger than when it breaks out in an expression of the body, even in the most apparently frantic one. When the mind can thus throw the body into strong agitation, the mind itself is thereby relieved. It appears to have done its work, and to be satisfied with the doing of it; for it is matter of common remark, that anger, or any other emotion, is sooner over in those in whom it breaks out in violent paroxysms, than when nothing of the kind is dis-

played. So also the very body works itself out by the fierceness of the excitement, and is incapable of doing very much mischief if the case is an extreme one. Thus, to both parts of the system, exertion appears, to a considerable extent, to be cure; and though the cause would be far better not to exist, the working off of it by a paroxysm appears to be the most expeditious, as well as the most natural and proper, way of getting rid of it.

But when the impression of any very strong emotion remains in the mind, without any external indication, it fails not to usurp a dominion over the whole mind and nature, which is, in every case, very injurious to the party, and, in the case of the more malignant emotions, very dangerous to society,—the most dangerous that can be named. Now, although in this volume our direct object is the moral bearing of Man, with a view chiefly to his own happiness; yet, as he must seek that happiness, the moral training of a human being, however narrow the view which we may take of it, always resolves itself into a training for society. Thus, the reciprocity is such that a man can neither be good nor bad for the rest of his kind, without the good or the bad coming back to himself by reciprocation.

But granting this, the man who hides and cherishes within his own bosom any strong emotion, even till it grows and matures to the planning and the perpetration of the most horrible crime that can be committed, is yet the greatest sufferer in his own person. We are not now speaking of that final retribution which no

bad man can escape, nor even of those laws of human society, the vengeance of which it may be possible for him to elude, or his power such as that he may set it at defiance. We put all remorse, all fear, and all apprehension of consequences, whatever it may be, entirely out of the question; and consider simply how an engrossing emotion, which he conceals in his own bosom, is calculated to affect his capacity as a man.

We shall even suppose that there is nothing in the emotion itself, beyond the fact that the party is engrossed by it. On the contrary, we shall suppose that it is one of the most amiable and estimable of emotions,—one the occasional and well-timed feeling and expression of which would do honour to human nature. It need not, in fact, be an emotion at all, but may be purely an intellectual state,—a mere train of thought running constantly in some one channel; for it is in this latter that the gravamen of the evil consists.

Suppose, then, that a man's mind is continually occupied with one train of thought, which haunts him at all times and in all places,—is it possible that he can either perform the duties or enjoy the happiness of a man? Every one must be aware that it is not; and not only this, but that the more amiable and justifiable the engrossing subject is in itself, it actually does the more injury to the party whom it haunts. When a man treasures up a bad and malignant thought, he does so for some purpose that he has in view, and not for the bad thought itself. Bad men do not worship the bad thoughts which they treasure up in their bosoms, any more than great villains worship the

mean villains that they plant in ambuscade for the purposes of midnight assassination. They are tools in both cases; and even the most atrocious villain despises the tools that he uses in the perpetration of his villany. A man of this kind can hardly be said to become worse, or to be in danger of becoming worse, in consequence of the malignant purpose which he carries in his bosom; for, when he first entertains that purpose, he may be looked upon as bad as possible, and that the retaining of the purpose does not, in the generality of cases, prevent his power of actually becoming a greater adept in villany while this plan lies concealed in his breast. Such a man, however, may be considered as wholly without the moral pale, and therefore he is really not worth speculating about.

The man whose subject of secret occupation is of a justifiable, more especially of a commendable, nature, stands in a very different predicament. He loves it, makes an idol of it in short, and thus it is welcome to him as a common and constant guest. If one subject of this description gets hold of the mind for any length of time, and is of a kind which produces a strong emotion, it may occasion a total prostration of the mind, which will in the end, and that speedily, unfit the party for all usefulness and all enjoyment. Hopeless love dotingly persevered in, religious melancholy, and all the countless melancholies produced by the various kinds of philanthropic dreaming, belong to this sad and humiliating category. In them all, there is a tendency to madness, and even to suicide; and if they have been once fully confirmed, there remains but

little hope for the patient. Hence such matters are to be avoided as if they were physical poisons.

Projectors, who dote upon one scheme or invention, as on that of a perpetual motion,—an "anti-operator" which should collect the products of every decomposition in the same identical substance which was decomposed, and all impossibilities of a physical nature, are very closely allied to the former, only the visionary schemer is a more agreeable sort of madman than the other, as he is, in the majority of cases, confident of success; and this confidence, notwithstanding multitudes of failures, makes him quite happy; and he displays his talismans, which have "almost" accomplished what he wants, with scarcely less triumph than if they had done it altogether; and we have been shown some very pretty little toys of this kind, which were "quite perfect in all the particulars," only they were "a *little* faulty on the whole,"—they would not move at all.

It is not easy to understand to what those freaks and failings of the virtuous mind—if virtue can be predicated of such trifling, are owing; for though they are in themselves not better than ignorance, and in some respects worse, we cannot wholly attribute them to even the want of occupation. They are all indicative of small minds, certainly of minds which have been trained to trifle on the surface of little matters, and never been taught, or have had occasion, to put forth their strength upon any one subject; and, as long as the education of mankind shall be confined to scraps, without generalizations, we do not see how it

is possible for the majority, even of those who have a good deal of cost laid out upon them, to escape this trifling insignificance of mind and character. In active life, this is hidden by various means. Mankind keep one another in countenance in this way, upon the same principle that those who live in glass-houses do not throw stones; and they who have no claim of reciprocity in this way are hidden in the crowd. Besides, as the affair or the business is always looked upon as a far more important matter than the man himself, he is buoyed up by that, if he is successful; and if he is not successful, he sinks down, and nobody takes heed of him. Thus we are compelled to go to society before we can find any satisfactory explanation of the moral and mental defects even of individuals, and then we have to proceed, in a great measure, by inference.

It is only in some individual who breaks away from the mass that we can catch a glimpse at the real individual character; and here we find persons who are at all times as thoroughly possessed of an idea, or an emotion, as those to whom we have alluded as suffering severely from the possession; but instead of being miserable, like the former, the parties of whom we now speak are always wonderfully happy and buoyant. This is at least one of the happiest effects of a wise temperament, and yet the happiness is owing to the very reverse of wisdom,—to perfect levity, and often to most heartless levity of character. Thus, "costermongers of ideas" are the very life of the parades and lounges of our great towns; and they run to and

fro, vending their wares with the same assiduity as their namesakes, only they themselves are both ass and panniers; and if you happen to be waiting an appointment, or killing time in any way, they deal cheaply; but if you are in haste, avoid them. The little things, or nothings, of which such a man makes the revealment, come from all the ends of the earth, and from all kinds and classes of men and things; and after he has set all right, from the comet to the man that almost was killed as he came along the street, he dances off, doing the same kindly office by every one; and if you should slide or fall in your effort to get your button from between his thumb and finger, he dances off, and adds your "fortunate escape" to the tale with which he enlightens the next man he gets hold of.

It is chiefly the mishaps of the rest of the world that these light and frivolous persons have to retail; and though they are in general of the most kindly dispositions, and wish everybody well in their hearts, there is nothing so acceptable to them as a casualty occurring to some general favourite, because that has a zest which the tale of the most dreadful calamity would be without, if the object of it were a party unknown. "Nobody knows him," are to them words of the greatest bitterness; and they have never an expression of regret on their countenance, except when they pronounce these fatal barriers to all the ingenuity of that small curiosity, in the practice of which they have their very being.

Yet there are men of emotion, as well as the moody

or the malignant; and as we have not the same general principles to guide us in investigating the emotions, and consequently the moral training of mankind, as we have in the other parts of Man's complex nature, we are under the necessity of "attending the museum," and gleaning what we can from the curiosities with which it abounds, for information which in this place is negative, however, rather than positive; and we are left to infer what ought to be from the imperfections of that which really is.

Of course, when we descant thus, we do it in the supposed character of speculators and spies upon the world, and not as members of it; but this is an assumed character, not a real one; and, if we happen to have any point of peculiarity about us that can draw the attention of others, they fail not in making full reprisals; and, while we affect to censure the follies and frivolities of others, they do the same for us in return,—and with equal truth and justice. Thus we are critics by turns; and after we have exhausted the power of all our criticism, we are just about as wise as we were at the first.

Hence, though we may deduce codes of laws respecting the physical nature of Man, and the modes of procedure which are most advantageous for that nature; though we may, in a more faint and shadowy way, do the same for the purely intellectual part of his nature; and, furthermore, though we can have pretty clear notions, from revelation, of the relation in which Man stands to his Maker, and the predicament in which Man would be if he had nothing but

his own strength; yet, when we come to Man himself, and consider his practical nature and conduct as a moral being, we find ourselves completely at sea, and without any general principle or formula, from which we can deduce, or according to which we can account for, the character and conduct of any one human being.

This chiefly arises from the very vague and indefinite nature of the affections, and their endless variety, even when, to our observation, that which affects them all is exactly the same; but it is never the same in reality, either to any two human beings, or to any one human being at two different times; and though the information may be humbling to our pride as inquirers, it ought to satisfy our judgment as men. We are to remember that the subjects of our emotions are, in truth, not facts or realities. The emotion is not what the subject is in itself, but how I am affected by it. This is a perfectly undetermined matter, even in so far as we ourselves are concerned. Even in the case of simple knowledge, our mind is not what mathematicians would call a constant quantity. To-day we see clearly, but to-morrow all is in clouds. At one time we decide promptly, are fully pleased with our decision, act resolutely upon it, and all is well; but at another time we cannot decide at all, or we decide with doubt, our action is vacillating, and whatever may be the result, we feel dissatisfied with it. Yet the grand principles of truth and justice remain the same, and our minds never change in their essences. Why do we not come, mentally, the same men to the

very same subject, day after day? The solution is to be found in the incessant fluctuations of our emotions, which literally beset us more thickly than flies in a Canadian swamp during the heat of the summer. They are in such multitude, and such motion and change, even in the case of ourselves individually, that they quite bewilder us. All nature and all art, which meet the observation of our senses, all thought that passes in the mind, every recollection of the past, every anticipation of the future,—all come to us crowded with stimuli of emotion; and if the stimulus is applied, so sensitive is the emotive part of our system, that the emotion will arise; but the stimuli, to a mind which has been even moderately exercised in observation and thought, are a legion, and each presses us more closely than another, so that the current of the wave in a storm, of the water in the far-sounding cascade, or of the air in a whirlwind, passes not more rapidly over any place, than emotion after emotion passes over our minds. It is with this wonderful—this chaotic rapidity, and in this indescribable variety, that the book of Nature and of Man passes before us for our perusal, and for the selection of that which is to be to us our portion and our pleasure.

Hence the wonder is that we are able to fix our attention upon anything,—that we are enabled to live in anything like constancy and tranquillity where all is in such agitation and change, and so continually soliciting us on every side; but, while the bounty of Heaven is thus continually brought before us in endless choice, we have been fitted for the high place

which we occupy, so that we make our way in the enjoyment of life, if not in all things within the compass of philosophy.

Then, when we would generalize the matter, so as to find the foundation of a general law for the emotions, which would enable us to lay down a general rule of moral culture and conduct, we find that we are as nothing in comparison with the field that ought to be included; and that in many points, and those not the least essential, we are alien to all the rest, and they to us. Hence, on this, by far the most interesting part of the natural history of Man in his compound system of animal and intellect, we are sent to form a nomenclature of a very few of the emotions; and even on them confine what we have to say to a few general remarks, rather than to the enunciation of fixed laws.

CHAPTER V.

IMPULSES, AND REFLECTIVE EMOTIONS.

Any attempt to classify the emotions according to their natures, as we classify the subjects of our ordinary senses, would of course be a complete failure, and bring us back to that chaos to which we alluded in the close of the preceding chapter. Even in the ordinary sciences, there are differences in this respect, according as the subjects of them are more pure or more mixed. Thus, in the mathematical sciences, there is a perfect uniformity of belief, in as far as mankind understand them; and nobody ever thinks of raising any dispute about the properties of a triangle, a square, or a circle. About the *metaphysique* of the higher geometry, there were, indeed, some disputes in the infancy of that singularly powerful engine of analysis; but those disputes rose from ignorance and misapprehension of the subject, and not from anything in the nature of that subject itself. As the sciences become a little more mixed, they afford more scope for disputation and difference of opinion; though still among those who do not very clearly understand them, and not among those who do. Thus, among

men of any even moderate degree of information upon common physical subjects, nobody ever thinks of raising a question as to the universality and the truth of the doctrine of gravitation as common to all matter, and as being, in all cases, according to certain definite and very simple laws. The perfect demonstration which we have of this in the beautiful and perfect system of the sun, the planets, and their secondaries, and the way in which the anomalies, when investigated, become proofs of the truth of the doctrine, leave not a shadow of suspicion on the mind of any man who understands the matter even to a very moderate degree. But easy as this much of physical knowledge is, all men who have the impression that they are wise are not in the possession of it; and hence some aspirant, more bold in his ignorance than any of the rest, is always now and then coming forward with his demonstration that the whole matter is a fallacy, of which, although he never fails of confirming himself, he produces a far more powerful demonstration of the opposite upon everybody else.

As the sciences become more mixed—that is, as more indeterminate elements are introduced into them—the grounds of difference of opinion become far more numerous, and of course the differences of opinion correspond. Thus, in the natural sciences, we find that every stripling who enters into the matter, undergoes, or rather undertakes, a sort of noviciate, in which he tries to unsettle all the arrangements of his predecessors, and thinks that he cannot by possibility enter upon the real and useful study of the

science, until he has shaped it according to the fancy which he himself has brought forward in ignorance of the subject.

When we come to the science of Man, even to the physical part of it, the part which we would be apt to think belongs to the rest of physical nature, and ought to fall under the same fixed and simple laws by which that is regulated, we find still more conflicting opinions, and often opinions the singularity of which are apt to startle us. Thus, we find that those who profess to believe that the mind of a man is spiritual and immortal, contending that the propensities of this immortal mind are regulated—nay, almost produced—by the forms of certain parts of a material substance. This is unquestionably the doctrine which the phrenologists, and all other men who suppose that the human mind, or any of the faculties of Man as a rational being, are dependent upon the forms of the parts of the body, uniformly contend for; and by which they fail not to throw impediments in the way of a science which is so full of difficulties that we are at a loss to understand it, though no embarrassments were thrown in the way.

In all these matters, however, though men of inferior minds encumber the lower slopes with lumber such as that to which we have made some slight allusion, the foremost men who have addressed themselves to these matters have always found some principles to guide them, far and high above the lumber of their inferiors. The purely intellectual part of the human mind forms no exception to this; for, though there

have been many disputes upon the subject of the human mind, yet those disputes have had their foundations in religious dogmas and paradoxes, rather than in anything connected with the real science of the matter. The fact is, that, of these disputatious systems about Intellectual Man, there is not one which is, in a proper manner, a treatise on human nature. On the other hand, they are rather a fac-simile of the intellectual hostilities of men who loved to hear themselves in speeches, or see themselves in writing or in print.

But when we come to the Emotions, we find no materials out of which anything like a theory can be made; and thus, although the subject has been drawn, in a supplemental way, into disputes upon other subjects, yet it can hardly be said to possess, in itself, any foundation upon which a formal dispute can be grounded. Hence, as in all matters in which there are no solid grounds for legitimate argument, the disputes have been verbal; and being so, they have not come to a final issue one way or another. In every verbal dispute,—and most of the disputes into which men enter are merely verbal,—each disputant has a distinct subject to himself, which is quite different from that of his opponent. They attach quite different meanings to the words at issue, and so they go "about it, and about it," but never come into collision. Therefore, the vast number of theories of the Affections, which have been from time to time set up, all differ widely from each other; and they are perhaps equally wide of the truth, as accounting for

the origin of moral virtue, and the foundation of valuable character in Man. This must be our excuse for not entering upon these argumentative parts of the subject; and so we proceed at once to the more obvious distinctions of some of the most conspicuous emotions.

The first, perhaps the most obvious, and certainly the most practically important distinction of the emotions, is that of *Impulsive* and *Reflective*. These are not primary and substantive distinctions, either in the emotions themselves, or in the objects or subjects by which they are excited. They allude chiefly, if not exclusively, to the manner in which the emotions arise, and the phenomena which they display; and therefore they are more characteristic, or descriptive, of the parties having the emotions, than of the emotions themselves.

Impulsive Emotions, or Impulses, as we may call them, for the advantage of a shorter name, are those emotions which are so immediately consequent upon the impressions which give rise to them that no pause can be observed between them. The emotions of an infant are all purely of this impulsive kind, and the infant not only acts, but throws the whole of its energy into the individual emotion, unless it is vitally or instinctively engaged. If a brighter or otherwise more attractive object be presented to it, it takes no time to lay down the object which it may have in its hand; for the instant that the eye catches hold of the newer or the more glittering bauble, the hand is unclasped

and extended to catch that one, while the former is left to fall as it may.

This is what may be called pure impulsive emotion, or emotion in which there is not one movement of the mind between the perception of the eye and the outstretching of the hand. The infant instantly drops a sugar-plum to catch the flame of a taper; but the extatic object is a bit of glass or crystal cut into facettes, so that it shows the prismatic colours when turned round in the light. Yet give it the bit of glass, and then show it something else which shines more than the glass does, and the glass is let fall for the new bauble, heedless though the fall may smash it in a thousand pieces.

This is one stage of human life—a very elementary one, but one through which every human being, whether ultimately to be philosopher or fool, must pass; and there are some who carry not a little of this state with them through life, only it gets blended with impure materials, of the taint of which the infant is entirely free.

Is this an animal impulse in the infant, then? It is not: the attraction of the baubles that please the infant is not an animal attraction. It is true that whatever the infant seizes is brought indiscriminately to the mouth, because feeding is the only use of which the infant has as yet any knowledge. But it is the "beauty"—the brilliance of the objects, which is the attraction, and this is a feeling which no animal possesses,—a dog would bark and snarl at the Medici Venus, as readily as at the most shapeless monster in

the whole Hindû Pantheon. The perception which guides the child is not a merely animal use of the eye, for the finding that which is to nourish its body; it is an intellectual observation—a look from a mind in quest of the knowledge of external things, though, as yet, it neither knows what that knowledge is, nor where it is to be found.

It will be recollected that we mentioned one instinctive occupation of the infant, from which it could not be attracted by the most glittering object—its food when it is hungry. This is the animal part of the matter; and until its craving is satisfied, it is by much the stronger of the two—the all-predominating one at this early stage. Now, early and elementary as this is, it is very often the one at which the character is determined for life, and the decision fixed as to whether the emotions shall be mere impulses or not. The determination seems—for it is a matter of analogy—to be fixed something in this wise:—

If the attention of the infant, no matter whether by the intention of those about it or by their neglect—for the neglect, in this way, of those about children, is often the very greatest favour that can be done them—if the attention is drawn to the objects about it, so that these take the lead over the mere gratification of the animal appetite, then the child is in a fair way to doing well for itself as an intellectual being—and a moral being, too; but if the attention is by any means—no matter what means—concentrated on the appetite, the child will grow up a mere creature of impulses. There are two ways in which

the attention may concentrated on the animal appetites,—the child may be starved, or it may be pampered; and the chief difference between these is that the one associates a painful feeling with the attention to the appetite, and the other associates a pleasurable one.

Both of these are bad—so very bad that it is not very easy to say which is the worst; and, strange as it may appear, though they seem, and to a considerable extent are, the opposites of each other, their resulting characters have very many traits in common. By pampering, we do not of course mean that the child is properly, even amply, supplied with that light but wholesome and nourishing food, which is suited to the rapid digestion and growth of children. It is not this which in any way elevates the appetite of the child to an undue proportion to that infant curiosity which is the foundation of intellect and of morals, and upon which the party would always build a fair structure of both, if it were allowed. On the contrary, it is the full, and regular, and frequent supplying of the appetite of a child which quiets that appetite, and thus puts it out of the way, and prevents it from doing any harm as a disturber of the mental operation. To do this fully and in the proper manner, the quality of the food is a matter of first-rate importance. If the food is improper, the process of digestion may be much more painful and disturbing than hunger itself; and it is in this that the pampered child is often brought to a condition very analogous to that of the starveling one. Analogous! it is far worse; for the pain of indi-

gestion, and an ill-conditioned state of the alimentary canal, is more hard to be borne, and more injurious to the constitution, than the mere pain of hunger, which is, perhaps, the only wholesome pain that the body can feel. Nature makes some provision in this way which is worthy of attention. A human body, whether older or younger, will not, if healthy, perish of absolute starvation while there is adipose matter or fat accumulated upon it. But thriving children have always a considerable quantity of this substance upon them; and, therefore—although they should be subjected to the trial as little as possible, they can bear hunger upon an emergency, and are probably the better, and not the worse, for having a little of it now and then—though not so much as to make it a matter of painful remembrance.

The child which is starved grows up with a constant wish to eat, as the grand desire, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the rest; and not this only, but it occupies the mind, prevents thought, and deadens the capacity of observing. When the Cherokee chiefs, who had of course been brought up in all the alternations of hunger, hardship, and occasional surfeit, which are incidental to the life of a hunter in the American forest;—when they were in London, they passed unheeded all the fine displays made by those who pander to wealth and luxury. But when they came to the stalls of butchers, and especially to the eating-houses, where mountains of reeking beef were displayed to whet the stomach of the passenger, they were in extacy, and extolled London above all places

of the earth. Something in the same way you will often see a fat citizen gloating over an epicure's fish at a stall, with eyes as round and rivetted as those of an owl upon a mouse, and licking his chops, and working his deglutition tackle, as if he were actually devouring the fish. Pope, speaking of the reminiscences of a city-feast in his time, says that—

"They ate in dreams the custard of the day;"

and any one who has occasion to pass the streets, will find many a portly personage arrested in his morning promenade, and brought to a stand-still,

"Eating, at morn, the turbot of the night."

It is not with the indications of the love of eating that we have to do, however,—it is the engrossment of the mind by them to the exclusion of other and more valuable matters. Besides, so far from there being any harm in the enjoyment of a good dinner, even by anticipation, it is a very commendable matter; for when the mind is well constituted, the thought of a good dinner leads to that of a friend, to the comforts of home, and all the happiness which calls for gratitude to Him who is the real Giver; and then gentle Pity breathes a word in behalf of those who may be dinnerless.

The pampered child is put in even a worse position for life, and for manliness of thought and conduct in life, than the starveling which is pinched and gnawed by habitual cravings of hunger. In the latter, the mere appetite in its natural state is that which

engrosses the attention; and though one in whom this is made the ruling habit,—the predominating feature of the character, will do any thing—cheat, steal, rob—rather than suffer from the appetite, yet it is not a condition opposed to nature: it is nature sadly perverted and degraded, certainly, but still it is nature.

The pampered have all this, as well as the others; for the artificial appetite craves as well—that is, as voraciously, as the natural one, if not more so. But there is this additional evil in the pampering, that it tempts the appetite with unnatural attractions, and thus gives it a double advantage over those mental tendencies upon which the intellectual and the moral worth of the party must ultimately depend. It is in this that the truth and force of the remark of the poet consist:—

> "Fat paunches make lean pates; and dainty bits
> Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits."

But this, though a truth, and a very general and important truth, must not be understood quite literally. Obesity, though not one of the manifestations of handsomeness, any more than its grinning and death's-head opposite, does not "bankrupt the wits" of any man who has has ever had wits to be bankrupted. If the wits are once in a man, they will remain there, though he should have as "great waist" as Falstaff facetiously complains of, as an unfortunate antithesis to the smallness of his means.

The natural tendency of pampering, that is, of cramming a child with dainties, seasoned to create false appetites, is not to produce obesity, but rather

the reverse: First, because there is always more or less of "death in the pot," in which the materials of pampering are prepared; secondly, because, if the party has the means of obtaining these things, into the use of which he has been seduced by youthful pampering, he will always overwork his stomach, and keep it in a state of disease and pain,—so that though he may be bloated, though his abdomen may be tumid, and his cellular tissue full of stagnating lymph, which will torment him with anasarca one day or other, he is always blanched and cadaverous, and there is not one ounce of wholesome fat, or a single grain of stearine, in his whole carcase; thirdly, because if he has not the means of gratifying the vitiated appetite which has been fostered in this cruel way, his inability to do this cannot fail in being a torture to him; and, if he shall not be provided for by others, he will, as matter of necessity, be driven to all the mean and dishonourable means of endeavouring to provide for himself,—goaded as he is by the unnatural burden of appetite.

We shall not occupy space by bringing forward examples of this, because they are so numerous that every person who is in the habit of observing and thinking may readily find illustrations, while upon those who neither observe nor think—if any such persons can be readers, beyond the imaginary scandal of a novel, or the real scandal of a newspaper, any example that we could bring forward would be but thrown away. We may, however, mention one case. Foolish mothers,—for, much as it is to be lamented,

there *are* foolish mothers,—very generally single out one of their offspring as a "pet-child;" and somehow or other, this child is always a peevish and sickly one, remarkable for fretting, and pet, and waywardness; and it never comes to good in after-life. The fable of the ape that fell and crushed to death the pet cub which she carried in her arms, while the neglected one that rode on her back escaped without any hurt, is as old as the time of Æsop, and it remains as true in its application as it was in the days of that profoundly philosophic slave. This were a wholesome fable to read to those doting and deluded dames, who, from merely animal regard, mentally and morally kill one of their offspring,—only the chance is, that they would not understand it though it were read, or act upon the spirit of it though they should understand it.

But, whoever may or may not understand or act upon it, if by any means the principal attention of a human being is concentrated upon the appetite for food,—the only appetite which is vigorous in the early stages, the intellectual and moral character of that human being is blighted in the bud; and it will all depend upon circumstances, and in nothing upon itself, whether it shall not, in after-life, sink to the very lowest depth of degradation and vice, and be a misery to itself and a curse to any society which is unfortunate enough to have it for a member.

If the whole attention of such a creature could be concentrated, for life, upon the stomach and its wants, then, though the character would be as low, certainly,

as even imagination can fancy, the sphere of its mischief to others, and its own eternal and unavoidable misery, might be narrowed. But, if death come not seasonably in to release society of this corrupted and corrupting member, there are stages of life to be gone through, at which the character must receive deeper spots than that of a mere slave of the belly. With puberty there come new desires,—desires which are animal in their origin, and which, if they arise in one in whom the animal predominates, will not fail to degrade the character more and more. Upon minds of intellectual and moral cast these desires have an opposite tendency: they invariably refine and elevate the character—albeit they are sometimes fatal to the morbid. But upon a character which from its youth has been trained and nurtured in all the sensuality of which its desires and abilities were capable, the effect of these more and more turbulent passions is very fatal; and while they tend in no degree to lessen the taint which has been already given, they add another which is more fearful and fatal, and prove a pestilence wide-spreading in society. To this cause we are to ascribe much of the repulsive character and brutality of individuals, and not a little of that pertinacity with which vice clings to society generation after generation, in spite of all the improvements of the arts, and the progress of the sciences. And this will be the case as long as females retain their influence, whether of precept or of example, over the early years of human life, and while daughters shall continue to be the victims of that unintellectual and

immoral character of mind which is fostered by the mothers.

Then, again, there is, at some stage of the life of every human being, excepting such as we may look upon as being utterly sunk and lost, a disposition to have an independence or status of some kind or other in the world. We believe that this is a natural desire, which all but those at the very extreme of indolence and worthlessness feel. The paternal roof may be ever so comfortable; but be its comforts what they may, we are, somehow or other, so constituted that we would not dwell under it for the whole term of our lives. There is an inherent feeling in our nature, a feeling which we are not perhaps able fully to analyze into its elements or refer to its causes, though it may not be the less general, or the less true to nature on that account.

And when we pause and reflect a little—ever so little, upon the matter, we fail not to see that this ought to be the case. The life of Man upon the earth, has no permanence: it is an ever-flowing current; and whatever may be the changes which fashion, or custom, or any of those things that mould human nature, for the time, as clay is moulded by the potter, may impress upon the different ages as they roll on, there is an uniformity of vicissitude which belongs to and characterizes them all, far more decidedly than they are characterized by fashionable and other changes from age to age. We are all infants in the arms or on the lap; we are all thoughtless youngsters intent only on the enjoyment of the hour; we are all vain

youths, big with manhood before we know what it is; we are all men of importance, even though this importance should be unknown to every soul but ourselves; and, if casualty interfere not, we all have a second childhood, the character of which is very much dependent on that of the one with which life begins,—and at the close of this the body is cradled in the earth. In the passages from stage to stage, even the close of our career, it is probable that we, at least the majority of us, lose feeling after feeling, and desire after desire, just as a tree loses its flowers, its fruit, and its leaves, in the course of its preparation for the temporary death of the winter. But, up to the middle of life—to the end of a period of years, which varies not a little in different individuals, the change is a succession of bright feelings, or hopes, of some description or another; and while this continues it carries us on; so that, be the number of years according to the calender what it may, we never get old in our own estimation—one had almost said in reality, until these successions of new feeling cease to be made. In consequence of this, some men are in their dotage at thirty, while others continue in the prime of life at threescore years and upwards; and to such as have the distinction of being in the latter predicament, the latter part of life is both the sweeter and the more valuable portion of its lapse.

But whether the duration of that which is worthy of being called life be longer or shorter, as measured by years, there is always a period of it, at which the feeling of being "for ourselves" in the world occupies

a very prominent part; and so, in this, the character is always put pretty severely to the test—so severely indeed that, to an observer of even moderate penetration, the foundations of it can be better seen than at any other stage.

Thus, if from the causes of which we have taken a slight survey, or from any other cause or causes, the mind has been thrown into an animal train in the early stages, we shall find the evidence of it here. If it has been so trained by others, or by itself, as to be gross or sensual, the fact will come out at this stage with very palpable demonstration. If dissimulation or dishonesty has previously been requisite, in order to gratify the mere appetite of youth, or the more turbulent appetites which come with puberty, it will break out in many shades of villany, in the efforts which are made in order to obtain a status in the world. And, even if the cravings of these have been met in such a way as to render direct dissimulation and villany necessary, these will be very apt to break out at this stage.

If, up to this time, the party has always been able to gratify his impulses, without having recourse to means absolutely dishonest, he will enter upon life a creature of impulses, and, as such, a dupe. In consequence of this, he will flounder about, and fail in his enterprises, and if he is worth making a victim of, he will be the victim of others for a time; and if he is not worthy of being a dupe, he will sink into utter and generally hopeless and helpless insignificance,—a burden upon his relations, if he has any able and

willing to support him, and "a hewer of wood and drawer of water" if he has none. If he has the means, or perhaps we ought rather to say, if he is the temptation to the cupidity of others, to make him continue for some time a dupe, his fate will be different, and in all probability such as would be called better in the eyes of the world, but which in a moral point of view is really worse.

We believe it is an experimental truth, that he who is the dupe of villains, and continues to be so, is in a fair way—or foul way, as it may be called, of becoming a villain himself, and retributing upon the unsuspecting innocence of others what his own folly has brought upon himself. This is not only theoretically true, but we could name instances which have, in part at least, come within the range of our own observation; and of course they who have mingled more in the world, and been more observant of its ways, will easily call many to their recollection. We have heard, and in some part known, of those who have been brought up in the mindless and impulsive way to which we have alluded,—who have got into the vortex of the world, and floundered on for some time, apparently in physical want which was abject, and moral want which was total; who have begged and borrowed, and shuffled and dissembled, and probably pilfered; who have been before courts of justice and not been very honourably acquitted there; and who have, it may be, travelled for a longer or a shorter distance, for the benefit of their moral health; but who, all the time, have been training themselves in the arts of

dissimulation and dupery; and who have advanced so well in this easy but most ignoble vocation, that "with less human genius than God gives an ape," they have succeeded, and become thriving members of society—only they were never very fond of being for any length of time in their own company. This is one way of exchanging the impulsive character for one which substitutes craft for impulse; but whether such a change is for the better, we leave the reader to judge.

Still, notwithstanding the general worthlessness of a merely impulsive character, and the "easy slope" which inclines from such a character to dissimulation and villany, there are many of the emotions which require to move with all the readiness of impulses, or with more celerity, if that were possible. There are calls made upon us to act, both on our own account and on that of our fellow men, which do not admit of any pause and weighing of circumstances at the time. In all of these, however, as indeed in everything we ought to do as moral beings, there is knowledge required; for the mere impulsive act of an ignorant person, how well soever it may be intended, is more likely to do harm than good in those cases where prompt action is demanded. Therefore, although in these cases our act is immediate, and the emotion from which we act appears to be be equally so, they are not, in any sense of the word, mere impulses of the moment: but, on the other hand, both the emotion and the act are, in the best sense of the word, deliberative, and belong to even a higher order of

character than that which has to make its deliberation in the very time when it ought to be acting upon the emotion. Indeed, a very large and very important part of the moral training of mankind, is that which prepares them for ascertaining at once whether they ought, or ought not, to act upon any given emotion. If we have undergone this training to the proper extent, we can afford to have all our feelings in constant readiness, so that we can use any or all of them at the instant, for our own gratification, or the good of our fellows.

The summing up of the whole imperfection of a character in which the emotions are mere momentary influences,—the grand vice or misfortune of this unhappy temperament consists in this, that the mental states do not succeed each other in connected trains of thought, flowing regularly from an induction of many well-arranged premises to a sound, valuable, and useful conclusion, upon which the party can act with equal honour and benefit. No schooling, either by direct teaching or by experience, can give greatness to such a character; for the lessons and experiences come as scraps, which are disjointed by the intervening emotions, and thus do not return to the mind in suggestion at those times when they are required. This character is the "fool," whom Solomon says you may bray in a mortar without taking his folly from him; and the saying is strictly and literally true. The same circumstances under which he has already suffered merely from the rashness of his impulses, may occur again and again, a hundred times

over; but before the warning, which the former experience would instantly bring to the assistance of a well-disciplined mind, can be found in the lumber-house of his unarranged experiences, the emotion comes, the deed is done; and the experience which, before the act, would have been a guide, only comes in time to be a tormentor, which it fails not to be, and one of much bitterness for the time.

But even in this the lesson is of no permanent profit. The infliction which it gives at the moment may be as severe as braying in a mortar; and a momentary resolution may be formed. The resolution is, however, of no avail, for it is at the mercy of the next impulse; and to such a character the slightest temptation is sufficient to break through all restraint: ay—even if temptation comes not from anything without, a mind of this unstable mould will find one in its own restless instability. In those moments of anguish with which the lives of such men are so thickly spotted, they are very apt to blame the world, and pity themselves, for the many misfortunes which, in spite of the very best intentions on their part, they are doomed to suffer from the hardship and cruelty of a world all unworthy of them. Now, so far from the wickedness of the world having any concern in bringing about that state of things which puts them in these frequent and short fits of most lachrymose, but most unprofitable repentance, the fault is wholly their own, and they are miserable not because the world is unworthy of them, but because they are unworthy of the world. While they are young, their im-

pulses hurry them into all manner of pecuniary and other difficulties connected with their condition in life; and, by these means, even the animal warmth and buoyancy of temper which gives a semblance of greatness for a time, even when there is none in reality, is worn and rotted out of them; and nothing remains but the cold-hearted vices, which are always the portion of age without honour, in what sphere of life soever that unamiable age may be placed.

They are, so to speak, habitual gamesters in the world, dependent solely upon the chances, which, as is the case with young and inexperienced frequenters of the gaming-table, are always against them. But their progress is that of gamesters; for, as they find that the chances of the *fair* game are always against them on the whole, they turn their attention to the dishonourable part of the play, by which professed gamblers win; and in this they very often succeed—upon the well-known affinity which makes gamblers prefer a brother black-leg next to a dupe, or a pack of hounds to prefer a hound that joins in the chase next to the game that they are running down.

Thus gambling, though it applies to the life generally, and the party is at the outset profligate, squanderer, and dupe, according to his means, is yet not wholly metaphorical. The impulsive disposition is that which supplies the gaming-table with all its attendants, and drives private companies to the wretched shift of gaming, as the only way in which they can make an evening bearable to themselves and their friends. This is a most wretched pass, to which even

rational and orderly persons in the way of business can be reduced. You may often hear the same parties, and even with a pack of cards in their hands, whining most lugubriously about the shortness of life, —"that they are so busy—they really do not know how to turn themselves—there are so many things in arrear already, and so many more likely to be in the same predicament soon, that they really do not know what to do with themselves." No doubt that they are pressed for *useful* time—for time to do that which they ought to do, and which, if they neglect it, it will make them repent. But how can it be otherwise? They are not to suppose that nature will give them time just that they may squander it in idleness or profligacy. If they will loiter or play, what claim have they to any share of the reward of the working? If they will gratify their impulses when they ought to be informing their minds, how can they avoid being fools, and suffering for their folly? If they will throw away all their experience, by which alone they can be guided to that which is right and for their advantage, how can they escape being in constant misery? The vices and follies of mankind cannot surely be expected to change the laws of nature or of human life, when all the wisdom of man cannot alter them one single iota?

That folly and vice recoil in vengeance upon the heads of their perpetrators, even in the present life, and putting the just and certain retribution of Heaven out of the question, is just as certain as that a lump of lead shall fall, if the string, by which it hangs sus-

pended, is broken. However broken and disjointed the conduct of a creature of impulses may be, they cannot surely expect that the laws of either the physical or the moral world will be also broken and disjointed, to fit *them?* The fact is, that, though we cannot, from the strangely erratic nature of the subjects of our observation, demonstate the law of succession in human action, in the same clear and mathematical manner as we can demonstrate the laws of planetary motion, the law is as constant in the one case as it is in the other; and so, if we perform any action, or follow any line of conduct, or error of thought, be it what it may, we must bear the consequences, and cannot by possibility escape them.

In as far as the mere chattel of life—the money or that which money will purchase—is concerned, we may make the increased industry and parsimony of one time make up for the idleness and extravagance of another: at least we *think* so. The experiment is doubtful, however,—at all events it is dangerous. There is a wonderful power of combination and conspiracy, both in idleness and in dissipation. All the acts of each of them are things of the same kind, and then they go together and make a whole which has the strength of the bundle of rods; and the desultory virtues, among which there is no such similarity and tendency to union, are borne down by the weight of the phalanx. The instant that the thought or the action takes place,—that instant the consequence is down upon the record—the record of actual events in case of action; and so also, in the case of thought, if

we act upon that thought. Even in our chattel matters, which, though they engross so much of our time and our attention, are but as small dust in the balance of even our earthly happiness, we find a demonstration of the truth of the laws both of the invariable sequence of cause and effect in the events of life, and of the wonderful tendency to union and strength causing faults and errors.

It is proverbial that "misfortunes never come singly;" and that, in what is called good luck, "it never rains but it pours." These proverbs must, like all other proverbs, have had their foundation in observed facts; and there are few who have attended to the succession of events in their own lives, that have not had experience of the truth to some extent or other. No doubt the feeling of one misfortune, or one happy turn in our favour, draws the attention to the class of events to which it belongs; but this is the very cause which, previously operating unheeded, brings the accumulation upon us. Misfortunes *do*, in themselves, come singly; but when we have committed one act the necessary result of which is misfortune, that disposes us to another, the two to a third, and so on; while, lulled by the security of our own folly, we become the more unable to strive the more they accumulate, until the system of self-deception becomes so great that it gives way of its own accumulation, and we then feel the end of that of which we neglected the beginning. In these accumulations of misfortunes, or in the opposite accumulations which sometimes astonish, and even ruin the

weak with their good luck, there is not an atom of what we, in the loose language with which we try to cover our ignorance, call chance. Whether the effects come for our weal or for our woe, they are all the results of adequate causes,—causes which necessarily produce these effects, and which will produee none other, how often soever they may come into operation. But when we allow ourselves to be carried away by momentary impulses of emotion, we do not see the relations of cause and effect, and thus we must just endure what comes, without any preparation for its coming. This is the necessary consequence of a life of impulses; and whatever may be the rank or the station of the man who has suffered this unhappy temperament of mind to grow into a habit, he can never be truly great or truly happy. They who would avoid being thus wretched and worthless must begin it betimes; for if it once settles down into a habit, it is incurable: and whatever may be the phenomena of the moral ruin, it is complete, through time and eternity.

Reflective Emotions, or *Reflections*, are the opposites of Impulses, even although the cause of the emotion, and the emotion itself, should both be precisely the same; and the Reflection is nothing but a general name for the exercise of the mind, in those intellectual states in which there is no emotion, and no external observation to disturb the course of thought. The process is, in itself, a simple one, being nothing more than the comparing of one subject of thought with another, and the ascertaining from this compa-

rison of how and in what they agree or differ. But the subjects compared often render this process a difficult one, simple as it is in itself. They may be very complicated,—as a whole train of conduct, involving many acts, and the interests of many parties. They may be obscure, too, in many of their parts; for there are few complicated trains of reasoning, and, perhaps, none of action, in which there are not some indeterminate elements of which we are unable to assign the exact values. When we are unable to do this, we must make approximations—must rate the indeterminate elements at what we *think* they are worth; and it is upon the correctness of this thinking that the value of our minds, and all our moral worth and happiness, depend.

Every *new* element of thought is, of course, in so far indefinite, and always requires this careful thinking; but the thinking in a new case, or a case involving new elements—for there can be no case of thought wholly new—it is not the new elements about which our thoughts are or can be occupied. In as far as anything, be it what it may, is quite new to us, it cannot be in itself the subject of thought at all. We of course know that it is; and we wish to know what it is, how it came, what use it can be applied to, and a great many other particulars about it; but not one of these is knowledge. They are, or they should be, the desires of knowledge; and the desire is that which puts us in the way of obtaining the knowledge, or, at all events, the impulse which leads us to ask the way; but when we have obtained the knowledge, that of

which we have obtained it is no longer new. The knowledge which we have received for the very first time this moment, is just as much our own, and as ready for use, as if we had been in possession of it for fifty years; and thus, in arriving at one single portion of knowledge of which we are in quest, we may perhaps find out a hundred others which are even more valuable than it, and yet of which we were totally ignorant, until they burst upon us, all unsought and unexpected. Thus it is that mental industry—that exercise of the mind which is interrupted and destroyed by impulsive emotions—is always rewarded above the measure of its desires, while the ungratified desires of the indolent and the impulsive are always embarrassment and misery.

The man who thus compares, examines, and makes himself acquainted with the subjects of his thoughts, knows the value of the whole of his own personal experience, and of all that he has gleaned from teachers, books, conversation, or otherwise,—of the experience of others respecting the nature of things, the succession of events, the laws which these, in all their departments, follow, and everything else that can in any way be the subject of human thought. The whole is, at all times and upon every occasion, ready for use; and forms a stable basis or groundwork to the mind, by means of which it is kept right in all its states, whether of emotion or of anything else. If the mind is thus disciplined, nothing can come upon it unawares; and although it cannot know and control the whole train and succession of events,

yet it can preserve its balance and equanimity, happen what may.

And, without directly referring to confidence in the Supreme Being, though probably arising out of that confidence, the mind which is thus disciplined has a serenity which the unstable and the impulsive never know. These move through life in doubt and fear, uncertain what shall happen; and just as if all the future moments of their lives were to be drawn out of a lottery, and be prizes or blanks according to the turning of a wheel of which they themselves are ignorant. The man who has made himself acquainted with the succession of events, and taken heed how causes and effects follow each other, not only infers with certainty the future event from the past and present part of the succession to which he knows that it belongs, but he has a belief in those matters beyond the mere perception of the senses. There is an inward feeling that the *activity* to which events in their succession are owing, will not slacken or stand still. There is a personal, habitual, and unshaken and unshakeable confidence in the fact of causation; and we can no more, when we once know and understand it, cease to believe that, in circumstances exactly alike, the results must be exactly the same, than we can cease to believe that we are ourselves, and fancy that we are beings with seven heads and ten horns, inhabiting the ring of Saturn.

In this habitual consciousness of causation,—of the fact that every effect does and must of necessity follow its cause, we have a rule of life which turns ex-

perience, whether our own or that of others, into an invaluable, and, in ordinary matters, an unerring guide,—by means of which we are delivered from the false fears, and the hollow and delusive hopes, of those who, always disturbed by impulses, and incapable of thought, look upon the events of their lives as a lottery.

And there is this consolation for every man in the matter,—that it is not the amount of the experience, but the capacity of using it aright, upon which the whole of the value turns. It is not "how much" a man may know, but "to what end and purpose" he knows it, that constitutes the value. There may be a man who has a perfectly well-constituted and disciplined mind, and who yet does not know one letter of the alphabet; and so may there be men whose minds are unstable and good for nothing, although they have "gone through" all the courses of education at all the schools and colleges. We here use the words "gone through" much in the same sense as the tumbler and the hoops are alluded to by the satirist, in illustration of the very same point:—

> "Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
> Such skill in passing all, and touching none."

We do so advisedly; for, to the honour of true science be it spoken, no man can be imbued with the genuine spirit of that, and remain in the slough of the mindless. For a similar reason, we doubt whether, in an age like the present, when the diffusion, if not of knowledge itself, at least of the elementary means of knowledge, is so general all over the country,—we

doubt whether any man whose mind is rightly constituted, can remain ignorant, not only of the first elements of knowledge, but of some considerable advances in the reality, whether those advances should be similar to the formal systems or not. We also doubt whether, among the more favoured part of society, in respect of means and leisure, there is any individual of well-constituted mind who has not made considerable advances, if not in any of the named branches, yet in that scientific habit of mind which is, in truth, the foundation of them all. We state these points merely as beliefs; but any one who chooses to examine them closely, can easily turn them to matters of demonstration. We have never met with a man of much wealth and much leisure, but without anything like scientific speculation in him, who was not of coarse and vulgar mind, and not very clear in his notions of moral right and wrong. We do not particularly allude to men who, with little or no education, have raised themselves to opulence; for, if the opulence has been honestly come by, these always have something superior about them; and though their words may be ungrammatical, there is always a good deal of logical concatenation in their ideas, even when those ideas are so much out of the common way that one is inclined to smile at them. Those to whom we allude as being of inferior mind, may be very grammatical in their mere words; but what they embody in those words always has a bias to nonsense in it, unless when it is mere compliment or commonplace.

But, leaving such matters to the observation of the reader, who may, with very little trouble, confirm them to any extent he may desire, it must be seen at once that a mind under this habitual discipline of thought, always understanding the event, and always prepared for it, must be far more free, both for action and for enjoyment,—and mental action is the highest and most delightful of all enjoyment—enjoyment which neither fatigues nor palls, but which increases in vigour as it increases in intensity,—than the unsettled mind, which is kept in constant anxiety about every event, and which is tossed to and fro like the waves of the troubled sea, by emotions which can neither be stilled nor satisfied.

The man of mere impulses does not know when he is happy, or what can make him so: he is continually resorting to the pleasures of sense, one after another; and after a very little of the novelty is over, he finds no pleasure in any of them. One and all, they are fatigue to the body, and weariness to the spirit; and though, in proportion as he can afford it, the ingenuity of thousands is constantly upon the rack to find him all that is choice and varied in bodily delight, a very large portion of his time is consumed in ennui and utter wretchedness, which the man whose mind is occupied never feels. All the club-houses, gaming-tables, and other resorts, named or unnamed, of the habitually thoughtless and occasionally idle, are contrivances for getting rid of ennui; but they are all of no effect, as is proved by the listless and yawning faces which are so plentiful in all such dens. Winter

brings "the world" to town; summer takes them to the country; they quarter the whole earth, and ride, and roll, here, there, and everywhere, in the hope that they may escape the torment of this same demon of ennui; but it will not quit. It is with them by sea and by land; on the banks of the Rhone as on those of the Serpentine; and Nova Zembla, or the Lord knows where, is just as redolent of misery as Grosvenor-square or St. James's. It cannot be otherwise, for they are one and all possessed of the demon, which demon will haunt them in all time and through eternity. The mind is vacant; and there is no regular and enforced labour of the hands to keep it quiet. As we descend in the ranks of life, it is the same; for the wife of the thriving tradesman, who has not exactly Mammon to cleave to as her idol, gets tired of custard, and cards, and city company, and longs for new scenes and new faces,—no, not that, for there would be some speculation in it, and it would shake the throne of the fiend for a little,—she longs to get rid of self and home, and all the large and lumbering comforts of home, which have been indulged in again and again, *ad nauseam*; and the tradesman's wife is very sick. Outward she steams and sickens to the shores of Kent, where she meets London again; but it is "London out of town," and as such it is new for a day; but the beach is so rough, the roads are so sloppy, the cows have such terrible horns, and the people are so vulgar that they pay no respect to "gentlefolks." Then that provoking creature Mrs. Buggs, and her two gawky daughters, attract all the attention of the

lounge; and—"O, what a shocking place Margate is!" before the good lady knows anything about it. She returns, blessing herself with the adage that "Home is home," which being said or sung, she yawns for half an hour, and then plunges into the depth of sleep, there to hide herself for a moment from the vacancy of her own mind. It is not our object to paint portraits, else we might easily fill every museum; but what we have said will suffice to call the reader's attention to the fact.

But it is not in the control of its emotions only, and the absence of ennui, and relief from the heartless necessity of being driven to the alternative of dissipation, as the means of escape from the torment of self,—it is not in these alone that the advantages of a well-disciplined and properly-occupied mind consist. There is a pleasure in the mere exercise of the mind, more full, more refreshing, and more completely ours, and always at our command, than any of the pleasures of the mindless, let them be purchased at what price they may. This is not the same pleasure which the mind and the body enjoy together, when we observe the productions and the phenomena of nature around us, with a view of finding out the properties of the one, and the causes of the other. It is not the pleasure which we derive from the conversation of a friend, be that friend ever so amiable, intelligent, and excellent in himself, or ever so much endeared to us by the reciprocity of kindly offices. It is not the pleasure which we derive from the perusal of a book, even though the subject of that book is our favourite study,

and the book is the production of the foremost man under the sun.

These are pleasures, and exquisite pleasures, in their way,—far higher than those that have respect only to our state and possessions in life, and which the vulgar can enjoy as well as the refined; but still they are "of the earth earthly,"—there is a feeling of want of endurance about them, which taints them with melancholy, even in the moments when they are most racy. Yet a few months, and the beauty of the landscape will be gone; and those groves which are now in all the breadth of their beauty, and in all the volume of their song, shall be in the desolation of their seasonal death, and not a sound shall be heard in them but the howl of the winter wind, and the crash of the rending bough. Those very fields shall become old and exhausted, and they shall be gathered to their tomb under ocean's lowest wave; or a volcanic deluge shall be poured upon them from the bowels of the earth. The earth itself shall wax old as doth a garment; and the heavens, with all their starry host, shall pass away as a scroll when it is rolled together; and we have the feeling, the hope, the well-assured confidence, that we shall survive them all. Therefore, the immortal spirit cannot act upon these, in the full tide of mental enjoyment: they are lovely in their season, but they perish, and leave us alone and subjectless. The friend and the book are even less satisfactory, for they are more limited,—more trammelled in by time and place.

But the knowledge which we have made our own

by mental perception cannot be taken from us by any lapse of time, or any casualty of events. However perishable the subjects or the events from which we derived it, our mind has stamped it with the impress of its own duration. If it is a mushroom that springs up in a night, a morning fly of an hour's duration in the winged state, a meteor of the autumnal sun, the gleam of the lightning in the cloud, or any the most fleeting subject that can come within the range of our observation, the instant that the mind lays hold of it as knowledge, it becomes an immortal. The knowledge which the mind possesses is thus the mind's own,—a heritage of which no power and no circumstance can deprive it.

This mental knowledge, too, is not after the nature of that which is collected in a cabinet or a *hortus siccus*. It is not immortal knowledge merely; for the mind has the power of endowing it with immortal life, so that it may be the means of other knowledge without end, and all this with pleasure to the mind, and without the slightest fatigue or exhaustion. Farther, it is knowledge from the elaboration of which in the mind emotions will arise, far more lively, far more touching, and far more exquisite in the enjoyment, than any which have respect to the external system of things. Such is its power of communicating, not mere tranquillity, but absolute delight, that we may say with truth, that he who never felt one of those emotions which are purely intellectual in their origin, their object, and their end, has yet to learn what it is to be truly happy. All that appertains to this world, how-

ever exquisite it may feel to those who know no better, has the sting of death in it; and the mind becomes wearied of it, as of something mean and unworthy. They who are low and grovelling in mind, how high soever they may be in possession, in rank, or in office, must make the most of these things; but there is something pitiable even in the most pompous of their displays. Take the appearance and trim of the principal actors, upon one of the great national festivals, when the pomp of the world is strained to its utmost, and the occasion is such as the millions of a great nation can rationally exult in, in a national sense of the word, and without the idea that misery to a single section or individual of the human race is in the slightest degree compromised by anything connected with the pageant,—take the principal actors in this, the most lofty, the most loyal, and the most free from cause of regret, of any nature whatsoever, of all national raree-shows; and when you have noted them well, go to Bartholomew fair, or any other place where figurantes display their frippery and play their tricks in the hope of their half-pennies; and, when you have done so, sit down calmly, and find out for yourself, in the judgment of sober reason, wherein lies the mighty difference between them. In cost and in courtly demeanour there may be a little; but we believe we may say of both, that their trappings are the best they can afford, and their manners are the best suited for the accomplishment of their objects; and it is but the transfer of a few pounds of money, and of a few gewgaws and bits of parchment, and the two might change

places any day, and the world be never much the better for the exchange,—or much the worse.

It must not be supposed that we mention this with any view or any wish to undervalue, far less to injure, those whom the world "delights to honour;" and whom, if the world did not honour, the said world—considering it as a present world only—would be most ungrateful and wicked. Such matters have always hitherto been found—or, which amounts to pretty nearly the same, deemed—necessary for the world's proper government; and, *quoad* the world, every one is bound to pay them that reverence which is essential to their good. But when we leave the world out of the account, and come to the consideration of Man as a Moral being, and with relation to eternity, truth and justice demand of us that we should estimate such matters at no more than their moral worth.

The region of pure thought,—that in which the mind of every man has its own kingdom,—is one into which no power or authority upon earth can enter, and the enjoyment of which is in nowise dependent upon anything that the most powerful man, or combination of men, can do. It is that retreat of the mind to which the poet alludes, though perhaps with a little too much bitterness of sarcasm—which shows that there was some wound of his worldly pride, smarting and unhealed, while he writes:—

> "Bear me, some god, O quickly bear me hence,
> To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense;
> Where Contemplation trims her ruffled wings,
> And the free soul looks down—to pity kings."

The pitying of kings, or of any other class or denomination of persons, is not the proper occupation in this high and piously-intellectual region of thought. "Good-will to the whole human race,"—kings, priests, or what name soever they may be called by,—is the feeling, and the only feeling, in the possession of which a man can enter profitably on this chosen and peculiar heritage of his own mind; and if he enters it not with this feeling, he cannot be said to enter it at all.

But if the feeling is true to nature, the possessor of his own mind is secure. The world has no power over his happiness there; and though immured in a dungeon, or on his way to the scaffold, he may be far more free and happy than the man of the mere world, who is "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day." No threat, no vengeance, and no cruelty of man, be it exercised in what manner or to what extent it will, can in any way invade or disturb this mental kingdom. It feels none of the hardships of the body; and being immortal, as the mind itself is immortal, the fear of death has no influence whatever upon it. Hence, this is the foundation of all that is truly great and heroic in the human character; and those illustrious men whom we venerate as having stood manfully, and even to the death, for the best interests of the human race, when, in evil times, those were in peril, have all had their strength in this grand mental resource. It cannot, of course, be perfect, unless religion is blended with it; and unless it is based upon the doctrine of the immortality

of the mind, it cannot exist. As virtue and religion are sometimes counterfeited by hypocrisy, so as to impose upon the majority of the human race, so there is a counterfeit of this true greatness, which is, upon some occasions, displayed by the very worst and most abandoned of the race; but, as in the case of hypocrisy, so in this case, the fraud is easily seen through by any one who is in the habit of studying human nature with that closeness wherewith it ought to be studied. He who tries to counterfeit real dignity of character by foolhardiness, is always, in the first place, a daringly bad man,—a man who has been before at enmity with all the laws of society, and a scorner of all the charities of life; and, in the second place, the determination not to be shaken,—"dying game," as it is called among the worst and most hardened of felons,—always has the same air of restraint and want of nature about it which we can perceive in a man whom we know to be a villain, when he attempts to play the religieux.

If this thorough discipline of the mind, by means of which it can find its fullest exercise and its highest pleasure in its own thoughts, can thus triumph over all the ills of life, and even death itself, in its most appalling forms, we may be prepared to expect that it should regulate the emotions, so as to direct the general current and purpose of them for the good of the party. Such accordingly is the case. No regulation of the mind can, it is true, change the nature of Man; and, therefore, the emotions of the man of best-regulated mind are of the same kind, in their

general nature and objects, as those of the man of mere impulses,—just as a temperate man supports his body by eating and drinking, as well as he who is a glutton and debauchee. It is also highly probable that a man of the best regulated mind draws far more pleasure from his emotions, even when those emotions are wholly toward the objects of the present world, than a man whose impulses will never allow him to rest.

The one man and the other may have the very same emotions, and those of the man of regulated mind may even be more keen and excitable than those of the mere man of impulses. They have also every chance of being far more numerous; for the impulsive man has not only no emotions arising from mental states, but even his emotions arising from the matters of the world, though turbulent as far as they go, are apt to be confined to the train of his merely animal passions and worldly propensities. But there is this grand difference between them,—that the knowledge of the one comes instantly to tell him whether he should or should not act upon the impulse; while the other flounders on in his ignorance, always falling into error, and exposing himself to danger, living a life of perpetual turmoil, without enjoyment and without hope.

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE EMOTIONS.

All the emotions may be arranged into two great classes, those which are pleasurable, and those which are painful; because the subject of any mental state, which can, with propriety, be called an emotion, is always something which we desire to have, or desire to be without; but this distinction, though one which is very obvious at first sight, is not one which is very precise or valuable in its application. The same emotion which is pleasurable to one man may be painful to another; and both of these may take place in such an endless number of shades, that no definition, however ample, could be so framed as to include them all. Besides this, all our feelings, whatever they may be, come under the denomination of emotions, for the mind is more or less excited in them all; but there are many of those feelings which can hardly be said to involve in them anything either pleasurable or painful, at least in a moral sense; and though the greater part of them can be arranged as opposites, in some way or other, it does not appear that any very useful conclusion can be drawn from this simple mode of arrangement.

There is, however, another arrangement in which it may be useful to consider them. At all events, it will give us a sort of basis for a classification—a matter which is desirable, when we attempt to examine phenomena so very evanescent, and so variable in different individuals, and in different states of the same individual, as the emotions.

The arrangement to which we allude is that of time, not of course as referred to any fixed chronological epoch, but simply in the same way as we refer verbs, or the words which denote states, to time. There is more in this coincidence of affections and works, in respect of time, than we should, at first thought, be apt to suppose, though that such ought to be the case we can easily understand, after paying even a very little attention to the subject. An emotion is a state of the mind, and as such the original expression for it must be a verb; or if we use it as an abstract name, that name is still a verbal noun,—the name of a state, not of a substance.

Past, present, and future, are the three general ways in which we refer verbs to time, and the emotions admit of the same; but as it is to be understood that the verb itself is present to the speaker or reader, and the hearer, at the time that it is mentioned, whether in its own tense it takes the past, the present, or the future form and meaning, so in the case of emotions, every emotion is present when it is felt, and when it ceases to be felt it is gone. Thus, in reality, no emotion can be either past or future, any more than a man who speaks or reads at present, can pronounce a

past or a future word in so doing. All our thoughts, all our feelings, and all our words, are present; and when we allude to them as past, or as future, it is only in the way of relation.

But we have a deep interest in the past; for the experience of the past is our counsellor and guide, our approver when we have done well, and our reprover and tormentor when we have done amiss. Therefore, the most thoughtless of our race can hardly be without some emotions, with regard to the past. So also, on the other hand, there is much of our interest in the future,—more, perhaps, than in the past. When we understand our intellectual and immortal nature, the future is to us a term of life without end, during which, after a very few years at the beginning have passed over us, we shall be for ever happy, or for ever miserable.

Hence those emotions which have respect to the past and the future are the most deeply interesting to us: they occupy far more of our attention than those which relate merely to the present moment, and far more of the real pain or pleasure of our existence depends upon them. Some of the simplest of our present emotions, too, may be indifferent in a moral sense: they may come from objects which we neither desire nor fear,—objects which simply attract our attention, and do not necessarily give rise to any knowledge, or even a wish for knowledge, on our part.

Emotions which are retrospective of the past, or prospective of the future, never come thus simply and alone. Their objects are not present to be their

causes, without any antecedent state of mind on our part; and, therefore, every emotion which has respect either to the past or the future, must be preceded by some other mental state, as its antecedent or cause. This antecedent or cause is generally also more or less complex,—belongs to some train of thought, which is of sufficient importance to link itself in some way or other with our feeling of our weal or our woe; and thus the retrospective and the prospective emotions are, to no inconsiderable extent, indications of the general character of the party; and, could we see them all fully and fairly, they would be a very ample and faithful book in which to read the moral history of mankind. But here there is a power of concealment which is, in all probability, most wisely given; for were we to see all the emotions of men, the probability is that the picture would be very dark, and no man would thenceforth trust another.

Even our present emotions are seldom purely simple states of the mind, for they depend on various causes, both external and internal; and when they have any considerable degree of strength or vividness, they call up other states of the mind; and they may, in this way, lead to important trains both of thought and of action.

Respecting the particular character of the emotions which we may feel at any particular time, whether they are present, or retrospective, or prospective, there is one modifying circumstance which requires to be attended to before we can, even from our own emotions, form a perfectly fair and candid judgment as to

our own real state. These are "moods of the mind," produced by circumstances which are sometimes physical, sometimes mental, and sometimes so obscure in their causes that we know not to what to trace them. It is in this, as much as in anything else, that we see the wonderful sympathy and reciprocity between the body and the mind. If the body has been disordered—not definitely diseased, but in that state in which we feel that something is the matter, but are unable to say what—if the sleep has been broken and disturbed, and the transitions from troubled sleep to yet more troubled wakefulness are "scared with dreams, and terrified with visions," which are always of an unpleasant description upon such occasions—if we doze after the day has some time dawned, which always adds to the misery of a restless night—if, when we get up, the sky is murky with impending storms, which casts a physical gloom upon the face of things,—then all these gloomy circumstances accumulate upon our feelings, and the most painful emotions come from the past, the present, and the future. Not a single circumstance may have happened to make us regret the past, but pain in the present, or fear and apprehension of the future; and yet all the three may pour out the vials of their wrath, and the mind may be depressed with anguish hardly to be borne, so that even our best friend is an annoyance, the most favourable news a tale of sound, and our favourite pursuit a weariness. This may be of longer or of shorter duration; but, while it lasts, we may feel all the horror and misery of a ruined man, and that

with tenfold more pain than if it were real, even when, in truth, everything is going on as prosperously as it can by possibility go. Thus wretched can we be in our emotions, and that from circumstances which we cannot fully explain, although the greater part of them *appear* to be physical. We say "appear," for the matter is a shadowy one; and thus it is doubtful whether they are physical in reality.

And there are other times and circumstances which tend to increase the difficulty. There may be, and there are, other occasions upon which, dreams and visions apart, the night is really more restless, and the sky is in deeper gloom, and yet we get up with all the buoyancy that can be imagined, set about our avocations with vigour, and all looks fair and promising, and goes on cheerily and well. Any one who has only a moderate share of feeling, and attends to the working of it, must remember, in his own experience, many instances of these apparently opposite effects of the very same physical circumstances,—at least the same in all that we can by possibility observe; and that is sameness to us, in every comprehendable sense of the word.

The point is a curious one, and one that requires to be taken into the account before we can come to any positive conclusion about the emotions; and it is one upon which we would not venture to offer a decided opinion. We are inclined, however, to think that the cause is much more of a mental than of a physical nature; and that it is chiefly to be attributed to mental indolence,—indolence which may be greater

or less according to the general habit of the party affected; but which is below the average when those gloomy fits come on, probably as wise, just, and wholesome reproofs for this same mental indolence. We have, too constantly and intimately for allowing of the possibility of mistake, known those who have had enough of what is called hardship and difficulty in the world,—and hardship of which it would have been vain to complain, and not absolutely fair to blame themselves; and we have seen them bear this—even when hopelessly protracted, and when they felt that no effort could disentangle them from the causes—with very considerable equanimity of temper. We have also known them, or at all events heard of them, as undergoing very considerable mental labour, without much to relieve the burden of it, but the simple pleasure of the labour itself; and while they were closely occupied in this, we never heard of any nights of restlessness, or days of gloom. But when they paused to take that relaxation which, according to the vulgar opinion, labour of this kind demands, when it is long and sedulously followed, we have known that they passed nights of horror, and that the days which they had set apart for relaxation and pleasure, proved to them days of the utmost misery and gloom, to which no parallels arose, either from the untowardness of worldly circumstances, or from what, among most people, would have been regarded as the excess of mental exertion. We might mention names in corroboration, but the parties are distant; and were they near, we are not sure that we could ask their permission, or get it if we did ask.

These circumstances,—and we attended to them carefully, and without bias one way or another—or at all events with no bias in favour of the conclusion at which we arrived—by fair induction we are sure;—these circumstances have enabled us to come to definite conclusions upon two points which are not unimportant. In the first place, there is no trusting to the emotions of the day, as expressive of the general state and character of any human being; and, in the second place, there is really no such thing as fatiguing or wearing out the mind by study or intellectual labour of any sort, so that it shall require, or in any way profit by, pause or rest. The body may need repose, but the mind never does. On the contrary, while rest is refreshment to the body, it is injury to the mind; and if rest is taken beyond what the mere necessities of the body require, the mind will not only be affected in itself, but will throw a part, and no inconsiderable part, of the burden which it feels upon the body, so that the two may be unhappy together. If our sleep has been sound, and of that moderate length which is most conducive to a vigorous state both of the body and the mind, then at our awakening we are every way in tone; and brief space before we start from our pillow will suffice to arrange all the plans of the day, and to arrange it in a far more perfect manner than can be done at any other time.

If, while this mental and bodily vigour—this renewal of the whole man, which may in an eminent and appropriate manner be called the *Emotion of the Morning*, is in its full vigour, we get up and enter vigour-

ously upon our avocation, whatever it may be, whether bodily labour, study, mere observation, or any thing else, the rapidity, the vigour, the ease, and the success with which we proceed are truly astonishing,—so much so that one would be almost tempted to believe that there is a spirit in all things animate and inanimate, which co-operates with the man who is up betimes. And it is not a matter which fatigues and exhausts, as does the forced effort of the sluggard, when he comes yawning from his bed after the morning is far advanced, works himself into a turmoil of hurry, and actually does more harm than good; for the body and the mind work perfectly to each other; and the one to call and the other to obey are equally ready. The thoughts and the emotions come readily and unbidden, all of the very kind, and in the very degree, most conducive to success in that which is in progress; and there is no wandering, no reproving—nothing to disturb the tranquillity of the time. Not only this; for there is a healing of the spirit in this indefinable emotion of the morning. If we have been angry, or in any way ill at our ease, on the preceding evening, and have felt that, like Jonah when the worm cut down his gourd, we "did well" to be angry, the breath of the morn blows it all away. No reproach comes from the past, no fearful boding from the future; and, both for enjoyment and for usefulness, we are as far in the right way as human creatures can possibly be.

If, however, we neglect the warning which we receive in that morning elasticity of the mind which

prepares us so well for the labour of the day; or if we attempt to "bury the talent" which it confers upon us in the indulgence of another sleep, then it is to a certainty taken from us, and we are useless and miserable for the day, without being able to account for the latter. If, too, we allow ourselves to be sluggards in this matter, we, as a thing of course, become sluggards in all matters, and whatever we may think of ourselves, we become pests and nuisances on the face of the earth. In the beginning of this course of mental and moral degradation, we cannot escape certain twinges of remorse which embitter us at the time, and produce flickering resolutions of amendment. These, however, are not enough to reform,—they are only enough to disturb; and so, as is the case with all imperfect remorses, in all cases of moral delinquency, they embitter our condition without reclaiming us from our vice; so that the sluggard of the morning has every chance of being a snarler throughout the day; and when once this is confirmed into a habit, the intellectual, moral, and physical degradation is complete, and there is less hope than in the case of one who has been guilty of an insulated crime.

Indisposition is generally pleaded in justification of this indolence, and there cannot be a more appropriate plea; for, if the party will but persevere, there is the certainty that a diseased habit of body will be induced, which will, in so far at least, convert into a necessity that which at the outset was only a vice. This is the case in all vices which become habitual. They may

be offensive to us at the outset; and we may be initiated into them by the direct temptation of others, the fear of being accounted mean, and a variety of other causes. But after a time, they become as it were a second nature to us; and we are quite miserable without them, nor is there anything that we would not sacrifice for their accomplishment. Slothfulness is a habit, and perhaps it grows upon us faster than most other habits,—as it is one in which we need no companionship, and which, therefore, we can indulge under any circumstances.

It may be supposed that the simple fact of our being active or slothful in the morning, has not much to do with the emotions, either the immediate ones or those that have reference to the past or the future. But if the matter is considered ever so slightly, it will soon become apparent that this circumstance has a wonderful influence upon the strength, the ardour, and even the nature and kind of every emotion. Were we writing an abstract treatise on the physiology of the emotions, considered as phenomena of the human mind as a mere subject of abstract philosophy, we might, perhaps, omit these modifying circumstances with propriety; but in a work the aim of which is to be plain, practical, and useful to those who have no systematic philosophy, the case is widely different. Philosophically, an emotion may be the same, by whomsoever or in what manner soever it is felt, or even whether it is ever felt by any body or not. But in practice, where, if we are to look usefully at all, we must look at the effects, the mood which we are in

when the emotion arises, is as important for our consideration as the emotion itself, if, indeed, it is not the more important of the two.

In the case of the immediate emotions, this is especially requisite. They, or at least the greater number of them, are consequent upon sensation, or have their immediate causes in objects of sense. Now, slothfulness, especially that bad, perhaps the very worst, type of it to which we have alluded, as cutting off those wretched creatures which give themselves up to its influence, tends to deaden all the senses. The muscles lose their tone, the tendons their elasticity, and the very substance of the body becomes crude and weak. It is incapable of sensation, and we can pay it no higher compliment than to say that "there is just life in it, and that is all." "Well, but," rejoins the sluggard, "how can you expect me to be active? I am really *so ill*, and the least exertion gives me a giddiness of the head, a palpitation of the heart, or— something, that shakes me to pieces." Most likely; and you deserve it all, for you have brought it upon yourself; and though it probably may be, and most likely is, too late now, there was a time when you yourself, or those others to whom you are indebted for your present wretched and helpless condition, could and should have prevented it. Remember that your body was given you as a talent, for the improvement or the neglect of which you will be called to account, and that sharply. Remember, too, that it acts in a double capacity; — for itself, for preservation, for health, and for vigour in all its functions; and for the

mind, as the instrument of all its knowledge of external nature, and all its intercourse therewith. You may whine, or grumble, or bluster against the law, the bond of which is upon you; and you may by so doing embitter the cup of your own future misery; but you will not release yourself one jot from any one of the obligations. They are laid upon you by the very constitution of your nature, and from them you have no means of escape. Even your indolence, which you cherish with such constant fondness in the present life, will be of no use to you when that life is over; for, although by the neglect and abuse of the body as an instrument of observation to the mind in this world, you succeed in keeping the mind idle while the two are connected, yet there will be no idleness of the mind when the body is mouldering in the grave, and the mind is all that is left to its own recollection. There will be no dozing then: the activity will be constant, and if not enjoyment arising from the consolation of the past, it will be torture—torture which has nothing analogous upon earth, and which no language can describe.

But, leaving this ultimate retribution, which will come soon enough of itself, sloth disqualifies the whole system, body and mind, for those emotions which constitute the enjoyment of the passing time, and give it its pleasure as well as its usefulness. The sluggard may eat like a beast, but he cannot feel and enjoy like a man. Such may have passions, and these may have more or less of malignity in them, according to circumstances; but indolence is a habit

of savages; and thus the truly indolent have always more or less of the savage in their nature.

Every vice, especially after it has been repeated till it has become a habit, has a mischievous effect upon the emotions; and poisons, to some extent or other, the enjoyment which they are naturally intended and calculated to afford. But the enumeration would be long, and it would be more painful than instructive. We have accordingly taken the vice of indolence as an example, because that is generally understood to be, if not an amiable at least an *easy* vice, and one upon which no human statute comes down in vengeance, unless it happens to be accompanied by that to which it has, in all cases, a tendency—abject poverty; and then it is really the poverty against which the law is in arms, and not the indolence. The moral effects of the indolence are, to weaken and deaden all stimuli to exertion, and totally to destroy those more delicate ones, upon which the virtue and vice of our actions, and their influences upon the mind, as virtuous or vicious, depend,—to darken all prospects that are in their own nature gloomy,—to cloud those which would otherwise be bright,—to hold us back from activity and enterprise,—and to sink us in the scale of existence—to make us alike weary of the world, and unworthy of a place in it.

Activity is of course the very opposite; and therefore the explanation of it is given in that of the other; and the enticement to it in the memory. We may add, however, that, independently of all consequences, —independently of the ease and security which it

gives us in respect of our occupations,—independently of the time which it finds us for improvement and for enjoyment,—independently of that approbation of men which it fails not to command—for even the indolent profess to yawn up their adoration at the altar of activity,—independently of the consolation which it affords to our own minds,—and even independently of the approbation with which we are assured it meets from Heaven,—there is a pleasure in activity, which, for its own sake, and without any reference to consequences, ought to make it the choice of the wise, and does make it the choice of all those who are worthy of the name. With the feeling of these remarkable moral and practical differences between indolence and activity, we are better prepared for entering with pleasure and profit upon a short consideration of the Emotions.

CHAPTER VII.

PRESENT, OR IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS.

We have already pointed out, in part, what may be regarded as the distinguishing character of this class of the Emotions,—that they are not so called because they are presently or immediately felt,—for all emotions are immediate in this sense,—but that their objects are immediate, that is, refer to the present time rather than to the past or the future.

Here we must be cautious, however, and not tie ourselves down rigidly to any definition, as we might safely do were we treating of *substances,* or any subjects of which a separate existence could be predicated. Emotions are not even, in the strict sense of the word, *states* of the mind, for the mind has no *status* upon an emotion. If there is any " dwelling" of the mind upon the subject, it is not upon the emotion that it dwells, but upon the circumstances which give rise to the emotion, or those to which it appears to lead. If I am under the influence of any emotion, as of a hope, or a fear, for instance, and the circumstance is felt to be of such importance that I reason or deliberate upon it, it is not upon the emotion—the mere feeling, that

I deliberate, it is upon the anticipation—the probability whether it will or will not be realised; and this is matter of reasoning—a mental induction and comparison of causes and effects, and not a mere feeling of any kind. Take any other emotion, and the fact will be found to be exactly the same,—the feeling of the emotion may remain for a longer or a shorter time; but the mind can never make it the basis of any thing like a process of reasoning.

Therefore, we must regard the emotions as different from the mind in its intellectual capacity as a rational and reasoning being; and as not being mental states in themselves, but merely moods of the mind—modifications of its other and proper states. Hence, although the emotions are still less entitled to be considered and viewed as powers of the mind, than the intellectual states that have a relation to knowledge, they may have a foundation in the mind itself which nothing connected with knowledge can possibly have; and though no emotion can arise without some cause, either in the observation of the senses, or in the suggestion of the mind, yet there may be emotions which arise from certain observed, or remembered, or anticipated subjects; and these emotions, especially as they regard matters of observation by the senses, may be different in different individuals of the human race, without involving the notion that there can be any abstract difference in essence between mind and mind; and thus, without raising the least question on the grand doctrine of immortality, of which the perfect unity and simplicity of mind is the basis.

There is another circumstance which we must bear in mind, in all our considerations of the emotions; and that is, that perhaps no one of them, as felt by any human being, can be considered as a perfectly simple feeling. On the contrary, they are probably all complex; and the feeling, as it is displayed, may embody, not only the original aptitude, which we have said *may* vary in different individuals, but the whole train and habits of the character of the individual may be mixed up with the feeling, to such an extent as that the very same emotion of the systematists may be amiable in one individual and revolting in another.

Farther, there is this to be considered,—that the emotions have always a much closer relation to the body and bodily condition, than the purely intellectual states of the mind; and thus, many of the differences of feeling which we perceive in different individuals, when, to our observation, the cause appears to be altogether or nearly the same, may be altogether, or in the greater part, bodily, and may depend upon those minute constitutional variations of the more delicate parts of that curious and complicated structure, of which neither patient nor physician is able to give any satisfactory account.

Bearing in mind these precautions, we shall proceed to a very short enumeration of the several emotions which are usually recognized as being present or immediate, that is, as having no reflection of the past, and no anticipation of the future, very strongly mixed up with them; though there are probably few

cases of strong emotion of any kind, in which there is not some allusion to the one or the other, and not unfrequently to both of these jointly.

As the emotions are our warnings or our incentives for good or for evil, they may, in almost all cases, be classed in pairs, the one of each pairs being the opposite of the other. This, however, is not a perfectly philosophic arrangement, for it depends a good deal upon the individual, whether two apparently opposite emotions shall have opposite causes. Thus, for instance, that which will put a man of one temperament into a violent rage, will make a second man laugh, be perfectly indifferent to a third, and so on; and, therefore, our classifications can never come up exactly to the truth in every case.

With this understanding, we may mention that the Immediate Emotions are sometimes distinguished into those which do not necessarily involve any moral feeling, and those in which such a feeling may always be traced. The principal named ones that belong to the first of these subdivisions are the following :—

> CHEERFULNESS and MELANCHOLY;
> WONDER and WEARINESS;
> BEAUTY and UGLINESS; and
> SUBLIMITY and LUDICROUSNESS.

These eight are the principal ones; but as each of them may exist or be felt in various degrees, and may be blended, in an almost endless number of ways, with other emotions, there are many more

names current in the world than those which we have put on the list.

CHEERFULNESS, which, taken upon the whole, is perhaps the best in the whole enumeration, is a mood of the mind, certainly, but it is not what we, strictly speaking, call an emotion, neither is it a *passion*, in any imaginable sense of the word, for nobody suffers in any way from being cheerful. It is that "perpetual sunshine of the mind," in virtue of which it is never broken or finally prostrated by the severest ills of life, while the lighter matters, which are misery to those of the opposite mood, pass over it without producing the slightest effect. In so far it may be constitutional, and dependent upon the body; but in its pure and more valuable form it is the indication of a mind in full possession of itself, and therefore at ease.

In the case of this emotion, and indeed in the case of all emotions, we must, however, beware of counterfeits. The vacant mirth of the ignorant, and the noisy laughter of the fool, must not be confounded with that genuine cheerfulness which is so great and so constant a blessing to its possessor. Cheerfulness, though always happy, is never loud or turbulent; and it is a regulating mood rather than an engrossing one. It allows all the other emotions to come into play as occasion renders them necessary, but it tinges them with its own colour of health. It mitigates all the more exciting and unruly parts of them, whether the tendency would be too much to elevate or too much to depress the mind. The mind of the cheerful man is a stedfast rock, which remains unmoved in itself,

and dashes back all the waves which beat angrily against it. Indeed, before we can decide whether a man is truly cheerful or not, we must contemplate him under some reverse or misfortune, which would ruffle the temper of another man; and it is as well if we also see him in some moment of success, by which a man of less stable character would be thrown into ecstacies. If he bear the trial in both of these, then we may be sure that his cheerfulness is genuine. The clown's "whistling to himself for want of thought" is not cheerfulness, but vacancy; and that a man shall have the faculty of what is called "making himself agreeable in company," is not cheerfulness; for it may be compatible with the very worst passions at other times; and they who are thus gay for a few hours in the evening, may be the most morose and sullen of mortals during all the rest of the day. The truly cheerful man loves mankind, but he has no ambition to shine or take a prominent part. That is referable to another emotion, which has nothing to do with genuine cheerfulness. There is a sort of constitutional, or perhaps we ought to say animal levity, which, to shallow observers, often wears much of the semblance of mental cheerfulness; and they who have this levity in a high degree, may not be so much cast down by misfortune as better men are. There are, however, means of knowing them: they are elevated to the clouds by success; and in the case of the woes of others, one can always find that they want the feeling as well as the mere expression.

Genuine cheerfulness, that which keeps the even

tenor of the way of life, without any blunting of the feelings, or lessening of the mental capacity, is the most happy mood or frame of mind that any man can enjoy; and it would be cheaply purchased at the expense of many of our more showy qualities; but it is perhaps only in part acquirable. In as far as it is constitutional, it cannot of course be perfectly acquired, though even then it may be approximated much more closely than many are aware of.

As it is not a temporary emotion, produced by an object, and ceasing with the impression of that object, but partakes more of the nature of a habit, there is some reason to believe that, in as far as it is mental, it is wholly acquired. Then, in as far as it is constitutional to the body, it belongs to what may be called the least animal part of that, namely, the part through the medium of which the connexion between the body and the mind is carried on; and hence, again, this is the part of the bodily system which is, or which ought to be, most under the control of any mental discipline or habit.

Thus, it really appears that any man, if he is wise enough and will take the trouble, may ensure to himself a very reasonable degree of cheerfulness and uniformity of temper—such a degree as will make him go much more pleasantly through life than he can possibly do without it. Nor are the means of accomplishing this very obscure, or should they be very difficult. A reasonable degree of knowledge is of course necessary, to keep down those superstitious fears which are such torments to the ignorant; and

above all, the man who would be securely cheerful, must know that he has made his peace with Heaven, and must regulate all the actions of his life in accordance with that knowledge.

MELANCHOLY, like Cheerfulness, is more a mood or habit of the mind than an emotion; and as it is not so pleasant in itself, the philosophy of it is not so clear as that of cheerfulness.

It is very doubtful whether there is in human nature any constitutional tendency to melancholy, farther than may be produced by disease in the body, or may be the remain of some hidden emotion, the impression of which lingers in the mind in some train of real, or perhaps more frequently imaginary, consequences that have been deduced from it, or founded upon it. Healthy children are always satisfied when their physical wants are satisfied; and from this we may conclude that there is a natural cheerfulness in the general constitution of our race. But we find no such natural foundation for melancholy; and hence one is disposed to think that there is always some cause for this mood of the mind, whether that cause may be fully understood by the party affected or no.

We know, also, that there are other moods or habits of the mind which have a considerable resemblance to simple melancholy, though they may differ much, in their causes, from it and from each other. There is, for instance, a sullen gloom which overcasts the lives of some men, and which moulds the features of the face, and even the attitudes and the gait of the body, after its own standard. About persons of this descrip-

tion, there is always something dark, lowering, and forbidding, from which one instinctively turns away; and this aversion, which the very sight of such persons occasions, may be one of the means whereby they are confirmed in their sullenness, and fitted, or supposed to be fitted, for the perpetration of crimes of the deepest dye. Whatever may be the measure of their guilt or their innocence, these are very unhappy and unworthy members of society; and if there are any means by which they could alter their appearance and demeanour, they ought certainly to put those means into effect; for no man can walk through the world wearing the habitual look of a villain, without producing, in many, the impression that he is a villain in reality.

There is another semblance of melancholy which cannot be regarded as the reality of the mood, as permanent and confirmed; and that is the "cast of thought" which often marks at least one class of the studious. Men upon whom this affection of the mind tells are not the common students, who pore over the books of others, or those who study the works of nature, either on the great scale or on the small. The mere student of books, though he may, at times, attempt to look demure, has a tendency to be flippant rather than sad in his general deportment. The student of nature, if he is a shallow or spurious one, has also a tendency to be flippant, as all men who are busied about the nothings of knowledge are apt to be, to a greater or less extent; but the real student of nature,—he who feels the subject,—is always elevated

by it; and the tendency of this elevation is to produce cheerfulness, without any flippancy. Where, then, shall we find the student upon whom there is an air of melancholy? There *is* a place for him yet, and a high and honourable place it is. He is the *poet*,—not the common rhymester, who may be the most triifing character on earth; but the man whose mind is rapt in its own creations. He may never publish a poem, or a line of any kind; but there is a mental elaboration by which the whole mind is so thoroughly engrossed for the time, that the external world is forgotten, and the connexion between the mind and the body seems to be all but dissolved. This is perhaps the most lofty of our mental moods, but it is the very opposite of an obtrusive one; and, as the mind of a man under the inspiration of it—it *is* inspiration—is kingdom enough to him, he is generally hidden from the world. There is, however, a minor shade of it, of which we can catch glimpses in public. Such a man cannot be drawn away from his creative abstractions,—cannot "come out," as the expression is, without more than ordinary excitement; but once give him that, let the company and the subject be worthy of him, and he does come out with splendid power and effect. Still he is not a melancholy man, though he has all the appearance of a moody one; and he sometimes gives cause to very ludicrous imitations. The silence of anybody can be imitated; and a man who is imposing silence upon himself for the purpose of effect, is sure to put on that expression which is most justly, though a little ironically, termed

"looking wise." In mixed societies, especially those collections of the small literati which some men make at their tables, from a very amiable sort of vanity, one frequently meets with one of these wise-lookers, who "bides his time" in silence, until the opportunity comes at which he is to let off; and then, if it be only a bit of old Joseph Miller, the exhibitor gets his guerdon, and is pleased.

There is a silence also, the foundation of which is a sort of false shame which does appear to be constitutional, the possessors of which often get the character of being melancholy; and one of the most delightfully lively men that we ever knew, had this character in mixed company. There he said as little as he possibly could; but when he was with one or two, he was the very soul of the party,—a genuinely sparkling wit and humourist, but with a vein of the most scrutinizing philosophy below the sparkle.

It must be admitted that there are cases in which genuine melancholy is the portion of minds of the very highest order in respect both of talents and of worth. Some of the very noblest ornaments of English literature are to be found in this sad catalogue; but how they come to be there, is a point the philosophy of which is not so easily settled. Perhaps the easiest way is to cut the Gordian knot, and to say that their bodies were all too feeble for the magic energy of their minds; and that the only way in which nature could preserve them in life a little longer, was by those partial severings of the mind and the body, until the latter should have some time to recover and recruit.

At all events, it was not owing to any harshness which they received at the hands of the world. Indeed, if they had met with any such hardship, it is probable that the energy of their minds would have risen and repelled it, and the melancholy would have been shaken off. No man was ever more thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of poetry than that brightest glory and blackest shame of Scotland, Robert Burns; and never, perhaps, was so cold and step-dame a hand laid upon so warm-hearted a child of nature; but though Burns was physically broken, he was not morally bent. The sturdiness with which he maintained his moral independence, and the gigantic strength of his mind to the last, are enough to confound the whole drove of those pseudo-critics who have gone about to malign his memory. The style of some of the songs of Burns is certainly not adapted for those "ears polite"—which are too well acquainted with the reality of vice for liking to hear the name; but take the scope of the poems fairly, and it will be found that Burns never ridiculed a virtue, or recommended a vice. If the strain is at times a little too Bacchanalian for modern abstinence, we can only say that, in the days of Burns, the "West-country believers" were no "tee-totallers;" and though Burns described them very faithfully, he did not—make them what they were.

We have mentioned the case of Burns in contrast to those of the melancholy poets to whom we have alluded, in order to show that the melancholy of genius is not the result of any one of the hardships

to which men of this description are supposed to be subjected by their less gifted brethren; but that such melancholy appears, in all cases, to be the result of some constitutional weakness of the body, which is in all probability strengthened by that withdrawal of the mind from the body which appears to take place in all the more lofty poetical abstractions, which abstractions appear to be the most purely mental, but at the same time the most severe, efforts of human nature. It is probable that religious melancholy is nearly allied to that now noticed, only, as the subject of it is more overwhelming, the prostration to which it gives origin is more complete. We have heard that it is sometimes produced by the harangues of what are called "terrible" preachers, who, if they do harm in this way, are seldom capable of making up for it by good in any other.

In weak persons, melancholy sometimes is brought on by the over-indulgence of hopeless passions, in which case it is in reality a moral crime, though one which brings punishment along with it, and therefore calls for none at the hand of human rulers. Whatever may be the cause of melancholy, the state itself is always an evil; and therefore it ought by all means to be shunned, and an escape made to cheerfulness is the only safety against it.

WONDER is the next emotion which we have named in the list, but we are not sure that we have given it the most appropriate name. In fact, it is a "legion," comprising a vast number of emotions, and modifications of emotions, variously blended with other feelings

and desires; and, if names were matters of importance, where no name will exactly apply, perhaps the best one will be *the Emotion of Novelty*.

Of all our immediate emotions, considered as simple, or not having any immediate reference to good or evil, this is at once the most important, and the one which we are most apt to avow, and to convert into a means of trifling. Whatever is new, or strange, or unexpected, or in any way out of the common course with which we are familiar, excites this emotion in one or other of its many forms or degrees. If we stop with the simple emotion of wonder, it is only so much time lost, and we are never a bit the worse or the better. There must be a certain conspicuous degree of novelty or of strangeness before it shall excite our wonder, properly so called. Thus, if an English labourer were to set a trap skilfully in a passage leading from a brake to a preserve, and on returning to it in the morning find that a fox were caught, he would not wonder; but if, instead of a fox, the captive were a lion, all the parish would never get enough of wondering at the matter.

To wonder, thus, always implies that there is something in the matter which we do not, at the time of our wondering, understand. When we understand it, or think we understand it, our wonder is at an end; and although we may still have a pretty strong emotion on the subject, we call it "surprise," or some other name, not wonder. Surprise means that it has "overtaken us,"—that something has come in a way we did not look for; but this surprise may give origin

to a wonder how the thing came there. "Admiration" is somewhat allied, but it is different from simple "miration," or wondering. That which we admire may be no wonder to us, for we may know it, and it may not be a novelty; but when we admire, we treat the object of our admiration with the same interest as if it were a wonder. There are other objects which "amaze," or "astonish" us, or put us into various other states of emotion to which we give names. These are all more or less allied to wonder, but none of them is the simple emotion itself,—which simple emotion is, that something makes a powerful impression upon us, but as yet we know not what it is. When we are "amazed," it implies that we are bewildered,—that we cannot find the way; and when we are "astonished," it means that we are brought to a "stand still," and cannot proceed further in the present state of our ability; but all of these are complex feelings,—they relate to some other state of ourselves than simple ignorance.

Simple wonder is the primary feeling; and, as we have said, it is one of the most valuable of all our emotions. In early life,—that is, in our infancy,—we have calls upon it every moment of our lives; for all the objects which meet the senses have the charm and the attraction of wonders. Upon every subject, we wonder long before we can obtain any information; and up to the time when we are able to understand, in part, the explanations of those about us, the world of our observation, whether less or more extended, is still a collection of wonders,—of subjects

which strongly attract our attention, but which we do not understand.

And this is a most important epoch in our lives,—the time at which, in general, the die is cast which decides our character. If those about us are sensible and judicious, so that they explain rationally to us, as far as we can understand,—and it is to be borne in mind that it is in language only that we are deficient,—our wonder is kept alive, and grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength, and we become observers and inquirers; but if, on the other hand, our inquiries are disregarded, or, as is often the case, foolish answers are given to us, we lose the relish for our wondering, and become indifferent to everything around us; but this indifference does not destroy the activity of young nature, though it turns it from the proper channel; and thus, in consequence of the error of a few months at this very critical time, he who, if attended to, might have been an ornament to mankind, may be changed to a curse and a disgrace.

This wondering is the original and primary stimulus to knowledge of all kinds, and therefore it ought to be kept alive during the whole course of life,—not, of course, for the mere emotion of wonder, but for the desire of knowledge to which that emotion naturally leads. There is a little judicious management to be attended to here. As the wonder is valuable only on account of the desire of knowledge to which it leads, subjects of wonder ought never to be too much crowded upon each other, neither ought too great wonders to be paraded to the very ignorant. If the

emotion of wonder is carried so far as to become amazement, or astonishment, there is mischief done, for the hope of the mind has given way; and to bring back that simple wonder which leads to knowledge is not then so easy a matter. We may reach the most wonderful subject at the end, and go about the understanding of it with even very little expression of wonder, but short steps are best at the first.

A young clown among the booths and sights at a fair, for the first time that he has witnessed such a spectacle, is a very good common instance of one overwhelmed with wonder. His whole attitude and expression are not simple wonder, but utter astonishment. His eyes and mouth are distended to the utmost; and if you are near enough, you can also see that his nostrils are inflated, and his ears pricked up. Even his whole figure is widened, and worked into a state of most singular excitement, and he is astonished down to his finger ends and his toes; but amid all this excitement, great as it is, there is not the slightest indication that one single particle of knowledge is in the progress of being acquired, or that there is even so much as a wish upon this part of the subject. It is an overwhelming of wonder, by the vehement excess of which the confidence of the mind has broken down, and it is wholly unfit for the acquiring of knowledge.

This is a simple and familiar case, and it may be of small consequence whether a clown does or does not understand the coarse machinery and management of all the trumpery at a fair; but there are parallel cases in which analogous matters are of the very greatest

importance, both to our moral worth and to our happiness and enjoyment.

In the management of the emotion of wonder, while we by all means keep that emotion alive, it is especially necessary that we do not allow it to be raised above its true value. If in any case we rest satisfied with the mere wonder, we destroy the usefulness of that, and at the same time render the whole of our character frivolous and worthless. There is not a more insignificant character in human society than the man who runs, the live-long day, from wonder to wonder, and from novelty to novelty, impressed with no other idea than that such things are, and that they are new. When novelty is disjoined from that desire of knowledge with which it is closely associated in nature, and which gives to it its only real and practical value, it becomes a frivolous dissipation in itself, and the inlet to other dissipations which are vicious as well as frivolous; and the only way of preventing this is to enable it to lead, in all cases, to that knowledge which is its natural and proper object. If properly trained in this way, it is one of the most valuable of our emotions; but if not, it becomes the waste and destruction of that mental power and energy of which it ought, in truth, to be the foundation.

WEARINESS, with that which has long occupied our attention, is the opposite of Wonder; and it is in itself as much of an aversion as the other is of an enticement. Like the other, however, it is an emotion which needs to be restrained and regulated. That we should dwell too long upon any one subject, whatever

that subject may be, is an evil, and when it is inveterately persisted in, the result may be melancholy, or even madness; but still there is a medium in these matters, as well as in all others; and we must be careful not to confound that rational wearisomeness of a subject, which we properly feel when we have enjoyed and exhausted all that that subject can give us, with that mere restlessness and love of change which result from a vitiated state of the emotion of wonder.

The grand use of the emotion of listlessness, or that langour which we feel after paying close attention to the same subject, is the prevention of mental indolence. When we have for a long time attended to the same subject—whether that subject is one of the observation of the senses, or of intellectual contemplation—that subject palls upon us, and ultimately passes through indifference to painfulness; and we ought, in all cases, to change it before it reaches the last of these stages, otherwise we pay for our indolence in the absolute weakening—nay, we may say the partial destruction—of our faculties. Thus, if we were to persevere for a great length of time in looking at nothing but an intense red colour, that colour would not only become dull and ugly, but we should have the sensation of vision very much impaired. Nature has, however, provided a remedy in such simple cases as that now mentioned; for green is so contrived to restore our eyes, after long looking at red, that, if we have been dazzled by the red colour, we have only to turn to a place in which there is no definite colour, and there the green will appear, of

nearly the same shape and size as the red, by which our eyes were dazzled. This imaginary green, which may be designated the craving of the eye for relief, is not of very much service to us; but if the eye shall, after being fatigued and dazzled by the red colour, actually alight upon green, the sensation is truly delightful.

There are, in the common appearances, and common vicissitudes of life, and of the world in which we live, many analogous cases, from which, if we were so minded, we might glean not a little of instruction. Green, which is the predominating colour of the foliage and the carpeting of the earth, in all temperate climates, and in the more luxuriant parts of the intertropical ones, is the best relief against the brilliancy of the flowers and fruits, and all that is more gay and radiant in the scene; and in the extreme regions of the poles, where the one part of the contrast is the white snow, the other part is black earth and moss, which again are the complemental or relieving colours to the other. The alternations of day and night may be cited as another instance; and, indeed, when we examine nature around us, we find it full of contrasts and compensations, of which, when we are wearied with the one, we can turn with refreshment and new pleasure to the other.

Such being the case in physical nature,—from the contemplation of which we derive so much pleasure and so many advantages, and which we are, in all probability, the only creatures upon earth that can enjoy it in this pleasing and rational manner,—we

might be prepared to expect that there would be a disposition in our nature to follow the succession of changes here pointed out. Nor is there any doubt that the charm which is possessed by that which is new, and the weariness that we feel in that to which we have been long accustomed, are in harmony with this; and are, between them, the means of guiding us on to the acquisition of knowledge, at which, were we to rest satisfied with what we already possess and enjoy, we should never arrive.

But these, like all our emotions, require to be regulated with judgment: and even in matters of mere knowledge, we must not be impatient of the old, or restless in our search of the new. We ought to dwell upon every subject until we have put ourselves in possession of all the information which it is capable of affording; and the necessity of this will appear more strongly when we consider how very many subjects there are in the history of knowledge which men supposed for ages that they had exhausted; and yet, when the very same subjects came to be scrutinised by men of more capacity and more searching habits, these men found in them the same reward to their ingenuity and research, as though the subjects had been novelties, never examined by any body. Both the love of novelty and its opposite—weariness of that which has been long attended to, are valuable emotions, as they are the primary ones that lead us on to the acquisition of all knowledge; but they are emotions which require no small degree of attention and regulation, in order

to prevent them from degenerating into two very common but very mischievous vices,—the love of novelty, and the love of change. These last are the means of mental insignificance to more than half of the human race, and they both arise from stopping short at mere emotions, which have been given to us for the wisest and best of purposes,—to which, however, they are only the inlets and not the completion. To become wise by wondering, is just as hopeless as to become active or good by wishing; and the indolent among us never get farther.

The emotion occasioned by BEAUTY resembles that of Wonder, in some respects, but differs greatly from it in others. There seems to be in the mind of every human being an original feeling of what is beautiful and what is not; but, like all those mere feelings which are secondary upon the perceptions of sense, or the return of thoughts to the mind, it is of a vague and shadowy nature, and does not admit of definition. Like all other feelings, too, it may be withered by neglect, until hardly a trace of it remains; or it may be improved by culture so as to become the source of our highest and most exquisite pleasures. When the feeling of beauty has been lost by means of vulgar associations and habits, and the party tries, by any of the innumerable means by which persons of very vulgar minds rise in the world, to find a substitute, the substitutes for this extinguished feeling which are adopted, are often exquisitely ludicrous; and, were it not that it is painful to see human beings making fools of themselves in any way, one could out-

laugh Democritus, upon entering the show-rooms of many a costly abode. *Risum teneatis*, however; for the follies of mankind are no laughing matters,—though we will sometimes curl the lip a little when an envious mood crosses us. In the case of those parties who can afford to have things beautified, but who have not the feeling for the beautiful, gaudiness, expence, oddity, that which nobody can get, are the subjects which are substituted for those that should excite the emotion of beauty.

Now, if we consider the emotion to which these substitutes address themselves, we shall have at least a rude notion of how the emotion of beauty differs from that. It is to wonder, or some of the mixed emotions which wonder leads to, that all these things address themselves. When I visit the costly grounds and villa of Fungoso, I may wonder at one thing, be astonished at another, and amazed at a third, or I may be surprised that a man who scraped together his wealth with such plodding parsimony should lay it out in this way; but not one feeling of the beautiful arises during the whole survey. Even those things that would be beautiful are not suffered to be so. Thus a rose-tree in blossom is a very sweet subject of simple beauty, if you leave it to nature; but what are you to make of a clump of rose-trees, stuck on the top of bare poles three or four feet high, like lawyers' wigs in a barber's shop? Surely *that* is not beautiful! "Yes, but it is all the fashion, though—*quite the rage.*" Is it?—then I say no more.

From the substitutes which they who do not under-

stand what beauty is, invariably put in the place of its real objects, and from the emotions which those substitutes excite, we can see pretty clearly the difference between the exciting causes of wonder and beauty. They agree thus far, that they draw our attention strongly to the subjects which excite them, and that they are mere feelings which never arise in the mind without exciting causes, either the perception of external objects by the senses, or certain contemplative states of the mind itself. They never return alone to the mind in suggestion, without being preceded by some mental state,—the memory, as we say, of some object, event, or other means of a train of thought as their cause. But if a subject which is the cause of the feeling is, by any means, brought to the mind, the feeling is sure to come along with it, and so closely blended, that the two feel to us as if they were one and the same. If the subject, whether it come by sensation at the time, or by mental suggestion, is such as, according to the general tenor of our mind, can excite the emotion of wonder or of beauty, then that emotion never requires to be waited for: it is awake in an instant, and, so to speak, it takes instant possession of its subject.

This is common, not only to wonder and beauty and their opposites, but to all the emotions. Here, however, the coincidence between wonder and beauty ends. Wonder is perfectly general and indiscriminate; and, though there are degrees of it, varying with objects and with individuals, yet some degree of it is felt toward every thing that is new, and it continues till

the subject of it is intimately known, after which it ceases; and there sometimes arises what may be called a counter-wonder, that is, we wonder why we should have wondered so long at that which, once known, is no wonder at all. By this time, however, the wonder has performed its office,—the knowledge has been obtained; there is no more need for wondering upon that subject, and so the feeling is latent until required for other purposes.

The feeling of beauty, though from its natural delicacy it is more easily injured by neglect and the turbulence of bad passions, is as much on the alert as the feeling of wonder. It is not so indiscriminate, however. Wonder attends to every thing, but beauty selects; and the subjects at which we wonder the most, are seldom those that most excite the emotion of beauty. Wonder sets all the world before us, beauty fixes upon what we should choose; the one opens the gates of knowledge, the other opens those of delight. In consequence of this, we are enabled to arrive at a sort of analogical definition of the beautiful.

Every subject which, in observation or in thought, brings with it a feeling of delight, which feeling cannot be traced to the gratification of any personal desire, is beautiful. The personification of this is Beauty; and the pure feeling of mental delight, uncontaminated with any thing selfish, but in itself as complete as it is pure, is the Emotion of Beauty, or the feeling of the Beautiful.

To say that it is the most delightful of all our

emotions is a truism; for it is the very emotion of delight, and we are never delighted else, how obscure soever our notions, and how blunt soever the feeling may be. The feeling of Beauty is thus by far the most important of all our immediate feelings,—of all those feelings which, as it were, fit us for life.

They who wilfully neglect or spoil the emotion, are little aware of the nothingness to which they thereby reduce themselves—how completely in them, the enjoyments of Man, immortal Man, are brought down to the level of those of the beasts of the field. Place the crown of all the kingdoms of the world upon the head of a man, lay all the wealth at his feet, bring all their inhabitants to bow and worship around, and just strike the one little emotion of Beauty out of his nature, and the man is a miserable wretch,—he may have passions the most ample and outrageous, and he may gloat in the gratification of them till heaven and earth are astonished, but not one moment of human delight can he have.

This feeling is of so keenly stimulant a nature, that it cannot long remain simple; for desires arise and blend with it, and the mixed emotions which result, are virtue or vice according to the other parts of the character. If the feeling of beauty is pure, and the habits have not been vitiated, the natural tendency of it is toward virtue; and even in a bad man, unless he is an utter reprobate, there is a reverence for the feeling—a witnessing for the beauty of virtue, even from the lips of vice.

To enumerate the subjects of beauty, or to define

in what particular proportions or circumstances the beauty of each consists, would be a hopeless and almost an endless matter. They are numerous and striking, according to the feeling of the party; and abstractedly, or apart from the feeling, there is nothing in itself either beautiful or the reverse. According to the cold and simple doctrines of physical philosophy, which doctrines, in spite of all their coldness, are true as far as they go, the toad and the fawn are equally beautiful, and the flat and black desolation of the moor of Rannoch is as beautiful as the most lonely park or landscape in the sweetest part of England. Nature made them all; and in the sober judgment of reason, Nature is no partial mother. But there is a feeling: we turn away from the toad—some of us with more than seemly aversion, and we love to look on the light gambols of the dappled fawn. We look at the moor of Rannoch, and we leave it; we look upon the opening glade, the sheltering grove, the silvery-tinkling rill, and the cottage enwreathed with roses and woodbines, and there we would tarry for ever—no, not for *ever*,—for a long, long time.

Yet, after all, there is really nothing in this but the feeling. The toad is not a fright, neither is the moor of Rannoch a desolation. Just notice what beautiful eyes the toad has: they beat those of the famed gazelle as far as a little brilliant of the finest water beats a lump of French paste. The creature is so gentle, too; and it can be rendered so tame as, during the few months that it is in a state of activity,

it will come joyous at your whistle. Then it is the most temperate and enduring of all creatures; for it will live and grow for years in the hole of a rock, or in the wood of a living tree. Who would not admire the toad? it is one of the special wonders of living nature.

Then let us to the moor of Rannoch, and see if nature has left herself without a witness there. Clouds are sailing lightly on the soft wind of the west, and playing beautifully at light and shade upon purple heather, hassocky pool, and mountain tarn. The whole of the wide-expanded horizon is a casket of gems,—now glowing as carbuncle, now black as jet, and anon melting into the soft purple of amethyst; anon it is quite clear. At every foot-fall, you are in danger of breaking the eggs of some bird, which has come from afar, to rear her young safely in this land of peace; and there is such watching, and screaming, and winnowing the air with wings, in consequence of your intrusion, that you seem to have gotten into nature's own aviary, and to be a most noted and important personage there. You might wander the streets of half the cities of the world, and not meet with quarter the attention from their inhabitants. But you must not give yourself airs; *you* are not the governor here. The birds are all silent, and down flat in a moment; and there is a shadow, not of a cloud, moving slowly and steadily along. Behold the monarch of the wilderness—the eagle, from the craggy steep of Ben Nevis, where she has kept her court, and maintained her sovereignty, while kingdoms and states

among men have hurtled into ruin, and generation after generation of their puny race have been laid in the dust. Is she not a noble sight—so lonely, yet so lovely. She glides along, as if the very air knew her wings, and bore her onward without effort. The birds of your groves and glades, and the saucy chattering sparrows in the eaves of your cottages, are tame compared to the queen of the wilderness.

These are mere outlines of delineation, and they are tame and spiritless compared with the seen and felt realities. But they will answer our purpose, which is to show that beauty is a mental feeliug, and a feeling which any human being may, not only without detriment to his avocations, but to their increased advantage and success, cultivate up to any degree of pure enjoyment that he pleases.

This is a cultivation which requires no teacher, no expense, no waste of time, and no mental abstraction. That which we have to deal with requires no labour of the hand, and no thought of the head. We have not to fashion it with tools, or arrive at it by long inductions of parts, and trains of argument. It is a mere feeling; and if we call it, it is sure to come. It is quite different from matters of knowledge and matters of work; we must find materials there, and we must toil. But in this more delightful matter—for the feeling of beauty is light and pure in enjoyment, above all the works of our hands, and all our mental conclusions,—in this delightful matter is an approach toward the act of creation,—is only *Γενηθητω*, and straightway *'Εγενετο*.

The reason is that it is wholly and solely our own. To labour properly with our hands, we must begin by many trials and long toil; and after all, the majority of us are but bunglers. So, in mental matters, we must find materials by laborious observation or study; and we must drudge, and labour, and lumber through countless errors, in order to arrive at a few truths, half the use of which we do not know after we have got them. But the feeling is all within: it is our natural birthright and portion, which we hold simply from being men possessed of minds; and if we neglect it—if we squander it for any of the trash of this world, possessional, distinctive, or animal, we must take our degradation in the present world, and our depth of damnation in the next. Yes, "our depth of damnation;" for the subject is far too important for allowing us to select gentle words for the accommodation of those whose ears are tender of plain truths. Every pure delight that we can feel as intellectual beings, whether in the body or out of the body, must be an exercise of this emotion of beauty, and can be nothing else. Therefore, every man who has it not, is not only hell-doomed, but, intellectually speaking, actually in hell; and all that prevents him from feeling the bitterness of being so, is, that he has the charms of the world to clutch at and deceive himself with. You have heard of a maniac plaiting his crown of straw, and being a very monarch when Nature had prostrated him as a man; and even such is the condition of him in whom this feeling is clean gone. When death has severed the connexion with the

present world, the wretched creature cannot count his gold, chuckle over his successful cozenings, tack his additions to his name, wear his star and garter, or even avail himself of the *not nobler* oblivion of opiates and wine; and so, if there is no feeling of the delightful in him, we cannot see how it is possible for him to be other than utterly miserable.

An emotion which thus involves, or rather is, the foundation of all our real happiness, must have, of course, as many objects as there are subjects which can come within the range of our knowledge or experience in any way whatsoever. Accordingly, there are as many kinds of beauty as there are kinds of subjects, and as many different degrees as there are degrees of feeling in different human beings. In external nature there is a beauty in every thing which we can view of that nature. There is a beauty of form, a beauty of colour, a beauty of action, a beauty of harmony, a beauty of adaptation, and, in a word, as many beauties as there are variable subjects. Then, in an intellectual and moral point of view, there is a beauty of perception, a beauty of reasoning, a beauty of truth, a beauty of virtue, a beauty of religion, and in short an endless list of beauties, which no man can recount.

We may feel these in ourselves, and we may observe them in others; and both the feeling of ourselves and that which we derive from the observation of others, take a moral turn; and in proportion as the feeling of beauty, in this the full and proper sense

of the word, is complete and vigorous in us, we have *a feeling of* MORAL VIRTUE.

In fact, the feeling of beauty is the very touchstone of mankind. It must be perfect, or nothing. If a man does not see the beauty of creation, he cannot see the beauty of virtue; and if he cannot see both, he cannot see the beauty of religion. Morality is a pretence in the one, and the profession of religion an imposture in the other.

In principle, this is strictly true; but it must be received with some qualifications. When we speak about a man seeing the beauty of nature, or of virtue, or of any thing else, of course we mean as far as his knowledge goes, but no farther; because a man cannot possibly see or feel that of which he is altogether ignorant. But with this understanding, there is no exception to the doctrine, as it has been stated.

From the extent of our remarks on the feeling of beauty, we shall not need to say much on the opposite feeling; and much is not necessary, for the chief actual use of the opposite is to keep us in the way of the feeling of beauty. The two go together, however, and if the subject be of the class which excites such feelings, if we can feel at all, we must be under the influence of the one or the other.

UGLINESS is the contrast of beauty; and the name itself is an ugly word, and tells almost all that is necessary, and rather more, perhaps, than it is pleasant to say about it. If the g in the first syllable is aspirated, it will express the physical effect of the feeling; and there is a sort of old-fashioned verb,

still used in some parts of the country, the verb "to *ugh*." The physical effect alluded to in this verb, is the very extreme of loathing—turning the stomach; and thus language can do no more in order to stamp the opposite of beauty as the most loathsome of all abominations. Indeed, we need not use the comparative, for the word is a general and short expression for all abominations themselves, of what name or nature soever they may be. We have only to run over the whole of the positive catalogue, and consider by what the various emotions of beauty—physical, moral, and religious—are excited; and the opposites of these are of course the incentive to the feeling of ugliness. Where the two meet, there is, however, a sort of debatable ground, respecting which men of different education and habits will, of course, have different opinions. This ground is not made, however, except the perception of the parties who are the judges be very obtuse.

SUBLIMITY, and that which is generally understood to be its contrast, LUDICROUSNESS, are the only other immediate emotions which cannot be said to involve in themselves any direct vice or virtue, though, like some of those already enumerated, they may, by short and easy transitions, lead to one or the other.

As Beauty is more limited than Wonder, so Sublimity is more limited than Beauty; and although there may be some subjects upon which they may be to a greater or less extent blended, the two emotions are not the same, or similar, either in themselves or in

their causes. Still there is a connexion between them; and we may be led from one degree of the emotion of beauty to another, until we at last reach the emotion of sublimity. That we can take the inverse method, and pass from the sublime to the beautiful in the same train of feeling, is more doubtful. If we fall from that, we are almost certain to fall farther than the beautiful; and if we soar too high, we are very apt to fall. The old fable of Icarus, the son of Dædalus, who soared so near to the orb of day as that his waxen wings were melted and he fell prone into the sea, is no bad apologue of warning to those who are over-given to fancied flights of sublimity.

Sublimity, like beauty, is purely an emotion of the mind, and, apart from the mind that feels it, there is no sublimity in physical nature or in any thing else. There are certain subjects which do excite this emotion in certain minds, and when any emotion is excited by any object, the mind clothes the object with the emotion, and thus we have objects which we call sublime, as well as objects which we call beautiful; but if nobody had ever felt thus of them, they would have had no sublimity and no beauty; and there are, in many countries, objects which we call, and feel to be, beautiful or sublime, which have been unheeded, age after age, by the natives of those countries.

Thus the beautiful and the sublime are nothing but what men feel to be so; and consequently there may be as many different beauties, or different sublimities, as there are men to feel them,—the sublime in the estimation of one man not amounting even to beauty

in the estimation of another. In the case of even the same man, it is not always easy to say where the emotion of beauty ends and that of sublimity begins; for a great deal appears to depend on the mood of the man and the circumstances in which he happens to be placed at the time; and, even though he has succeeded in the effort on former occasions, if a man attempt the sublime in an adverse mood, and under adverse circumstances, the fate of Icarus is likely to be his.

The proper, or at all events the easy distinction of the two, seems to be this :—that while the emotion is pleasant, and only pleasant, how delightful soever it may be, it is beauty; and admiration, or love, or veneration, is the secondary emotion to which it leads, according to the nature of the object which excites the original emotion. But if the mind is rapt,—if the emotion is so exciting that any of the more turbulent emotions which shake the mind with the shakings of an earthquake come upon it,—and it is lost in a mingled emotion of rapture, and apprehension, and terror, and exultation—a compound of feeling which it cannot long endure, and in the violence of which the body is almost or altogether forgotten, then it is the sublime—the highest and most intellectual of all our primary feelings,—if, indeed, it can be called a primary feeling, but still the one which it is most hazardous to display, or attempt to display, with a view to the excitement of the same feeling in others. To contemplate a man soaring in the true sublime is very delightful, and one rightly-minded and mooded

may catch a little of the inspiration; but the fall of our Icarus is a sorry sight, whatever may be the height from which he tumbles.

Two simple views of some one subject, not taken in the appropriate language of those who write beautifully or sublimely, and therefore hide the subject which they mean to explain in the splendour of the words of illustration, but in plain language, such as we use in common conversation every day, will be best for this purpose; and as any subject will do equally well, where the distinction is in the emotion only, let us take the earth—the globe, with all its seas and lands, its attendant moon, and its motions.

Then let us just cast a glance on this same earth, as it exists according to observation and description. How finely the surface of the earth is diversified, with its oceans, its seas, its continents, and its islands, and how well the masses are adapted for reciprocation between sea and land, and between hemisphere and hemisphere. Then the mountains and the valleys,—the former rising toward heaven, and snow-capped under the very equator, so that streams are provided which flow across the whole breadth of the land, and minister to the comforts of every plant and every animal, at the same time that they facilitate the intercourse of man with man, and the transport of the produce of one district to another. How smoothly the earth turns round on its axis and rolls along in its orbit, so that these motions, of the rapidity of which we have absolutely no concep-

tion, do not disturb an atom—are not felt. Then their adjustment, by means of which the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the alternation of day and night, are given to the whole in such a manner as that the extreme latitudes enjoy the beauty of summer, and the plenty of harvest. And the attendant moon, with its monthly and secular changes,—now east of the sun, and now west, sometimes a little to the south, and again a little to the north, makes the nocturnal sky quite a study. All this, too, is sustained and regulated by the sun, which is as heavy as nearly three hundred and fifty-five thousand earths. Nor can we overlook the minor arrangements; the perfect adaptation of every plant to its climate, its soil, and its seasons,—not a twig, not a leaf, not a flower, or even a tint or spot of colour, is superabundant, or wanting, or out of its place,—or if any is in excess, there is a regulator provided in some animal, which lives upon the surplus, and, by removing a part, preserves the remainder. The organizations and adaptings of the animals are yet more wonderful, because their actions are more numerous, more energetic, and more conspicuous. Nor, when we see the whole renewing itself every season, and such from year to year, can we forget how admirably the whole is adapted for the improvement, the comfort, the delight of Man. So excellent, so perfect, is this abode of ours, and so completely is it furnished for endurance and renovation, that the carelessness, and even the mischief of Man, cannot seriously or permanently injure it. It is beauty, and beauty worthy of that

Almighty Being, the workmanship of whose hands it is.

Let us sit down upon some lofty Nevada of the Andes—on Illimani, or Sorate, for instance—with the craters of a hundred volcanoes around, and the mighty streams of the Amazon issuing from under our throne. Let us do this, for mentally we *can* do it, and let us look east away as far as the Philippines and Japan.

Lo and behold! the hand of ruin is upon this fair and goodly fabric. Behind us, the desert is drinking the Desaguadero, and its parent lake will soon be sowed with salt. On our right hand and on our left, the earth is shaken to pieces, and desolation spreads upon it year after year. Africa is in great part worn to the bones, and these are mouldering; Asia is much the same; and Europe, denuded of her ancient forests, is swept by every wind, and the fat of all her lands is washed onward to the ocean.

There is a progress of ruin certainly; and when we look at the land, the oldest and most faithful record which we can have, it tells a tale that will not hide. Those shells which we see in ascending were sea-shells; and no mortal hand could have pitched them there, they are in such numbers, and they are imbedded in the rock. Then the rock itself: there is not an atom of it which has not been washed and kneaded by the ocean billows, or burned and molten in a furnace. The first have been in the water, and the second must have been under the pressure of many thousands of fathoms, else they all would re-

semble the ashes, and the pumice, and the scoria, cast forth of a volcano.

What has been, and been again and again, of which there are many proofs, may be, must be, another time. Unroll the scroll of the future, and let us glance forward for some ages,—some hundreds of ages,—for in the mind's eye there is not even a mote. See the Atlantic approaching us on the one side, and the Pacific—pacific no more—on the other; and Brazil and Paraguay are submerged; while, on the other side, the thundering waves are breaking over the western Cordillera, and the volcanic cones are quenched, one by one, amid bellowing thunders and volumed smokes. The sun is "sick to Doomsday" in the murky air, and the face of nature is fair no more. The waters gain upon us, and the mountain rocks to its foundation. We must seek a new station, and minds can find one anywhere.

To a distance we go. What crash was that? and whence those direful and protracted hissings? "The windows of heaven are opened;" "the fountains of the great deep,"—deeper than plummet ever sounded, —are broken up; and the earth is in the article of renovation. Look at it,—not a sea, not a land, not one distinction of atmosphere. Clouds and thick darkness rise upon it in ceaseless array; they are rolling and reeling in the uttermost turmoil; livid columns of flame are ever and anon bursting forth, and the groans of the rending strata re-echo through the system. The mighty work of terrestrial nature is going on, but no mortal eye may look upon it,—no

living thing may endure it; and though order shall come out of it, Chaos rules for the time. Down sink the plains, down sink the mountains, and shattered islands and uprooted hills are hurried to and fro by the troubled waters, more lightly than the small pebbles are by the swelling of a brook.

While the surface is rent and broken, and the fragments cast about as things of no weight, the internal furnace is heated to seven-thousand-fold any degree known among men; and the materials of the primary rocks, the central masses of new continents, are prepared. The law of nature, which directs those dark doings with as unerring certainty as the seasons in their order, or the sun in its apparent course,—the law of nature directs them to those places of the bed of the former ocean which are best fitted for the soil of new lands; and those have been shivered by the crash, and the rending of the strata, which assisted in lighting the mighty furnace; and the pressure and disturbance continue, until thousands of leagues of the bed of the ocean are upheaved by the mighty force; and what with the resistance, what with the heat, the young land mounts up through the water, heaving as it ascends, till the ocean is converted into steam; and the water from every point, and the air from every wind of heaven, rush in to witness the birth of the new continent; but it is born in clouds, in smoke, in fire, and in fiercest heat; and the strata are flung about in every direction, consolidated into stone by the heat and the pressure; and the unstratified masses rise many thousands of feet, with the

strata shielding their sides and their flanks, until the appointed measure of altitude and extent are gained; and then the equilibrium is restored, and the more gigantic powers of nature return to their slumbers.

There is yet much surface action to be performed, not only before the new land shall be fit for one single plant, but before there be "a firmament in the heaven to divide the waters from the waters,"—that is, before streams shall run over fertile land, and the air bring the cloud and the rain in their seasons; but we shall not fatigue the reader with that. Some such action as what we have now described must have taken place in former times, and may, and likely will, take place again.

How fares it with the earth, as a planet, amid all these mighty movements,—when all the elements are blended together, and the sea and the land are changing places? Does it quiver on its axis?—does it stagger in its orbit?—Not a jot more at the birth of continents than at the migration of birds, or the buzzing of insects in the summer air. The hands of the Mighty are upon it. The figure of rotation ties it to the axis with a steadiness which nothing can disturb; and the radius vector of the sun holds it to its orbit with an uniformity of power which would not be disturbed, though half—though the whole of its substance were reeling in the wildest commotion. The earth, in its ordinary condition, is beautiful. In this stability, amid the violence of change, it is sublime; but the sublimity is in the feeling, and who can describe so as to produce that?

We have mentioned that the sublime is rather a difficult matter; and, therefore, if we feel any temptation that way, we do well to think of the fate of Icarus. The precaution applies to the display only, however; for we may all have the feeling, and may be enraptured and ennobled by it, as often and as fully as we please,—only it is as wise to enjoy the blessing, thank God for bestowing it, and make no ostentatious display.

There is, if we may use the expression, one beauty in the feeling of the sublime which deserves to be borne in mind. Selfishness, bad passions, and crime, on the part of human beings, are quite incompatible with it. If any of these are mixed up with it, they instantly destroy the character of sublimity; and whatever may be the attributes, the effect is the cruel, the horrible, the repulsive, or the mean, according to the nature of the alloy. Human nature, taking it altogether, is indeed but a sorry subject for the sublime; and, at best, they who would turn men and their actions to such purposes, are always obliged to patch defects, and add ideal personifications. We are treating of the sublime only as a feeling, however,—as one of the preparations of Man for the enjoyment of life and society, and not in anywise as a means of display. In this view of it, it is within the reach of all, except those who lose their feelings by indolence and neglect, or ruin them by unmanly, mean, and ignoble courses; and the consideration of those courses belongs to the Social, rather than to the Moral history of Man.

To those who have preserved the purity of their feelings, and who have at the same time kept the higher and more intellectual portion of their nature in such activity as that feelings can be fully and fairly trusted, the sublime may become very delightful as a holyday treat to the mind, but it will not do as a regular mental occupation. We may occasionally visit the sublime; but we must dwell on the beautiful, if we are to dwell in peace, and have plenty. The sublime has the majesty of the mountain, but it also has the barrenness; the beautiful has the loveliness of the valley, and it has also the richness, the repose, and the substantial and healthy comfort and enjoyment.

The LUDICROUS is often described as the opposite of the Sublime, but it does not appear that the description is altogether true, or that justice is done to the feeling of the ludicrous when we dispose of it in this way. It is very true, that when a man attempts an exhibition of the sublime, and fails, he himself is an excellent subject for the ludicrous; but if, in his action, he fell no further than this, he would be a happy man,—Icarus falling in the groves of Parnassus, or among the flowers of Tempe, rather than sousing in the brine of the Ægean Sea. When any one falls from the true or upper sublime, he falls into the lower—into the Bathos, so admirably described in "Martinus Scriblerus, his treatise" thereupon; and however ludicrous he may seem to others, it is no play or laughing matter to himself. *Vide* the whole drove of would-be "mighty men of genius," be-

fore, when, and since Martinus penned his inimitable treatise.

The feeling of the ludicrous is a distinct feeling certainly, and a feeling of no mean order; but really it is a feeling with which one does not very well know how to deal, or whether to set it down as a good or an evil to him who has it in anything like perfection. Besides, we are inclined to think that it is wholly a social feeling; and that if there were only one man in the world, he would not have much feeling of the ludicrous,—at least in the common acceptation of the term. The fact is, that in all the degrees of it—and they are not few—it is a satirical feeling; and there would be no use of a satirical feeling, if there were not somebody to satirize, and also to join in the laugh against the party upon whom the infliction took effect.

That there is something very delightful in satire we are ready to admit, and that it is the very best corrective of the follies of mankind we will allow; but we are not sure that the foundation of it is even free from a certain something that savours of personal vanity, if not of malignity. We are men ourselves; and if some of our fellows appear fools, according to our standard, why should we laugh at them, or hold them up to ridicule? for we may appear even greater fools, according to their standard, although they are too wise, or too well employed, for saying anything about the matter.

After all, it is pleasant to laugh; and though laughing has been predicated of hyænas, gulls, and other

animals that never related a joke in their lives, Man is the only being that does or can laugh; and although there is a strong bodily expression in laughter, we are inclined to believe that there is a mental feeling which corresponds; and that this mental feeling would not exist, if it were not a good and wholesome one.

True, there is a counterfeit, a fiend-like grin, which is the sign of exultation for mischief done, and which is revolting to every human being of proper feelings. But what of this, after all; for where is the good and virtuous feeling of which vice will not make a counterfeit, and try to pass it off for the true one? If we were to reject matters because there are spurious imitations of them, we would need to begin with all the very best of things, for they are the ones which impostors are the first to counterfeit, and the knowingly wicked counterfeit nothing else. Fools do sometimes counterfeit vices, and try to earn the applause of the profligate by boasting of enormities which they never perpetrated; but villains never do these things,—their game is against another part of society, and so, as far as they can, they counterfeit virtues; and the counterfeit grin which they endeavour to pass off as an equal to the hearty laugh of the honest man, is a confession from the enemy that the source of laughter is a virtue,—and the confessions of the enemy are always to be trusted.

Even in the matter of one's own conduct, it is highly probable, almost certain, that a keen feeling of the ludicrous is an emotion of the greatest value. There are times at which all of us are apt to say or to do

very absurd things,—things which, without any moral turpitude in them, would tend much to lessen the estimation in which we are held in society; and this would of course, to the same extent, lessen our usefulness in that society, and consequently our happiness in ourselves. In such cases, our sense of the ludicrous pulls us back; and we are enabled to correct ourselves before any one else can see that we want correction. This is not craft, or meanness of any kind, but as wholesome a moral restraint as any that we can put upon ourselves. It goes even farther than this, and corrects us without any allusion to society, or to the figure that we might cut among men. That we should have an honest and well-informed tribunal in our own hearts, and that we should be at all times ready to stand before this tribunal, not only without dread, but with the certainty of full approbation, is more essential to our real happiness than anything that we can hope or fear from the world without. Now, the feeling of the ludicrous is a sort of inferior court to this,—a court of the first instance, in which our conduct, be it external or in thought, may be very easily and very fairly tried; and if it abide the trial here, there is every reason to conclude that it will abide the subsequent and severer trial.

In this view of it, our feeling of the ludicrous is a very useful feeling to us, and it is also a very pleasant one. We do not like that the world should laugh at our foibles; but if we can feel that the world is ignorant of them, we can laugh very pleasantly, as well as very wholesomely, at them ourselves.

These, however, are, in some sort, moral additions to the simple feeling of the ludicrous, and in the meantime we have chiefly to do with that; and as an intellectual treat, and without any regard whatever to moral consequences, there is something very pleasing in the genuine expression of the ludicrous. Thus, some one, we forget who, mentions a man of violent and ungovernable passions—who had often threatened to lay violent hands upon himself, but had never actually done it—bursting into his dressing-room one day, in a violent paroxysm of rage, getting hold of the very keenest of his razors, stropping it, trying the edge against the skin of his palm, taking off his cravat, turning down the collar of his shirt, and then flourishing the razor about the room, stamping and swearing that he would——shave himself, if John would bring up the hot water! This is a very simple matter, and one which, to the majority of mankind, will appear not worth mentioning; and yet, to those who have the feeling, there is a great deal of the ludicrous in it.

When there is some latent sarcasm in the ludicrous, it perhaps always has the better effect, although, as we have said, there may be a mixture of another emotion in these cases. Butler's Hudibras is perhaps more redolent of these compounds than any work in the English or any other language; and most of the sayings require to be read several times over before we can get all the point that is in them. The book might be cited *passim* for this purpose; but we shall content ourselves with one passage, and that a very

simple one,—the deprecation of extreme vengeance on the vanquished fiddler:—

> "Will you employ your conquering sword,
> To break a fiddle—and your word?"

The idea of a valorous knight, in the hour of most triumphant victory, turning the sword with which he had obtained his victory to such a purpose as the breaking of an unoffending and simple "fiddle," is as ludicrous as can very well be imagined; but in the concluding part of the couplet there is a satiric thrust made at the knight himself. His word,—the word of a knight, which, by all the rules of chivalry, was accounted more sacred and inviolable than the word of any other person whatever, is absolutely rated at less than the value of a fiddle.

Innumerable instances of the ludicrous might be given, both from the writings of the wits, and the unwritten matters which are afloat in society, and used as a sort of garnish at the tables of those who are inclined to be merry in their conviviality, and yet cannot trust to their own abilities for their mirth; and among such parties you often find a wit, *par excellence*, that is let out for the occasion. Very often, the sayings of this professional wit appear to be very "flat, stale, and unprofitable;" and you can see no wit in them at all,—not half so much as in some saying of a plain man, who never dreamt that he could be guilty of any such thing as a witticism; but in all cases where there is a professed wit, there is, or ought to be, a clique of laughers, who shall roar out

whenever he speaks, whether there may or may not be any wit in what he says. We once had the—what shall we call it?—the chance of, being at a party where there was a wit and a clique. The lady of the house had the brilliant man posted at her elbow, and the chorus of laughers were at the distal part of a pretty long table. The lady happened to be what a friend of ours called a *Philocynist;* and she had a favourite shock which, in consequence of injudicious infarction, had been for days grievously afflicted with the gripes; and the only way in which the poor animal had got the better of the surfeit was that in which animals get rid of all their maladies. The wit inquired after the health of the shaggy and parlour-scenting favourite, and the lady was unable to reply by anything but a shake of the head. The clique considered that a witticism of the first water had been produced; they burst into their accustomed "guffaw," and the lady stalked out of the room as stern as the spectre of Ajax.

There have been many attempts to analyse what is called a witticism, and to find out in what the wit consists; but, like the attempts to settle the question as to what is beauty, or what is sublimity, they have, one and all, been failures. The fact of their being so need not be wondered at; for they who have to seek for wit in that which is called a witticism have really no chance of finding it.

The fact is, that, in the case of any one of the emotions, it is vain for anybody to seek in the subject which excites the said emotion, whatever it may be,

and how strong soever the excitement, the cause of the emotion. In matters of knowledge, we may find the cause of that which is known, because the subjects of knowledge have a real existence, independently of the mind that knows them; and there is such a thing as a square or a circle, a plant or an animal, a sun, a planet, or a moon, whether anybody may know or feel anything about it or not. But in the case of feelings, or emotions, it is very different; for if there is no emotion felt, there is no subject of emotion. If nobody feels wonder, or beauty, or sublimity, or ludicrousness, then there is no existence of the one or the other; and if the feelings are excited, it matters not what the exciting objects may be in themselves. When, in the exquisitely fantastic, but still not unnatural drama of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the spell laid upon Titania by Oberon had made her fall in love with Bottom, the weaver transformed into an ass, the poet represents the fairy queen as casting about to find, in the singular object of her passion, materials on which to fasten her love; and among the rest there are some which are very ludicrous,—at least in the opinion of all who are not enamoured of a vulgar man transformed into an ass, which is often done without the spell of an Oberon. The fairy queen, among other points calculated to please her love-sick fancy, extols him for appearing

"With amiable cheeks, and fair large ears,"—

the genuine badges of the asinine, in the estimation of people in their sober senses, but the ground and

justification of the tender passion in the eyes and estimation of the spell-bound Titania.

This is but a trifle,—a sporting of the mind of the mighty dramatist, in one of those moods of fancy in which he found the ordinary course and characters of mankind all too narrow for giving him proper scope; but, trifle as it is, it throws no small light upon the power of the affections in giving us happiness or misery, not only without the aid of external circumstances, but in spite of them, let them be ever so untoward and adverse. Titania is a creature of the imagination, no doubt, and the spell and the transformation are mere fancies; but even in these, the materials which Shakspeare uses are as true to human nature as if he had been describing the attachment of some Darby and Joan, who had lived and loved together until they had almost become symmetrical halves of one animal.

It is not of the clown transformed into an ass that the fairy queen is enamoured, it is of her own emotion; and if the emotion be but of such strength as that it shall "possess" the whole mind,—engross all its attention, to the exclusion of every other,—then, to the feeling of the party, it is matter of perfect indifference whether the object be worthy or unworthy, the very best or the very worst, in the estimation of those who are in their sober senses,—that is, who have their minds so far from emotion that they can examine, compare, and decide between subject and subject. All the emotions are capable of playing strange freaks in this way, but none more so than

love, which is the most powerful of the whole; and, therefore, the grand engine by which the human race may be led and governed. *Omnia vincit amor*, is strictly and literally true. The influence of the affections in this way, and indeed those affections themselves which have reference to others, belong to the study of "Social Man," to our volume on which we refer the reader, as it will take up the subject at the point where this volume leaves it.

If we consider Man simply in himself, and without any reference to that society of which he is a member, or to the recollection of the past or the anticipation of the future, the emotions which we have enumerated may be said to form his kingdom; and an ample kingdom they are, in which a man may be as sole in his dominion, and as full and constant in his happiness, as ever he pleases. But, of course, this kingdom must be taken possession of, otherwise it cannot be enjoyed. It has also a sunny side and a dark one,—the first of which is (we speak of the moment as it passes) happiness, and the second misery, without any necessary regard to virtue or vice, or any thought of hereafter. Cheerfulness, Wonder, the feeling of Beauty—the emotion of Delight, and the feeling of Sublimity—the emotion of Intellectual Rapture, are the four great procurers on the sunny side, while their opposites lie in and on the dark and gloomy. The Ludicrous, much as is the pleasure which it gives us, properly belongs to neither side;—it is a moonbeam sort of district, not very productive of the substantial comforts of life, but abounding in sparkling crystals,

which are very angular and sharp. A dreary waste lies between the sunny side and the dark, and the bewildered crowds who wander there may be said to dodge on through life without much happiness or misery: they are born, they eat and drink, they get rich if they can, they die, and there remains—the very minimum of immortal Man.

The grand practical question is, how we are to avoid the darkness and the desert, and take our portion in the fair and fertile? Is there a *lot* cast for us in this matter, or is it our own doing? In an age where most men read and a good many men think, it may appear absurd to raise such a question as this; but still it is a necessary question, and one which stands up and demands an answer at a very early stage of our progress. We hear people so constantly mourning their hard lot, or luck, or fortune, and sometimes exulting a little at its being good, that there must still be lingering in the world a great deal of erroneous belief upon these subjects. People of almost every rank not only say these things every day, but they act upon them. They gamble, not because there is any display of ingenuity in the play of the game, but simply to "try their luck;" and they do this so often and so earnestly, that it must be a habit with them—a rooted belief according to which their minds are modelled, and all their actions and even their very feelings regulated. Indeed, it is *the* moral plague-sore of the human race; and it is the more inveterate, that it has no foundation whatever in human nature, or in anything else, but is an unmingled and gra-

tuitous vice. Of all vices and bad habits, it has been remarked, and every one who chooses to observe may verify the remark for himself, that the more out of nature and unaccountable the habit, the more incurable it is. And when we reflect a little, we can see why this should be the case. An error *out* of nature is always a greater deviation from the right than an error *in* nature, whatever may be the comparative enormity of the two, in their effects either upon the opinion or the welfare of society.

Now, this belief in "lot," or "luck," or whatever name it may get, is an error out of nature; because there is no such thing as luck; and therefore any error that we may found upon it is of the most inveterate description. We ourselves have the means of happiness in our own hands; and if we are not happy at all times and under all circumstances, the guilt—for there is guilt in it—as well as the punishment, is our own.

We are not now speaking about any state, possession, connexion, pursuit, or occupation in the world, or in fact about the world at all: we are speaking of the condition of a man himself in the matter of his personal happiness. We are not even speaking about the body. That may be diseased or deformed, or it may be so offensive in the public estimation that we dare scarcely show it. But all this is nothing. These matters may jar a good deal upon some of our social feelings; but in the matter of our *own* personal happiness, considered simply as men, they have not in nature, and they ought not to have in fact, the small-

est influence whatsoever. They have their importance as secondary considerations, no doubt; but the grand primary consideration—that upon which all the rest hinge, is our mental happiness as men. If that is secure as it should be, all the rest may be managed; if not, we must be miserable, in spite of all the success and all the honour that the world can give.

We think that there is enough, even in the slight notice which we have given of the simple or primary emotions, to show that in them, and confining ourselves to them, every man has the means of being happy to any extent that he pleases; and if a man can make more of this happiness within—this perfect security and peace in the sanctum into which no man can enter, he can and he will defy all the rest, let it do its utmost. Of course, when we speak in this confident manner as to Man having the power to command happiness in spite of circumstances, we take the religious matter for granted: we suppose that his knowledge, his faith, and his confidence of and in his God are as they ought to be; and with the full understanding of this, we go at once to examine the foundation of happiness in the emotions.

We have given the list of the leading names; and though there are many modifications and degrees comprehended in each, yet those which are given may be said to include all the varieties within the limits of the one or the other. Now, consider the list, and see if there is any bitterness, any one cause of misery or dissatisfaction, to be found in the whole, and we dare you to say that there is one. Of the

"ills of life," as they are called, you may make a long muster-roll, and you will find that they appear to fall nearly in equal number upon those whom you would call the good and the bad. But we have nothing to do with the "ills of life" in the mean time; our present purpose is to examine the ground and stamina that Man has for enabling him to grapple with all that he may meet in life, whether it may come under the denomination of ill or good. This is the grand matter; and if it can be shown that Man may be happy in this, if he will, then a sure foundation is laid, and all the rest is mere matter of detail, and may be brought about by kindness or by aversion, as the case may be.

It will not be said that there is any source or even possibility of unhappiness in the emotion or state of Cheerfulness; and surely a man who reflects but for a moment on what he is, and how bountifully his Maker has endowed him with the capacity and the means of enjoyment, may be cheerful. This costs no sacrifice of labour, of time, or of anything else; and therefore Man—that is, every man—may, as man, and without regard to any other consideration, enjoy it fully and at all times. "Yes, but there is Melancholy too, and that melancholy may be in part constitutional." So it may; but constitutional melancholy—even constitutional madness—is no source of misery, but, on the contrary, it is a source of happiness. They who look upon it may fancy that it is misery; but the misery is in their emotion, and not in the object of that emotion. Cowper is generally

said to have written "John Gilpin" when he was in a fit of melancholy: but that inimitable ballad is the production of no melancholy mood; Cowper's mental enjoyment must have been both lively and complete when he composed a work of such exquisite glee and humour. We have seen verses by melancholy persons of another cast—by those who had allowed their minds to be broken down by brooding over an unfortunate and ungratified passion; but although they were lofty in the strain, there was none of the concatenation, the perfect self-possession, and the hearty glee of "Johnny Gilpin" about them. You could hear the clank of the mania fetters in the cadence of every stanza; and the querulousness which ran through the whole made you feel that there was something moral—some secondary emotion, arising from conduct, at the foundation of the melancholy or the madness, or whatever you may be pleased to call it.

To be silent and to love solitude, are not suffering, any more than to be garrulous and to be fond of company; and if you take examples, and study them carefully, you will find that the gay and the gossiping are really the miserables of society, and that they have little in the scale of real and substantial enjoyment but the make-weight of levity—a piteous position for a rational being certainly. Sullen gloom and morbid austerity may be sources of misery; but they have always moral causes, and the gravamen of the misery is to be sought and certainly to be found in these. The sweetest, the most rational, the most delightful hours of a man's life, are those in which he communes

with his own mind, with Nature, or with his God; and you would not surely expect that he would forego these exquisite enjoyments for mere gossip and garrulity. The fact is, that estimating, as we are obliged to estimate, from external circumstances, we make the strangest blunders about character and happiness. The melancholy moper, in the estimation of the public, is generally, if not always, the man of exquisite and constant enjoyment and happiness: the restless chatterer is the man who never really enjoys at all. "The crackling of thorns under a pot" is admirably descriptive of the hilarity under which the shallow hide their insignificance and want of enjoyment.

Therefore, whether we call a man cheerful or melancholy, there is no source of misery, and, by necessary consequence, no misery itself, in his natural condition, whatever may be its external demonstration. If there is any bitterness in the cup, we can always trace it to a moral cause; and that is the fault of Man, and not his nature. In as far as the first and simplest emotion is concerned, then, our happiness is completely in our own power; and if we do not enjoy it at all times, the fault is in ourselves practically, and not constitutionally in our nature.

As we are happy—that is to say, as we cannot naturally be miserable—in the simple state of our minds, are we to remain thus, as we can be sure that our tranquillity shall not be disturbed? Certainly not; for if this were to be the goal of human happiness, it would be better to go one step farther back, where we would be still more secure—we had better

be out of existence, and then nothing moral or not moral could come in to disturb us.

We cannot stop here; and though we could, we ought not. We have other feelings, very numerous, and some of them very active; and, according to the adage, "if we do not make them plant corn, they will sow thistles." The fact is, that this is the moral battle-field; and if we linger idly upon it, the enemy will be down upon us, and gain a victory easy and complete in proportion to our indolence. We shall have to examine this a little when we come to notice the social emotions; so that we shall only farther remark here, that if we dissect vicious characters, we shall invariably be able to trace their origin to indolent lingering here. Indolence is at all times the most pernicious of the extra-statutory vices; but in a state of ignorance—at that very beginning about which we are speaking, it is ruin—absolute and irretrievable ruin.

But we need not—cannot be idle; for the moment we come into the world, the emotion of Wonder is on the alert. Not one subject escapes it, and it contrives to connect desires with them all, according to the measure of the emotion itself. Indeed, these desires are the enemy, or convertible into the enemy, if we loiter. Knowledge of the subject that excites the wonder is the first desire, and the one the gratification of which is of the greatest importance; and if we do not gratify it to some reasonable extent, other desires will arise that want this very guidance, or the mind may be driven from one wonder to another with-

out any knowledge or gratification whatever. But these are abuses coming under the moral class, and the simple emotion of novelty has nothing but pleasure in it; and, as if to make us certain of this pleasure whether we deserve it or not, we have the impatience of that which is old and familiar to spur us on to what is new, and being new, is interesting.

This single emotion, which is so apparently simple both in the definition and the reality, is yet amply sufficient for all our purposes, and would still be so were they tenfold—ten thousand fold what they are. It leads us to the whole system and scope of possible knowledge, physical and mental—" of things visible and things invisible"—as far as the telescope can range, the microscope scrutinize, or the mind speculate. Not only this; for it will not allow us to sit down and "weep over a won world" of knowledge: for at all times, and under all circumstances, it is putting us in mind that there is yet something to be known which we do not know, something to be enjoyed which we have not yet enjoyed; and so far from there being even an approximation to satiety in it, it is ever the more ready for knowledge the more that we know, and the keener for enjoyment the more that we enjoy. Surely, in this again, therefore, there is no source—no cause—no possibility of anything like misery or suffering of any kind or other. Of itself, it leads to happiness, and to nothing but happiness; and if we prevent it, the fault is our own, and we deserve to suffer for it.

Are there any possible means of misery in the

emotion of Beauty? He who would hazard a yes, knows nothing of the matter. Beauty is the synonyme for Delight, and under the influence of that emotion all things are delightful. Even if the mind has wandered on "the mountains of vanity"—even in the dens of vice, there is a magic power in the emotion of beauty, if that emotion can be regained after such perilous hazard—there is a magic in it which limns all nature with the hues of delight; and could the veriest wretch but feel it, even he would come a willing worshipper to the altar of that virtue which he had neglected, contemned, and outraged. The picture which Gray has drawn of a man's enjoyment of nature after just rising from a bed of sickness, is very illustrative of this effect of Beauty.

> "See the wretch, that long has toss'd
> On the thorny bed of pain,
> At length regain his vigour lost,
> And breathe and walk again!
>
> "The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him an opening paradise."

It is always to be borne in mind that this delightful emotion of beauty, and all that we call beautiful in nature or in art, in the physical world, the intellectual, or the moral, is really in and of ourselves; and that, in proportion as we have it, we can invest all things with it, and turn the whole of them into the means of delight. Whether it be the spell-bound Titania, pouring forth her admiration of the ears of her donkey

darling, a lover at the feet of his mistress, a poet tuning all nature to melody, or a sincere worshipper at the altar of his God, the feeling is equally all-possessing and all-embuing,—it touches all things with the pencil of its own colouring, and they glow with all that can impart delight. The very thought that there could, by possibility, be any thing of pain, of sorrow, or of misery, in such a feeling, is absurdity itself—is madness. This is a feeling, too, which in itself cannot in any way be perverted. Secondary feelings of a vicious, and therefore a painful nature, may appear to grow out of the emotion of Beauty, but such feelings never blend with that emotion. It vanishes at their approach, returns not till they are gone, and even then it hesitates. Thus, though an excellent feeling, it is a delicate one; and if Man will be vicious, he must forego this, and with it all the real and pure happiness of his life.

The emotion of beauty is thus the best gift of the bounty of Him who is all-bountiful, and whose gifts are altogether good. If we had been without this emotion, and had, by any means, been made to understand its value, while we were in that state, there is no labour that we would have grudged, no privation that we would have hesitated to undergo, in order to obtain it, if that had been possible. But we all have it as part of the very constitution of that nature which our Maker has of his own goodness given us; and naturally we have it full and complete. We are apt to spoil it, however, or to throw it away for the sake of the meanest, most paltry, and most fleeting gratifi-

cation of the worst appetites of the lowest part of our nature. The very best of us do not maintain it in perfection, and the worst entirely lose it; while, perhaps, the majority are indifferent to it, and content themselves with a little here and there, lightly esteemed, and feebly enjoyed.

Still, this is no fault of nature,—no omission on the part of Him who bestows the gift upon us; nor will it be any excuse or extenuation of the neglect or the abuse of it. There is not a single perversion of any one feeling of our nature, not a single deviation from perfect propriety and purity, but which goes down on the record against us, and will remain there, and come to torment us when help and hope are clean gone. We may hope in the Divine mercy, and flatter ourselves with "kindness to our infirmities;" but the kindness is for the present life only; and the mercy lies in the fact of our not being sent to everlasting perdition—given up to the final remorse of our own guilty minds, the instant that we commit our first crime or our first error. This *is* mercy; and it is mercy which is extended to the whole human race, during the term of their mortal lives upon the earth, but not longer—not an hour, not a moment. The doom upon us is instant then, and it is irrevocable and eternal. It is also in vain for us to appeal to the Gospel; purely gracious and benevolent as the system revealed in that is, it is not in any sense a palliative for the crimes or an excuse for the follies of Man. This would be compromising—destroying the justice of the Almighty; and if one transgression of Man could be blotted out

by the compromise of Divine justice, then the sacrifice of the Son of God was a vain oblation. If one tittle of the law of eternal justice could have been dispensed with in this manner, then the sins of all mankind, had the whole race been tenfold the monsters which the very worst of them have been, might have been forgiven on the very same hypothesis, without any atonement whatsoever. But the law is a law of God, and it must take its course; and a pretended belief in the Gospel is of no more avail in the case of an error which Man knows he commits, than a belief in the Koran or the Vedahs, or in the black art, or the second-sight. For the same reason, rites and offerings are of no moment or account whatsoever; and he who builds a thousand churches does not a jot more towards the mitigation of the punishment of any one crime or error, than if he were to immolate a hecatomb of human beings to the memory of the loathsome man-god of the ancient Mexicans. Therefore, they who are wise and understand the matter, will be very careful never to deceive themselves by fancies of this kind.

Besides, the religion of the Gospel would really not be worth having, if they who understood and believed it, continued in the practice of these things. The Gospel, be it well understood, reaches all the crimes and errors of which a man may have been guilty, up to the moment that he is convinced of its truth; but after this, it reaches not one. If it does not so operate as a rule of life, as to put an end to these things, then the party is yet in utter ignorance of the spirit of the

Gospel. If the case were otherwise, the atonement would be a sort of license of indulgence given to men, so that they might break the law of God with impunity, and in defiance and mockery of Eternal Justice. What a strange being that would make of the Deity; and what curious notions the men who had such doctrines, if any such there were, must have of God, of justice, of right and wrong, and of all matters of morality whatsoever.

In as far as errors of ignorance go, the benefits of the sacrifice extends to them through life. But even here there are some points that require to be closely examined. The error of ignorance, and the ignorance with which it is committed, are crimes according to the law, though, when they are true and real, the atonement reaches them. It may so happen, however, that the ignorance is wilful, and this brings all that is done in consequence of it, into the category of wilful crimes. Some of the other points are a little nice, and we shall not enter upon them; but we may be sure that a man who is really a Christian, will follow the precepts of the Christian Monitor as closely and as constantly, with as little boasting or ostentation about it as ever he can, and that he will not be found destitute of the delightful emotion of the beautiful,—the very essence of which is in the religion which he feels, and in the relation which it establishes between God and him.

The feeling of the sublime cannot be said, like that of the beautiful, to be the portion of the whole human race; for, though any man may reach, at least some

degree of the feeling, there are probably many men who never in reality do reach it. It belongs only to minds of a certain extent of culture; and there is no question that the possession of it greatly augments their feeling of happiness in the present world, and will do it much more in the next; but still, the want of this feeling is not a crime. For all ordinary cases and degrees of mind, the other feelings may be regarded as embodying adequate means of answering all the elements of happiness, if those means are properly used; and this feeling is a higher reward for those who have undergone the labour of being able to enjoy it. Of the feeling of the Ludicrous we shall offer no recapitulation. It is, as we have said, a feeling which has a pretty direct reference to society, and certainly requires some knowledge and experience of mankind for its proper developement. It can hardly be said to be a feeling which is essential to the happiness of Man, although it is one the proper management of which is productive of a good deal of pleasure, although frequently too much at the expence of pain to others.

From this review, which has been purposely confined to those feelings which are the most simple and primary, the most connected with the elements of knowledge and happiness, and which have no reference to Man in society, it will be seen that Man comes into the world amply provided with the means of acquiring the most general and complete knowledge, and enjoying the most full and unbroken happiness; that the means of these are given to us as freely as

fully; that the very enjoyment of our existence depends upon the care and diligence with which we use them; and that if any of them are neglected or perverted—turned from good to evil, the fault is ours, and the punishment will be upon our own heads.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

In the moral history of Man, there are still very many points besides those which have been noticed in the preceding chapters of this volume; and, in their practical bearings and consequences, not a few of them are of deeper interest than any of the merely human ones upon which we have touched. In the emotions, or feelings alone, we have noticed only the most simple and elementary ones. This has, however, been done advisedly,—because, in a study so extensive, so complicated, and withal so interesting, as that of Man, it is desirable that we should narrow our elementary views as much as possible, in order that we may obtain observations of our subject at the outset. The relation of Man to his Maker, and to the law of his being, is the foundation of all sound morality; and therefore that requires to be first considered. Then we have to get a little insight into the disposition and character of Man, and some of the common means by which he affects that character, more especially in the way of deterioration—that species of deterioration which does not amount to crime in the judgment of the laws of Man.

The purpose for which Man comes into the world necessarily forms part of the inquiry here; and as it is impossible to suppose that Man can be in any way serviceable to the Almighty, as one man is serviceable to another, the only rational conclusion to which we can come, is, that the real object of Man upon the earth—considering him in himself as an individual, and without any reference to the rest of mankind—is to enjoy all the happiness which he possibly can. It so happens that this also is the view of the matter which is most consistent with the well-being of society; but the consideration of that view of it did not come properly within the scope of the present volume, the object of which is the simplest view possible of Moral Man.

The means with which Man is furnished for the obtaining of this happiness are a very necessary and essential part of the inquiry. We do not, of course, mean the organs of the body, or the capacity of the mind as capable of knowing, comparing, and judging. These are the means of learning, ruling, and possessing; and they are all necessary and valuable, but they are not necessarily the means of happiness. When we look at the condition of men around us, we find that very little of their real happiness depends on the amount of their knowledge, their wealth, their rank, their power, or any of the ordinary distinctions of society. We sometimes find men of all ranks and states very unhappy, as well as very happy. We find some men the more miserable the more they prosper in the world, as if success of all kinds were a curse to

them; and we find others, who have been the sport of one misfortune after another, during the whole course of their lives, and who yet preserve the most uninterrupted happiness under the pressure of the whole. What is usually accounted the greatest good of Man in this world, appears to fall more heavily on the one than all the complication of worldly ills do on the other. It is the same with wealth, and all the distinctions of the external conditions of men that we can name.

Yet the matter will not go by contraries any more than by coincidences; for we find happy men in happy circumstances, and miserable men in miserable circumstances, though perhaps not in a greater ratio to the total number than we do in the other cases. The fair and legitimate conclusion to be drawn from all this is, that the circumstances of the world, and the real happiness of mankind, do not depend upon the same laws; and that therefore it is impossible to reason from the one of them to the other in anything like a legitimate and philosophical manner.

This leads us to seek for the causes of human happiness in Man himself. It is vain to look for this in the enjoyments of the body,—the pleasures of sense, as they are called; for the sensualist, who is avowedly or openly so, is always miserable,—the victim of the most turbulent passions by which the peace and comfort of a man can be disturbed. Among the more fortunate part of mankind, too, we find no ratio between the zest of the appetite, or the means of gratifying it, and the happiness; and if we come

to the simple use of the senses as organs of observation, and of the limbs as organs of motion, we find that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, or the ear with hearing;" but that the more we see and hear, our appetite, in both respects, becomes the keener. In the case of the limbs again, when we use them much they get fatigued; and when we rest them a few moments they get useful for their office. With mere knowledge it is the same; and, in short, if we attend only to those matters, we are forced to the conclusion that there is no source of happiness under the sun, but that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

But this gloomy conclusion is not true; for there are many who show, by their whole conduct, that they are happy. We, at times, feel happy ourselves; and not only this, for we feel happy at some times under circumstances of far heavier pressure than those which make us perfectly wretched at other times; and, in so far as we can judge of others, they appear to be affected in the same manner.

This brings us very near to our object,—indeed, almost altogether to it; for there is only one other source in which we can seek it. Is that source religion?—No; for, in the common matters of life, religious men have their happiness and their misery very much in the same way as other men; and there are not a few who are more frequently grumbling and complaining, than cheerful and happy, whom yet it would, at all events, be somewhat uncharitable to set down as irreligious. Religion addresses itself to the

great matters of life; and, practically, it really seems to be in the little ones that the practical happiness of men chiefly consists.

There remain only the emotions; and, if the source of our practical happiness or misery be nowhere else, it must be in them, and in them only. This, of course, leads us to the consideration of the emotions; and, in order that we may clearly see the foundation, it seems best to discard all of those that have reference to the past, or to the future, or to society in any way, and confine our attention to those that influence us at the moment.

The peculiar nature of the emotions is very worthy of our attention here, because they differ greatly from the thoughts or intellectual states. Thought, or thinking, always implies that there is a "thing" or subject of thought; and, in order to obtain this, there must be information, and mental processes, sometimes long and complicated ones. The emotion, on the other hand, comes upon us we know not how; and it takes possession of us more completely than any thought. It is not knowledge, in fact, it is feeling; and it is in this feeling that our happiness or our misery consists. If the feeling is a happy one, it turns all that we observe, and think, and do, to happiness, let them be what they will in themselves; and if it is of the opposite character, it as certainly turns all into misery. The feeling, or the emotion, whatever it may be, turns everything to its own character. Hence we have a very good clue to the bower of general happiness, in spite of all the mazes in the

labyrinth of life. We have only to be at all times affected by pleasurable and agreeable feelings; and whether we can or cannot do this becomes the question.

There is a little verbal confusion—a matter which is a sad plague to us in all the more delicate inquiries which we must attend to here. We are accustomed to confound the language of thought with the language of emotion. It is by no means uncommon, even among people of schooling, if not of education, to hear such expressions as these:—"I *think* this day very cold;" "I *think* this road very long;" "I *think* that lady very beautiful;" and so on, through a very long succession. Now, all this is really nonsense. You cannot "think" a day into the fact of being cold, a road into the fact of being long, or a lady into the fact of being beautiful; for they remain just as they are, if you were to think ever so much about them. You do not think anything about the matter: you *feel* the cold of the day, the weariness of the road—not the *length* certainly—and the beauty of the lady; and give you but the emotions, and it matters not a rush to your happiness or your misery what the subjects are in themselves. If the antecedent and the consequent part of the day were burning, if the road were not a yard each way from you, and if the lady were as ugly as Milton's personification of Sin, give you your present feelings, and the cold, the weariness, and the beauty would be the same as ever.

This is the charm and the advantage of the emotions, the real cause why we find happiness in them,

and in them alone. We have only to get the emotion, and it will mould everything after itself. If it is a happy one, then we can and shall be happy, in spite of all external circumstances, let them run as adverse as they may; and if it is a painful one, there is nothing in the world that can give us pleasure. Hence, we see where our happiness lies; and the only other consideration is, how we shall secure it.

The analysis of the simple emotions does this; for it shows us that, in themselves, and unless we vitiate them by our own misconduct, they are all pleasurable; and not only this, but that they include within their range every kind and degree of delight of which human nature is capable; that, if we take them from the simple feeling of cheerfulness to the lofty emotion of the sublime, every man has his full portion in them, from the very humblest to the most exalted.

All that can possibly invade the happiness which we can enjoy in those emotions, is some counter emotion of a painful nature; and this must always have its source in something external, and extrinsic of us at the moment. This, however, carries away our attention from the individual to those external matters in which Man materially affects, and is affected; and this is no part of the simple question of Man's moral nature.

THE END.

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