

The power of all things cease; e'en sacred oaths
At times be broke, and the determined mind
Forego its steady purpose.

Material causes, on the contrary, are regular in their operations, and uninterrupted in their effects. Nobody doubts that the sun will rise to-morrow; that a cannon-ball will sink in water; or that, if the lamps over our heads were to be extinguished, we should be in darkness. The power of Buonaparte, when in the zenith of his success, was absolute and almost unbounded, but did even this ensure steadiness of conduct? Quite the reverse. We behold the decrees of to-day overthrown by those of to-morrow, and, in the blind and overwhelming career of his ambition, his hosts of bloodhounds that have just plundered his enemies next sent against his friends; we behold every thing in nature, that is within his reach, tottering and out of joint; while every thing that is beyond and above him continues steadfast and unchangeable; the air is as vital as ever, the seasons as regular in their courses, and, to adopt the beautiful language of our poet-laureate—

The moon,
Regardless of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way.

But we are farther told, that unless there be the same fixed and dependent chain established in the moral creation which unquestionably exists in the physical, the Deity himself could have no prescience or foreknowledge of human conduct. And so forcible has this argument appeared to some men, and men, too, of acknowledged worth and piety, that in the dilemma into which they have felt themselves thrown, like the Brahmins of the East, they have utterly abandoned the doctrine of divine prescience in favour of that of moral liberty.

Shallow and impotent conclusion! ^{fool} Absurd admission of an hostility that has no existence! As though he who sees through infinite space is incapable of seeing through the brief duration of time; or as though, like Theseus in the Cretan labyrinth, the great Author of nature stands in need of a thread to guide him through the maze of his own creation, and depends upon every preceding event as a direction-post to that which follows. There are contingencies in the natural as well as in the moral world, though they are far less frequent because far less necessary. Miracles are of this description; they are direct and palpable deviations from the common laws of nature, the common routine of causes and effects; and he who denies that the Deity can know any thing of contingencies, in the one case, ought also to deny that he can know any thing of them in the other; for the necessary and consecutive chain of causation, upon which alone such philosophers found the attribute of prescience, is equally broken in both instances. But such philosophers have to deny still more than this, or they must abandon their principle altogether. They have equally to deny that the Deity can see or know any thing of such anomalies, even when present; for if he can only know events as successive and necessary links of preceding events, the tie being broken, on their appearance, and the anomalous events detached, he can have no more knowledge of them when gone by or present than when future. It may, perhaps, be thought, that when present and operating they pass before him! Pass before him! O puerile and miserable conception of Divinity! All nature is equally before him, in every point of space, and every moment of eternity, and he who denies God to be every where, must deny him to be any where; unless he sees and knows every thing, he must see and know nothing. Miracles and moral contingencies, then, are as much provided for, and must be so, as the most common train of natural events. It is true, we know nothing of the arrangement by which they subsist; but they are and must be provided for, nevertheless. It is here, and here only, we ought to rest—in an equal acknowledgment of human ignorance and divine perfection;—for it is, assuredly, not quite consistent either with the modesty of genuine philosophy, or the reverence of religious faith, to controvert a truth because we cannot account for it; or

to pluck away attribute after attribute from the diadem of the Deity, out of mere compliment to the demand of a fanciful and empty hypothesis. I retreat from this subject, however, with pleasure. It is too perplexed and mysterious for popular discussion, and I am fearful of darkening it by illustration. I should not have touched upon it, but that I have been forced, by the regular progress of our own inquiries; and now turn, with a free and unfettered foot, to the study of the passions; their general nature and influence upon human actions and language; which we shall enter upon in our next lecture.

LECTURE IX.

ON THE ORIGIN, CONNEXION, AND CHARACTER OF THE PASSIONS.

WE have entered upon an inquiry concerning the nature and operation of the various faculties that constitute the general furniture of the mind. These we have divided into three classes; the faculties of the understanding, the faculties of volition, and the passions or faculties of emotion. The commencement of the present series of lectures was devoted to an illustration of the first; the second we discussed in our preceding study; and we now advance to a brief analysis of the third.

In sailing over the sea of life, the passions are the gales that swell the canvass of the mental bark; they obstruct or accelerate its course; and render the voyage favourable or full of danger, in proportion as they blow steadily from a proper point, or are adverse and tempestuous. Like the wind itself, they are an engine of high importance and mighty power. Without them we cannot proceed; but with them we may be shipwrecked and lost. Reined in, therefore, and attempered, they constitute, as I have already observed, our happiness; but let loose and at random, they distract and ruin us.

How few, beneath auspicious planet born,
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted. YOUNG.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the passions are not distinct agents, but mere affections or emotions, mere states or conditions of the mind, excited by an almost infinite variety of external objects and events, or internal operations and feelings. And here, the first remark that will probably occur to us is, that, derived from sources thus numerous and diversified, they must themselves form a numerous and motley host. Some of them are simple, others complex; some peculiar to certain circumstances or individuals, others general and embracing all countries and conditions; some possessing a natural tendency to promote what is good; and others what is mischievous and evil; while many of them, again, though distinguished by separate names, only differ from other passions in degree; and, hence, naturally merge into them upon a change in the scale.

It has often occurred to me, that if we were to follow up all the passions, multiplied and complicated as they are, to their radical sources, and to draw out their respective genealogies, we might easily reduce them to four—Desire, Aversion, Joy, and Sorrow. And as aversion and sorrow are only the opposites of desire and joy, and must necessarily flow from their existence in a state of things in which all we meet with is not to be desired or enjoyed, it is possible that desire and joy ought alone to be regarded as the proper parent stocks of all the rest. Let us examine them for a few minutes under this system of simplification.

Perhaps the oldest, simplest, and most universal passion that stirs the mind of man, is *DESIRE*. So universal is it, that I may confidently ask, where is the created bosom—nay, where is the created being, without it? And Dryden is fully within the mark in asserting, that

Desire's the vast extent of human mind.

AVERSION, which is its opposite, is less universal, less simple, and of later birth. It is less universal, for though there is no created being exempt from it, nor ought to be so upon certain points, it is more limited in its objects and operation. It is of later date, at least among mankind, for the infant desires before it dislikes: and hence there is as much physical truth as picturesque genius in the following exhortation of Akenside, to the lovers of taste and nature:—

Through all the maze
Of *YOUNG DESIRE*, with rival steps pursue
The charm of beauty.

And it is less simple, as being the opposite of desire, and in a certain sense flowing from it, and connected with its existence; the whole of its empire being founded on objects and ideas that the elder passion of desire has rejected.

Now the main streams that issue from *DESIRE*, running in different directions and giving rise to multitudes of secondary streams, are the three following:—*LOVE*, *HOPE*, *EMULATION*. Examine them attentively, and you will find, that, different as they are from each other, they all possess the sperm and parentage of *DESIRE*, and possess it equally.

LOVE is not simple desire, but flows from it, and is so closely connected with it, that some shade of the latter passion is, in every instance, to be found in the former. The terms are hence, in some particular senses, and especially when employed loosely, used in all languages synonymously: whence *EROS* (*Ἔρως*) among the elegant Greeks, and *CUPIDO* among the Romans, was the god equally appointed to preside over both passions. It is from the latter tongue we obtain in our own language the word *cupidity*, which in like manner embraces both ideas. Spenser has made desire the offspring of love, rather than love the offspring of desire; but this is to invert the order of nature. The first instinctive passion discoverable in infant life, as I have already observed, is desire—a desire of satisfying the new-born sensation of hunger; and love—that is, love of the object that gratifies it—follows from the gratification itself; nor can we, through any period of life, love what in our own estimation is undesirable. In many cases, for there are innumerable shades belonging to both, love may be regarded as the same passion as desire, but with an increase of intensity; as hatred, which is its opposite, is the same passion as aversion but with a parallel advance in the scale. There are, however, various marks of difference; and I may observe, that while desire is never without a less or greater degree of uneasiness, love, though it is sometimes accompanied with the same feeling, is occasionally free from it, and always so, when perfectly genuine.

Before we proceed to the two other main branches which radiate from *DESIRE*, let us follow up the subsidiary streams into which the passion of *LOVE* ramifies. These run in two opposite directions, according as they possess a virtuous or a vicious tendency; and in each direction they are extremely prolific, and offer to us a numerous progeny. Thus, on the one hand, we behold the passion or feeling of love giving birth to charity, benevolence, philanthropy, pity, mercy, fellow-feeling, which the Latins called compassion, and the Greeks sympathy; generosity, friendship, and ardour. They form a chaste and a happy group, are full of social affection, and are hence often called, after the name of the eldest sister, the *CHARITIES* of life or of the heart.

Mercy, and Truth, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety, with wishes placed above,
And sweetest Sympathy, and boundless Love.

GOLDSMITH, altered.

On the other hand, we behold issuing from the same source a variety of restless and turbulent affections, which, from their characteristic violence, contribute equally, perhaps, to the unhappiness of those who possess them, and to the world on which they are exercised. To this tribe belong avarice, or the love of gain; ambition, or the love of power; pride and vanity, or the love of pomp, splendour, and ostentation; selfishness, or the love of the person, in common language, self-love: though the whole of these being of a selfish character, this latter term might, with as much propriety, apply to every one of them, as that of charity, or the love of others, to each of the preceding division.

Most of these are admirably described or allegorized by Spenser in his *Faerie Queene*, which will be found to afford a most powerful illustration of the general hints here offered. I would readily bring instances in proof of this remark if our time would allow: as a single example of the force of his imagination, let me especially direct your attention to his entire delineation of avarice or mammon, and particularly the following picturesque representation of his dwelling:—

Both rooffe and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house itselſe display,
But a FAINT SHADOW OF UNCERTAIN LIGHT:
Such as a LAMP, WHOSE LIFE DOES FADE AWAY;
OR AS THE MOONE, CLOATHED WITH CLOWDY NIGHT,
DOES SHOW TO HIM THAT WALKES IN FEARE AND SAD AFFRIGHT.*

HOPE I have enumerated as the second main stream that emanates from the passion of *DESIRE*. Try the world, examine your own hearts, and you will agree with me that this is its source. Hope must spring from desire, and cannot exist without it: as it rises in the scale it becomes trust or confidence; and confidence, according to the alliance it forms with other feelings or affections, gives birth to two very different families. United to a vigorous judgment and an ardent imagination, it produces courage, magnanimity, patience, intrepidity, enterprise; combined with vanity or self-love, the complex and mischievous brood is self-opinion, impudence, audacity, and conceit.

Hope, however, is not produced singly. It is a twin-passion, and its congenital sister is Fear. This has not been sufficiently attended to by pathognomists; but examine the general tenor and accompaniment of the passions as they rise in your hearts, and you will find the present statement correct. Hope and fear spring equally from desire—the hope of gaining the desired object, and the fear of losing it. They run the same race, though with varying degrees of strength, and terminate their joint career in the antagonist extreme points of fruition or despair; the powers of hope growing gradually more intense as it approaches the former goal, and those of fear as it approaches the latter.

I have said, that at these boundaries they terminate their respective career; but fear does not always cease with fruition. Uncertainty and change are so strongly written on all earthly enjoyments, that even in the firmest possession we have still some fear of losing them; so that we can seldom say, “What a man hath, why doth he yet fear for?” though nothing is more pertinent than the opposite inquiry, “What a man hath, why doth he yet hope for?” Fruition without fear is reserved for, and will be, the great prerogative of a higher state of being.

Fear, however, like hope, in its progress through life, forms other alliances

* B. ii. canto vii. xxix.

than that which springs during its infancy. Combined with a sense of failure or imperfection in our own powers, it takes a right direction, and produces caution, timidity, bashfulness, diffidence, respect, and complaisance: united to friendship, love, or complacency, it engenders gratitude, devotion, reverence, veneration, and awe, which are only different degrees of the same feeling: and hence the term FEAR, in the sense we are now taking of it, becomes an apt and beautiful type of every religious affection; of desire; as love, gratitude, zeal, devotion, and awe; for we have just traced it as branching up in this direct line of descent.

The connexions of fear, moreover, like those of hope, are of a bad as well as of a good character: united to a judgment that measures its powers amiss, and entertains too mean an opinion of them, it degenerates into irresolution, doubt, cowardice, and pusillanimity: combined with a restless and irritable imagination, it begets suspicion, jealousy, dread, terror; and terror, when combined with hate, gives birth to the passion of horror. It is in this last character, as connected with the fancy or imagination, that the term FEAR is for the most part employed by the dramatists; and it is to this that Collins has entirely confined himself in his celebrated ode upon the subject.

Thou to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who seest, appall'd, th' unreal scene
When Fancy lifts the veil between,—
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic FEAR!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye:
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly.

The third main passion which issues from the common stock of DESIRE, I have said, is EMULATION. This, when properly attempered, and connected with what have already appeared to be the social affections, is one of the noblest and most valuable emotions that actuates the human heart. It commences early, and often accompanies us to the closing scene of life. It inspires the play of the infant, the task of the schoolboy, and the busy career of the man. It gives health and vigour to the first, applause and distinction to the second, and riches and honour to the third. But emulation, instead of being connected with the social, is often connected with the selfish affections; and in this case it degenerates into rivalry, an ungenerous strife to equal or surpass a competitor where there is a chance of success; or into envy, which is a mixture of emulation and hatred, where there is not.

The antagonist passion to DESIRE is AVERSION, which has also, like desire, different degrees of intensity, and a family of diversified characters, though in neither respect so numerous or complicated as the former.

It not unfrequently unites itself to pride, and produces, as its progeny, the jaundiced family of scorn, contempt, and disdain; the last of which is thus described by Spenser:—

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes,
Like two great beacons, glared far and wide,
Glancing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pride;
And stalking stately, like a crane did stride
At every step upon the tip-toes high;
And all the way he went, on every side
He gazed about, and stared horribly
As if he, with his looks, all men would terrify.

Aversion, combined with a quick sense of being wronged, whether real or imaginary, becomes anger; anger, when violent or ungovernable, is denominated rage or fury; and, when stimulated by a determination to retaliate, it assumes the name and shape of revenge. Hatred is only aversion advanced to a higher degree in the scale; and hatred, colleagued with a fixed and clandestine desire to injure, degenerates into malice; the foulest, most despicable, and most devilish of all the passions that can harass an intelligent being, and the most opposite to the character of the Divinity; for God is love, and the stamp of benevolence is imprinted on every part of creation.

De secrètes beautés quel amas innombrable!
Plus l'Auteur s'est caché, plus il est admirable!*
What boundless beauties round us are display'd!
How shines the Godhead mid the darkest shade!

Such, then, are the numerous and diversified families that issue directly or collaterally from the passion of desire, or of aversion as its opposite. I stated this passion to be almost universal in its range, and I submit to you whether this statement has not been verified.

The two other radical sources into which we are to resolve the remaining passions of the heart are JOY and SORROW: of equal weight and moment in the scale of life, but less numerous and complicated in their offspring; and which will, therefore, detain us but for a few minutes.

Joy, when pure and genuine, is a sweet and vivacious affection. It is the test and index of happiness or pleasure. Its influence, like that of gravitation, extends to remote objects; and it lightens the severest labours by its foretaste. It is the breath, the nectar of heaven, and the high reward which stimulates us to a performance of our duty while on earth.

Joy, like several of the preceding passions, has different names assigned to it, in its different stages of ascent; at its lowest point, it is ease, content, or tranquillity; at a certain elevation, it is called delight or gladness; somewhat farther in the scale, exultation; beyond this, rapture or transport—for the terms, as applied to this passion, are synonymous; and advanced far higher, it is ecstasy—joy so overwhelming as to take away the senses, and prevent all power of utterance. Among the Greeks, however, the term ECSTASY was used in a more general sense, and applied to any overwhelming affection, whether of joy or sorrow; and Shakspeare, who has often carried it farther than the Greeks, occasionally makes it a feature of madness or mental distraction, which is not passion but disease. The following from his Hamlet is an instance of this signification:—

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ECSTASY.

Combined with activity, joy produces the light-hearted family of cheerfulness, gayety, mirth, frolic, and jocularly; the best and most lively picture of which that the world has ever seen, is given by Milton in his Allegro, mirth being here placed at the head of the whole.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

Possessing features in many respects similar, we meet with another lively tribe, which are equally the offspring of joy, but of joy in alliance with an ardent imagination. These are sentimentalism, characterized by romantic views or ideas of real life; chivalry, which is the sentimentalism of gallantry, caparisoned for action, and impatient to enter the burning list.

Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With stores of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize.

* Racine le fils, Poème de la Religion.

This extravagant passion had its use in the feudal times; but it has for ages become antiquated, and in modern warfare has certainly too much gone out of fashion.

To the same tribe belongs enthusiasm, the joyous or ecstatic devotion of a high-wrought fancy to some particular cause or party, the chief of which are religion and patriotism: and under the influence of which, the body is wound up to a display of almost preternatural exploits, and an endurance of almost miraculous privations and labour.

The sprightly passion of joy gives birth also to a third tribe, in consequence of its union with novelty. It is a listening and attentive group, and consists of admiration, surprise, wonder, and astonishment: upon which I need not enlarge, except to remark that the word astonishment is, at times, made use of to express a very different feeling, produced by novelty and terror; and which is more accurately distinguished by the name of amazement. These mixed passions, however, are very apt to run into each other, as I shall have occasion to notice more at large in a subsequent study: and perhaps the most exquisite feeling a man can possess of the purely mental kind, is derived from a contemplation of scenery, or a perusal of history, where every thing around him is grand, majestic, and marvellous, and the terrible keeps an equal, or rather nearly an equal pace with the delightful.

The opposite of joy is sorrow—a fruitful mother of hideous and unwelcome children: fruitful I mean on earth, but shut out with a wall of adamant from the purer regions of the skies.

Sorrow is as much distinguished by different names as any of the preceding affections, according to the height it reaches in the general scale of evil. And hence, at one point, it is sadness; at another, wo or misery; at a third, anguish; and at its extreme verge, distraction or despair.

Connected with a sense of something lost, or beyond our reach, it gives rise to regret and grief; and when in union with a feeling of guilt, it becomes remorse and repentance.

Its two bosom companions, however, are fear and fancy. When allied to the former alone, it produces the haggard progeny of care, anxiety, vexation, and fretfulness; the first of which is thus admirably described by Hawkesworth, in his ingenious but melancholy piece, entitled *Life, an Ode*: in which care is directly stated, as in the present case, to be a mixed breed of wo or sorrow and fear.

Who art thou, with anxious mien
Stealing o'er the shifting scene?
Eyes with tedious vigils red,
Sighs by doubts and wishes bred;
Cautious step and glancing leer,
Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear.

When sorrow associates herself with both fear and fancy, she then produces the demon brood of dejection, gloom, vapours, moroseness, heaviness, and melancholy; all of them begotten, like the last,

In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Moñgst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy.

Such is the origin of melancholy, as given by Milton, in his *Allegro*, or *Ode to Mirth*; but in his *Penseroso*, or *Ode to Melancholy* herself, he derives her from a purer source, and dresses her in the pensive character of a religious recluse. The picture shows a fine imagination; but is, perhaps, less true to nature than the preceding.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn—

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul setting in thine eyes.
There held in holy passion, still
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth at last.

Despair or distraction brings up the rear of the miserable and tumultuous group before us. This passion has generally been contemplated as a mingled emotion; but it is perhaps far less so than most of the rest. It is a concentration of pure, unmitigated horror, equally void of hope, fear, and all moral feeling—an awful type of the torments of the lower world. The sensorial power is hurried forward towards a single outlet, and with a rushing violence that threatens its instantaneous exhaustion from the entire frame, like the discharge of electricity accumulated in a Leyden jar when touched by a brass rod. The eye is fixed; the limbs tremble; upon the countenance hangs a wild and unutterable sullenness. The harrowed and distracted soul shrinks at nothing, and is attracted by nothing: the deepest danger and the tenderest ties have equally lost their command over it.

Despair is, hence, the most selfish of all the passions. In its overwhelming agony, and its pressing desire of gloom and solitude, it approaches to what is ordinarily called *heart-ache*; but, generally speaking, the emotion is far more contracted and personal, and the action far more precipitous and daring. Despair, as it commonly shows itself, is either hopelessness from mortified pride, blasted expectations, or a sense of personal ruin.

The gamester, who cares for no one but himself, may rage with all the horror of despair; but the heart-ache belongs chiefly to the man of a warmer and more generous bosom, stung to the quick by a wound he least expected, or borne down not by the loss of fortune, but of a dear friend or relation, in whom he had concentrated all his hopes. The well-known picture of Beverley is drawn by the hand of a master, and he is represented as maddened by the thought of the deep distress into which his last hazard had plunged his wife and family; but if his selfish love of gaming had not triumphed over his relative love for those he had thus ruined, he would not have been involved in any such reverse of fortune; nor, without the same selfishness, would he farther have added to their blow by a deed that was sure to withdraw him for ever from all share in their misery, and overwhelm them with an accumulated shock. While Beverley was in despair, it was his wife who was broken-hearted.*

The picture which Spenser has drawn of despair, as seated in his own wretched cave, has been praised by every one from the time of Sir Philip Sidney; but it has always appeared to me that his description of Sir Trevisan, who was fortunate enough to escape from the enchantment of this demon-power, is still more forcibly drawn in the passage where, on the commencement of his flight, he is represented as accidentally meeting with the Red Cross Knight:

He answered naught at all: but adding new
Feare to his first amazement, staring wyde
With stony eyes, and hartless, hollow vew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
The gentle Knight, who naught to him replyde;
But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seem'd forth to shake—

“For God's dear love, sir Knight, doe me not stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!”
Eft looking back, would faine have runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free,
The secrete cause of his perplexitie.†

* Study of Medicine, vol. iv. p. 133, 2d edit. 1825.

† *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. ix. 24, 25.

Such, as it appears to me, are the chief passions or faculties of emotion discoverable in the human mind. I submit, however, the present analysis and classification of them with some degree of diffidence; for, as far as I am aware, it is the first attempt of the kind that has ever been ventured upon; and, like other first attempts, it may perhaps be open to the charge of considerable imperfections and errors. Be this, however, as it may, it at least offers us a new key to the mind's complicated construction in one branch of its study, simplifies its machinery, and perhaps unfolds a few springs which have never hitherto been sufficiently brought into public view.

I have said that the use of the passions is to furnish us with happiness, as that of the intellectual faculties is with knowledge, and that of the faculties of volition with freedom. But from the survey thus far taken, it must be obvious to every one, that the passions furnish us with misery as well as with happiness. And it may, perhaps, become a question with many, whether the harvest of the former be not more abundant than that of the latter. We cannot, therefore, close this subject better than by briefly inquiring whether the passions produce happiness at all? Whether, allowing the affirmative, they produce more happiness than misery, and whether the present constitution of things would be improved if those that occasionally produce misery were to be banished from the list?

Supposing, by a decree of the Creator, all the mental passions were to be eradicated from the human frame, and nothing were to remain to it but a sense of corporeal pain and pleasure,—what would be the consequence under the present state of things, with this single alteration? Man would cease to be a social being; the sweet ties of domestic life would be cut asunder; the pleasures of friendship, the luxury of doing good, the fine feeling of sympathy, the sublimity of devotion, would be swept away in a moment. The world would become an Asphaltites, a dead and stagnant sea, with a smooth unruffled calm, more hideous than the roughest tempest. No breeze of hope or fear, of desire or emulation, of love or gayety, would play over it: the harmony of the seasons would be lost upon us, and the magnificence of the creation become a blank. The wants and gratifications of the body might instigate us, perhaps, to till the soil, to engage in commerce and mechanical pursuits, and to provide a generation to succeed us. And, if literature should exist at all, a few cold and calculating philosophers might spin out their dull fancies upon abstract speculations, and a few Lethæan poets write odes upon indifference; but all would be selfish and solitary. The master-tie would be snapped; the spiritus rector would be evaporated, and every man would be a stranger to every man.

To a state of being thus torpid and monotonous, let us now grant the pleasurable passions, and withhold those that accompany or indicate uneasiness. Now, uneasiness, as I have already observed, is, in some degree or other, an essential attendant upon desire, hope, and emulation; and hence these passions must as necessarily be excluded here as under the former scheme. For a similar reason we must allow neither generosity, nor gratitude, nor compassion; for put away all sorrow and aversion, all mental pain and uneasiness, and such affections could have no scope for their exertion: they must necessarily have no existence.

But still the world would be thronged with a gay and lively troop of passions; love and transport, mirth and jollity, would revel with an uninterrupted career:—not a cloud would obstruct the laughing sunshine; and man would drink his full from the sea of pleasure, and intoxicate himself without restraint.

But how long would this scene of ecstasy continue? Under the present constitution of nature, not a twelvemonth. In less than a year, the world, in respect to its inhabitants, would cease to exist: worn out by indulgence, and destroyed for want of those very uneasinesses, those pains and sorrows, those aversions and hatreds, which, when skilfully intermixed and directed, like wholesome but unpalatable medicines, chiefly contribute to its moral health; and form the best barriers against that misery and ruin, which, when superfi-

cially contemplated, they seem expressly intended to produce; but which man must be obnoxious to in a state of imperfection and trial, and would be infinitely more so but for their presence and operation.

The sum of the inquiry, then, is, that all the passions have their use,—that they all contribute to the general good of mankind;—and that it is the abuse of them, the allowing them to run wild and unpruned in their career, and not the existence of any of them, that is to be lamented. While there are things that ought to be hated, and deeds that ought to be bewailed, aversion and grief are as necessary to the mind as desire and joy. It is the duty of the judgment to direct and to moderate them; to discipline them into obedience, and attune them to harmony. The great object of moral education is to call forth, instruct, and fortify the judgment upon this important science; to let it feel its own power, and accustom it to wield the sceptre intrusted to it with dexterity and steadiness. Where this is accomplished, the violent passions can never show themselves—they can have no real existence; for we have already produced evidence that they are nothing more than the simpler affections, discordantly associated or raised to an improper pitch. Where this is accomplished, the sea of life will, for the most part, be tranquil and sober,—not from indifference or the want of active powers, but from their nice balance and concord; and if, in the prosecution of the voyage, the breeze should be fresh, it will be still friendly, and quicken our course to the desired haven. Finally, wherever this is accomplished, man appears in his true dignity—he has achieved the great point for which he was created, and visions of unfading glory swell before him, as the forthcoming reward of his present triumph.

LECTURE X.

ON THE LEADING CHARACTERS AND PASSIONS OF SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED LIFE.

In the preceding lecture but one, I stated, as may, perhaps, be remembered by many of the audience before me, that of the numerous and complicated faculties which form the nice mechanism of the human mind, sometimes one, sometimes another, and sometimes several in conjunction, appear peculiarly active and prominent, and acquire a mastery over the rest; and that such effect is, in different instances, the result of different causes, as peculiarity of temperament, peculiarity of climate, or peculiarity of local or national habits and associations. Let us pursue this subject, and make it a groundwork for the present lecture.

All violent passions are evil, or, in other words, produce, or tend to produce unhappiness: for evil and unhappiness are only commutable terms. There is no proposition in morals that admits of clearer proof. Some violent passions are evil intrinsically; others as extremes of those that are good; and all of them as refractory and hostile to the legitimate control of the understanding. For happiness, as we had lately occasion to prove, is a state of discipline; and is only to be found, in any considerable degree of purity and permanency (without which qualities it is unworthy of the name), in a regulated and harmonious mind; where reason is the charioteer, and reins, and guides, and moderates the mental coursers in the great journey of life, with a firm and masterly hand.

It may, hence, be supposed, that the greatest degree of violence and unhappiness to be met with any where, is among savages; since, unquestionably, it is here that the traces of discipline are most feeble and obscure. And such, in fact, is the concurrent opinion of moralists and civilians. But it is an opinion which should be given with some degree of hesitation. It is true so far as the simpler passions, and especially those of the selfish class, are concerned,—passions which are more or less common to all countries and con-