

mind, in the period of its childhood and adolescence. Kindling with his old enthusiasm, he would have likened that early age, peopled with its gods and demi-gods, its beautiful women and heroic men, to its own young Apollo — the bloom of immortal youth on his beaming forehead, his flowing locks sweet with the ambrosia of the dewy morning of life, and all his form radiant with a divine beauty. He would have said that the present high civilization of his country was in a great degree the growth of seed planted in that genial soil, and nurtured by that genial sun; that Greek character, and art, and philosophy, are all still steeped in the glorious light of the old Homeric age.

In the third place, he would have warned his hearers against the seductive but dangerous influences of the philosophers. These men, he would have said, are, for the most part, idle dreamers, and they are nothing else. I know them well. They affect superior wisdom, and they look down disdainfully upon the physician, and the patient observer of nature. They seem to think that the economy of the universe, including the human system, in health and disease, can be ascertained and understood by a sort of intellectual divination, which they call wisdom and philosophy, but which is in reality only empty hypothesis and idle speculation. He would then have entered into an examination of these systems; he would have exhibited their radical errors and defects — he would have compared them with the humbler philosophy of observation and experience, and he would have shown that they had accomplished nothing, and that in the very nature of things they could accomplish nothing, for the advancement of real knowledge.

As he gazed upon that most impressive spectacle before him, — so many of his young countrymen, gathered at the peaceful summons of science and humanity from all portions of the Grecian territory, filled with hope, with ardor, with promise, life's full and radiant future stretching far and fair before them, — a cloud of sadness would hardly fail to throw its shadow over his features, as he remembered the long thirty years of civil discord, of deadly internecine strife, through which his country had just passed; and his closing words could hardly fail to rise into a patriotic and Pan-Hellenic hymn, the burden of which should be, that the glory, and happiness, and safety of Greece, were to be found in the union of her states; that they whom he addressed — his young friends and disciples — were the common and equal heirs of the glory of Marathon and Thermopylae: that they all spoke the language of Homer; that while they need not forget, but might be proud even, that they were Spartans, or Athenians, or Thebans, or Thessalians, they ought to remember with a higher pride, that they were also, and more than all, Greeks; that they had a common country, and that a common destiny awaited them.