

by the unhappy choice of such a term as "philosophical necessity," there being a recoil from the application of the word "necessity" to such an operation as that of thought; a disposition to assert freedom even in a sense incompatible with the existence of law and the harmonious connection of cause and effect.

This instinctive attachment to the union of mentality with liberty is warranted by experience. Nothing can be done for a people who are mentally enslaved. The wisest and most liberal institutions may be established by some great legislator, but the grovelling spirit of the people will take away all the power of such institutions, perverting and bringing them down to their own sordidness. You may conquer freedom for such a country from external force; but even when the invader has been resisted, or when, by some Brutus or Cassius, the tyrant has been struck down to the earth, the innate slavery will be found too much for the external emancipation; still will chains be sought and worn, nor is there any hope of redemption for a nation, or prospect of progress for the world, except as intellect can be aroused to assert its own dignity, claim its rightful province of investigation, and pursue its career of independent examination and individual conclusion.

There are various states which alike belong to this general description of "mental slavery." It exists wherever any topic of thought is, what they call in Tahiti, "tabooed," a phrase which, attention drawn towards that distant region, has rendered not unfamiliar. Certain ruling classes in society have placed a religious restriction around particular objects of thought; they have warned the popular mind from off these regions, in order that they might the more effectually subdue it into subservience to their own dictates. Whoever submits to be debarred from the investigation of any object of human interest, thereby confesses himself a slave—a mental slave. So also is that large class of people who, in a country like this, divided into parties, are so often found playing the game of "Follow my leader"—men who look not at principles, but persons; pinning their faith upon the sleeve of some one individual who has managed to ingratiate himself with them; who denounce what he denounces, and praise what he praises; who look to him as a kind of fagelman, by whom it must be determined whether they shall shout or remain silent, whether they shall clamour for this or for that; who investigate not the principles upon which measures are founded, or the results to which they may lead, but who think it enough that the *maser* has said that such measures must be adopted, thus making themselves his "tools" in the very worst sense of that word—following him wherever he may choose to lead, and elevating him upon their shoulders, it may be into the possession of an authority, from which, when attained, he will look down with scorn upon those who have placed him there, becoming a far greater tyrant than those whom they have enabled him to supersede and displace.

Nor is this the only way in which the mind is debased, and the human spirit degraded. Not only the tools themselves, but the tool-user, is often caught

in this net; for as he consulted their prejudices to gain his influence, so must he continue to study them in order to maintain his ascendancy. If they dare not say their souls are their own, so he in his turn is reduced to have them become, as it were, his soul, so long as he requires their aid. He has to look closely to his words, lest he offend them; he is obliged to think what will please them, rather than what is true, just, and right in itself. He has to endeavour to extend his influence, although it be by the compromise of their dearest interests, and the sacrifice of their truest principles. It is necessary that he should look to the right hand and the left, and often forego the support of, and sometimes even have to denounce, measures which he believes to be most wise and desirable; and thus cajoling his own conscience, he bows his neck to a yoke, while he is, in appearance, wielding a sceptre. As they disgrace themselves by playing the game of "Follow my leader," the leader himself plunges yet more deeply into the mire, by practising the far more despicable game of *following his followers*.

What catch-words have been employed to impose upon men, and frighten them from investigation! In what different ways have they endeavoured to reconcile themselves to foregoing the exercise of some faculty of their minds on topics that well deserve and demand the exercise of all their intellectual energies! Dr. Watts, for example, entertained a profound veneration for John Locke. He wrote an ode, in which he placed the spirit of that great writer in the celestial regions; but after this description of the soul of John Locke in heaven, he recollected that his great favourite was, unfortunately, a heretic, and did not believe in certain doctrines professed by the theological school to which the doctor himself belonged, and which by them are deemed essential to salvation. To obviate the difficulty he stretched his poetic license a little farther, and actually converted the soul of John Locke to orthodoxy after death had dismissed him from the visible to the invisible world. Now, Dr. Watts was a man who, upon other topics than that of theology, gave proof of possessing a better spirit than this would indicate.

Good principles, and just in their origin, become perverted or unmeaning in the lapse of time, have sometimes enslaved even great minds. There was a period when the people of England were most reasonably and justly attached to their sovereign; when the people and the crown were united against the baronial aristocracy; and in that alliance, offensive and defensive, they were paving the way for a greater enjoyment of political freedom. Hence sprang that fervent loyalty, of which tyrannical sovereigns subsequently took advantage, and which became a conventionalism to such an extent, that the cavaliers who followed the standard of Charles I. declared they would fight to death for the crown, even though it were only stuck upon a thorn bush. This reverence for royalty affected strongly even the mind of such a man as Lord Bacon. He could see truth clearly on other subjects, at a period when it had been obscured by the jargon of the schools, and he prepared the way for those wonderful advances which have since been