

are themselves able to lead others in their turn. This is patronage—this its use. Eminence *may* accrue from it, but is seldom attained without it. We say seldom, for there are great exceptions. In strategy, Bonaparte,—in literature, Johnson,—succeeded without the slightest assistance of any patron. The latter, indeed, did at one time nominally have one; but how much the “learned Hottentot” was indebted to the “accomplished gentleman,” his withering epistle, written on the publication of his celebrated English Dictionary, will sufficiently attest. But these were giants in intellect—almost more than men. Where thousands sink irrecoverably into the depths of oblivion, scarcely one like them reaches the acmé of fame. The unsophisticated require instruction, and the patronage of the great can alone prepare them for the attainment of eminence.

This patronage should be regarded most particularly in connection with men of the highest order of genius. Their peculiar mental constitutions render decidedly requisite to their success an assiduous and careful training. That the patron should become the teacher may appear strange, yet it is true, that in a measure this is his proper position. Great genius, through excessive imagination and extraordinary weakness of will, is often liable to error and misfortune. Some, with spirit too exalted for converse with the sordid mass, with conceptions too elevated for communion with them, actuated by various circumstances that might have been prevented, choose methods of life unsuited to their respective abilities, and fail in consequence to render the world that benefit which would necessarily have otherwise accrued. The historic page is crowded with instances of the intellectually depraved—whose every energy and every thought have been engaged in the prosecution of evil. While they laboured in the expansive fields of science, while they reposed beneath the shade of art, while they quaffed luxuriously the ever-living waters of the “Pierian Spring,” their mental vigour had been untiringly dedicated to the degradation of man. With almost unbounded capacities they scorned all moral culture, and only sought the highest order of the intellectual. Their deeds are hidden in no happy oblivion. The remembrance of their guilt is still existing, and its mention is ever coupled with detestation and abhorrence. All this a judiciously exerted patronage might have obviated. That which proved so great an evil, under its influence might have become a lasting blessing to mankind. Well we know that by men of superior intellect the world must be instructed. By them our national laws are framed, and on them must we depend for the

administration of justice. They are those who should direct the study of the sciences and the cultivation of the arts—under whose guidance domestic prosperity should advance, and universal happiness be attained.

How then, we ask, can this be effected, without a system whose foundation shall be laid in the desire to advance the interest of inferiors?

How often might patronage be useful to the literary and scientific portion of the world, if it would but foster the first high aspirations of genius! How many, conscious from observation that their labors will be unappreciated, draw back from the performance of the noblest works! Others pursue the natural bent of their inclinations, yet too often with sad results. Compelled by rigid circumstances to incessant toil, they labour not for honour—but for *bread*. Can they be other than most ungrateful, at least, who suffer their benefactors thus to struggle for existence without even the trifling remuneration of thanks? We know that literary pursuits, when engaged in without intermission, are the sure generators of disease. The author, passionately enamoured of his task, and deeply absorbed, pays not the slightest regard to the preservation of health, and shortly hovers upon the brink of the grave. Then, involuntarily deprived of all solace for affliction, sourness of temper and harshness of disposition usurp the seat of comparative placidity, and together reign in its stead. Possessing as yet no reputation, with no hope of an enduring fame, he is constantly tortured with the dread of oblivion. He pictures to himself his final resting place. No monumental marble is inscribed to his memory. No tear is dropped upon his grave. No weeping-willow bends its boughs in seeming sadness, but all around is desolation, and no compassionate or forgiving thought for any former weaknesses of the unhappy dead. No fond mother kneels above his remains and offers to Heaven a petition in her own bereavement. No sister once dearly loved, twines the rose with the lily upon his grave. He lies forgotten—humbler than the dust which once he trod. Men see a lowly mound of earth, but passing on they heed it not, nor think of asking who it is that lies entombed beneath it. Such gloomy thoughts as these destroy the grandest mental speculations. It is for patronage, and it alone, to remove the evil, by cultivating philanthropy and abolishing that popular prejudice that denies to genius the assistance it needs. This can only properly exert itself in a sphere of its own creating. The tree that grows upon the water's edge can never thrive when translated to the desert, for its accustomed sustenance is wanting, and the atmosphere