

gained by the efforts of our own industry, there is a sort of holy and divine *unction*, which is not to be obtained by wisdom derived from the labor of others.

From the very nature of our immaterial structure, and every thing gleaned from its operations, we are well assured that wisdom is progressive and eternal: That our highest attainments are but as the preceptions of infants, crawling on the very threshold of *being*, in comparison with that knowledge of Jehovah, his *works and ways*, that shall pour its radiance on the unclouded intellect of man, as he rises from the blow of death, and wing his mighty and majestic flight amidst the boundless splendors of eternal worlds; where he shall look on that ineffable glory, of which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the magnificence of its uncreated beams! The inspired writer, from the awful elevation of the third heaven, suddenly dropt his wing, and cut short the history of his visions, at the awful remembrance of that overwhelming sight of dazzling splendor, which filled his soul with *silence and adoration!*

If the wise and learned only were to make discoveries, it could be borne; a strong prejudice and opposition would be rooted from the mind—But that the illiterate, the mere plough boy, and the peasant—a man like Samuel Thomson, who had spent his life among the clods of the valley—and himself but little superior to the dust he walked on—that he should pretend to make discoveries in the science of medicine; and *invent forms*, and *medicines*, and *rules*, to enlighten its exclusive and profound professors, is not to be endured by men, *proud* of their at-

tainments, and fortified by all the *tenacity of system!*

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Let the brightest son of medical science, suppose a change of cases with Dr. Thomson, and but for the care of that good and holy Providence, of whom, perhaps, he has never acknowledged the existence, he might have been consigned to the plough-tail, and Dr. Thomson to the wisdom of the schools. And thus situated, would he have considered it a crime in himself to have forced his way through all the *asperities of nature*, the *obstructions of property*, the *absence of education*, and the iron and heavy hand—the combined phalanx—of science of wealth, and power, and popularity, arrayed against him, to spurn, to trample him down, and crush him to the earth, and plunge him in oblivion forever! would he have thought it criminal in himself to resist this terrible array, to rise superior to the blow that would have cloven his fortunes down; and by the unaided innate vigor of his own intellect have forced his way, in despite of enemies to wealth, and rank, and fame, and taken his station among the benefactors of the human race? No, I am persuaded he would not; for it is the very path in which superior minds do most delight to travel—the untried, stormy journey of perilous adventure—according to the saying of that modern sage, Dr. Johnson, “The man that can submit to *trudge* behind, was never made to *walk* before.”

Beyond all this, we are presented with solemn facts from history, to show us that, perhaps the *learned* are as much indebted to the *illiterate*, for their observations, as the latter are to the former for their science. They are equally necessary