

ments and arguments against Phrenology. He charges the Phrenologists with misrepresentation and disguising of evidence: that they have taken a one sided view of the facts of nature—and collected a one sided set only—that a more large view of the facts are necessary—that his own observation has led him to this conclusion—that the exceptions are so frequent that Gall and Spurzheim themselves are at variance and have made glaring mistakes—that those mistakes are never recorded by the Phrenologists—or candidly set off against the instances in confirmation of their sagacity—that their collection of thousands of examples of coincidences are perhaps equally numerous balanced by instances of discordance, but which are excluded—that the brain of Cuvier was unusually large,—of Scott not large.

Such are the charges—such the substance of the work of Dr. Roget against this doctrine. As there is some substance to hold him by in all this, the Phrenologists answer him in detail.

With respect to the first charge, they say, that they have observed and collected the facts which they have met in nature—and curious indeed would it be that nature only presented facts observable on one side—and that Lord Jeffery, Dr. Pritchard and Dr. Roget, and other astute observers could not find any on the other side though repeatedly challenged to give even one example;—on the infancy of which of the sciences have all Philosophers agreed?—are there no discordances among opticians—Geologists—Chemists? Their very discordance leads to the investigation necessary to truth—and does their differences not lead them also, to see both sides of the question?—were not some of the ablest Phrenologists sceptics? And were the discordances, perhaps, equally numerous as Dr. Roget says, would not Vimont, dealing so largely in facts generally, have furnished at least a few of them? The Phrenologists have never overlooked exceptions; in fact, they have been and are most scrupulous about them,—because an exception must belong to some other law or principle of nature not yet known;—it is like a stray bird—which tells by its presence of the flock whence it came, for this reason an exception is often of great value. Any one who has read Gall will soon perceive that as a Philosopher in search of truth he is one of the most scrupulous,—he is even tedious;—and illustrates what Bacon says a Philosopher should be, and do, more perfectly than any other author of modern times. In reading him I always found that I had arrived at the conclusion long before he did so himself;—they say that more enlarged and accurate inquiries have been courted, for at least 30 years, and yet all the keenness and bitterness of hostile opponents have not yet been able to show that many facts have been omitted or fairly opposed to those collected—that Dr. Roget, at least, in alluding to thousands of facts on one side, pays but a poor compliment to himself and party, by showing such a want of capacity to gather one fact from the other side, which being the side, if there be any other side in reality, upon which he himself stands, ought to afford him at all events one fact in thirty years to swear by. It is curious enough, however, that when the Doctor refers to apparently opposite bearings of the evidence, he should take his exceptions from those which Phrenologists themselves have pointed out to him! They say too, that since he admits thousands of facts and since none other are forthcoming of an opposite nature, why should he object to the use of those which have been collected?—upon his reasoning there would have been no sciences at all, since it would be inferred that the facts which have established them are worth nothing—because as he queries, “perhaps” there may be discordant facts to neutralize and destroy them! Meantime we shall enjoy our steam engines, practical navigation, and art of cookery, until the facts arrive from the other side to prove to us that there is no such thing as expansion by caloric, observations at sea, or death in the pot, to warrant our present substantial comforts! That the brains of Cuvier and Scott were different, there is no doubt; that the one was examined by competent persons,—the other not so; that Cuvier's head was much broader than Scott's; that the head of the latter was narrow and high, which enabled him to wear a much smaller hat than Cuvier—that a broad and high head is one of great force and power—that one narrow and high is indicative of great activity of brain—that so far as these points exist they correspond with the characters of the parties. Scott was never considered a profound or deep thinker—he was quick at describing the likeness and contrasts of things—but Cuvier looked farther—he looked into the things themselves.

Dr. Roget quotes his coadjutor Dr. Pritchard, who, as we have seen, quotes Esquirol and his pupils—the latter in the face of quotation actually Phrenologists—and then proceeds upon the authority of Dr. Pritchard that Esquirol was no Phrenologist. This is true enough, but we have seen that his cases are notwithstanding all in favour of Gall, though he himself never understood Phrenology. The same arguments we used in speaking of Dr. Pritchard are here exactly suitable for Dr. Roget; for he takes no notice whatever of those medical men who could have given him information on the subject. Thus Esquirol, Pritchard, and Roget, are a sort of syllogism proving Phrenology to be nought; because, the first did not understand it—the second quoted the first—and the third quoted the second—ergo, Phrenology is an

absurd hypothesis! In fact, one can hardly suggest any thing too ridiculous for critics of this description,—they provoke ridicule.

Dr. Roget concludes his observations by saying that “the present is not an age when a doctrine is likely to be repudiated on the score of its novelty, or its extravagance; and therefore he smiles at the complaints of persecution uttered by the votaries of the system of Gall and Spurzheim.” Well has it been said of this passage that whilst he was in the very act of penning it, himself was practising the very hostility he was attempting to shield, and himself ‘repudiating’ Phrenology at no little expense of labour, candour, and consistency. At the same time, also, he was perfectly aware that some half dozen of his coadjutors who have all in turn fired off their shafts—but which by some miraculous process, best known to themselves, have each and all bounded back again and again to their respective quivers, and so enabled Lord Jeffery, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Charles Bell, Drs. Gordon, Pritchard, Barclay, Tipper, Kidd, and Hope—for this is the roll, to continue a contest, which but for this easy acquisition of missiles, they must have long ago yielded. No one, whether Phrenologist, or, Psychologist, can read their attacks and the replies they have provoked, without seeing that the facts and the Philosophy are glaringly against them.

For the next formidable antagonists of Phrenology we have to cross the Atlantic and find them on this side. I have not spoken of the Continental opponents because they write in a different language from our own, and Dr. Gall himself has amply answered all of them previous to his death:—Tiedeman more recently by Dr. Combe, has been ably met. In America we find Drs. Sewall and Reese—names that are only worthy to be mentioned because they have unwittingly been quoted by editors of newspapers, and their silly misrepresentations thus spread abroad. Both these gentlemen have fallen into the able hands of Dr. Caldwell—and from the manner he has handled them it is quite probable that they will not soon present themselves again. Dr. Caldwell's paper is entitled “Phrenology vindicated, and Anti-Phrenology unmasked.” And states, that “in the heading of this essay the term unmasked is used under the entire extent, and strength of its signification. It embraces in its meaning the detection, in the work of an Anti-Phrenologist, of plagiarism, literary garbling, and perverted quotation, fabricated charges, offensive and groundless against Phrenology and its advocates, and other gross misrepresentations, deliberately made for the purposes of deception.”

To show what Dr. Sewall's veracity and opinions are worth on the subject, we quote the following passages. “By a recent examination of the head of the celebrated Infidel Voltaire, it is found that he had the organ of veneration developed to a very extraordinary degree. For him it is urged, that his veneration for the Deity was so great, his sensibility on the subject of devotion so exquisite, that he became shocked and disgusted with the irreverence of even the most devout Christians, and that out of pure respect and veneration for the Deity, he attempted to exterminate the Christian religion from the earth.” It seems the Doctor wrote with similar veracity of Dr. Chalmers. On these passages Dr. Caldwell has publicly challenged Dr. Sewall to produce the Phrenologist of good standing, or of any standing, who has given the preceding explanations of the characters of Voltaire and Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Sewall, however, following the practices of Drs. Pritchard and Roget, has not found it convenient to produce his authority.

Dr. Meredith Reese writes as follows—that “Phrenologists are taught to regard the lascivious man to be prompted by the organ of amateness, formed by the muscles of the neck? also he says, that all Phrenologists agree in attributing the faculty of speech and the power of articulating sounds, to the eyes!” It is enough to refer to such specimens as these, to appreciate at once the value of such writers as Drs. Sewall and Reese.

Such then are the authorities which for the last twenty years and upwards have been exciting the popular clamour against the discoveries and doctrine of Gall. Some of them men who have led with success the progress of many important events both in politics and science during this period—whose names have been as household gods in the estimation of the mass—whose opinions had only to be expressed, to be sanctioned and followed—and who over literature, science, and politics, have held rank among a literary oligarchy for nearly half a century. And yet you have only to refer to the writings of these men on the subject of Phrenology, and place them in contrast with those of Phrenologists, to perceive how weakly the ablest mind works when implanted with a sense of its own superiority, and when ignorant of the ground upon which it attempts to manœuvre,—how frivolous, indeed, it becomes;—and how utterly unworthy of the confidence or estimation of the faithful and accurate observers of nature. Each and all of them have been convicted either of gross ignorance, prejudice, perversion, or downright misrepresentation. They have all, and always, been fairly met—they have been manfully and Philosophically answered—and some have been challenged to support assertions which they have never to this hour supported, or even vindicated from the charge of mendacity;—they have been beaten from every position which they have

taken up against Phrenology—and though they have risen again and again to renew the contest, they have but resumed the same words and arguments as before, and in the use of which, as Archbishop Whately remarks, they have been triumphantly beaten.

Had any spurious science met but half the talent and influence of these men, it must have sunk in its very germ. And there is, perhaps, no stronger proof of the truth, the reality, the existence of this, as a portion of nature's own most wisely framed constitution, than that its supporters, rising from obscurity as it were, have maintained it in the face of such overwhelming opponents. Nothing but truth accurately and often observed could have supported them in their devoted, persecuted, labours—but this conviction only could have enabled them to persevere and to extend its doctrine—but this only could have brought around them a support that in point of numbers, talent, and intelligence, few other associations can excel. Among the whole range of varied Philosophic writers of the day, I challenge you to point out any that are superior, or perhaps approach, the eloquence or logical excellence of most of those who are at present engaged in the defence and progress of Phrenology. In former occasions I have endeavoured to point out to you and to illustrate, the spirit of the Baconian Philosophy,—the rules of the *Novum organon*; and if you would have illustrations on illustrations of that work laid before you, read the history of Dr. Gall's labours as detailed in his works; no writer within my humble research has tested himself, in science, with such severe accordance with these rules; has been so faithful and scrupulous in his notation of facts; has been so earnest or cautious in their arrangement; or who leaves the minds of his readers so fully satisfied with the conclusions at which he has arrived. And this scrupulous, discriminating, patiently laborious spirit he seems to have bequeathed as a legacy to his followers; whom he has left to work out the fulfilment of his Philosophy. But laying the arrangements of the philosopher aside, let us take the facts as he has collected them, with or without, any connection with speculation, or, theory, and they present, in any form, a mass of material, that if not already, must be, the foundation of one of the most important sciences which man has hitherto discovered in favour of his own prosperity.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

WINTER SCENES IN THE WEST INDIES.

DECEMBER 18.—This morning there came up a fine breeze, the canvas was all spread, and I was amused at the effect on our intelligent ship. As if ashamed of having toyed so long with the waves, she put herself on her side in the most convenient posture for work, thrust her bows into the water, and ploughed steadily and swiftly through the deep.

Just as we were all fairly stationed for the morning—the invalids reposing on well-fashed settees, the sober ones reading, the idle ones lounging and yawning—the cry of “sail, ho!” interrupted all employments, and directed all eyes to a cloudy spot on the horizon, the distant appearance of another wanderer on the ocean. In a short time the rapid motion of the two ships brought them so near that a flag, hung out as a signal that we wished to speak with her, was seen and answered from the other vessel. We then watched, with an excitement intelligible only to those who have been at sea, the approach of the stranger. Onward she came in full sail, not steadily pressing forward, but bounding from wave to wave by a succession of leaps and plunges. As she passed us at the distance of about three hundred feet, the spectacle was truly magnificent. She acted like a proud courser, dancing and leaping in the joy of his heart, and trampling over the billows in security and might. Now she plunged into a wave, tossed off the foam, like a steed throwing the froth from his bit, and then she raised her head like a charger rearing, and collecting his strength for new exertion. It was hardly possible not to regard her as some huge monster of the deep, careering onward through his native element, instinct with life.

DEC. 20.—We are now in a latitude where perpetual summer reigns, and language cannot describe the delightful and magical influence of this air on my diseased throat and lungs.—It is mild and balmy as if health had just shaken it off from his own wings; fresh and pure as heaven's atmosphere. This air, which now acts with such healing power on my system, has never been polluted by the smoke of cities, or the taint of man's abode. It has been playing over these pure waters, ever since it came from the breath of the Almighty, and has never seen man except when it has met with some diseased wanderer like myself on the ocean-deserts, and ministered for a moment to his sickly frame. The severe cough, so obstinate and painful when we left the harbour of New York, vanished, so soon as we passed the gulf stream and reached these mild latitudes.

As I sat down to read the Scriptures, never did the words of Holy Writ appear so sweet; to come so directly from the lips of the Eternal—Above me was the vast firmament, fit temple for God to speak in; around me was space unlimited, fit image of the infinity of God,—the deep roar in my ears was the solemn anthem which ocean sings in praise of him.

“Blessed is the man who trusteth in Thee; he shall not be