

For the Pearl.

## PHRENOLOGY.

To the votaries of science and philosophy, Phrenology presents a wide field for discussion and speculation. We may call it indeed an inductive science; for there are very few persons who have superficially looked into the subject, who have not been peculiarly fascinated, and upon whose minds it will have made a lasting, and perhaps, indelible impression. Individuals of this description form the greatest portion of the world, and not having time, it may be, inclination, to look into any question further than the surface, they allow themselves tacitly to be persuaded of facts, which upon momentary reflection their better judgment would inform them was incorrect. But these persons do not like trouble, or labor, especially of the mental kind: and thus it is, that we find so many professing opinions, and cherishing beliefs, of any thing new in the world, which is attractive or singular.

This may in some measure account for the science of Phrenology, as it is termed, having found so much favor with the public of late. It is not that any man feels convinced of its truth or utility; for the subject being yet in its infancy, the former cannot be proved, and the latter has still to be tried. Individuals of strong and highly refined minds, generally love abstract and metaphysical doctrines. They are sceptics from the excessive force of their own imaginations. Not that I mean to assert that these are the only persons who support the modern doctrine of Craniology. It has many admirers, and amongst them men of profound knowledge and considerable literary acquirements.

The great bulk of Phrenologists build their doctrines upon the omnipotence of man, independent of a superior power: but not so with Mr. Combe, (at least not apparently so) the enthusiastic disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, and father of the Bumpologists of this day. This gentleman in his treatise on the Constitution of Man, taken in reference to Phrenology, appears to have thought deeply, and reflected powerfully upon the subject. I award to him all the merit which is due to his untiring perseverance, and great genius. I do this, because I differ with him on principles, and draw different conclusions from the same premises: and because I shall have to handle pretty freely some portion of the child of the "Henderson bequest."

Mr. Combe enters upon his book with comments upon the beautiful and systematic arrangements of nature, drawn in a lucid and masterly style. From this he proceeds to *Man*. He lays it down that man is a free agent, and created originally perfect, with powers and faculties to enjoy all the sweets of the world without any of its bitters. He proceeds to say, that man is an animal like the rest of the brute creation, and follows the system of the vegetable world; namely—starts into life—enjoys maturity—flutters, and decays. He says that every crime brings with it its own punishment, and that every infringement of the moral, physical, organic, or intellectual laws, meets with its concurrent chastisement. He admits that the Deity has displayed considerable skill in the formation of the globe, but he denies that the same great Author governs the universe by wise and beneficent dispensations of providence; and says, that the seasons return, man dies, the tropics and arctics remain the same, upon some pretended system of nature, which is fixed and immutable. Notwithstanding this discrepancy, however, he erects the whole of his theory upon the wisdom, justice and benevolence, of the Creator: and in proof of this cites innumerable examples, recorded by living monuments within the sphere of his own acquaintance, but those I apprehend we have a right to give credence to, or not, as they seem consistent or incompatible, with our ideas of truth. In his list of examples, I do not find this case:—Suppose a man to be the offspring of dissolute and unhealthy parents, and affected with some loathsome and festering disease. Is it consistent with the justice and benevolence of the Creator, to "visit the sins of the father upon his children from generation to generation?" Mr. Combe would reply, "that the germ from which the individual emanated was not complete in all its parts." Perhaps not, but this does not diminish one iota the strength of the case I have put.

I could quote a variety of cases all tending to disprove the system of Mr. Combe, but in an abridged and evanescent contribution to a newspaper, it cannot be expected that I should analyze facts in detail. In my own mind I am quite satisfied of the falseness of Mr. Combe's doctrines, and generally speaking, of the unprofitableness of all metaphysical and speculative notions, unless curbed and controlled by a severe and well-disciplined judgment. Having said this I shall leave Mr. Combe, and also the train of Berkleyan ideas; and for my part I am willing to allow him, all the enjoyment he can reap, from having, through the medium of his book, converted no inconsiderable portion of the world into the blissful state of infidels and unbelievers.

Ostensibly, as I understand it, the object of Phrenology is to discover by external organs the character and turn of mind of individuals; and its supposed utility the means of ascertaining the bias to any particular branch of study or business. But the cerebral organs it is admitted by Phrenologists may be abused, either by total suspension, or by excessive activity; and in order to obtain a tolerably accurate idea of the character, it is necessary to be in possession of all the knowledge of early habits, propensities, conduct, etc. Now I consider this as begging the question, because apart from Phrenology, by an acquaintance with these

important facts, it would not be a very hard matter to form a just idea of any cast of mind. And I have frequently seen persons of the most promising Phrenological development, through what is called "abuse of faculties," entirely destitute of those traits of character, which according to the premises we should be warranted in presuming they possessed.

But let us glance for one moment upon the effects of the system. I think with regard to the peace of mind and satisfaction derived, by those professing these inductive theories, and by a pious and devout christian a vivid contrast may be struck.

The sceptic is driven forward by the violence of his unbridled thoughts, and unmanageable reason, to the commission of acts hostile and inimical to the safety of society: and the only consolation which he receives from his infatuated followers, is a DOUBT of the truth of his opinions. He does not admit this, but such, rely upon it, are his secret thoughts—and thus it is that he wears before the world a face radiant with smiles and contentment, while the fountains within are gushing with the waters of strife and bitterness! Oh but then, the pleasures of fame—the din of applause—the admiration of the learned—the patronage of the great—the extacy of continual excitement;—these are his joys, the Alpha and Omega of his life. Vain man! transitory illusion! The pleasures of a depraved imagination are fleeting; they vanish with the first dawn of reason.

On the other hand, look at the Christian, mild but steady in belief. \* "He stands like an impregnable fort, upon whom misery and malice would spend all their shot; much they do to their own shame, but to his glory.

"Sin like a flattering neighbour, hath often knocked at his door, and would have come in, but found cold welcome; and if it was importunate, was sent away, not without repulse and blows. Perhaps it lurks about his outhouses, and in spite of him will be his tenant, but shall never be his landlord. He hath some faults but God will not see them. He meets at every turn with his railing and accusing adversary, Satan, but he stops his throat with a pardon sealed in the blood of Jesus Christ.

"He is never out of war, never without victory. Those roaring fiends set upon him proudly, and he beats them down triumphantly. The shield he always bears with him was never pierced—faith. He hath often been tripped, once or twice foiled, was never vanquished. His hand hath been scratched, his head is whole. Tyranny bends on him a stern brow, but could never dash him out of countenance. Is he threatened drowning? he sees Jonas diving into that inextricable gulf. Burning? he sees those three servants in their fiery walk, and the Son of God amongst them. Is he threatened devouring? he sees Daniel in that sealed den of lions. Stoning? he sees that proto-martyr of the gospel sleeping in peace under so many grave-stones. Heading? he sees the Baptist's neck bleeding in Herodias's platter. He is sure that the God which gave them such strength, is not weaker in him. What could they suffer without God? what cannot he suffer with God? If he must endure their pain, he looks for their faith, their patience, their strength, their glory. The terrors of death damage him not, for first he knows whom he hath trusted, and then whither death shall lead him. He is not more sure to die than to live again, and out-faceth death with his future resurrection. Like Enoch, he walks every day with God, and confers familiarly with his Maker. When he goes in humbly to converse with him by meditation and prayer, he puts off his own clothes, and takes a rich suit out of the wardrobe of his Redeemer, then confidently he entereth the presence chamber, and faithfully challengeth a blessing. He hath clean hands, and a white soul, fit to give lodgings to the Holy Ghost,—not a room is reserved for the enemy. He that gave all finds all returned to himself. He is so certain of his eternal election, and present justification, that he can call God Father, his Saviour brother, the Holy Ghost his Comforter: the devil his slave, earth his footstool, heaven his patrimony, and everlasting life his inheritance."

R. R.

Francis I. having asked Castalaen, Bishop of Orleans, if he was of noble extraction, he replied, "Sire, Noah had three sons in the ark. I cannot say from which of them I descended."

WHAT'S THE NEWS?—How conveniently the question comes in when a man has nothing else to say. It is sometimes like the mutual salutation in every body's mouth—"a fine day." Take the matter of news, and weather, from the ordinary topics of discourse, and what would you have for those distressed intellects who deal in items of a newspaper, or dwell upon the change of sunshine and rain?

ALL IN THE FAMILY.—A few miles from Derby in England, and but a short time ago, two brothers of a respectable family, married two sisters; a third brother, feeling disappointed that there was not another sister, determined not to marry out of the family, and took the mother to wife.

Erskine gave a very lively illustration of the text, "union is strength," when he said of a place where he had slept very ill; that if the fleas had been unanimous, they would have lifted him out of bed.

## EDMUND BURKE.\*

The transition from Pitt to Burke, is from prose into poetry; from the stern realities to the embellishments of life; from the bustle of Whitehall to the bowers of verdant gardens, and the music of silvery waterfalls, and the shadows of purple wings. If Pitt be the Crabbe, Burke is the Spenser of English eloquence. They who find in the impetuous rushing and foam of the torrent an emblem of his genius, are not more apt in their criticism than those who commend the cloudy magnificence of Pindar. The Theban Lyrist and the British Statesman were both, though in a very different degree, laboured, tranquil, and ornate writers. Not indeed, deficient in fire, but never swept by that conflagration of passion which has been erroneously supposed to have had dominion over them. The reader who shares the preference of Boileau for the gentler over the stormier emotions, will find a rich harvest of pleasure in the writings of Burke. \*\*\*\*

Burke was undoubtedly the foremost man of his age, not only in splendour of eloquence, but in acuteness, sagacity, and general capacity of intellect. His wisdom was an introduction of particulars, pursued through the universal history of the world. Never were oracles delivered from a political shrine with such majesty of utterance. He had beheld the descending glory of Chatham, and came amongst us with the glow upon his countenance. His first speech in the House obtained the applause of that illustrious statesman. It does not fall within our province to dwell upon the genius of Burke; yet it would ill become a patriot or a scholar to pass by without suspending a garland upon his tomb. Never, it may be feared, will such fire kindle the lips of future orators. Parr said of Warburton, that he flamed upon his readers with the brilliancy of a meteor; and of Hurd, that he scattered around them the scintillations of a firebrand. Burke had the blaze and the sparkle; he could terrify with the imagination; or please with the fancy. His invention glanced with untired wing over all the provinces of knowledge. If Milton was the most learned of our poets, Burke was the most learned of our orators. His life had been devoted to the collection of intellectual riches. He seems to have swept with a drag-net the remote lands of antiquity; so minute were his researches, that nothing escaped their inspection. His speeches abound in the most varied elements of excellence. He could descend through the beautiful in thought to the sordid in reality; from Virgil to Cocker; from the *Ænied* to the Rule of Three. Poussin, returning from his evening walk with a miscellaneous bundle of stones and flowers, to be employed in future pictures, offers an apposite parallel.

The eloquence of Burke was the eloquence of the imagination. He has a juster claim to be called the Homer of Orators than that illustrious writer upon whom the French critic conferred the title; not indeed, in the simplicity of his style, but in the exhaustless fertility of his resources. Boileau confessed that his heart drooped whenever he read Demosthenes, from the conviction of his own insignificance. Such will be the humiliating result of the study of Burke. The only English writer who in any way approaches the gorgeous pageantry and splendour of his language we believe to be Milton, in some of the impassioned passages of his prose works. In classic idioms, high self-opinion, and scorching contumely, the resemblance is striking. The genius of each walked with equal dignity and ease under the burden of Asiatic ornaments, or ancient armour. When the Beauties of Shakspeare were shown to an eminent critic, he asked for the other volumes. The reader might adopt a similar interrogatory if we attempted to dismember the orations of Burke to illustrate these observations. \*\*\* Wilkes might complain of the want of taste amidst all the brilliancy of his mind, and of the coarseness that induced one to suspect that he ate potatoes and drank whiskey; but it may be affirmed, without any fear of contradiction, that no writer ever produced so much, upon topics so exciting, who required the sponge so seldom. He could not indeed, have exclaimed that he had written no line "which dying he would wish to blot;" but his errors are comparatively few.

In the speeches of Burke we meet with none of that delicate irony, that Attic raillery, with which Canning delighted to irritate and vanquish an opponent. He rarely stings with the concentrated malignity of Junius; or inflicts his wounds with the sportive cruelty of Horace. His humour has the saturnine air of Ben Jonson; or the cumbrous and unwieldy gait of Milton, in his combats with Salmasius. But though he could not bend the bow of the Epigrammatist, he could wield the sword of satire, like Juvenal. With what inimitable vividness and indignation does he design and work out the portrait of the Duke of Bedford! "I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods; and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject matter from the Crown grants to his own family. This is the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the House of Russel were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the