

but much, if I mistake not, still remains to be done; and were I to speculate on the coming fortunes of the philosophical literature of this country, I should look forward to the time when some one, learned in physiology, instructed in all the laws of those elastic fluids by which we are surrounded and acted on, and skilled in the analysis of the inner workings of the mind, shall bring his strength to bear on this one subject, and present us with a work detailing the whole office of the senses, from childhood to manhood—from the dawn of reason, to its full maturity.

In discriminating the ideas we derive from reflexion, and pointing out the modes in which the mind is gradually raised to its full strength and stature, the “*Essay on the Human Understanding*” is not only defective in execution (sharing the common fortune of man’s work), but is also, I think, faulty in its principles. The account it gives of some of our simplest abstract notions is erroneous; parts of the work are doubtful and obscure; and the whole greatly devoid of philosophic symmetry and order*. Still there are, in every chapter of it, the marks of deep thought—of a strong mind, clearing away the masses of intellectual rubbish by which his whole subject was encumbered—and, above all, of a lofty independent spirit, holding

* It is impossible, in a sketch like this, to descend into particulars; but, without alluding to the faults of omission, I may, in justification of what is here stated, point out, by the way, that Locke’s account of the origin of our idea of *time* is universally considered as wrong—that by a large school of metaphysicians his account of our knowledge of space is regarded as not less erroneous—that most men look upon his discussions, respecting personal identity and the determination of the will, as either defective or false—and that there is no one who does not regard his dissertation on *power* as crude and obscure.