

rare and so valuable a specimen of our nature. The characteristics of his mind make up a most interesting variety, and constitute him into what may be termed a literary phenomenon. One likes to behold the action and reaction of dissimilar minds—and therefore it were curious to have ascertained how he would have stood affected by the perusal of a volume of Kant, or by a volume of lake poetry. We figure that he would have liked Franklin; and that, coming down to our day, the strength of Cobbett would have had in it a redeeming quality to make even his coarseness palatable. He would have abhorred all German sentimentalism—and of the *a priori* argument of Clarke, he would have wanted the perception chiefly because he wanted patience for it. His appetite for truth and sense would make him intolerant of all which did not engage the discerning faculties of his soul—and from the sheer force and promptitude of his decided judgment, he would throw off *instanter* all that he felt to be uncongenial to it. The general solidity of his mind posted him as if by gravitation on the *terra firma* of experience, and restrained his flight into any region of transcendental speculation. Yet Coleridge makes obeisance to him—and differently moulded as these men were, this testimony from the distinguished metaphysician and poet does honour to both.

16. Having thus dwelt as long as our limits will admit, on the evidences of design in external nature—it is all important to remark, that on the one hand there might be innumerable most lucid indications of design in particular instances, while