

found and strikingly just reflection on the philosophy of public affairs. But he felt as well as thought, and saw the greatness and beauty of things, as well as their relations; and so, he could at once penetrate the depths, and irradiate the surface of any object that he contemplated. The light which he flung from him entered the very innermost shrines and recesses of his subject; but then it was light tinged with the hues of his own brilliant imagination, and many gazing at the splendour, recognised not the weight and the wisdom underneath. They thought him superficial, but just because themselves arrested at the surface; and either because, with the capacity of emotion but without that of judgment, or because with the capacity of judgment but without that of emotion — they, from the very meagreness and mutilation of their own faculties, were incapable of that complex homage, due to a complex object which had both beauty and truth for its ingredients. Thus it was that the very exuberance of his genius injured the man, in the estimation of the pigmies around him; and the splendour of his imagination detracted from the credit of his wisdom. Fox had the sagacity to see this; and posterity now see it. Now that, instead of a passing meteor, he is fixed by authorship in the literary hemisphere, men can make a study of him; and be at once regaled by the poetry, and instructed by the profoundness of his wondrous lucubrations.