

powerful, so free, and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and there is no thought of its complexity as an instrument, or of the relations which make it subservient to the mind; we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected. Is it not the very perfection of the instrument which makes us insensible to its use? A vulgar admiration is excited by seeing the spider-monkey pick up a straw, or a piece of wood, with its tail; or the elephant searching the keeper's pocket with his trunk. Now, fully to examine the peculiarity of the elephant's structure, that is to say, from its huge mass to deduce the necessity for its form, and from the form the necessity for its trunk, would lead us through a train of very curious observations to a more correct notion of that appendage, and therefore to a truer admiration of it. But I take this part in contrast with the human hand, merely to show how insensible we are to the perfections of our own frame, and to the advantages attained through such a form. We use the limbs without being conscious, or, at least, without any conception of the thousand parts which must conform to a single act. To excite our attention, we must either see the actions of the human frame performed in some