

ognized and asserted, animating mankind with a spirit of activity, that consummated this emancipation from the darkness of primitive times, giving birth to an emotion, that longed for Utopian fields, despising insubordination, and serving as a courageous leader in the advance of civilization. In all projects of society and government, a point now, so high or good, is never attained, but that something still higher or better is conceived, not only as possible but practicable. It is this power of conceiving something beyond, attainable, and yet not obtained, that causes this prevailing disregard for the past, the strifes and conflicts of the present, the consolation in day dreams of the illusionary prospects of the future. These states or conditions are common to all men, and aside from those of which we have not a due conception of their being, an exceedingly small proportion, none live a pretended life, but at its end disclose a genuine living, perhaps a blot on the annals of life, yet revealing a natural tendency, the conception of life's realities and obligations, and effulgent with human efforts. And even the beautiful picture from Talfourd's easy pen, of a poet's life, is dreamy and fanciful, even of that one, whose character is written on his soul in verse, and who is nothing but a rhyme among men. For that spirit, splendid with individuality, created in every bosom, will assert its sway, and in proportion to its power will do homage to the being it represents.

History has authenticated the fact, that nothing subdues, or tends more to stifle with impotency, the mental or physical powers of men, as a passive submission to the circumstances of the times in which they live, nothing to inspire them with the ardor of improvement, nothing to accomplish but characterize their age, as debilitated and stationary. England, today, trembling under the distinction of caste, as the wheels of industry move with a lagging velocity, with the duty and

ultimate end of a people lost sight of, in the struggle for life's maintenance, views the restlessness and feverish anxiety of a free and independent people across the water as the "disagreeable symptoms of one of the plagues of industrial progress." Yet as the rumor of dissatisfaction is wafted to our ears, it is prophetic of the birth of a conflict, and another step on the labyrinthian road of progress in the nation making of Great Britain. A eulogy on these non-conformists that have characterized every age, giving to their times a fervency for improvement, falls upon the historian, and yet what brighter examples, affording a greater incentive to action, as we rest far from the final end, with reform the current, pass word of the day, than the conflicts, both religious and civil, that have animated Europe, and rescued the human mind from its profound lethargy of several centuries. It was there the non-conformist struck the first blow, raising his feeble voice from amid the crimes and atrocities, fostered from the impure imaginations of the casuists, against the degeneracy and intolerance of the clerical magnates, laboring with invincible perseverance, washing with their blood the guillotine blocks of early Europe, recovering the powers of thinking and inquiring for themselves, and at last prepared the genius of the times, to applaud and even aid the attempt of Luther to unweave the long established errors, to snatch Europe from the unhallowed grasp of the papal power, and lift *Protestantism* from out the bosom of the Romish See. One is wrong in supposing that the processes of human affairs are disturbed by the intrusion of things materially new. Change is the touchstone to universal prosperity, and in the land where freedom knows no civil limit, jealousy, superstition, and conservatism are discarded elements, and mankind accustoms itself to present circumstances, with a listless insidious air, that betokens a "higher venture on to-mor-