

## STUART MILL ON MIND AND MATTER.\*

A NEW SONG.

*AIR—Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*

*Stuart Mill, on Mind and Matter,  
 All our old Beliefs would scatter :  
 Stuart Mill exerts his skill  
 To make an end of Mind and Matter.*

THE self-same tale I've surely heard,  
 Employed before, our faith to batter :  
 Has David Hume again appeared,  
 To run a-muck at Mind and Matter ?

\* "Matter, then, may be defined a Permanent Possibility of Sensation."  
 —*Mill's Examination of Hamilton*, p. 198.

"The belief I entertain that my mind exists, when it is not feeling, nor thinking, nor conscious of its own existence, resolves itself into the belief of a Permanent Possibility of these states." "The Permanent Possibility of feeling, which forms my notion of Myself."—*Ibid.*, p. 205, 206.

*David Hume could Mind and Matter  
Ruthlessly assault and batter :  
Those who Hume would now exhume  
Must mean to end both Mind and Matter.*

Now Mind, now Matter, to destroy,  
Was oft proposed, at least the latter :  
But David was the daring boy  
Who fairly floored *both* Mind and Matter.

*David Hume, both Mind and Matter,  
While he lived, would boldly batter :  
Hume by Will bequeathed to Mill  
His favourite feud with Mind and Matter.*

We think we see the Things that be ;  
But Truth is coy, we can't get at her ;  
For what we spy is all my eye,  
And isn't really Mind or Matter.

*Hume and Mill on Mind and Matter  
Swear that others merely smatter :  
Sense reveals that Something feels,  
But tells no tale of Mind or Matter.*

Against a stone you strike your toe ;  
You feel 'tis sore, it makes a clatter :  
But what you feel is all you know  
Of toe, or stone, or Mind, or Matter.

*Mill and Hume of Mind and Matter  
Wouldn't leave a rag or tatter :  
What although we feel the blow ?  
That doesn't show there's Mind or Matter.*

We meet and mix with other men ;  
With women, too, who sweetly chatter :  
But mayn't we here be duped again,  
And take our thoughts for Mind and Matter ?

*Sights and sounds like Mind and Matter,  
Fairy forms that seem to chatter,  
Are but gleams in Fancy's dreams  
Of Men and Women, Mind and Matter.*

Successive feelings on us seize  
(As thick as falling hailstones patter) :  
The Chance of some return of these,  
Is all we mean by Mind or Matter.

*Those who talk of Mind and Matter  
 Just a senseless jargon patter :  
 What are We, or you, or he ?—  
 Dissolving views, not Mind or Matter.*

We're but a train of visions vain,  
 Of thoughts that cheat, and hopes that flatter :  
 This hour's our own, the past is flown ;  
 The rest unknown, like Mind and Matter.

*Then farewell to Mind and Matter :  
 To the winds at once we scatter  
 Time and Place, and Form and Space,  
 And Heaven and Earth, and Mind and Matter.*

We banish hence Reid's Common Sense ;  
 We laugh at Dugald Stewart's blatter ;  
 Sir William, too, and Mansel's crew,  
 We've done for you, and Mind and Matter.

*Speak no more of Mind and Matter :  
 Mill with mud may else bespatter  
 All your schools of silly fools,  
 That dare believe in Mind or Matter.*

But had I skill, like Stuart Mill,  
His own position I could shatter :  
The weight of Mill, I count as Nil—  
If Mill has neither Mind nor Matter.

*Mill, when minus Mind and Matter,  
Though he make a kind of clatter,  
Must himself just mount the shelf,  
And there be laid with Mind and Matter.*

I'd push my logic further still  
(Though thus I seemed as mad's a hatter):  
I'd prove there's no such man as Mill,—  
If Mill disproves both Mind and Matter.

*If there's neither Mind nor Matter,  
Mill's existence, too, we shatter :  
If you still believe in Mill,  
Believe as well in Mind and Matter.*