

again westward, the balconies were filled with splashing gentlemen, who tossed of their mounting banners, and saluted the royal descent with very happy buzzes.

In very private times, when worship preceded retirement, the afternoon was wont to kneel in the ancient chapel near St. Dunstons, to deprecate indignation. Queen Anne, if she did not content this old observance, caused the retirement of another, that of dining at two o'clock. She sent into the City in a private coach and shining harness, and for her table there were bottles of cork only. Her husband was ill, and sent word that he was very sorry for it, which we can readily believe, for his dearly loved gastrointestinal indigestion; and even in battle he had been known to ride from the field and center over to his tent, about dinner-time.

In Anne's reign the equestrian Mayors altogether died out. Henceforward they confined themselves to march and burgh. The last who crossed middle in his long reign was Heathcote, that "lambent in the sun," whose last name immortalized, when Addison has made known under the pseudonym of Psephenos, and in whom Epas has given some critical acknowledgment. It seems for a nomination to a Liberator's living.

It sometimes happened that there was a civil procession in the City, which evoked the popular interest with the City shows. Such an occurrence took place in 1788, when the Lord Mayor went up to Court to congratulate the King on the death of the late Prince, afterwards George the Third. As the corporation was processionally passing under Temple Bar, and amidst multitudes were slowly progressing down Mall to the palace at Whitehall. Five of these were sent to suffer for highway robbery, two for coining, and one "for adding man for the King of France."

The accident of the little Prince named above had the effect of damaging the annual show altogether. The day was Monday, November 10, when his Majesty's horses were very privately sent in, because the evening before "his late Majesty's horses were brought from Kensington to Westminster," proceeded by many transporters, as if they had something to be proud of on the occasion, escorted by Guards making due attention to the mild bomb, and all under the eye of the Lord Chamberlain, who watched over the deposit as if it had been gold. On the Monday, the royal trunk was to follow, and as the little-drum and a grand army of troops were ordered out, the Mayor, not likely to be able to oppose such a spectacle successfully, stepped unceremoniously into office, and dined quietly at home.

About a quarter of a century later, when the old Princess Amelia died, the new Mayor was again privately sent in, and the parade portion of the ceremony was dispensed with. A mayor James Almy, however, took place, on a restricted scale only as a specimen, for "the business was as thoroughly done as ever," say the letter-writers of the period, and the Mayor and Sheriff were all the year, as by the death of the old Princess, they were (such of them) a good thousand pounds in pocket.

We question whether, in the old English sense of the word, a man "jolly" day was ever passed in Guildhall than that when George the Third and Queen Charlotte, in the best years of their youth and the best of their reign, died with the new Lord Mayor. They had previously witnessed the "show" from Mr. Barclay's windows in Chancery. The house was full of royal Commissioners, the King and his brother dined there all, and wonderful was the enjoyment, and the respect and salubri-

ty and the general fun of the thing! At the subsequent dinner, the monarch and royal family dined at a table apart, waited on by seven attendants, like Mary with his wife and relations, tended by the obsequious waiters, who changed their places. Then the King, by the throat of the City Clerk, drank to the City of London, to music from "Julius Maccabean" and the Lord Mayor, from the bottom of the Hall, drank to his royal guests, when "the music immediately played the latter part of Mr. Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Gloria Save the King." Then followed the Grand Ball, opened by the Princess Duke of York, who, in a moment, had the Lady Mayors for a partner, and was, perhaps, thinking the while of some of those old and pretty Quakeresses whom he had been counting that morning in good Mr. Barclay's back drawing-room. The royal family would their way home again at one in the morning, and that the magnificent state-machines had been well looked in, that they may be pined at, from the fact that, it seems, immediately placed the latter part of the merry concert in this precious freight, and smashed the glasses of the carriage to shivers.

Dinner was not a great affair in those days, and probably our friend was not dissatisfied. Even within Guildhall, the gentlemen guests of the last century got "gluttons." At James Croft's dinner, 1770, there was a superabundance of good things, "notwithstanding which, a great number of young fellows, after the dinner was over, being heated with liquor, got upon the hangings, and because they were not supplied with wine took to all the bottles and glasses with their teeth." At this time the Court and Ministry were out of favour in the City, and till the year 1778, when Haldane, in the heyday of his Magnifico "Justice in the erumpent and protection of Liberty, as a member of the government received an invitation to dine at Guildhall.

The last dinner of the last century was very characteristically illustrated. The outgoing and incoming Mayors were jovial fellows, and especial lovers of good tobacco. As far as we can hear, this was the only dinner at which smoking was permitted, or rather invited, and when the two Mayors alighted to lit their pipes at the same table, the literary gentleman present unceremoniously declared that it smelt them of that famous passage of the two Kings of Swedeland, smoking at the same smoggy.

We are not much disposed to enter upon the dinner of the present century. Some persons fancy they estimated when, after the war on the Continent, the Allied Sovereigns dined in the City. Others look back to the first visit of the Prince of Wales, when the "mobles" took the horses from his carriage, and drew him, like the boats that they were, to the Guildhall door. To our thinking, the great glory of civic banquets consisted a height and splendour which will never be exceeded, in 1841. At that time the guest was not a king of men, but a man above kings. He was a pale, fragile little creature, with a spirit, to which we ascribed the light appendage. As the little man passed along in his hired fly, a thrasher of welcome greeted him from the artillery of human hearts; and he passed on smiling quietly, and thinking withal of the only thing in life that ever inspired him with fear,—the making a speech in a public presence. Under an arch expressly raised for him in the Guildhall, this pale little man was made a Freeman of the City, and at the uttering of his name, when his health was drunk, another burst of joyful thunder shook the very roof. It was a name, made to move hearts, in direct way,

hearts of mortals as of Minerva, for the name of that fragile little man was—WILSON.

Show then, good and great and gracious visitors have honoured the City with their presence; but after Nelson, they with the exception of the days of Wellington and South, seem to be but ordinary folk. Such a hero as the great Admiral may, again, some day, be needed. When they arrive, may he confer such noble services as Nelson rendered; the hearts of his fellow-citizens will joyfully proclaim his merits; and a Lord Mayor will again find the readiness of his own presence in the greatness of the hour.

*Speeches on Transcendentalism, and the Revival of Secretary Dennis; Being a Critical Examination of Mr. Darwin's Work, entitled "Origin and Variation of Species." By C. R. Brew, M.D. (Greenwich to Rome.)*

When we introduced Mr. Darwin's volume to public notice, a week or so before his general issue, it has been with little literary profit, which we expected and predicted, and chattered; the author may think of his opponents, to them it largely due the notoriety which his book has obtained. For now favorite circumlocution is preferable to no circumlocution, and for them it is better to be publicly sent to Purgatory than to Coventry. Accordingly, it has materially helped Mr. Darwin in his thousands, to be subjected to ecclesiastical censure at Oxford, and to scintillate censure in a dozen different periodicals. Some few of his critics however have been elaborate in their critical volubility, some superficial, and some would have done better in first acquiring a little knowledge of the Darwinian system, which we adverted on the Darwinian theory, and not proceed to those charges of misapprehension and half-baked opinions have been brought against this theories original, and vehemently urged. In such questions, the verdict may be stated as "GUILTY, with a recommendation to mercy, as accused of previous good character." At all events, it is well for Mr. Darwin that he lives in this age and this country, for at another period, and in another land, his light would have certainly shone blindingly for an hour, and then he himself would have become an extinct species. In the reign of Nigroty, the flames have consumed many a man whose literary shoptop for short of Mr. Darwin's. Dr. Brew has not contained himself with a letter or review article, but boldly comes forward with a book to do battle with Mr. Darwin. Here then the combatants are ready and well met. Mr. Darwin did not, like the Author of the "Vestiges of Creation," hide himself in a Scotch vein, but at once gave his name, and most have foreseen that it would be, as it now is, coupled with highly unpopular conclusions. Dr. Brew has not an equal popular reputation as a naturalist, but his present publication will do him some credit, for it shows that he has carefully read the volume he proposes to criticize, has weighed his propositions, has read many of the reviews it has occasioned, and is able to gather up and marshal a variety of objections and counter-objections, wherever it is questionable, and to so strongly combat. With less haste, and more deliberate application, this writer would evidently have produced a work superior to the present; yet, as it now stands, readers who have little leisure will find it useful, in putting them in easy possession of the main objections of Mr. Darwin's opponents. The author is outspoken enough for any time. He remembers "Mr. Darwin's position untenable, his facts doubtful, his reasoning un sound, and his de-

"*Antinea antea*." Towards his conclusion, he observes of his Darwin's volume—"From beginning to end, the book is a diatribe, gloomy, morbid. It distorts every vestige of the beautiful from the mind, without replacing it with even a plausible or intelligent theory. It is the great mistake of the age in which we live; and I hope, for his own sake, and for those whose principles it is calculated to unsettle, that not only will the greater work with which we are threatened never see the light, but that this will be speedily withdrawn from circulation."

In perusing Mr. Darwin's volume a second time, it has appeared to us that his assumptions throughout have been unwarrantably large, and that the array of facts capable of being brought against his theory are, on the most unbiased view, at least as numerous as those which he has adduced in support of it. Men eminent in their several walks have already considered many such damaging facts, and they are by no means yet exhausted. We observed at the first that the geological record, imperfect as it strikes it to be, is strongly against him; and we may have opportunities of confirming this antagonism in zoological books yet to be published. But without holding up objections upon the ancient rocks of our earth, a few well-selected facts may be adduced which are most plainly adverse. If, as it has been pointed out, the persistence of a species can be proved for such a period as 5,000 years,—if it be admitted that varieties display a tendency to revert to the original type,—and if instances can be mentioned in which modifications beneficial to a species have not taken place in wild animals, even when these creatures have made efforts in that direction,—then we have sufficient materials to the proposed theory. The persistence of a species far more than 5,000 years may be inferred from the fact, that the African ostrich is faithfully represented in Egyptian records; and the other two species have been considered by the great naturalists. Add to these, that human industry has never yet proceeded so far as to give rise to what naturalists would regard as a new species,—that civility, deference to the universal and generally admitted characteristic of hybrids,—and that while there is no actual evidence of an inherent principle of mutation for improvement in the works of creation, there are not a few examples of reversion, that when hybrids breed with either parent stock their offspring quickly revert to that particular type, and that even the results of all inter-specific crossings, issuing in kinds or races, is a constant tendency to reversion to the original stock,—then, we apprehend, enough remains to fill up against this theory as frequently proposed, and so abundantly repeated by the mouth of the author's friends. A few well-selected and well-illustrated facts are sufficient to prove the theory untenable; but it seems probable that they will continue to be accumulated for a long period yet to come, and not without reason. If there be a human metropolitan, the spirit of Demasius transmigrated into Lemack, and came up again in Geoffrey St. Hillaris, whose weight weighed round him a comfortable Scotch plaid in the Author of the "Vestiges of Creation," not soon, his all-dominating spirit, quitted the north country for the south, and he now found a corporal home in a beautiful district of Kent. Where and to whom he may next transmigrate is no conjecture, that men who are troubled by him will instinctively stare up facts against his future re-appearance.

With Mr. Darwin's volume in our hands, we

have more than once seriously mused upon the author's ulterior aim. What, we have said to ourselves, could be his high and dominant purpose in devoting so many years to such a volume as this, and in preparing a more elaborate sequel to this fore-runner? What is his ultimate philosophy—for a man so meditative and so untroubled cannot be without one—and what would it wish his readers to hold as the lofty issue of his theoretic teachings? What does he really mean, for instance, by this Natural Selection, to which so much is attributed? If it operates as a presiding principle through immeasurable ages,—if it selects, accretes, distinguishes and preserves,—if it gathers up manifold small increments, and rejects parts obsolete and unsuitable,—if it aggregates small increments into great and long-enduring results,—if it exercises a power that never fails, that is never hindered and never weakens,—if it furrows its way through millions of years, and through all these years is ever controlling, impeding and coordinating to perfection,—and we think we find all these potencies rationally, though vaguely, ascribed by Mr. Darwin to his supposed principle,—if, we say, Natural Selection is and does all this,—that it is either God, or it is a personal abstraction. If it is God, why not say so in the plain language of many men? If it be not God, what is that you are attempting to set up upon whom some men usually worship Him? What is this wonderful power, in which you would give what most men regard as the inalienable prerogative of Deity? Do not reply that, though it exists, we can know nothing of it,—do not carry us back to Athens, where we are ignominiously supplanted an unknown God. What is its significance? Is it human, or divine, or organic, a substance, an essence, or a shadow?

To all ages when all Science and all Philosophy are labouring to attain clarity and precision, it is certainly as desirable to have it live in darkness. Suppose us to be conversant with your theory, and to accept all you proposed, pray tell us in plainness of language, what we have gained. Apparently, you would have us believe that a wonderful and general principle is engaging the energies of the natural kingdoms, sustaining, coordinating and improving all that lives towards a great natural millennium. You do not prohibit this to be the Infinite Intelligence, for you make it illustrious in organized matter; yet, that it may accomplish what you declare to be its achievement, the Infinite Intelligence, at some ready remote period of time, must have realized that portions of his own intelligence should go forth at every instant of following time in things eternal, or to millions of beings whose you assume to be endowed with such powers of discrimination as to be continually electing and combining the elements of progressive improvement, and so continually creating all that is unwholesome and deteriorative. There is a mighty march along the thousand lines of life in natural organisms; but who leads it, who commands, who controls and controls and carries out this astonishing advance? Natural Selection?—do you again reply? Then, again, must certainly this same Natural Selection be Deity, or Fate, or nothing—unless you would suppose a chain of powers.

But if Deity, then the Creator. The Creator? What would of Him in this philosophy, which refuses Creation to a minimum of effect, and a limiting point to infinite antiquity? A few primordial forms, with anything on hand behind, were, you admit, created, or possibly only one. Then Man was not specially created, whatever the Biblical myth may affirm. As in

admitting the works of the Creator—where are they? These varied and wonderful organizations all around us are but transmutations or developments,—at least, none of them are special creations. As to worshipping our Creator, how can we do so? If your doctrine be true, that the only man who appears to have worshipped might was Job, when he exclaimed, "I have said in corruption, I have not my father; to the strongholds set my mother and my sister." Perhaps we may add the Egyptians, who, after they worshipped an ape, were wise and more religious than men have hitherto conceived. That was not idolatry, but reverence for an entity. Is this the key to the Egyptian success of certain animals? Were these knowing persons transmutated? At no rate our most appropriate temple or hereditary college would be the Zoological Gardens. Let every man who passes the Chimpango at another sight of a Gorilla salute his great-great-grandfather. The number of reveres and the exact degree of reverentness may be ascertained, but we see all kind of discounts. The Hindus is not very flattering; but they are more improved, and are splendid examples of the blessed effects of Natural Selection. There may be a slight tendency to reversion, perhaps, but on the whole the improvement is manifest, and we ought to be extremely grateful.

We vent to say the "Vestiges deriding," but never to say the "Vestiges" is not idling!

If Mr. Darwin, or his friends on his behalf, expound such influences as these, then let them show that they do not follow from his theory when fully worked out. It is vain to say he does not meddle with theology, when he comes behind it and drags out to it his doubtful hints. If the general faith be, in his opinion, groundless, let him bid adieu to it as he will—and then more equitably the more honestly.

Many there are who would wax ravenous in their denunciation of such philosophy and who would say, with St. Basil, "I do not I cannot conclude without expressing my detestation of the theory, because of its conflicting materialism; because it has deserted the inductive track, the only track that leads to physical truth; because it utterly equalizes dead matter, and thereby indicates a diminished understanding on the part of its advocates." This language we quote without fully adopting it; but let it be well and widely understood that though Mr. Darwin's book has obtained a wide circulation, his views meet with a very limited acceptance, and that they are anything but the legitimate consequences of derivation in the study of Natural History,—of which last observation his own previous publications are sufficient proof.

*The Pioneer of Progress; or, the Early Closing Movement in Relation to the Saturday, Half-Holiday and the Early Payment of Wages.* By John Dwyer. Price Sevenpence. (Hampden, Adams & Co.)

There is nothing in Mr. Dwyer's treatise to which it seems to rank either above or below the ordinary run of Price Sevenpence. It is a fair specimen of its kind—neatly, systematically and intelligently calculated, of itself, neither to do good nor harm; full of good intention, void of good results, unimpassioned and precise; scarcely to be denominated as "bad," until it is remembered that a worthy citizen of London, residing in St. Paul's Churchyard, had paid no less a man than fifty pounds for its composition. As such a price, the article is unquestionably to be condemned. We would,