

nary to secure an efficient protection against small-pox do not exist in England more than they do among ourselves. It is time that those to whom are entrusted the lives and health of the poor should bestir themselves; it is time that the question of the period of time through which successful vaccination can afford protection, and of the advisability or necessity of revaccination, should be authoritatively determined by a Royal Commission, and *immediate* means taken to enforce revaccination if necessary. But the spirit of our observations applies no less to Small-pox than it does to Asiatic Cholera, Typhus, or Scarlatina, the necessity for warding off the blow when it comes (as come it must), or of mitigating its severity, is not the less because we have not a ready guard at hand, although the neglect may be less culpable. The sanitary precautions which exist are not perfect, and we should not wait for a plague to protect ourselves. We hail with satisfaction two great steps in this direction which Ireland has just achieved. The Registration Bill, which is now the law of the land, will put in our hands the information, without which all hygienic attempts must be futile. It will give us that which has helped the English to curb the violence of their epidemics, and the Compulsory Vaccination Bill (which we hope we are not premature in regarding as sure of passing) strikes at the root of one of the most dangerous and ineradicable of Irish diseases. Let us hope that the tide is only setting up the stream, and that many such desirable reforms are yet to come.

THE ORIGIN AND AGE OF MAN.

THE public interest in the question concerning the origin and right place of man in the scale of creation, has been addressed by a curious burlesque, which, in the first place, was only printed for private circulation among the friends of the contending parties, but is now, in greater part, reprinted in a weekly journal; and we have only to regret the scandal and ridicule thus brought upon science in general by the intemperate contentions of some of its hitherto most honoured professors. The burlesque paper in question is entitled a "Celebrated Bone Case," and is written in the form of a report of a mock trial of the Professors Owen and Huxley before the Lord Mayor, for disturbing the public peace by their violent and contentious disputations about bones and brains. We give the burlesque below, in order to show our readers that there is but one step from transcendental sublimity to literary ridicule:—

A SAD CASE.

MANSION HOUSE.—APRIL 23, 1868.

(Before the Lord Mayor.)

T. H. Huxley, well known about the town in connexion with monkeys, and Richard Owen, in the old bone and bird-stuffing line, were charged by policeman X. with causing a disturbance in the streets.

The prisoners exchanged glances of such a character that it was thought prudent to keep them separated in the dock.

Policeman X., being sworn, stated as follows:—My attention was called to the prisoners by a crowd of persons, who seemed much excited—they appeared to take sides, and some were for Owen and some for Huxley. On coming near I saw Huxley snapping his fingers at Owen, and telling him he was only a little better than an ape; he seemed dreadful angry, and would have done Owen some bodily harm if I had not been

near. He told Owen he had quite as much brains as he had, and he called him some awful names. Must I repeat the bad words your worship?

Lord Mayor—Certainly. You must state what he said.

Policeman X.—Well, your worship, Huxley called Owen a lying Orthognathus Brachycephalic Bimanous Pithecus; and Owen told him he was nothing else but a thorough Archencephalic Primate.

Lord Mayor—Are you sure you heard this awful language?

Policeman X.—Yes, your worship, and some more I could not exactly understand.

Lord Mayor—Did you see any violence used?

Policeman X.—Yes, your worship. Huxley had got a beast of a monkey, and he tried to make it tread on Owen's heels—and said 'twas his grandfather—and like him—and just the same breed and all that; and some gentlemen cheered and said "Bravo."

Lord Mayor—Did you see the man Huxley actually put the monkey on the other prisoner—was there no interval between them?

Policeman X.—He put the beast so near as ever he could; he tried to make him go quite close but he could not, and he kept singing out, "Look at 'em, a'nt they like as peas?"

Lord Mayor—Did Owen appear much annoyed by this outrage?

Policeman X.—He behaved uncommon plucky, though his heart seemed broke. He tried to give Huxley as good as he gave, but he could not, and some people cried "Shame," and "He's had enough," and so on. Never saw a man so mauled before. 'Twas the monkey that worried him, and Huxley's crying out, "There they are—bone for bone, tooth for tooth, foot for foot, and their brains one as good as t'other."

Lord Mayor—That was certainly a great insult.

Huxley—So they are, my lord, I can show—

Here a scene of indescribable confusion occurred. Owen loudly contradicted Huxley; the lie was given from one to the other; each tried to talk the other down; the order, "Silence!" was unheeded; and for a time nothing could be heard but intemperate language, mingled with shouts of "Posterior Cornu," "Hippocampus," "Third Lobe," &c. &c. When order was restored, the Lord Mayor stated that, in all his experience, he had never witnessed such virulent animosity among costermongers.

The Lord Mayor here asked whether either party were known to the police.

Policeman X.—Huxley, your worship, I take to be a young hand, but very vicious; but Owen I have seen before. He got into trouble with an old bone man, called Mantell, who never could be off complaining as Owen prigged his bones. People did say that the old man never got over it, and Owen worried him to death; but I don't think it was so bad as that. Hears as Owen takes the chair at a crib in Bloomsbury. I don't think it be a harmonic meeting altogether. And Huxley hangs out in Jermyn-street.

Lord Mayor—Do you know any of their associates?

Policeman X.—I have heard that Hooker, who travels in the green and vegetable line, pats Huxley on the back a good deal; and Lyell, the resurrectionist, and some others, who keep dark at present, are pals of Huxley's.

Lord Mayor—Lyell, Lyell; surely I have heard that name before.

Policeman X.—Very like you may, your worship; there's a fight getting up between him and Falconer, the old bone-man, with Prestwich, the gravel sitter, for backer.

Owen—He's as bad as any of 'em, my lord. I thought he was a friend of mine, but he's been saying things of me as I don't like; but I'll be even with him some day.

Lord Mayor—Silence! Have you seen the prisoners in the company of any ticket-of-leave men?

Policeman X.—No, your worship; but from information I have received, I believe Huxley is one of the same set with John William Natal, or some such name, for he is one of those chaps as has got a lot of aliases, who has lately returned from abroad. John's been kicking up a pretty row, he has.

Lord Mayor—I desire you to bring him before me if you detect him in creating any disturbances.

Policeman X.—Oh! your worship, there's plenty trying to catch him; but he's so artful they can't trap him no how. They wanted to take his ticket from him, but they could not; then they tried to coax him to give it up, but he would not; not he. You see when he was across the water, he took

to the bush and got in with the savages, and tried to come over them, but one of the Kafirs gave him such a topper that he's never been the same man since.

Lord Mayor—You have not seen them together?

Policeman X.—No, your worship; but I believe they are both tarred with the same brush.

As there appeared to be no case against Owen, he was allowed to be sworn. Hereupon, Huxley demanded to be sworn likewise, but Owen objected, declaring that it was impossible to swear a man who did not believe in anything, and Huxley declared it was equally impossible to swear Owen. Owen, however, was directed to take the book in his right hand, whereupon Huxley vociferated, "He does not know a hand from a foot." An angry altercation ensued between the parties, amidst the din of which the words, "peroneus longus," "moveable toe," "thumb," "astragalus," and "short flexor," could be distinguished. The Lord Mayor addressed both parties, and declared such violent conduct was scarcely human, at which Huxley laughed and Owen looked grave. He then gave his evidence as follows:—

I knew the prisoner in former years. We were both in the same business, and I looked upon him as a quiet, well-meaning man. But since he has risen in the world, he has become highly dangerous, so much so, that I am willing to believe his conduct proceeds from diseased brain.

Here the Mayor called upon Dick Owen to come at once to the point.

Owen proceeded.—For the last two years my life has been a burden to me. That fellow Huxley has got new pals, Charlie Darwin, the pigeon-fancier, and Rollstone, and others of that awful lot; and he waylays me in public, and throws dirt at me. Indeed he has hit me very much about the head, very hard indeed; and he tries to make believe that I don't know my trade; and that he can teach me; and he tries to make me ridiculous in the eyes of the public, and I can't bear it. And lately I went down to Cambridge, and who should I see there but that Tom Huxley and his low set, and they all attacked me at once—

[Here the Mayor directed the witness to keep to the point.]

Owen continued.—I could live well enough if you could only keep that beastly monkey away from me, and make Huxley hold his tongue about comparing our brains. Indeed, continued Owen, how would you like to be told in public that physically, morally, and intellectually you were only a little better than a gorilla?

Huxley was now called upon, and said as follows:—

Me and Dick is in the same line—old bones, bird-skins, offal, and what not.

The Mayor—Do you mean the marine store line?

Huxley—No, your worship; that's Bowerbank and Woodward's business. Well, as I was saying, we was in the same line, and comfortable as long as Dick Owen was top-sawyer, and could keep over my head, and throw his dust down in my eyes. There was only two or three in our trade, and it was not very profitable; but that was no reason why I should be called a liar by an improved gorilla, like that fellow.

[Here the Mayor cautioned the prisoner.]

Well in my business I put up monkeys, and the last monkey I put up was Dick Owen's.

[Here the Mayor declared, on the repetition of such language, he would at once commit Huxley.]

Well, as I was saying, Owen and me is in the same trade; and we both cuts up monkeys, and I finds something in the brains of 'em. Hallo! says I, here's a hippocampus. No there ain't, says Owen. Look here, says I. I can't see it, says he; and he sets to werriting and haggling about it, and goes and tells everybody as what I finds ain't there, and what he finds is, and that's what no tradesman will stand. So when we meet we has words. He will stick to his story, your worship, he won't be right himself, nor let any body else be right. As to this here monkey business, I can't help the brutes treading on his heels. If he was to go forward more, why you see he'd be further off from the beast; but he's one of these here standstill Tories, what they call the orthodox lot, as never moves forward. If he'll keep his tongue in his head, why I'll keep mine; but he shan't have the last word, or my name's not Tom Huxley.

[The Lord Mayor having tendered advice to the disputants, they were liberated.]

All this reads very funnily, but painfully reminds us of the familiar old proverb, that "there are many true words spoken in jest."

In the same daily issue of the *Times*, before quoted—viz., April 25—there was also a letter from Dr. Falconer, about sundry doubts and difficulties concerning the real contiguity of the human jaw, recently found with a heap of flint hatchets in France. In the doctor's letter he implies the possibility of the English *savans* having been made the victims of a very elaborate practical joke, which must have required no ordinary share of knowledge on the part of the perpetrators, or an amount of coincidence in the circumstance that very rarely combine without the aid of a human will; but however it may be, the complications have rendered it necessary that a committee or commission should be immediately formed to inquire into this affair on the spot; and we find the names of Dr. Falconer, Mr. Prestwick, Mr. J. Evans, and Dr. Carpenter, already on the list for this very necessary proceeding, as the case now appears; and may we not be excused for asking, if much of this dilemma does not arise from the rashness of scientific men using so high a speaking-trumpet as the *Times* newspaper for the announcement of small findings, which require the most certain identification before they can become of value to the public at large. If philosophers would restrain their ardour for newspaper fame, and content themselves with bringing the result of their activity before the grave and responsible meetings of the scientific societies to which they belong, such meetings would be better attended than of late, where the members know that points of interest are sent to the newspapers, while the heavy dry materials are reserved for their patient consideration, merely because there is no other vent for them, and much of that which appears incomprehensible, and even sometimes ridiculous, would be kept from the public, until matured and consolidated into a practical form worthy of the name of science.

DEATH OF JOHN HATCH POWER, M.D.

WITHIN the last three years the medical profession in this country has had to mourn the loss of a greater number of distinguished members than it had sustained for many previous years. This week we regret most deeply that we have to add to the death-roll the honoured name of JOHN HATCH POWER. We doubt if there be any Member of our College whose premature demise would be more sincerely and universally deplored. While yet a boy he acquired the first rudiments of Surgery in the Maryborough Infirmary, which has been the nursery of not a few distinguished Surgeons. After an apprenticeship to Mr. ROBERT ADAMS, during which time he studied in Jarvis-street Hospital and the Richmond Hospital School of Medicine, he was appointed to the Demonstratorship in the latter institution, and we are informed that he entered upon the duties of that office at the early age of eighteen. Even before he himself had obtained the Letters Testimonial of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, so great was his popularity amongst his fellow-students, that he was solicited to receive pupils preparing for the examination of the College, and some of these actually obtained their diplomas before their teacher. When the Demonstratorship fell vacant, two candidates appeared, and the appointment was to be conferred on whichever should first obtain his surgical licence. These candidates were JOHN HATCH POWER and ROBERT BENTLEY TODD, the former of whom was appointed, and the latter settled in London, where he commenced that brilliant career, which, like that of the