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From this date all Special Agencies of THE COSMOPOLITAN are abolished. At the same time all respectable newspaper dealers and advertising agents are authorised to receive and forward orders to this office, deducting their usual commissions. Through the facilities for collections now afforded by the Banking House of Messrs. Bowles Brothers and Co. we will accept remittances for subscriptions and advertisements in cheques drawn from any part of Europe or the United States; and so confident are we that the currency of the latter country will soon be at par, that a currency cheque for five dollars (*sent direct to this office*) will be received as so much gold for one year's subscription to THE COSMOPOLITAN.

111, Strand, London, *July* 21 1870.

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1871.

## THE ASCENT OF MAN.

DARWIN is a brave philosopher. In this age of organised superstitions he has the courage to publish his honest convictions, the result of patient study, pure reason, and exact logic. But he has made a singular mistake in the title of his last great work. Instead of calling it the "Descent of Man," he should have named it the "Ascent of Man." DARWIN'S theory, which is something more than theory—we may call it a demonstration of facts—is, that the human race instead of descending from angels, has ascended from tadpoles. This accords with the much-ridiculed doctrine of Lord MONBODDO, as well as with the instinctive conclusions of inductive philosophy. However humiliating to the pride of ancestry, we must accept the lesson of Scripture, that teaches us to say to the worm "thou art my mother." Creation is simply gradation, and Man is but "the paragon of animals." This consummate flower of living organism it has, no doubt, taken millions of years to produce. If it requires a century to develop the night-blooming Cereus, which dies in the very hour of its efflorescence, it must have taken millions of ages to develop Man, who also, "only blooms to die." The Garden of Eden fable of the creation of Man can only be accepted by children in their cradle, and civilization in its infancy. Minds like HUMBOLDT'S, DARWIN'S, and all other *savants*, emancipated from the swaddling-clothes of superstition in which priestcraft wraps the world, do not believe that Man was instantly and magically made from the dust of the ground, much less that Woman was the result of a surgical operation performed on his side while asleep in the Garden, and that, too, before the invention of surgical instruments. No, no, says Mr. DARWIN; our origin is not miraculous. Man is the inevitable result of natural and progressive laws. From the tadpole to the serpent, from the serpent to the quadruped, from the quadruped to the biped, we have gradually ascended the long ladder of creation, through the various tribes of Monkey, Ourang-Outang, Chimpanzee, Satyr, Wild Man of the Woods, African Negro, to the accomplished White Man of Civilisation and Science. Look at the skeleton of the Ourang-Outang, placed by the side of a human skeleton, in "Wood's Natural History," and frankly accept the teaching of comparative anatomy. When the great showman, BARNUM, first exhibited an Ourang-Outang in his Museum, a couple of negroes, after gazing awhile at the half-human animal, were overheard as follows:—"Sambo, dat rang-tang am a nigger, sure." "No," said the other, "he am not a nigger; he no speak." "I tell you, Sambo, he am a nigger; but he's one of dem cunning niggers dat no speak. De minute he speak white man *put him in his hand!*" The difference between the lowest African Negro we have ever seen, and the best educated "Chimpanzee Gentleman," is little else than the lack of articulate language on the part of the latter. And yet it is said by naturalists that the more advanced tribes of the Chimpanzees have a language that is perfectly well understood among themselves; that they weave branches together so as to form rude huts; that at night they post sentries to give warning of the approach of enemies; and that at sunrise and sunset they raise hideous cries, which continue for half an hour, a sort of crude service of matins and vespers. In the long ascent to the perfection of Humanity, Nature seems to have had much difficulty in getting rid of the hair and the tail—the latter being the continuation of the backbone, which was first perfected in the serpent. The hirsute covering was necessary as a protection, while our remote "ancestors" were incapable of providing themselves with houses. The caudal appendage was also useful during the arboreal period, when the inchoate Man lived in the trees. As a leaping acrobatic animal the tail was of great service in holding on to the limbs. In the process of ages the tail grew "small by degrees and beautifully less," until, even in some of the Monkey tribes, it entirely disappeared. Mr. DARWIN explains that our Sylvan forefathers got rid of their hairy mantle by the universal law of "sexual selection." The male would naturally prefer the least hirsute female; and thus each succeeding generation became more and more denuded of the primitive coating, the breast of the female first becoming entirely bare. The logic of this reasoning who can doubt? The laws of nature are inexorable. Such is the simple, natural philosophy of the creation of Man as taught by DARWIN. We find nothing in this theory which derogates from the glory of the Creator, while it can hardly fail to inspire humility in man. We come from the "dust of the ground," and back to the dust we speedily return. But Mother Nature's "prentice hand" was a long time in making us; and "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," was not spoken of the Soul. And dear, curious, disobedient old Mother Eve! Do we lose her in accepting the DARWINIAN theory of the origin of man? Not at all. She is the perfect woman, still standing in "the midst of the Garden," the light of every domestic paradise, radiant with beauty, curious for knowledge of things, both good and evil, and clinging, rib-like, to the side of man, through good and ill, doubling his joys, dividing his sorrows, ever ready to forsake the blissful bowers of Eden to follow him in his banishment, and to share in his punishment. This is the innocent and beautiful Eve of our hearts—the sweetest companion, the First of Mothers, whom all men love and worship—the one only angel this world has ever seen. In higher spheres there may be others of higher excellence, of more ethereal loveliness. In the meantime let us wait in grateful satisfaction.

## THE LONDON "GLOBE" INSULTING PRESIDENT GRANT.

THE habitual insolence of the English Tory Press towards everything American—with the single exception of the "Almighty Dollar"—is patent to all the world. The supercilious writers for these journals, mostly the hirelings of the so-called aristocracy, never look westward across the Atlantic without turning up their noses. We need not cite signal instances of the contemptuous manner in which these flatulent and inflated critics have treated American authors, artists, statesmen, and journalists for the last hundred years, to prove their self-assumed and most offensive superiority towards all sections of America and all classes of Americans. Only a few days since, the greatest *parvenu* of the age, the leader of the "privileged class" in England, grossly insulted the whole American people by a sneering speech in the House of Commons, for which he has been well lashed by the sarcastic Editor of the New York *Herald*, who, only a year or two ago, quoted an entire "leader" from THE COSMOPOLITAN, laudatory of the talents of the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. Of all the Tory journals in England which are in the daily habit of irritating and insulting the Americans, the *Globe*, which is supported by a little Tory clique, and not by the public, takes the lead. At this most critical moment, when a Joint Commission are trying to settle the difficulties between the two countries, in order to

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