

## THE GERMANS LEAVE PARIS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-one ;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, Oh ! when will they all be gone ?  
Each step burns into my heart of their steady, unsparing march,  
Though they leave us a Place de la Concorde, nor take to Berlin our Arch.

Dark blue succeeds to light blue in long, ever lengthening line ;  
Flags flying we ought to have taken, and bands playing "Wacht am Rhein."

Tramp, tramp, through the Arch of our triumphs of many a bygone year,  
As they look up where Jena is written, it echoes their ringing cheer.

'Twas Napoleon took us to Berlin, and Napoleon brought them here ;  
We, perhaps, may return the visit in no very distant year.

Aye, let them thank God for his mercies ; our turn may come to praise ;  
But we'll leave the Parisians behind us, to bellow the "Marseillaise."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, with a squealing mob behind,  
Tearing the clothes off women whose words have been overkind.  
Can't you drown another policeman with some hundred men to one ?  
The deed is as safe as heroic, oh ! watch how the rascals run.

Back, back to your cabarets, yelpers—our shame is upon your head—  
Back, curs, to your *cassés* in Belleville, or we'll make the streets run red ;  
With Rochefort, Blanqui, and Flourens, and the rest of your coward crew,  
Drink yourselves dead with absinthe, it's the best you brutes can do.

Tramp, tramp ; aye, at last they are vanished, bearing away our fame,  
And the music dies off in the distance—they have left us alone in our shame.

Not so ! France shall still speak to Europe—her sun is eclipsed, not set.

So, France without Paris for ever, there is life in the old land yet.

## REVIEWS.

## THE DESCENT OF MAN.\*

As a literary production, we have nothing to say of this book but in praise. The style is clear and agreeable ; it flows on easily without langour ; there is a judicious mixture of anecdote and speculation ; the reader's interest is carried on to the end, without being taxed by anything abstruse ;—it is, in a word, an eminently readable book. As a contribution towards philosophy, as a body of reasoning in support of a hypothesis, we cannot speak of it in the same language of unqualified approval.

Perhaps, at the outset, in justice to Mr. Darwin himself, we ought to dismiss from our minds the ultra-Darwinism which desires to put development by natural selection, in the place of, as a substitute for, what we call creation. This is a development of Darwin, which Darwin himself, apparently, would repudiate. It is, however, a development which has assumed considerable importance in the eyes of, at any rate, many religious persons, who seem to be a good deal alarmed by it. There is really very little reason for their alarm. That property of the human mind,—call it instinct or call it reason,—in virtue of which we hold it to be a necessary truth that whatever begins to exist must have a cause—this causal inference to which Paley appeals as the foundation of natural theology—is not in the least affected in its mode of working by our acceptance of the theory of development by selection. Whether the universe of things, such as it exists at this moment, was called into, and is kept in, being by the immediate fiat of the Almighty ; whether it is kept in being by the mere repeated action of permanent forces, operating in the way of ordinary generation ; or whether, as Darwin teaches, the present high-wrought complexity has been slowly evolved through thousands of ages out of wider and coarser elements, the result is in each case the same : the whole, and every part, and each one most complex ingredient, must have had a cause, and a cause adequate to produce it. Our minds are so constituted that they cannot rest content with a mere sequence of lifeless and mechanical causes ; they must work back until they reach, as the ground and cause of all these secondary causes, an intelligent volitional Being, in some way resembling that which is highest in the soul of man. At this point our curiosity can and does pause, not as comprehending, but as conscious that it has reached the end of its tether. The mind, knowing that it cannot in the least comprehend, or get behind, one of its own acts of free volition—every one of which is, on a smaller scale, a veritable creation—is for that very reason prepared to acknowledge that, when it has reached such a mystery as the will of an intelligent Creator, it has reached a limit which it cannot pass. Till it has reached this point, however, the search for causes cannot stop. But in all this, the question whether what we call creation was an instantaneous or a gradual process, really makes no difference whatever. Everything which exists in the last product must either have had a fresh cause, or have existed potentially from the outset. This can be made perfectly plain by one or two examples. Take, for instance, the capabilities of civilised man. These, we know, have, in many cases at least, been evolved gradually from man in a state of barbarism. Athens, under Pericles, became

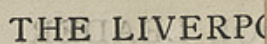
what it was by a gradual process, of which history has recorded several stages. Can any one in his senses doubt that in the Pelasgic man—in the Greek, before he began to be what we call civilised—there existed all the elements, the entire potentiality, of that which in later ages took so cultivated a form? Unless we are able to conceive man as self-created, we must believe civilised man to have existed in the germ, potentially, in the rudest savage. Take another illustration. A race of men exists for centuries ; suddenly there emerges a being superior in intellectual power to all who went before : say, a Shakspeare. Must we not suppose either a new creation, a fresh emanation from some fountain of life, or else that this divinely-gifted man really does no more than exhibit in act, and express in words, faculties which in a more or less rudimentary manner existed, though dormant, in his progenitors, and perhaps in every man? These are familiar instances of gradual development, yet they never lead us for a moment to question that these natures must have been what we call created. There is and can be nothing in any human being which has not been in some way given to him from without. What is true of the progress from the savage to the civilised man, of the interval which separates ordinary men from men of genius, is equally true of the progress, if such there have been, from the Catarrhine ape—our first progenitor, according to Darwin—to Mr. Darwin himself. In some form or other, every ingredient which makes up the last must have been given to it from without. Thus Darwinism, rightly understood, is perfectly consistent with the belief in God the Creator.

Thus we may come to the examination of Mr. Darwin's theory with minds unbiassed, dismissing the notion that momentous issues hang on its determination. It is simply a question of scientific curiosity. How much has Mr. Darwin done towards its solution? Really, not so very much. Not a single example, in all natural history or palæontology, of the definite transformation of one species into another. Nothing beyond a few fragmentary grounds of conjecture. The results of this work may be summed up as follows. There are in men certain rudimentary organs, common to him and to many, perhaps all, other mammals—useful to them, unmeaning in us. These indicate perhaps a common origin. A curious instance is the faculty of suddenly jerking up the loose skin in places—a power which cattle employ in whisking off flies. Mr. Darwin tells the story of a family, in which this power was so well developed, that they could flick off their heads any light object, such as a book, laid on them. Again, there happen sometimes monstrous and deformed births, in which some organ, commonly belonging to a lower animal, is exhibited in a man—as, for example, a hairy growth upon the ears, or perhaps, in some authenticated instances, a tail. Again, the human fetus singularly resembles that of many brutes. Another class of illustrations, pointing in the same direction, are connected with Mr. Darwin's new principle of sexual selection—a topic on which Mr. Darwin has heaped together a great mass of curious information, really amounting, in our opinion, to very little that bears upon his main argument. The rest of his book consists in an attempt to deal with the mental and moral characteristics of men and brutes, with the view of showing that there is nothing in the former of which the germs and rudiments at least do not exist in the latter. By degrading the former, and making the most of the latter, some little *rapprochement* of the two orders of being may be effected. It is difficult to speak of this attempt without some little severity—the result, Mr. Darwin would perhaps tell us, of our partiality for our own species. It may be so. We really feel no objection to the elevation of the brutes. It is very possible that we may do injustice to the powers of animals, whose language is unknown to us, and whom, through ignorance, we may despise beyond their deserts. The instincts of lower animals do certainly, in some respects, come wonderfully close to reason. They are susceptible of improvement through training, and, what is perhaps still more curious, through individual experience. Still, when all is said, brutes remain brutes, and men are men ; nor do Mr. Darwin's anecdotes appreciably disturb the popular estimate of the comparative merits of the two orders of beings. Our chief objection is to Mr. Darwin's philosophy of the human mind. It is worth noting that his theories on this subject—which, as one might expect, are simply borrowed from writers who have made it their especial study—are borrowed exclusively from writers of that one school in metaphysics which most suits Mr. Darwin's theory, entirely ignoring the circumstance that there exists a school of thought widely antagonistic to theirs. Mr. Bain, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Mill are freely quoted ; Dr. Reid and Sir William Hamilton as completely ignored. The result, we cannot but think, is unsatisfactory in the extreme. The conscience—that sense of duty, the contemplation of which inspired in Kant a similar awe to that of the starry firmament—is first accounted for (or, in other words, explained away), and then it is easily demonstrated that this same conscience is shared by man with the brutes. Against this attempt we must protest, and, were it not for our limits, would gladly give at large the reason why. We have, however, transgressed enough, and shall content ourselves by closing this article with what will certainly prove more amusing than a metaphysical discussion—viz., a few anecdotes told by Mr. Darwin concerning the ways of the brute species.

Animals have a certain sense of fun. Even insects play together, as has been described by that excellent observer, P. Huber, who saw ants

\* By Charles Darwin, &c. Murray. 1871. 2 vols.





In conclusion, we wish simply to remark that what we have here said, concerning which seem to us the shortcomings of Mr. Darwin's book, considered as reasoning in proof of a theory, must not be taken as expressing an opinion that the theory itself is not a sound one. Deficiencies of proof do not amount to disproof. What Mr. Darwin has really effected seems to amount to this : he has suggested an ingenious hypothesis, and he has put forward a great many facts, which, taken together, afford a certain degree of probability that his hypothesis may be the true one. Further than this we think he has not gone. We must regard the theory of development by natural selection as one that, before it can be securely accepted, still requires very much further development.

LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 22ND, 1871.

Mr. Darwin's favourite argument is, of course, selection. By the law of nature the best and strongest males amongst birds, beasts, and fishes can command their choice of the females, and he extends this theory or principle fairly enough to savage nations, where the braves have the handsomest wives; the main exception to the rule being, of course, amongst civilised people, where the considerations of rank and wealth too often interfere—a not very flattering inference. Everything, however, is sacrificed to selection. Thus, “with our domesticated animals, when a foreign breed is introduced into a new country it is found, after several generations, to have undergone, wherever the means of comparison exist, a greater or less amount of change. This follows from an unconscious selection during a long series of generations.” We should be very much inclined to doubt the force of this proposition. With animals of precisely the same breed those introduced into a new country would be found, after several generations, to have undergone a change not so much from unconscious selection as from change of food and climate. The texture of the sheep's fleece will vary as you transplant him from one country to another, as will the courage of the dog, and the size of the horse. The English race-horse goes directly back to the Arabian, and, as we are assured, not to the best Arabians either; and yet the English horse is now in every way infinitely superior to his desert-born ancestor. This can scarcely be altogether attributable to selection, as the Arabs are known to breed their horses with great care, and most probably from better material than we could in the outset command. Climate and keep have, of course, a vast deal to do with the appearance and value of any animal, as of even man himself; and yet Mr. Darwin passes over such considerations as these as apparently of little or no consequence. In parenthesis to a sentence we have already quoted he says, “When a native breed is long and carefully attended to, either for use or ornament,” it also in time exhibits some change, or at least it should, for the better. And selection no doubt has much to do with any such improvement, although in many cases this is by no means the sole cause. Taking our choicest kinds of stock at this moment, there are many of these where the suspicion of a clever cross exists in a nearer or remote degree. Even the Shorthorn or the Southdown is not held to be quite free from alloy. Nevertheless, selection must be the A B C of breeding, and we only quarrel with the theory when carried to the lengths to which it is in THE DESCENT OF MAN.

thence to his "hypothetical ancestor," the anchitherium, with three toes in the fore-limb; or further back yet, to the plagiolophus minor, "which differs from the horse only in degree, and not in kind." The Professor here brought his pedigree to a point, triumphantly asking if the horse did not succeed the hipparian, was it created afresh out of nothing? Of course, this kind of argument might be extended *ad infinitum*, as, for instance, was the plagiolophus minor created out of nothing? or how was his origin brought about? Mr. Huxley is a disciple of Mr. Darwin, who, as we have endeavoured to show, traces the pedigree of man back in much the same way to some lowly organised material, although without the same connecting links to his story. A horse may have been originally a plagiolophus minor, but if we are to put any faith in the first chapter of Genesis, man in the outset held dominion over every other living thing. And this dominion was the man's *mind*, which Mr. Darwin builds up from some inferior foundation!

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small brown spots, possibly due to age or handling. A dark, irregular stain is visible along the bottom edge of the page.



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Trump, tramp, tramp, Rightest Hand and Square one;  
Trump, tramp, tramp, Oh! what will they all be gone?  
Each may turn into my lord, my lady, my dear,  
Though they leave us a Place de la Concorde, our take in Berlin our Ark.

Do! this minute in light: Was it long, ever brightening this;  
Flare flying we light to have taken, and hand playing "Wacht am Rhein."

Trump, tramp, through the Arch of our triumphs of many a bygone year,  
As they look up where Jena is written, it shows their flying there.

'Twas Napoleon took us to Berlin, and Napoleon brought them here;  
We, perhaps, may return the visit in an very distant year.  
Aye, he then thank God for his enemies; our task may come to praise;  
But we'll leave the Prussians behind us, to follow the "Marschallin."

Trump, tramp, with a quaking soul behind,  
Tearing the clothes of women whose words have been overheard.  
Can't you drive another politician with some hundred men to one?  
The dead is as soft in battle, oh! watch how the musketeer runs.

Back, back to your subjects, subjects—our shame is upon your head—  
Back, back, to your right! Behold, as we'll make the stream run red;  
With Musketry, Musquet, and Musquet, and the rest of your sword crew;  
Dish your heads dead with bullets, it's the best you better can do.

Trump, tramp; aye, at last they are vanquished, leaving away our fame,  
And the dead die off in the distance—they have led us down in our shame.

Not a! France shall still speak to Europe—for she is not paid, not all.

So, France without Paris for ever, there's life in the old land yet.

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Perhaps, at the outset, in justice to Mr. Darwin himself, we ought to dissent from our minds the ultra-Darwinian which dates its past development by natural selection, in the place of, as a substitute for, what we call creation. This is a development of Darwin, which Darwin himself, apparently, would repudiate. It is, however, a development which has assumed considerable importance in the eyes of, at any rate, many religious persons, who seem to be a good deal alarmed by it. There is really very little reason for their alarm. This property of the human mind,—and it is human or self is reason,—in virtue of which we hold it to be a necessary truth that whenever beings to exist must have a cause,—this causal inference in which Paley appeals as the foundation of natural theology—is not in the least affected in its mode of working by our acceptance of the theory of development by selection. Whether the universe of things, such as it exists at this moment, was called into, and is kept in, being by the immediate action of the Almighty; whether it is kept in being by the more repeated action of permanent forces, operating in the way of ordinary generation; or whether, as Darwin teaches, the present high-wrought complexity has been slowly evolved through thousands of ages out of simpler and more elementary stuff is in each case the same; the whole, and every part, and with all their complex ingredients, must have had a cause, and a cause sufficient to produce it. Our minds are so constituted that they cannot rest content with a mere sequence of lifelines and mechanical causes; they must work back until they reach, on the ground and cause of all these ascending causes, an intelligent voluntary Being, in some way transcending that which is highest in the mind of man. At this point our ordinary use and these pains, not as comprehending, but as conscious that it has reached the end of its tether. The mind, knowing that it cannot in the least comprehend, as yet behind, one of its own acts of the volition—every one of which it, on a smaller scale, a veritable creation—in for that very reason prepared to acknowledge that, when it has reached such a mystery as the will of an intelligent Creator, it has reached a limit which it cannot pass. Till it has reached this point, however, the search for causes cannot stop. But in all this, the question whether what we call causes are or are not instantaneous or a general process, really makes no difference whatever. Everything which exists in the last product must either have had a first cause, or have existed previously from the outset. This can be made perfectly plain by one or two examples. Take, for instance, the capabilities of civilized man. This, we believe, has, in many cases at least, been evolved gradually from man to his state of barbarism. Athens, under Pericles, became

what it was by a gradual process, of which history has recorded several stages. Can any one in his senses doubt that in the Peloponnesian war, the Greek, before he began to be what we call civilized,—that is, that all the elements, the matter potentially, of that which in later ages took so cultivated a form? Unless we are able to imagine man at all created, we must believe civilized man to have grown in the same potentiality, in the same stages. Take another illustration. A crop of men seems the commonest; suddenly there emerges a being superior in intellectual power to all who went before; say, a Shakespeare. What we must suppose either a new creation, a fresh emanation from some fountain of life, or else that this distinguished man really does not know that which is not, and express in words, feelings, which is a more or less rudimentary matter latent, though dormant, in his progenitors, and perhaps in every man? These are familiar instances of gradual development; yet they never lead, or for a moment to question that these talents must have been what we call created. There is no one, we say, anything in any human being which has not been in some way given to him from without. What is true of the progress from the savage to the civilized man, of the interval which separates ordinary men from men of genius, is equally true of the progress, if such there have been, from the Caucasian type—the *homo sapiens*, according to Darwin—to the *homo Darwinianus*. In some form or other, every individual which exists on the face must have been given to it from without. Thus Darwinism, rightly understood, is perfectly consistent with the belief in God the Creator.

Thus we may come to the examination of Mr. Darwin's theory with minds unclouded, dismissing the notions that creationists have been in its determination. It is simply a question of scientific probability. How much has Mr. Darwin done towards its solution? Really, and to very much. Not a single example, in all natural history or paleontology, of the definite transformation of one species into another. Nothing beyond a few fragmentary grounds of conjecture. The results of the work are, however, so full of interest. There are no real doubts, but only a few suggestions to the mind and of many, perhaps all, other mammals—birds to them, belonging to us. These include perhaps a common dog. A curious instance is the family of antelope existing by the horns and in places—a power which could easily be showing of them. Mr. Darwin tells the story of a family, in which the power was so well developed, that they could flick off their heads any light object, such as a ball, and so on. Again, there happen numerous instances and different kinds, in which some species, commonly belonging to a lower class, is admitted to a class, as, the *hominid*, is fully grown upon the same, or perhaps, in some extraordinary instance, a tail. Again, the human brain singularly resembles that of many brutes. Another class of illustrations, pointing in the same direction, are connected with Mr. Darwin's new principle of sexual selection—a topic on which Mr. Darwin has brought together a great mass of curious information, really astounding, in our opinion, to very little that bears upon his main argument. The aim of his book consists in an attempt to deal with the mental and moral characteristics of man and brutes, with the view of showing that there is nothing in the former of which the genus and mammals at least do not exist in the latter. By denying the former, and making the most of the latter, some little representation of the two orders of being may be effected. It is difficult to speak of this attempt without some little reserve—the result, Mr. Darwin would perhaps tell us, of our pushing for our own species. It may be so. We readily find no objection to the elevation of the brutes. It is very possible that we may do injustice to the powers of animals, whose language is unknown to us, and whom, through ignorance, we may despise beyond their deserts. The instincts of lower animals do certainly, in some respects, come wonderfully close to reason. They are susceptible of improvement through training, and what is perhaps still more curious, through individual experience. Still, when all is said, brutes remain brutes, and men are men; so do Mr. Darwin's assertions apparently diminish the popular estimate of the comparative merits of the two orders of being. Our chief objection is to Mr. Darwin's philosophy of the human mind. It is worth noting that his theories on this subject—which, as we might expect, are simply borrowed from writers who have made it their special study—are borrowed exclusively from writers of that school in metaphysics which most runs Mr. Darwin's theory, entirely ignoring the circumstance that there exists a school of thought widely antagonistic to theirs. Mr. Bain, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Mill are freely quoted; Dr. Reid and Sir William Hamilton are completely ignored. The result, we cannot but think, is unsatisfactory in the extreme. The conclusion—that sense of duty, the contemplation of which inspired in Kant a similar view to that of the story furnished us first conceived for (or, in other words, explained away), and then it is easily demonstrated that this same conclusion is shared by men with the brutes. Against this attempt we must protest, and, were it not for our limits, would gladly give at large the reasons why. We have, however, transgressed enough, and shall content ourselves by closing this article with what will certainly prove most amusing to a metaphysical discussion—viz., a few sentences told by Mr. Darwin concerning the ways of the brute species.

Animals have a certain sense of fun. Even insects play together, as has been described by that excellent observer, F. Huber, who says that

\* By Charles Darwin, Esq. Murray, 1881. 2 vols.

chasing and pretending to bite one another, like so many puppies. They have tenderness and something like a feeling of retributive justice; two feelings combined in a female baboon, who, according to Mr. Darwin, had so tender a heart that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young dogs and cats, which she continually carried about. An adopted kitten scratched the above-mentioned affectionate baboon, "who certainly," says Mr. Darwin, "had a fine intellect, for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet, and, without more ado, bit off its claws," (vol. 1, p. 41.) Mr. Darwin proceeds to assert a fact which may perhaps be thought somewhat at variance with the experience of some of our readers. "There can, I think, be no doubt that a dog feels shame, as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food." Dogs have magnanimity: "a great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity." "Monkeys certainly dislike to be laughed at, and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoological Gardens, I saw a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him; and his rage was so violent that, on one occasion, he bit his leg till the blood flowed out." (vol. 1, p. 42.) Baboons are amenable to military discipline, and, herein superior to their human descendants, appear to know when to hold their tongues. "When the baboons in Abyssinia plunder a garden, they silently follow their leader, and if an imprudent young animal makes a noise, he receives a slap from the others to teach him silence and obedience; but as soon as they are sure that there is no danger, all show their joy by much clamour" (p. 70). Perhaps the most curious speculations of Mr. Darwin on this branch of his subject are those which serve to show how closely instinct resembles reason, in the circumstances of its being improved by practice, as shown in the familiar instances of old birds or beasts of prey being wiler and harder to catch than young ones; and of its being extremely variable in degree amongst individuals of the same species. "A man who trains monkeys to act used to purchase common kinds from the Zoological Society at the price of five pounds for each; but he offered to give double the price if he might keep three or four of them for a few days in order to select one. When asked how he could possibly so soon learn whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended upon their power of attention. If, when he was talking and explaining anything to a monkey, its attention was easily distracted—as by a fly on the wall, or other trifling object,—the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained" (vol. 1, p. 44).

In conclusion, we wish simply to remark that what we have here said, concerning which seem to us the shortcomings of Mr. Darwin's book, considered as reasoning in proof of a theory, must not be taken as expressing an opinion that the theory itself is not a sound one. Deficiency of proof do not amount to disproof. What Mr. Darwin has really effected seems to amount to this: he has suggested an ingenious hypothesis, and he has put forward a great many facts, which, taken together, afford a certain degree of probability that his hypothesis may be the true one. Further than this we think he has not gone. We must regard the theory of development by natural selection as one that, before it can be securely accepted, still requires very much further development.