



distinct creation? If a monkey has become a man—what may not a man become?

Let the past history of organic life speak. From the Silurian strata in thickness of British strata (exclusive of igneous rocks) comes their testimony. Paleontology is summarized into court, and is closely interrogated by Mr. Darwin. This process but a hesitating and reluctant witness—yet accused for the new theory detects and exposes its imperfections where its testimony is not favourable. We might fairly expect to find in the fossiliferous rocks not a few proofs of the former existence of the numerous intermediate links between distinct specific forms if the proposed theory be true. We do not find them, many will allege, because they never existed. Not so, says our biologist,—but because they were never preserved. Palaeontology, however, has not yet revealed any such finely graduated organic scale, and it is not logical to assume that it ever will. When a record is fairly against you, it is quite all right for you to fight against it, but that being proved, you have only established a negative, and have acquired no confirmation. Grant imperfection, enormous lapse of time, poverty of palaeontological collections, and comparative restriction of research, and other such postulates, and then the theory stands just as it stood before, unembarrassed by policy.

There is positively hostile testimony from the rocks to be confronted. Whole groups of species suddenly and abruptly appear in certain formations, and seem at once to contradict any theory of transmutation of species. Either that fact or the theory must be overturned. Of course, Mr. Darwin accepts the former alternative, and strives to show how liable we are to error in supposing that whole groups of species have been suddenly produced. But another and an allied objection may be started, derived from the manner in which numbers of species of the same group suddenly appear in the lowest known fossiliferous rocks. To meet this and uphold the new theory, it must be explained by another, viz.—that before the lowest Silurian strata were deposited, intensely protracted periods elapsed, and that during those vast extensions of time the world swarmed with living creatures. Several of the most eminent paleontologists, including Murchison, will refuse to admit this presumption. Mr. Darwin's geology is more singular than we had thought.

"For instance," says he, "I cannot doubt that for Silurian trilobites have descended from some one crustacean which must have lived long before the Silurian age, and which probably differed greatly from any known animal." Extend and multiply such assumptions, and the theories may take any form you please.

We cannot pretend to follow our author in his wanderings through the whole series of phenomena associated with his subject. He omits nothing and he fears nothing. He does not shun objections, nor does he materially underestimate them; but he disposes of them all more or less confidently. Geographical distribution supplies strong arguments against him, but he considers them, and with evident self-satisfaction assures us that, "if we make due allowance for our ignorance of all the changes of climate and of the level of the land, which have certainly occurred within the recent period, and for other similar changes which may have occurred within the same period,—if we remember how profoundly ignorant we are with respect to the many and various modes of occasional transport; if we bear in mind how often a species may have ranged continuously over a wide area, and then have become extinct in the

intermediate tracts, the difficulties in believing that all the individuals of the same species, wherever located, have descended from the same parents are not insuperable." But might not the same style of reasoning, or rather of accommodating, be made use of with equal effect to support opposite views? Still onward, through other departments of research, the argument proceeds, and out of classification and embryology the author contrives to extract plain proofs that "the innumerable species, genera and families of organic beings, with which this world is peopled, have all descended, each within its own class or group, from common parents, and have all been modified in the course of descent." Such is the object of every chapter, such the purport of the entire argument. The simple outline is sometimes lost sight of, in the crowd of manifold illustrations and considerations, but it is worthy this throughout.

After all, this book is but an abstract—it is the pilot balloon to a greater machine. Probably it is designed to show which way the wind blows. The larger work is nearly finished, but it will demand two or three more years for completion. Health, labour, and observations are wanting for awhile, but in due season we hope to see the work "with references and authorities for the several statements." We should offer remarks on some important topics but that our author says, "A fair result can be obtained only by fully stating and balancing the facts and arguments on both sides of the question; and this cannot possibly be here done."

Meanwhile Mr. Darwin anticipates small favour from many of the older and more eminent naturalists; his hopes chiefly rest on the young, and as he would say, the unbacked. "A few naturalists," he observes, "endowed with much flexibility of mind, who have already begun to doubt on the immutability of species, may be influenced by this volume; but I look with confidence to the future, to young and rising naturalists who will be able to view both sides of the question with impartiality." It is enough for us to add that neither book, author, nor subject is of merely ordinary character. The work deserves attention, and will, we have no doubt, meet with it. Scientific naturalists will take up the author upon his own peculiar ground; and there will we imagine be a severe struggle for at least theoretical existence. Theologians will say—and they have a right to be heard—Why construct another elaborate theory to exclude Deity from renewed acts of creation? Why rest at once admit that new species were introduced by the Creative energy of the Omnipotent? Why not accept direct interference, rather than evolutions of law, and needlessly indirect or remote action? Having introduced the author and his work, we must leave them to the mercies of the Divinity Hall, the College, the Lecture Room, and the Museum.

*Schiller's Life and Works.* By Emil Pallaske. Translated by Lady Wallace. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

How far the English public will consider the estimates in which Lady Wallace writes of the Biography now presented by her in our language warranted by the book itself admits of some doubt. It is certainly the most curious among the records of the poet's life given to the public,—but neither in spirit nor style is it very acceptable. A spirit of partisanship has mingled a little life with the ink, and the pen is not wholly without athletic honour in it. It is partisan,—which possibly the Life of no great poet should be. We wrangle about the motives of a political leader,—we work out the energy of the

empathism of a great projector; but there is something wearisome and unjust in the idea of the grave of a kingly and true man being made not so much an altar as a shooting academy. This honour grows in Germany. If a choice must be made between two great men, England's sympathies would possibly, as regards the majority, be for Schiller as preferable to Goethe,—because of his fine, his wondrously picturesque imagination, his direct and intelligible style, in which the half-teasings are few and the indications of something within, which never can be wholly seen, are fewer.—The English taste will long, we hope, be wiser at the anxiety of calling out him by deprecating another. We do not wish lives of Shakespeare in order to prove that Ben Jonson was an accidental pedant, crammed with conceit and that laureates fancy which implies an insincere heart. Once in a quarter of a century, it is true, we may find a poet, and a real poet, who, as in the case of the author of "Philip van Artevelde," thinks it necessary to defend his own wife, by sitting in judgment on men who have gone before him; but the drama is accepted: the Preface forgiven. Will our critics it seems differ. To raise one man, they must knock down some other. The notorious and helpful friendship of Goethe with Schiller—the sublime words spoken by the former at the death of the younger man—the lines in the garden-window at Weimar—should, from all Germans at least who reverence their own great men, be better recollected than seems to be now the German fashion. The last London festival was wrong, in this respect. Herr Pallaske disposes of every person whose name or fame could interfere with his hero Herder and Richter, as small names in the German Pantheon are credited with having set up a "muted-admiration society" of two. There is a smaller and less distinct grain—and still how charming, how dreamy, how elegant—is in other pages dimmed with condescending toleration.—Is this needed? Till lately we have fancied such devices expedients resorted to by venal authors. Southey's hates and preferences have been referred by his antagonists to his belt of sack as Lacretia. But a book like the one under hand shows us less distinctly that antipathy and imputation are in every world of pen and ink. They should not, however, come into play when the subject is the life and works of so real and noble a poet as Schiller.

Lady Wallace is enchanted with the "philosophical and metaphysical subtleties which pervade the work, running through every chapter like the scarlet threads on the canvas of the British fleet." These we cannot wholly accord, so far as we understand them. In tracing Schiller's life, his relations with women (in name but one subtlety) could not of course be overlooked by Herr Pallaske. These were curious, complicated, and impassioned. A train of high-souled maids, wives, and widows in different stages and states of mental and moral discomposure and wretchedness, during a large part of his manhood, followed his genius in its dotting procession. Herr Pallaske is diffuse in defining this triumph of sentimentality and subtle in laying down the law of liberty which "the wild women of Germany" (as they have been not unjustly called) laid down for themselves, to their own ultimate wretchedness. But we English have not yet arrived at the sublime point from which self-control and duty seem speak beneath notice. Our poets have some of them been like all poets—lawless in cravings for sympathy—and their biographers have again and again attempted to promulgate the genius-theory which admits of a sliding scale