again westward, the balconies were filled with noyster gentleman, who tossed off their mantling bungler, and saluted the royal diners cut with very tipy huzas.

But, when worship prece- red from the alderman were wont to kneel in the ancient church near Guildhall, to de- crease indignation. Queen Anne, if she did not notice this old observation, caused the restora- tion of another, that of dining at two o’clock. She went into the City in a purple coat and shining harness, and at her table there were ladies of rank only. Her husband was also there, but that was not the test for it, which we can readily believe, for he dearly loved gastronomical indulgences; and in even in battle he had been known to ride from the field and canter over to his tent, about dinner-time.

In Anne’s reign the equestrian Mayors altogether died out. Henceforward they confined themselves to coach and barge. The last who crossed saddle was George Frisgunam was Heath- cote, that “large-axed man,” whom Pope has immortalized, whom Addison has made known under the pseudonym of Freepot, and to whom Dryden has given some metrical acknowledgment in return for a nomination to a Lincolnshire living.

It sometimes happened that there was a rival procession in the City, which divided the popular sides, the Southwarkers, Such a confraternity in- took place in 1738, when the Lord Mayor went up to Court to congratulate the King on the birth of the little Prince, afterwards George the Third. As the corporation was processionally passing under Temple Bar, eight malcontents were slowly progressing down Holborn to the galloways at Tyburn. Five of them were about to suffer for highway robbery, two for coinage, and one “for entitling men for the King of Prussia.”

The accession of the little Prince named above had the effect of damaging the annual show altogether. The day was Monday, Novem- ber 10, when Sir Mathew Blakiston was very privately sworn in, because the evening before “his late Majesty’s bowels were brought from Kensington to Westminster,” preceded by mourning carriages. They had something to be proud of on the occasion, escorted by George II., rendering due attention to the said bowels, and all under the care of the Lord Chamberlain, who watched over the deposit as if it had been gold. When the pipes were at the same distance, the literary gentlemen present unanimously declared that it reminded them of that famous passage of the two Kings of Nineveh, and that “all the bowels of the earth should be done better in first acquiring a little knowledge of the natural sciences. The general verdict on the Darwinian theory has been “not a chapter of materialism and anti-Biblical opinion have been brought against this theoretic criminal, and vehemently urged. In such quarters, the verdict may be stated as “Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy, on account 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 blazed equally for an hour, and then he himself would have become to an extinct species. In the reign of bigotry, the flames have consumed many a man whose heterodoxy stopped so far short of Mr. Darwin’s. Mr. Darwin has not contented himself with a lecture or review article, 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 its propositions, has read many of the reviews it has evoked, and has read them together, the book and its criticisms, and that it contains no objectionable arguments, wherein to overthor the hypothesis so strongly combats. With less haste, and more deliberate application, this writer could evidently have produced a work superior to the present; yet, as it now stands, readers who have little leisure will find it useful, in that it allows them to draw out for themselves the main objections of Mr. Darwin’s opponents. The author is outsides enough for that, who in his intro- duction says “Mr. Darwin’s position untenable, his facts doubtful, his reasoning unsound, and his dec-
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ductions untrast. Toward his conclusion, he gives us Mr. Darwin's volume. From beginning to end, the book is a cheerful, glary narrative. It destroys every vestige of the Beautiful from the mind, without replacing it by anything that is essentially esthetic. 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 unseat, that this great mistake shall not be the judgment by which we are threatened never see the light, but that this will be speedily withdrawn from circulation.

During 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 unbiased view, at least as numerous as those which he has adduced in support of it. Men eminent in their several walks have already contributed many new yet damaging facts, and they are by no means yet exhausted. We observed at the first that the geological record, imperfect as he alleges it to be, is strongly against him and may have opportunities of confirming this assertion in not a few new geological books yet to be published. But without building upon objections upon the ancient rocks of our earth, a few well-selected facts may be adduced from the more recentAdventures of Man, as it has been pointedly said, the permanence of a species can be proved for such a period as 5,000 years,—if it be admitted that varieties distinct from 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 thought to be of very slow development in that direction,—then we have sufficient answers to the proposed theory. The permanence of a species for more than 3,000 years may be inferred from that, the Achean are so faithfully represented in Egyptian records; and the other two propositions have been contended for by good naturalists. Add to these, that human ingenuity has never yet been as far as to give rise to what naturalists would regard as a new species,—that sterility, ete., is the universal and generally admitted characteristic of hybrids,—and that while there is no known case of the transmission of any useful property of improvement in the works of creation, there are not a few examples of rever- sion, that when hybrids breed with either parent, they throw off the offspring so readily to a characteristic, and that even the result of all intra-specific connexions, issuing in breeds or races, is a common tendency to revert to the original stock,—then we apprehend, enough ammunition is piled up against this theory, so ingeniously propounded and so strenuously advanced by some of the author's friends. A few well-selected and well-sustained facts are all that are required to prove the thing untenable; but it seems probable that they will continue to be accumulated for a long period yet to come, and not without occasion; for if there be a human conception, the spirit of Demarets transmigrated into Lamark, and came up again in Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, whose wrath wrapped round him a comfortable Scotch plaid in the midst of the most intricate progress of Creation; but, soon as, like all discerning Quaker, he had been quitted the north country for the south, and has now found a corporeal home in a beautiful villa in Kent. Where and to whom he may next transmigrate is so uncertain, that the women who are troubled by him will instinctively store up facts against his future reappearance.

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 such a society for the establishment of modern science? What is his ultimate philosophy,—for a man so meditative and so cultivated cannot be without one—and what would he wish his readers to hold as the basis of their faith? It is said that the author does not really mean, for instance, by this Natural Selection, to which so much is attributed! If it operates as a precluding principle, why does it not take away all the differences which are observed between distinct species and prepare all possible for the same? It may be that the author means that there is a condition of things in the world of nature which is not quite clear, perhaps, that it is upon the supreme foundation of natural science, which is the only one which can be built upon. Perhaps we may add the Egyptians, who, as they worshipped an ape, were wiser and more religious than men have hitherto conceived. That was not in their protestant century. Is this the key to the Egyptian sacredness of certain animals? Were those knowing priests transmutationists? At any rate our most appropriate temple or hermit college would be the Zoological Gardens. Let every man who passes the Chippenee or catches sight of a Gorilla salute his great-great-grandfather without expressing any exact degree of consanguinity may be uncertain, but we are all linnean descendants. The likeness is not very flattering; but then we have improved, and are splendid exemples of our great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather. It may be a slight tendency to reversion, perhaps, but on the whole the improvement is manifest, and we ought to be extremely grateful.

"To sweet to see the "human face divine,"
"Our little life is stricken with a spell."

If Mr. Darwin, or his friends on his behalf repudiate such inferences as these, then let them show that they do not follow from his system when fully carried out. It is vain to say he does not meddle with theology, when he comes behind it and deals out to it his deadliest blow. If the general faith be in, his opinion, groundless, let him behave it as such, and the more openly the more honestly.

Many there are who would wag vehemence in their deprecation of such philosophy, and who would say, with Dr. Brook, "But I cannot conclude without expressing my detestation of the doctrine, because of its unfinishing materialism; because it has deserted the inductive track, the only track that is safe; because it utterly repudiates final causation, which is a demoralized understanding on the part of its advocates." This language we quote without fully adopting it; but let it be well and widely understood that if a man, after he has obtained a wide circulation, his views meet with a very limited acceptance, and that they are anything but the legitimate consequences of devotion to the study of Natural History, of which last observation his own previous publications are sufficient proofs.

The Pioneer of Progress; or, the Early Closing Movement in Relation to the Saturday Half-Holiday and the Early Payment of Wages. By John Dennis. Prize Essay. (Hamilton Adams & Co.)

There is nothing in Mr. Dennis's treatise for which it merits to rank either above or below the ordinary run of Prize Essays. It is a fair specimen of its kind—rambling, speculative, and ill digested; calculated, of itself, neither to advance the knowledge of natural science, nor to promote the good of real, interesting and profitable; scarcely to be denounced as "bad," until it is remembered that a worthy citizen of London, residing in St. Paul's Churchyard, has paid no less than three shillings and sixpence for a composition. At such a price, the article is unquestionably to be condemned. We would,