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 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 fact—is, that the human race instead of descending from angels, has ascended from tadpoles. This accords with the most ridiculous doctrines of Lord Monckton, as well as with the instinctive conclusions of inductive philosophy. However humiliating to the pride of ancestry, we must accept the lesson of Scripture, and teach our children to say to the worm: "thou art my mother." Creating of matter, gradation, and Man is but "the paragon of apes," and the 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 has a blood-red trunk. The Garden of Eden fable of the creation of Man can only be accepted by children in their cradle, and civilisation in its infancy. Minds like Hume's, Darwin's, and all other ascetics, emancipated from the swaddling-clothes of superstition, in which priestcraft wraps the world, do not believe that the formlessly and magically made from the dust of the ground, is less than 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; the idea is miraculous. Man is the inevitable result of natural or divine laws. From the tadpole to the serpent, from the tadpole to the quadruped, from the quadruped to the biped, we have gradually ascended the long ladder of creation, through the various tribes of Monkey, Oreang-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 Oreang-Outang, the side of a human, in "Wood's Natural History," and frankly accept the teaching of comparative anatomy. When the great showman, Barnum, first exhibited an Oreang-Outang in his Museum, a couple of negroes, after gazing at the tail and the hair, said: "he must be a negro, not a nigger; he is not a nigger." I tell you, Sambo, he is a nigger; but he is one of those cunning negroes don't say no. I know you, when you have a chance to say something, you say something else. And since the sex between the lowest African negro we have never seen a whit in his face, so that the Chine-panzee Gentleman, is "little else than the 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 weaver branches together so as to screen the nests, and light a night they post sentries to guard the waking of the sleeping animals; and that at sunrise and sunset they raise hideous cries, which continue for half an hour, a sort of cruel service of matins and vespers. In the long ascent to the perfection of Humanity, Nature seems to have had much difficulty in giving the tail—this—tails—the latter being the continuation of the backbone, which is perfected in the serpent. The hibernate 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 several periods, when the inclement Man lived in the trees, for the keeping acrobatic animal the tail was of great service by holding on to the limbs. In the process of ages the tail grew "small by degrees and beautifully last," until, even in some of our modern Monkeys it is entirely disappeared. Mr. Darwin explains that our Sylphic forefathers got rid of their hairy mantle to equalise their law of "sexual selection." The male would naturally prefer the less hirsute female; and such each succeeding generation became more and more moulded of the primitive coating, the cattle of the female, being therefore entirely bare. The logic of this reasoning was great. The laws of nature are inexorable. Such is the simple, natural philosophy of the creation of Man as taught by Darwin. We find in this theory which derogates from the glory of the world, while it can hardly fail to inspire humility in mankind, to rise from the "dust of the ground," and back to the dust it inevitably must return. But Mother Nature's "previously made" 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 understand the "ascending" Darwinian theory of the origin of man, or all? She is the perfect woman, still standing at 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 her loving and double-lying, dividing his swords, ever more searching, ever more powerful weapons of Eden to follow him in his banishment, and to share in his punishment. This is the immortal 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 is ever seen. In higher spheres there may be others of higher rank, but none more ethereal loneliness. In the meantime let us wait in grateful satisfaction.

THE LONDON "GLOBE" INSULTING PRESIDENT GRANT.

This habitual insolence of the English Tory Press towards everybody American—with the single exception of the "Almighty Dollar"—is patent to all the world. The questions that arise for these journals, mostly the hirings 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 reference in which these fastidious and inflamed critics have treated American authors, artists, statesmen, and journalists. This is the 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 savants of the age, the leaders of the "privileged class" in England, grossly insulted a whole set of people by a sneering speech in the House of Commons, which he has been well laughed by the sacrist Editor of the New York Herald, who, only a year or two ago, quoted an entire "leader from The Cosmopolitan," laudatory of the talents right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. All of the Tory press in the island which are in the daily habit of harassing "the Almighty Dollar"—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 differences between the two countries, in order to