

## THE GERMANS LEAVE PARIS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-one;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, Oh! where will they all be gone?  
Each may think his own heart of his country, awaiting march,  
Though they leave us a Place-de-la-Concorde, now taken as Berlin our Ark.

Do! Do! this minute in light this is long, over brightening this;  
Flag flying we ought to have taken, and hand playing "Wacht am Rhein."

Tramp, tramp, through the Kehl of old wrinkles of many a bygone year,  
As they look by where Jean is written, it shows their flying cheer.

'Twas Napoleon took us to Berlin, and Napoleon brought them here;  
We, perhaps, may return the visit in no very distant year.  
Aye, he shows thank God for his enemies; our task may seem to ponder;  
But we'll leave the Prussians behind us, to follow the "Marseillais."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, with a quaking not behind,  
Tearing the clothes of women whose words have been overbid.  
Can't you drive another politician with some hundred men to one?  
The dead is as safe as handle, oh! watch how the rascal runs.

Back, back to your soldiers, gilets—our shoes is upon your head—  
Back, back, to your night's Bedouins, or we'll make the streets our red;  
With Marseilles, Moulins, and Florence, and the rest of your sacred crew,  
Dish yourselves dead with cholera, it's the best you have on the rue.

Tramp, tramp, aye, at last they are vanquished, bearing away our flag,  
And the Union Jack is in the dust—oh! they have left us none in our camp.

Nel no! France shall still speak to Europe—for she is not sold, not sold.

No, France without Paris for ever, there's 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 lagging; there is a judicious mixture of anecdote and speculation; the reader's interest is carried on to the end, without being taxed by anything obtrusive—it is, in a word, an extremely 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 state from our minds the ultra-Darwinian which desires to put development by natural selection, in the place of, or 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 holds of all its organs,—in virtue of which we hold it to be a necessary truth that whatever begins to exist must have a cause,—this causal inference in which *Felix* appears 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 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 truth is in each case the same;—the whole, and every part, and still the great complex organism, must have had a cause, and a cause adequate to produce it. Our minds are so constituted that they cannot be content with a mere sequence of lifelines and mechanical causes; they must work back and find their root, on the ground and cause of all these complex causes, an intelligent voluntary Being, in some way resembling that which is highest in the end of man. At this point our curiosity ceases and there passes, 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—very rare of which it, 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 causes was an instantaneous or a gradual 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. Thus, we believe, have, in many cases at least, been evolved gradually both man in a state of barbarism. Africa, and/or Persia, became

\* By Charles Darwin, Esq. New York, 1871, 2 vols.

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 consider man as self-created, we must believe civilized man to have arisen in the same potentiality, in the earlier stages. Take another illustration. A class of men seems to exist; manifestly some changes being required 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 ceases to work. Another which is in a way of the ordinary matter stated, though dormant, in his progenitors, and perhaps in every man? These are familiar instances of gradual development; yet they serve well as a standard to question that these changes may have been what we call created. There is not one to be met with 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 *finis progressus*, according to Darwin—to Mr. Darwin himself. In some form or other, every variation which exists in the last must have been given to it from without. Thus *Compendium*, if properly understood, is perfectly consistent with the belief in God the Creator.

This we may come to the examination of Mr. Darwin's theory with minds untroubled, dismissing the notion that creationism takes being in its determination. It is simply a question of scientific probability. How much has Mr. Darwin done towards its solution? Really, not so 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 fossils of the earth are not reckoned up as follows. There are in some strata *Ichthyosaurus*, *Megalosaurus*, *Ammonoites* to the end of many, perhaps all, other mammalian fossils to be seen, according to us. These belong perhaps to a common type, a common ancestor in the faculty of ordinary writing by the bones did in fact place a power which could employ in working of them. Mr. Darwin tells the story of a family, in which *Ape* grew up to work, thinking that they would find of their hands any light object, such as a ball, and so on. Again, there happen countless instances and different kinds, in which some species, commonly belonging to a lower order, is substituted in a more, or, the reverse, a higher grade upon the earth; or, perhaps, in some extraordinary instance, a fish. Again, the human form singularly resembles that of many brutes. Another class of illustrations, pointing in the same direction, are compared with Mr. Darwin's new principle of stated affinities—a topic on which Mr. Darwin has brought 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 man and brutes, with the view of showing that there is nothing in the former of which the gross and uneducated at least do not exist in the latter. By denying the former, and making the most of the latter, some little apprehension of the true nature 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 possibility for our own species. It may be so. We really do not see 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 desire 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 never learn, and men are men; nor do Mr. Darwin's assertions approximately 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 more than Mr. Darwin's theory, entirely ignoring the circumstances 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 the *William Hamilton* are completely ignored. The result, we cannot but think, is unsatisfactory in the extreme. The conviction—that sense of duty, the contemplation of which inspired in Kant a similar one to that of the story furnished—is first assumed for us, in other words, explained away, and then it is easily demonstrated that this same conviction is shared by man with the brute. 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 more convincing 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 was

chasing and pretending to bite one another, like so many puppies. They have benevolence 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. 2, 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. 77). 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. 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 seriously accepted, still requires very much further development.