

## Literature.

*Ernest Knaus*, by ERNST KNAUS, with a preliminary note by CHARLES DARWIN. London: JOHN MURRAY, 1871.

The catalogues of second-hand booksellers are full of books, not of the author's merit but of his popularity. Judged by this standard, the works of Dr. Ernest Darwin have long ceased to attract the attention of his fellow-countrymen; a very few editions will make one master of the best edition of the "Zoönema" or "The Botanic Garden," and it may be safely said that "The Temple of Nature" has, of late years, only been valued on account of the plates after Fuseli and Blake. That refuge of unpractical book-collectors, *Lorimer's Bookseller's Manual*, says—"The works of Darwin are now in little estimation, and the editor of the second edition, Mr. Henry G. Bohn, is not disturbed by the tales of the dog and the lion from Spelling-Book." Myself's opinion against the "Illustrated Annals" ("Fayence-them," says Lord Byron, the memory of the sofa reverberating). We can remember the time when it was fashionable to quote Darwin, with a sneer at his "humble name," or a chapter at his "athletic nation"; these folks forgot their alibi, and wonder greatly who, now and again, our wonderfully-drawn lot of study (not "poem") rhyme cropp'd-up to illustrate which was sold to be by an unknown poet, named Darwin.

In the Midland Counties (especially in Derbyshire), the home of his adoption, where he never shrank from the poor and pitiable, he left a more enduring mark. As much as the name suggested, partly by means of old traditional associations and, more largely, on account of the hasty merits of Dr. Darwin's descendants who made themselves at that world having such a title as that new nobility calls ours of a hereditary complexion. Old people will tell you that "There was never a Darwin but could do some one thing or other better than anybody else"; and, without troubling myself upon the details of posterity, we can justify this assertion from experience. The distinguished physician of Ernest Darwin, who now gives to the world this well-preserved biography of a neglected great man, is himself a world-known example of Darwinian heredity; and no one who, having had his interest awakened by "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," turns back again intelligently to the works of the elder Darwin can fail to observe how truly Mr. Charles Darwin is descended.

It is a German, we believe, who "invented" Shakespeare—it is to a German that we now owe the reconstitution of Dr. Darwin. Ernst Knaus, struck with some points of resemblance which makes English writers here strangely interested, discovered that Mr. Charles Darwin's views have been anticipated to some extent by his grandfather, and, in the February number of a well-known German scientific journal, "*Kontakt*," he published a sketch of the life of Ernest Darwin, under the title of "Contribution to the History of the Darwin-Theory." This is in which is now translated by Mr. Balfour, and enriched by a preliminary notice from the pen of Mr. Charles Darwin, and which will doubtless find a home in most Derbyshire libraries. From Mr. Charles Darwin's sketch we learn that the family came from Lancashire, where William Darwin, who was son-in-law of the Attorney of Greenwich to James I and Charles I, possessed a small estate at Cheshunt. A Reid is in the vicinity of the spot where the "Old Hall" still stands, still known as "The Darwin's Chair," from being occupied in a chair made by the namesake Mrs. Darwin for laying gloves for her old widow every year. Further interesting particulars of the family are given, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself. Ernest Darwin was born at Elston Hall, in the county of Nottingham, on the 12th December, 1766. It seems that poetry and mechanics were amongst his earliest "tastes," and that the same tastes prevailed to the day of his death. When ten years old he was sent to Chesterfield School, where he remained for nine years, so that his early education was conducted in Derbyshire, although our country heart of being his birth-place. Very interesting anecdotes are given of his school and college life which we must pass over. In 1781 he went to study medicine in Edinburgh, where he very early began to distinguish himself by his personal talents and ready wit. In November, 1784, we find him settled at Lichfield, where, a year later, he married Miss Mary Howard. This match seems to have been one of pure affection, but Mrs. Darwin, who is described to have been a superior and charming woman, died, after a long and suffering illness, in 1795. In 1791 Darwin removed into Derbyshire, having married the widow of Col. Channing-Pole, with whom he had become acquainted in the course of his professional practice. They lived two years at Bedfouse Hall, and then removed to Derby, and ultimately to Bradfield Priory, where he died in 1848. In Derby his influence speedily started local and became felt. He founded the well-known Philosophical Society. "Here," says the *Times*, "he had raised his young men, afterwards of great note in their several ways, one of them the ingenious and public-spirited father of the present Lord Belper. There were men of letters in the town, and even a master of great genius [Joseph Wright], whose portrait of Derby is to be found in the collection of old

masters, but the prevailing taste of the place was then for people west-looking fortunes and families rising to sudden wealth by newly-invented machinery. For twenty years Dr. Darwin reigned without a rival in a Paradise of literature, invention, progress, and culture." Very early in his life, on the only occasion in which he had ever been annoyed by strong drink, after running a great distance and walking up to his desk through a street, he invented a tub and barometer the population of Lichfield on military improvement. There was nothing for which Dr. Darwin did not invent a machine, none so large as a steam-engine, and to this day worth a revenue. He invented "a book" in "one who had not tried an experiment." He tried to improve on the steam carriages of that day by placing the driver over the horses, but so evidently had not taken enough horse-power the mitigation of contraband taxes obtained by putting the cart well behind the horses, for he was sued and fined by the *Excise*. He constructed an astrolabe well off a small road at his house in Fazeley, adjoining the former residence of the Marquess of Worcester, now the head-quarters of Prince Charles Edward. Here there still exists an inscription with the following inscription—

THIRTY-EIGHTH EDITION  
AD 1870

CHARLES DARWIN

LAWTON AT LICHFIELD.

The prediction has not, we fear, been fulfilled, for to the best of our knowledge, the author is longer living. According to this will in Prof. Max Tisch, p. 1, p. 1, he wrote that "some of the more interior areas of the earth are supposed naked on the tops of mountains, and in general those areas which lie uppermost or nearest to the surface of the mountains are the lowest in the contiguous plains." He adds that the waters "drifting between the tops of the mounds above described, descend till they find or make for themselves an outlet, and will in consequence rise to a level with the parts of the mountains where they originated." Mr. Darwin considers rightly that his grandfather here recognised the true principle of mountain water. He constructed a water-wheel on the top of his house with a dial-plate in his study so as to note every change in the wind. Of this house, Doulton Priory, there is a charming little sketch on, p. 225. The initials appended, "T. H. D." illustrating the proposition with which we started that of my Darwin, it may be said, "Well begun goes not amiss."

The stamp of science has been frequently and judiciously applied to Dr. Darwin. In reality, he was a gentleman, "dwelling in the States, Upjohn, and Blome," but steadily and emphatically refused to admit any connection with the design-conceivers, or any inventors, except by continuity of sound rules. He frequently referred with reverence to the precepts and example of the Great Teacher he referred to this last from the prints and by-words of Lichfield Cathedral, and it is not a little remarkable that this last word and last act was the principal point leading to the observance of the duty bound on the sacred record of the *Qur'an*. "On the day of his death, in the early morning—it was about 7 a.m.—while walking a long and affectionate letter to Mr. Egerton, he was seized with a violent attack of fits, and went into the kitchen to wash himself before the fire. No there was no old fashioned servant chafing, and asked her why she did this on a Sunday morning. She answered that she had always done so, as he liked to have fresh butter every morning. He said: 'Well, I do; but never again share on a Sunday.' In two hours he was dead."

Of the German biographer's share in this excellent work it may be sufficient to say that his remarks open out a wide field of study for those who follow the biography of Charles Darwin. Into this field we will not, at present, enter; sufficient to say that out of the older Darwinian world of matter and hypothesis there can be derived the materials for a system or like the younger Darwin's as to come an anticipation of it. The German writer succeeds to Darwin a complete system of the theory of evolution, at the same time distinctly necessary to adduce the evidence of it. We agree with the *Times* that "it is impossible not to recognise a strong family resemblance between these two remarkable men. But if the resemblance be studied more closely, the difference will more appear, and the greatest will be found not a mere repetition of his grandfather—by his own creed an impossible thing."

# Literature.

*Erasmus Darwin*, by ERNST KRAUSE, with a preliminary notice by CHARLES DARWIN. London. JONES MURRAY. 1879.

The catalogues of second-hand booksellers are infallible tests, not of an author's merit but, of his popularity. Judged by this standard, the works of Dr. Erasmus Darwin have long ceased to attract the attention of his fellow-countrymen; a very few shillings will make one master of the best editions of the "Zoönomia" or "The Botanic Garden," and it may be safely said that "The Temple of Nature" has, of late years, only been valued on account of the plates after Fuseli and Blake. That refuge of unpractised book-collectors, Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual*, says—"The works of Darwin are now in little estimation," and the editor of the second edition, Mr. Henry G. Bohn, is not deterred by the table of the Ass and the Lion from quoting Lord Byron's criticism against the illustrious dead—"Pompous rhyme," says Lord Byron, the scenery is its sole recommendation." We can remember the time when it was fashionable to quote Darwin, with a sneer at his "turgid verse," or a shudder at his "atheistic notions"; then folks forgot him altogether, and wondered greatly when, now and again, some wonderfully-descriptive bit of stately [not "pompous"] rhyme cropped up in illustration which was said to be by an unknown poet, named Darwin.

In the Midland Counties (especially in Derbyshire, the home of his adoption, where he now sleeps) the poet and philosopher has left a more enduring mark. So much is the same respected, partly by reason of old traditional associations and, more largely, on account of the intrinsic merits of Dr. Darwin's descendants who reside amongst us, that a work bearing such a title as that now before us is sure of a hearty reception. Old people will tell one that "there was never a Darwin but could do some one thing or other better than anybody else;" and, without trampling unduly upon the domain of personality, we can justify this assertion from experience. The distinguished grandson of Erasmus Darwin, who now gives to the world this well-timed biography of a neglected great man, is himself a well-known example of Darwinism heredity: and no one who, having had his interest awakened by "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man" turns inquiringly and intelligently to the works of the elder Darwin, can fail to observe how truly Mr. Charles Darwin is descended.

It was a German, we believe, who "invented" Shakespeare—it is to a German that we now owe the resuscitation of Dr. Darwin. Ernst Krause, struck with some points of resemblance which modern English writers have strangely overlooked, discovered that Mr. Charles Darwin's views have been anticipated to some extent by his grandfather and, in the February number of a well-known German scientific journal, "Kosmos," he published a sketch of the life of Erasmus Darwin, under the title of a "Contribution to the History of the Descent Theory." This it is which is now translated by Mr. Dallas, and enriched by a preliminary notice from the pen of Mr. Charles Darwin, and which will doubtless find a home in most Derbyshire libraries. From Mr. Charles Darwin's sketch we learn that the family came from Lincolnshire, where William Darwin, who was yeoman of the Armoury of Greenwich to James I. and Charles I., possessed a small estate at Cheetham. A field in the vicinity of the spot where the "Old Hall" once stood is still known as "The Darwin Charity," from being subject to a charge made by the second Mrs. Darwin for buying gowns for four old widows every year. Further interesting particulars of the family are given, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself. Erasmus Darwin was born at Elston Hall, in the county of Nottingham, on the 12th December, 1731. It

and early in Nottingham, it seems that poetry and mechanics were amongst his earliest "tastes," and that the same tastes prevailed to the day of his death. When ten years old he was sent to Chesterfield School, where he remained for nine years, so that his early education was conducted in Derbyshire although our county cannot boast of being his birth-place. Very interesting anecdotes are given of his school and college life which we must pass over. In 1754 he went to study medicine in Edinburgh, where he very early began to distinguish himself by his poetical talents and ready wit. In November, 1758, we find him settled at Lichfield, where, a year later, he married Miss Mary Howard. This match seems to have been one of pure affection, but Mrs. Darwin, who is described to have been a superior and charming woman, died, after a long and suffering illness, in 1770. In 1781 Darwin removed into Derbyshire, having married the widow of Col. Charles Pole, with whom he had become acquainted in the course of his professional practice. They lived two years at Redbourne Hall, and then removed to Derby, and ultimately to Bradwall Priory, where he died in 1802. In Derby his influence speedily exerted itself and became felt. He founded the well-known Philosophical Society. "Here," says the *Times*, "he had round him young men, afterwards of great note in their several ways, one of them the ingenious and public-spirited father of the present Lord Belper. There were men of letters in the town, and even a painter of great genius [Joseph Wright], whose portrait of Darwin appears in the frontispiece of this volume; but the prevailing taste of the place was mechanical, for people were making fortunes and families rising to sudden eminence by newly-invented machinery. For twenty years Dr. Darwin reigned without a rival in a Paradise of theories, inventions, projects, and reforms." Very early in his life, on the only occasion in which he had ever been entrapped into strong drink, after running a great distance and walking up to his neck through a river, he mounted a tub and harangued the population of Lichfield on sanitary improvement. There was nothing for which Dr. Darwin did not invent a machine, more or less successful, and to this day worth a revival. He defined "a fool" as "one who had not tried an experiment." He tried to improve on the clumsy carriages of that day by placing the driver more over the horse, but he evidently had not taken enough into account the mitigation of centrifugal force obtained by putting the cart well behind the horse, for he was upset and lame for life. He constructed an artesian well on a small scale at his house in Full-street, adjoining the famous residence of the Marquis of Exeter, once the head-quarters of Prince Charles Edward. Here there still exists an iron plate with the following inscription:—

TERRELLIO EDUXIT AQUAM

ANNO MCCCLXXXIII

ERASMUS DARWIN

LANITUR ET LABITER.

The prediction has not, we fear, been fulfilled, for, to the best of our knowledge, the spring no longer flows. Alluding to this well in Phil. Nauv. 1785, pt. I. p. 1., he remarks that "some of the more interior strata of the earth are exposed naked on the tops of mountains, and in general those strata which lie uppermost or nearest to the summit of the mountains are the lowest in the contiguous plains." He adds that the waters "sliding between two of the strata above described, descend till they find or make for themselves an outlet, and will in consequence rise to a level with the parts of the mountains where they originated." Mr. Darwin considers rightly that his grandfather here recognised the true principle of artesian wells. He connected a wind-vane on the top of his house with a dial-plate in his study so as to note every change in the wind. Of this house, Breadall Priory, there is a charming little sketch on p. 155. The initials appended, "V. H. D." illustrating the proposition with which we started that of any Darwin, it may be said, "Nihil tetigit quod non omisavit."

The stigma of atheism has been frequently and undeservedly affixed to Dr. Darwin. In reality, he was a pure theist, believing in one Maker, Upholder, and Blesser, but steadily and emphatically refused to admit any interference with the design once made, or any government, except by continuity of sound rules. He frequently referred with reverence to the precepts and example of the Great Teacher; he refused to take fees from the priests and lay vicars of Lichfield Cathedral, and it is not a little remarkable that his last words and last act were the strongest possible testimony to the observance of the duty founded on the sacred record of the Creation. "On the day of his death, in the early morning—it was about 7 a.m.—whilst writing a long and affectionate letter to Mr. Edgeworth, he was seized with a violent shivering fit, and went into the kitchen to warm himself before the fire. He there saw an old and faithful servant churning, and asked her why she did this on a Sunday morning. She answered that she had always done so, as he liked to have fresh butter every morning. He said, 'Yes, I do; but never again churn on a Sunday.' In two hours he was dead.

Of the German biographer's share in this excellent work it may be sufficient to say that his remarks open out a wide field of study for those who follow the teachings of Charles Darwin. Into this field, we will not, at present, enter; sufficient to say that out of the elder Darwin's wealth of matter and hypothesis there can be selected the materials for a system as like the younger Darwin's as to seem an anticipation of it. The German writer ascribes to Erasmus a complete system of the theory of evolution, at the same time deeming it necessary to adduce the evidence of it. We agree with the *Times* that "it is impossible not to recognize a strong family resemblance between these two remarkable men. But if the resemblance be studied more closely, the difference will more appear, and the grandson will be found not a mere repetition of his grandfather—by his own creed an impossible thing."