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“IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM:”

OR,

THREE EVENINGS

AMONG THE

GLASGOW ECLECTICS:

A REVIEW OF THE DARWINIAN DEVELOPMENT THEORY,

AS TAUGHT BY

G. SEXTON, LONDON, A.M., M.D., F.R.G.S., LL.D.,

WHEREIN MATTER IS PROVED TO BE NON-ETERNAL, MAN SHOWN NOT TO
COME FROM A MONKEY, AND SPECIES TO BE NON-TRANSMUTABLE:

WITH REMARKS UPON THE

THOMSONIAN THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

“ There’s nothing, situate under Heaven’s eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males’ subject, and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowl.”

—COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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1871.

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INTRODUCTION.

No. 18 NORTH ALBION STREET,

August 16, 1871.

IN 1868 I brought out a pamphlet upon the "Development Theory," as propounded by Mr. George Sexton, who was then the leader and teacher of the Glasgow Eclectics. The edition of a thousand was soon exhausted. Having had many applications for it, I determined to venture upon a re-issue, the more so because the great name of Sir William Thomson has been added to the list of those who favour the theory of Evolution which is akin to that of Mr. Darwin. His adhesion to the Development school, as contrasted with the Creationists, who believe that each species of every animal was originally created in the organically perfect state, was claimed by Professor Huxley of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, just held at Edinburgh. One thought operated as a counteractive to my giving a re-issue: the gentleman and scholar whom I combatted in discussion, and afterwards opposed in my tractate, had since treated me with such marked kindness that my act would appear to be tainted with that most abhorrent of all crimes, ingratitude; which made me pause. But, upon mature consideration, I still determined to do so; forasmuch as neither in 1868 nor 1871 did I, nor do I, oppose the person; and again, that opposition is in the name and for the sake of sacred truth. Besides, opposition to a superior man is not half so perilous as when directed against a scholarette. Your little man never forgives an attack upon his opinions; whereas the nobility generally identified with erudition begets generosity and a full recognition of the rights of others. If it were not so in the republic of letters literary men would be the most bitter and intolerant of all infallible popes. The question under consideration at the Bell Hotel—the

genesis of life—was exhaustively considered by Professor Huxley at the Liverpool meeting of 1870. He concluded that science knew of no case of abiogenesis—the production of life from inanimate nature—that life always comes from life. This being true, the case of Messrs. Weeks and Cross evolving an *Acarus* from nitrate of copper is proved to be an error. At the Bell I advocated biogenesis—life being generated from life—and that appears now to be scientific orthodoxy. Dr. Sexton's monad being vitalised by electricity is manifestly anti-scientia as science now is; but, as judgment was delivered at Edinburgh, he wins upon the point of evolution. Sir William Thomson, whose name is a symbol of practical knowledge of the sciences, has gone over to the evolutionary party, aiding them with his theory of the generation of life upon our earth. According to him, it was an affair of meteoric inoculation, through some world possessing the treasure of life coming into happy collision with our earth when it was devoid of vitality. Had that theory been propounded by a less savant than Sir William it would not have been mentioned the next day, save perchance in a barber's shop; but what so great an authority as Sir William Thomson says demands respectful consideration. Let it then be subjected to reason. Where is the proof that aerolites were showered by the skies upon our earth in those far-off periods, when the protozoic strata were forming, even as they are now? We have none. But it is well known that when an aerolite comes into collision with our earth it always arrives so heated, by reason of rapid motion through our atmosphere, that, if ever life had been on it, every vestige must have disappeared before its impact with the ground. Generally speaking, such bodies have attained a great momentum in their rapid transit through the regions of air, so that they bury themselves more or less deeply in the soil. A philosopher makes awful draughts upon our credulity when he points to an aerolite hissing and smoking in a hole, and says, "All vegetable, and all animal, life came from an impregnator like that." The fact is, the learned too often trample on common sense, affirming theories that their successors spend time in proving such opinions were mere vagaries. Comparing the

credibility of Dr. Sexton's causation of life—a lucky lump being struck alive by a flash of lightning—with that of Sir William's theory of its genesis, so far as regards our earth—that it was transferred from a stray aerolite by a species of morganitic alliance in the astronomical world—I do not hesitate to prefer that of the Doctor, as being more plausible. When we consider that aerolites have no atmosphere, and consequently must have an extremely low temperature while revolving in free space, and that they afterwards pass into the red-hot state, to look for life there seems to the unscientific as unpromising as seeking for apples on lamp-posts. But neither of these views please me so well as one I met with in an old Book, which says, “The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life.” Here is biogenesis in excelsis—the life of the creature from the anterior life of the Creator. The puzzle to me is that learned men should run from the obvious and rational to the obscure and absurd. Is it because pride urges rather to teach than to be taught?—let the million know their unique visions, rather than sit at the feet of Moses and learn of him through his Master! Be that so or not, Truth is annually compelling Science to come nearer to the great Hebrew writer of cosmogony. After three years' reflection, I re-issue my humble protest against science, sham and arrogant, treading down common sense, and despising the good word of our God. I do not profess that it is scientific, in the popular sense of that term, but perhaps it may be something better—sensible, and therefore reliable. I received many proofs of the usefulness of the first edition, and therefore confidently present it to the working men of Glasgow, amongst whom I labour.

"IN PARTIBUS INFIDELUM,"

OR

THREE EVENINGS AMONG THE GLASGOW ECLECTICS.

GLASGOW is favoured above many cities by its comparative freedom from infidelity. We have but one little band of professed sceptics, who term themselves Eclectics. Lest any should think that there is something mysterious about that word, let me say that the original Eclectics formed a school of philosophy at Athens which *elected* out of the other schools, such as the Cynics, the Stoics, the Epicureans, &c., so much of the teaching of each as they coincided with, and this constituted their composite creed as to man, Maker, mind, and the phenomena of nature. The British Eclectic *selects* from every available source, including the Bible, just what he considers to be true, and thus makes a species of parish pudding belief, his perverted brain being sole cook thereto. His creed is elastic—very; altering with the expansion of his ideas, and the reception of new information. It is love's labour lost to knock away any of his nonsense, as he is like a crab that has lost a claw, he comes on remarkably well without it, and soon gets another. The Glasgow Eclectics (not the Athenian) have migrated from a hall in Dunlop Street within a yard of the moon, to the Bell Hotel, which is now made sacred to their sublime philosophy. The new hall is an awful *scrim* as well as the old, which they seem to prefer, as thereby they get to breathe a more Olympic atmosphere. The reader need not fear to visit them in their high retreat. He will find them a courteous people. I feel bound to give this testimony,

not only because it is true, but also because those unacquainted with professed infidels are too apt to think them a rough set. I was invited by one of them to hear the king of the sceptics, Mr. G. Sexton, M.D., LL.D., F.R.G.S., who had been brought from London to teach that matter is eternal, and that man came from a Monad through a member of the monkey persuasion, the same being a respectable medium of ancestry. "Well," thought I, "what's to be done? I have waited years to hear a clever expositor of the Development Theory, and here is the identical man, but he has a handle to his name as long as a partially developed alphabet. It will seem arrogance run mad to oppose him, haver how he may. But I can't put up with nonsense, though it comes double-dipped in "science, falsely so called." This monologue resulted in the rash determination to place my feeble eye beneath the concentrated rays of this great light, blind me though it might. A blue bill informed me that after the Dr. had finished his lecture ten minutes would be allowed for any person to give a counter analysis, when he would reply in ten minutes to the strictures, and then the same person, or another, who would have the preference, might take the same time, and so on for an hour. Well, to the Bell I went and paid my threepence, and had no occasion to grudge a copper of it. Found the Dr. a gentlemanly able lecturer, but so warped in his judgment that he viewed most facts with a double left eye. Moreover, many of his so-called facts were rank fancies. He began by trying to show that matter is eternal, having in itself all the properties manifested in nature, with a tendency to produce those forms, whether organic or inorganic, the knowledge of which constitutes physical science. That organization is just matter vivified, while mind is a result of high development of organic structure. That as to man, just as an individual of the race comes from the human sperm, which, in embryo, passes through conditions analagous to that of a reptile, a fish, a bird, and finally a mammal, so it had been with mankind. They had come from a vitalised germ of matter, which the scientific term a Monad: his pet agent for doing the quickening business is electricity. He told us that a certain man having been immersed in water during 45 minutes, was restored to life by the application of the wires of a galvanic battery to his spine. The Doctor's argument was—Only let there be no loss or hurt of an organ, there need be no death, nor would be, electricity being applied; therefore, electricity is the vital principle; but that is matter, though in a subtle form; consequently it follows that, the body being demonstrably material, and vitality being seen to be so too, the entire man is mere matter, and

all his functions, whether mental or physical, are qualities of matter. Our M.D. being correct, what fools the doctors must be to let any one die under the influence of chloroform. The machinery of life has been made to stand still, and in some cases they are unable to move it again. Why don't the blocks have a galvanic battery at hand, so as to start the patient on another step of the journey of life, quite refreshed by his sleep? I was impudent enough to ask the Doctor whether he would take half-an-hour's drowning, with the apparatus ready to raise him from his short death. He didn't seem to see it. I think the Sextonian drowned man must have been enjoying his Havana in a diving-bell. He spoke of persons being hanged, and afterwards operated upon by electricians, so as to make me wish that when I fall into the clutches of Calcraft Dr. Sexton may be waiting to receive me, and then he and I will have a laugh at the executive. When I complained of the limited time allowed, I was given to understand that I might think myself lucky in having ten minutes. If the parsons would only let the Doctor get at them for ten minutes, a hawk amongst sparrows would but faintly picture the havoc he would make among the pulpiteers. I do trust that all church-officers will, at this dark season, be on the alert, lest he should come in unawares and gobble up a lot of our A.M.'s and D.D.'s, to the consternation of their people. As I could not get my will of the Dr., I appeal from platform to print, intending, in this my appeal, to show the falsity of his opinions, learned though he is. In the first place, I shall consider the question, Is Matter Eternal? In the second, Whence is Man? In the third place, I shall demonstrate the Development Theory to be false. And, fourthly, as those horrid parsons love to have it, I shall say a few things on Scepticism in general. Few technical terms will be used, and my appeal will be rather to common sense and general experience than to science.

IS MATTER ETERNAL?

It would be difficult for the naturalist to say "No" to this proposition if matter were simple, that is, of one kind. But there are several simple bodies, of which our earth and its atmosphere are composed by mechanical mixture, as meal with salt, or by chemical combination, as when the gases oxygen and hydrogen form water; these acted upon by the agencies of light, heat, electricity, gravitation, and other natural forces, form the world in which we dwell. Imagine you had never seen a machine, and that you saw several

kinds of wood and metal, cut into an almost infinite variety of shapes, lying on the ground. Suppose that you found that you could fit some of these parts to others, and that those portions that were too complicated for you to manage were plainly as fitable as those you had fitted, but needed more skill than you possessed. Fancy that you left this collection of pieces for a month, and that upon your return you found those very parts formed into a powerful machine, which was then doing useful work. Should any one tell you that those pieces had been as you first saw them for ever, you would at once say, impossible. They were evidently fitted one for the other. They could not be in that cut state eternally. Some person with a greater mind than my own must have arranged them in that admirable order; and as he must be older than the work he wrought, his work could not be eternal. But our cosmogony is parallel thereto. The dawn of terrene being, science teaches us, is what is now our earth in a gaseous condition, those gases being mixed chaotically. As we place the invisible gases oxygen and hydrogen together, and by the action of the battery, they become in an instant visible water, which change is accompanied with a noise; so it is believed the Supreme passed an electric current through the vast fields of vapour, and Earth instantly flashed into being, with a noise louder than when ten thousand thunders utter their awful voices. Thus the Chemist comes to our rescue, and tells us that the doctrine of probabilities is dead against matter being eternal. If no man ever saw a correctly formed triangle without at once knowing that a person had arranged its three sides, much more are we unable to see 65 different kinds of matter combined, and mixed so as to form a world of passing beauty, without believing that a Person designed it. But we will call into the witness box one Mr. Geology, who has the reputation of being very Sextonian, though that is doing him a gross injustice. This witness says that when he first saw our terrestrial globe it was nothing but granite below (solid), salt water upon the earth (liquid), and atmosphere above the earth (fluid). He affirms that there was no animal life, no, nor vegetable. If I say to him, Is not animal life an infinite series? he shows me a granite floor which could not support life in any form but the very lowest. He therefore calls it, and all strata until we reach the Silurian rocks, "azoic," *i.e.*, devoid of life. Suppose, then, the Eclectics cannot show that though life was not to be found upon the earth during a vast period of probably millions of years, yet all the 65 kinds of matter from which the organs to receive life were to be formed were there, they have no right to affirm that matter is eternal. Now, of these

65 simple bodies 43 are metals, and I question whether they can show that the odd 3 were in being. But, to limit the field, we will risk all on one metal; nor shall it be little known, as Vanadium or Iridium; it is Iron. What oxygen is to the gases, iron is to the metals. That gas forms 50 per cent. of the entire substance of the earth, this metal 2 per cent. It enters into the composition of all kinds of organic substances. Probably I do not err when saying that it is more important than the other 42. Many of them are a species of luxury, but it is a necessary. Can the Dr. prove that Iron is as old as Oxygen? If he cannot find it in the primitive formations, except in the minutest form so as practically not to be, why call it eternal? If Iron be not everlasting as to the past, how can he tell that though that species of matter is not, the 64 other kinds are? As the Dr. has no conception of the genesis of a simple body, what right has he to turn up his nose at a man who says it is created? He sees it is not eternal, nor can he lever it up by development from a monad, nor can he say that iron is a composite body, for, if so, he is bound to give its elements. The fact is, the Doctor's atheistic guess is broken to shivers with a rod of iron. It would be odd indeed if the Maker of iron was not also the Maker of the other 42 metals. And to whom do those metals like indices point but to coming man. Metals would seem very like waste apart from man who receives their full value. Take iron ore in your left hand, and a watch spring in your right; what has bridged over the gulf between them but Mind? Was it not from directing mind it received its elasticity, colour, form, &c. Well, why should the learned Dr. laugh at me when I believe that the Mind Supreme and Eternal gave to that matter all its latent capabilities and wondrous properties? The polariscope shows Iron in the Sun; Chemistry finds it in the Aerolite or falling star. We have before said it enters into organic bodies. We therefore find it burning in the orb of day, rushing through the interplanetary spaces, living in man, deposited in the earth in a relationship essential to man's well-being. Tell me, Dr., do you see anything despicable in believing that the Mind Uncreated placed iron in those positions to answer ends which are sublime though but dimly seen? If He made a metal of such transcendant importance to man and to the universe, how could He place it in the Earth, and in the Sun, and in the interplanetary spaces, and in Man, unless He was in those places in those times when it was so deposited, which you are bound to allow covers millions of miles and ages? Should you reply, "It is not proved that He did place Iron in the Sun," my answer is, "If He did not, how did He create identically the same matter here and not there?" We do not believe in a god of the

Sun and another of the Earth, but in One God. According to the Dr., matter has in itself a principle by the force of which it develops itself into vegetable and animal life, and this it always had. Such being the case, there should have been an eternal creation. Vegetable life should put in an appearance millions of ages sooner than the Silurian age. Upon this hypothesis, when it began to develop, it would have done so uniformly and continuously as a tree grows. How then is the destruction of myriads of reptiles, shoals of fishes, and millions of plants, to be accounted for, seeing that these did not die of age but perished by violence? Did the great god of the Eclectics—Nature—like Saturn in mythology, or rabbits in hutches, eat her own offspring? The principle of decay might be in matter, but violent destruction must come from without. Now, we weaklings, who endorse the design argument, believe that when these creatures had answered the ends of their Creator's economy, they gave place to higher forms, as the prophets did to the apostles.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

When Dr. Sexton was giving the Darwinian origin of man, he said, "If you don't accept of that theory, there is no other. It is not a question of rival theories, for that of Moses is really none at all. What sensible man can believe that God *came down* and made man out of dust, it would be more correct to say water, as an old woman kneads apple dumplings. Moreover, this is told us in a musty, fusty old book, written nobody knows when, where, or by whom. Its stories are no more credible than Jack and the Bean Stalk. It tells us that immortality grew on a tree, as did also knowledge. It is a pity that Christians don't eat more of its fruit." For the sake of argument, I will for the present allow that the Bible is virtually no account. This I do for the sake of calling your entire attention to the more excellent Sextonian theory. The historian Moses recording that the genus *Homo* came into existence in physical perfection, raises his choler. Here, then, is our learned opponent's preferential speculation, Man is the offspring of either the Baboon, Ourang-Outang, Chimpanzee, or the Gorilla, the latter gentleman being slightly the favourite. Here is the first drop of a deluge of absurdities, enough to sweep away a world of common sense. If one of these candidates for the fatherhood of humanity is to be elected to that high position, it must, on the Darwinian supposition, be much superior to any of the others as to organic structure. Which of the *Quadrumana* so excels that I shall honour him as being bone of my bone? Our Dr. is bold at

blasphemous nonsense, but he is not bold enough to make his choice. He veils his doctrines under vague generalities, so as to lead the ignorant to infer that Man came from a menagerie. He does not like to pin us to one beast. It won't do, Dr. If we are of bestial origin surely it was not a joint-stock affair. As the Gorilla has the highest organization of the Quadrumana, upon your principles he is fairly entitled to our fathership. Before his installation, I would like to ask the Eclectics a question or two. There are two worlds, the Continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa forming the old, and America the new. If development went on so swimmingly in this eastern world, why not the same thing happening in North or South America? It did not, for there nature had not reached the organic structure of the Chimpanzee. Her nearest specimen to man was a howling monkey, found in Guiana. Did old-world Nature send this telegram to Nature in America, "Have developed a pair of healthy babies. Apply degrading brake to higher species. Work up all your spare Monads into Opossums?"

Again, Geology is unable to show which came into existence first, Man or Gorilla, and consequently, cannot in science fasten fatherhood upon apehead, when it is not known whether such a being was in existence. If the Gorilla is not certainly guilty of being our progenitor, let him have the benefit of the doubt. However, I do not wish to be hard with the Dr., and so we will let him over these trivial difficulties. I won't even ask the Dr. how it is the Quadruman don't now and then treat us to a foundling in the forest. No, I intend the development machinery to work at full blast, and smile at vulgar difficulties. The Quadrumana are arboreal in their habits. They are awkward off the tree as we are on it. They dwell in dreadful jungles of Africa and Asia. Such being the case, Man commenced his course in a tropical jungle, where, to this day, a well-clothed man can only force his way a few yards daily, and that with extreme danger. Here is the loved abode of Madam Gorilla. Here she brought into being that novelty of the forest, a naked white baby. Professor Owen, in his Osteological account of the structure of the Gorilla, gives the difference between its bones and ours as 44. If to this you add our being naked, able to weep, laugh, speak, besides chemical, mental, moral, social, and other differences, it strikes an ignoramus as somewhat odd that it should beget a being different from itself ten times more than the Whale differs from the Elephant. Here is yet a greater difficulty for Mr. Darwin, though I do not offer it as such to Dr. Sexton. Mr. D. believes the soul to be a deathless principle, but Mr. S. denies us that priceless possession. Between mortal and

immortal is an impassible gulf, how then should a mortal beast beget an immortal man? However, difficulties notwithstanding, the baby is duly born, and we must do our best by the poor bairn. We'll let its parents off from attending to the umbilical cord and washing the child, and we won't look for very white baby linen. Mother Gorilla will have either to keep the naked child constantly in her arms, in which case its limbs would not have due play, or she must sometimes put it down. She lives in the top flat of a Baobab tree, and as baby has no prehensile tail any more than its father, nor claws to grasp branches, down the child must needs fall. If placed on the ground, its tender body will be grievously torn by thorns, &c. We will violate possibility by supposing it has never been washed, and, like the mitherless laddie, has its hair unkempt, and bears the heat of a tropical day, and the dew of night on its feeble body, without injury. But the wet monsoon sets in when the Gorilla boy is six months old. At that season the tempests are enough to terrify the very tigers. The Esquimaux mother wraps her baby in skins and moss, and shelters it in a snow hut. The Pawnee woman folds her papoose in a buffalo hide, and protects it in a wigwam. The Caffre parent envelopes her picaninny in a kaross blanket, and when the floods are falling takes it into a kraal. Alas for our jungle baby! What shelter is there for it? However, as the Dr. has given orders that, come what may, the babe must not die, we will keep it alive. So it is now weaned upon raw fruit. Every one knows that the instinctive affection passes from the bestial parent after it ceases to give suck; therefore, our boy must see after himself, say at three years old, which gives him a very liberal allowance of milk. We all know that animals have an instinctive hatred to all but their own kind. The very Gorillas would kill our naked laddie every day in the week. Pardon the double bull. He would be in peril from beasts of prey, serpents, thorns, briars, &c., &c. He must sleep naked on the ground, without the knowledge of fire—would be half-drowned in the rainy season, and verminized at all seasons. But children pass through a series of infantile diseases which would hardly be lessened by living sub-Jove in a jungle. Nor am I sure that a Gorilla M.D. has yet been discovered in those parts. It is far from certain if even a blue pill has been found in a fossilized form. The orphan duck who had a Dorking hen as a step-mother was a happy soul compared to our jungle foundling. Thank nature, heaven, something, anything—such a deplorable state of things is as yet unknown in the tropics. I wish it was unknown in the Trongate. That the heir to the Gorilla estates would ever attain his majority,

under such circumstances, would beat all. And have I imagined anything unreasonable? But I will go in with the Eclectics, and say that he did. And now all this must be repeated in the case of his future bride, or Monsieur Gorilla must be the happy father of twins. Now this is too much to be asked of us, even by the Eclectic M.D. What a curious coincidence, as the newspapers say, that some lady Chimpanzee made her lord similarly happy about the same time that Lady Gorilla had such a brilliant accession to her family! These two original children-in-the-wood meet, love, marry, increase. The constellations, especially the moon, shed on the happy pair their sweet influences. Let the sceptic remember that a monkey-bred boy, jungle educated, unacquainted with fire, and mute as a mackerel, would make a comical Adam. As to being dumb, he could not speak before he had heard speech, forasmuch as speech is essentially an affair of imitation. When I reminded the Dr., on the platform, that Man has the faculty of speech, which the Quadruman has not, he said, "Why, Parrots have that!" I had no chance of a reply, or I should have said, "Precisely so; and as a Parrot never says a word it has not first heard, the argument is insuperable that Man would never have spoken except he had heard One speak." But an Eclectic might quibble about the baby theory, and say I was scraping jokes out of monkeys at the expense of their vastly more feasible origin. Well, boldly tell us what that is. Man must have come mature or infantile. Dr. Sexton won't let him come mature, and you won't adopt the baby. Perhaps this theory will suit. As a Caterpillar passes into a Chrysalis and that into a Butterfly, so a Sloth was developed into a Baboon and that into a Man, who is a human butterfly minus the wings. Or rejecting it, say that some lucky Quadruman shed his hide, as birds moult their feathers, and improved himself into a Man. In which case, here is a little difficulty to meet. There are savages in New Zealand and America who remain savages all their lives, in view of the wonders of civilization; if then, as a rule, a savage man does not become a civilized man even with a teacher, how is it likely that a brute would become a man without a teacher. Now these suppositions exhaust all possible origins of which we can have any conception upon Eclectic principles. The reader has seen the Dr. introduce the Darwinian Benjamin, the last born of many brethren, and he is bound to allow him to be a charming fellow. I don't mean the Dr., as upon that point we are all agreed, and I do mean the young rustic fresh from the jungle. In order to prepare his audience to swallow without a wince his abhorrent nonsense, Dr. Sexton said, "It is of no consequence what we

came from ; the only thing of any consequence is what we are." This is false and foolish. False because opposed to sentiment, reason, and experience. Where is the Scotchman who would as willingly say, "I am a descendant of Menteith," as "The blood of Wallace flows in my veins"? Foolish because what we are very much depends upon what we came from. The better to prepare his audience to resign themselves to an Ourang-Outang origin, our F.R.G.S. pointed to the resemblance between the pedal extremities of the Quadruman and human beings, affirming that those tree-dwellers could not fairly be said to be four-handed, as their lower organs of locomotion were bona-fide feet. Their grasping branches of trees therewith was not denied, but we were told to "Remember that Chinese Boatmen row with their feet, and that Hindoo Weavers work the loom with their feet, besides, who has not seen men, when their hands failed them, writing, painting, and doing other feats with their toes. Now it is plain that they are feet after all, and not hands." This may be very conclusive reasoning to a materialist, but, to my mind, there are still doubts, grave and many, as to my friends at the Bell being of Gorilla origin. Gorillas are fierce brutes, as untamable as a lorry-load of Hyenas, drawn by Zebras, and driven by Badahung, the king of Dahomey. But the Bell-men are as highly civilized as the Chinese, and twice as argumentative. The Gorilla does not run to tongue but to teeth, as Monsieur du Chaillu will testify, whereas they reverse this, except at soirees. I have my mind's eye on a Secularist Shoemaker, who is a rare fellow to talk of making the best of the present world (but his wife says he don't), upon the principle that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Now, I never caught him closing uppers with his fingers, and at the same time lapstoning soles with his toes. His Eclectess would have put up with her husband being of Baboon breed in that case, for the sake of the extra braws thereby to be obtained. Nor does she differ from the rest of the female members of the Eclectic persuasion ; they are as fond of being upsides with Eugenie as the wives of those who claim a human origin. This looks suspiciously like being the daughters of Eve, seeing she started the fashions with a vegetable petticoat. On the whole, I cannot be persuaded that those painfully intelligent Bell-men have any right to claim kinship with distinguished foreigners, at present engaged in jungle wrangle on the tree top. The Dr. talked learnedly about the cubic capacity of the brain of a Chimpanzee, to show how closely it approximated to the lower types of men. If our reader should run against our learned M.D., oblige by telling him that it is a question of quality

and not of quantity. Give the Chimpanzee a hog'shead of monkey brains, and it then could not count its toes; whereas many of the Eclectics can say the whole multiplication table even up to 12 times 12. If he is right, let them have the moral courage to recognise their poor relations when Manders' menagerie arrives in these northern latitudes. We believers insist upon their owning them in the Saltmarket if they do so in the Trongate, otherwise we will not allow them such high ancestral honours.

But if the Eclectics are fully determined that they will come of monkey blood, we believers can't stop them, and so it must be as they desire; but we will cleave to the genealogy given by Luke, ending with the words, "Which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." Our rejected genealogy may not have so much blue blood in it as in their more sublime pedigree, still we mean to stick by the older account. To be fair to the Eclectics, I will run out their generation by the help of Professor Owen. The classification has relation to the development of the brain and not to the size of the animal:—Man was the son of an Ape, which was the son of a Marmozet, the son of a Lemur, of a Dog, Bear, Seal, Hog, Sheep, Horse, Tapir, Elephant, Sea-cow, Dugong, Porpoise, Whale, Sloth, Armadillo, Ant-eater, Rousette, Bat, Mole, Hedgehog, Shrew, Hare, Rat, Wombat, Kangaroo, Phalanger, Opossum, Echidna, Duck-mole, which was the son of an Oyster, which was the son of a Trilobite, which was the son of a Monad. Thus, you see, reader, that though Mr. Sexton despises a noble ancestry, the Eclectics don't. Their forefathers—pardon me, their thirty-four fathers—distinguished themselves in sea, mud, and tree long before the Norman conquest. The bestial theory of man's genesis supposes us to have been originally in a savage state—a theory not countenanced by Humboldt, nor Max Muller. I can only find room for what the Oxford savant says—"As far as we can trace back the footsteps of man, even on the lowest strata of history, we see that the Divine gift of a sound and sober intellect belonged to him at the first; and the idea of a humanity emerging slowly from the depths of animal brutality can never be maintained."

THE BIBLICAL HUMANO-GENESIS.

To present the matter in the smallest possible compass, I will put it thus:—Moses tells us that God made man in His image, of the dust, placed him in a garden, held conversation with him, put him to sleep and made a woman out of one of his ribs. That from

these came Cain and Abel and the rest of mankind. These statements imply nine propositions, which I shall briefly consider: (A.) There is a God. Imagine you can see America as it was 500 years ago, when it was for the most part a forest from the arctic snows to the Mexican Gulf. Look at it now. Not to mention the changes in city and country wrought by men, I will only call attention to one notorious fact—the Canadian emigrants have by drainage so changed the surface of the land that the very sky of Canada is not what it then was. The difference between America in 1368 and 1868 is due to the action of Mind upon Matter. Am I then a fool for believing in a Supreme Mind creating Matter? Is it unscientific to believe One supplies Man with the raw material of continent and island, granting, in His blessed condescension, to him to be His fellow-worker, though at a distance as great as heaven from earth? The Dr. says it is. I insist upon being contemptible in the eyes of the Eclectics. (B.) God made man. I cannot for the life of me see anything derogatory to the honour of God in making Man. When we consider his physical and mental capabilities, to make no mention of his immortality and destiny, I see no reason why God should not have made him. Any origin besides the Divine is contemptible and revolting. In proof of skill and design manifested in his structure, I can only enrich my humble page by giving a brief extract from a competent writer thereupon:—"The heart is 6 inches in length and 4 inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, and, of course, 2,565,440,000 times in 70 years—in which short limit of life the heart, by its ceaseless action, lifts the enormous weight of 370,700,200 tons." But why take the low ground of physical structure, in part shared with us by the lower tribes? Why not point to those proofs of superiority seen in the lives of those who have excelled in arts, in arms, or in song? Why not?—Because on the lowest ground I can take, God is all manifest. "What a piece of work is man!! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and motion how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!—the paragon of animals! and yet to me what is *this quintessence of dust?*" I can see a thousand reasons for believing proposition B.; but I did not hear one reason from Dr. Sexton why I should not. (C.) God made man of dust. By dust is meant not foot-powder, but merely earth. He made him of that to which he returns. Take a Peruvian mummy, expose it to atmospheric action for a few months, and then present it to the inspection of any one but a learned fool, and he will tell you it is dust. Man lives on dust indirectly. Vegetation is nourished

directly by the dust, animals are sustained by the vegetable forms, and we feed upon them. Man is made of it, nourished by it, and returns to it. The Dr. has threatened never to forgive Moses for saying we are made of dust. He holds it would be more correct to say water! The Sextonian improved reading of a well-known text is, "Water thou art, and to water shalt thou return." Our F.R.G.S.'s is decidedly a case of hydrocephalus. His brain has been immersed in Eclectic water more than 45 minutes, and electricity can't get it dry. He thinks the Hebrew historian was bound to give a scientific formula of the chemical elements in man, with a tabulated ratio which even now would be Greek to the million. That would be pedantry, not wisdom. The record says nothing of the time occupied in making him. No time was occupied. Almighty power, combined with Omniscient skill, must act instantly. All creations are instantaneous, because a thing must either exist or not exist—*via media* there can be none. Adam flashed into existence as Jesus and Paul tell us the dead shall at the resurrection be made like unto the angels in the twinkling of an eye. (D.) God placed Man in a Garden. This, even an Eclectic will allow, was a slight improvement upon a tropical jungle, for Paradise was in the temperate zone. A mature Man placed in a Garden looks more sensible than a Baby in a Jungle. (E.) God conversed with man—hence all language. Laugh who may, no more rational origin of language can be given. Nay, I go as far as saying that no other can be offered. You may as well try to pump the howling of a mastiff into eloquence as to get speech, except from Him who also shaped the tongue. (F.) God made Woman out of Man. He did not make the mare out of the horse. Being separate creations, they were less closely allied. Marriage would thus be made naturally permanent, whereas with the lower animals promiscuous intercourse would be their law. Adam was to be federal head of Eve, as well as of his descendants: he must therefore be her source and senior. Woman is a female man. She is womb-man. Adam is the ideal of humanity. At the resurrection we rise either like the first Adam or the Second. Other reasons for Eve being taken out of Adam can be given, but these will suffice the wise, and a thousand would not suffice a fool. As to murder a being of divine origin must be worse than maliciously taking the life of one who is of brute origin, so must fornication and adultery be more heinous in the eyes of a Man who believes Moses than it can be in the sight of a Man who credits Darwin. Life, with all its relationships, must be degraded by being embruted. If we be not the offspring of God, but of anthropoid apes, we must be less dig-

nified, less moral, than the son of Amram would have us be. (G.) God took the rib out while man slept. Till lately, infidels jeered us with what they termed the gross absurdity of taking a rib out of Adam when he was asleep. "He wouldn't be at all likely to wake up under the process. Oh, no. He'd snore on, to be sure!" But things as wonderful are now done while the person operated upon is asleep. If the limited mind of man can work on the living as though it were dead, shall not the Infinite Mind, if He will? (H.) This Man and Woman became the parents of Cain and Abel. Is that not more rational than grinding mental, moral, social, spiritual, immortal beings out of monkeys? Adam and Eve were made physically mature, and, being reasonable creatures, were able to take care of their offspring. I may here say that, without a particle of doubt, every animal and every vegetable was originally made in the perfect, and not in the embryo state. Take a bird and its eggs, and ask yourself whether the first bird could ever have been in an egg. There must have been at least two eggs, and how were they to be hatched? If they had lain on the ground the cold of night would have killed the germ. If great care was taken of them, that supposes a person—and who could that person be but God, the Creator? That being so, would it not be more rational that He should make the pair of birds than that he should make the embryos and watch their incubation, if it be right to use that word when there was no incubator. For my part, I am content to believe rather in perfect beings, reflecting the skill of the Creator, than in those infantile things that must, in the nature of things, perish almost as soon as developed. England's greatest John says of our true parents, when newly made—

"Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd; for, in their looks divine,
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 For contemplation he, and valour formed;
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

Now, it may be a weakness peculiar to myself, but I prefer this Biblical-Miltoic pair to the Darwinian Jocko-of-the-woods and his jungle Diana, the great goddess of the Sextonians. By the bye, I should like to see a development epic poem, with gorillas, baboons, and all the monkey fry, as *dramatis personæ*. Shades of Moses and Milton! When it comes, with our M.D.'s preface, won't

the Christians hide their diminished heads? (I.) These twain were the progenitors of the entire human race. Can any Eclectic give a more rational genealogy? We cannot be embrutalized. It won't do. If he is unable to tell nothing more palatable and philosophical, let him be silent. I heard the Dr. give the appearance of man on the stage of the world as occurring 50,000, 60,000, or 70,000 years since. When he cannot hit his own bull's-eye within 20,000 of years, he will excuse our taking any note as to *when* this humano-genesis occurred. We are merely reasoning upon the fact.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

The philosophers of the Development Theory generally say—We know nothing of life as to its origin. We accept of life as a datum, which, when obtained in the form of a vitalized Monad, all the known variations of organic life are readily seen to grow out of that source of animation. But our Dr. goes a-head of these. He sees that, if such be the case, a difficulty is in the way, viz., accounting for the vitality of this organised molecule. The believers would come in and say that God vivified that primordial germ, and the sceptic could not deny it, because he assumes ignorance as to that point. Mr. Sexton sees no need for God. He says the scalpel and the alembic show him nothing of the kind. Oh, Doctor, Doctor! does not the coat on your back show the tailor? He knows of nothing but Nature, Law, Mutation, so he tried to bridge over the chasm between inert matter and organic life, telling us the stale tale of Messrs. Weeks and Cross, who, while working in the laboratory upon nitrate of copper, when examining the effect of an experiment not intended to produce the result it did, found at the pole of their battery a new animalcule, which, from Mr. Cross, has ever since been known as the *Acarus Crossii*. This the Doctor deemed conclusive that life is just matter of a favourable kind, placed in a particular combination, and then vitalized by electricity. When this organised body is produced, from it to man is a natural development, gradual, of course, "for Nature does nothing by leaps." Now, as Cross produced the *Acarus*, so Nature produced the Monads, whence Man and all intermediate animals come. My platform reply to this fallacious stuff was—Granted that these chemists did as you say, it simply shows that Mind must act upon matter before the humblest organism can exist. As they stood behind their battery, so the Supreme Mind underlies His natural laws, producing animal existences of the noblest form, even

as He will. I gave the Doctor a tap for saying "Nature does nothing by leaps," asking whether it was not a big jump from dead matter to organic life? But, as time was wanting there, and paper is plentiful here, we will look more closely into this case. If an Eclectic says Cross made the *Acarus*, and Nature made the patriarchal Monad by spontaneous generation, I laugh. Cross made it! Would you say he made a thing, having not the faintest idea of what was coming of his labour? Does the Paisley weaver work in that fashion? Do our engineers so work? He made the *Acarus* less than the bull makes the calf! The experiment distinctly proves that there must be an organic structure before it can be vitalized—that the arrangement of matter is older than its endowment with life. Must not a steam-engine be older than the steam generated in it? Nature could not arrange matter, and so prepare it to receive life, except Nature be a Person. I, therefore, argue that organization is older than life, but organic structure is an affair of arrangement which demands an Arranger. Spontaneous generation only takes place when matter is duly prepared. If this *Acarus Crossii* has been doing its duty, it ought, on Darwinian principles, by now to have developed itself into an oyster, if it be not a lazy baggage. But the M.D. bridge was a complete *Pons Asinorum*, for Nature did not go into business by stocking her shop with animal organisms, but with vegetable. The earliest forms of life known are Lichens, Mosses, Mushrooms, Seaweed, and common Grasses. If Mr. Sexton will bring his galvanic battery on to the platform at the Bell, and oblige the company by making just a Fungus, I shall say, Bravo! Doctor. And then, turning to the company, say—Ladies and Gentlemen, you see that Mind must operate upon Matter, or not the humblest member of the vegetable kingdom can exist. Ergo, Mind is older than Material Organisms, consequently Mind cannot be a result of Organization, wherefore the corner stone of the Sextonian gospel is a phantomic falsehood, and his disciples, great and small, are poor M.D.uded creatures. As to making animals, I boldly affirm that the Doctor, so far from being able to make a new animal, cannot even imagine one. Our heraldic painters have sketched a fancy animal called a Griffin, the fore part being a winged eagle, the hind part a lion. The heart that would be able to supply those large posterior limbs with blood would throw that tiny head into deadly fever. When it flew, the hind part would throw up the fore part so that its legs would be horizontal, which is uncomfortable, even for griffins. Just as I can see that that animal is impossible, as easily could the Doctor show that any animal of human imagination is impossible; by which it

becomes plain that not only is Mind necessary to call inert Matter into the Organic Condition, but a Mind not human. Having taken the Monad from the Eclectics, from which all kinds of noxious vermin might have come, we can now afford to give the Doctor cool attention. He gave his admirers to understand that there is really no such thing as species, either in animals or vegetables. According to him, a farmer sowing wheat might reap barley or rye. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap," has not only grown old, but antiquated and false. Listen to the Corypheus of Geology, Sir Charles Lyell—"It appears that species have a real existence in nature, and that each creature was endowed, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organization by which it is now characterized." Hear, too, Professor Agassiz, in his Survey of Fossil Fishes, "For my part, I am convinced that species have been created successively at different epochs, and that the changes which they have suffered during a geological period are but of secondary importance, and depend only on their greater or less fecundity, and on migrations subordinated to the influences of the period." The deathless Cuvier and the living Owen also coincide in condemnation of this Darwinian-Sextonian nonsense. The Doctor tried the co-natus dodge by pointing to the trunk of the elephant as an elongated nose, the result of continual effort. I showed to his audience the obvious fact that, if so, it would have died before it could feed. So the hump of the camel is, no doubt, due to the fact that, when overloaded, it takes the huff and sticks up its back as cats do. The Doctor told us that if the various kinds of animals were the results of distinct acts of creation, there would be fewer points of similarity between them. The foolishness of this view is manifest from the Sextonian view of the eternity of matter. According to him gold and iron are eternally and essentially different; and yet, are there not many points of likeness between them? Besides, Darwin being right, as all animals come from one animal it would be a little odd if they had no points of similarity! Our M.D. goes in for the Transmutation of Species, *i. e.*, that the lower species can be changed into higher, as a cat into a tiger. What a pity he has no Transitional Specimen—an intermediate link between one species and another—an animal caught in the very act of running from its kind. If he would oblige the company by only describing one, it would be refreshingly new. We have the Nineveh sculptures 2500 years old, and the hieroglyphic paintings of Egypt 4000 years old, which, together, represent more than 100 well-known animals, and they are as like those now living as one duck's egg is like another. Louis Agassiz,

in his admired work upon Classification, states that he has convinced himself, by repeated and careful examination, that the coral reefs of Florida have taken at least 20,000 years to form by Polyps, the descendants of which are now living unaltered, and working away as fast as ever. But this latter period is but as the swing of a pendulum to the next, which is enough to stun the most gigantic thinker. Geologists teach that it is 3,000,200,000,000 years since the Silurian rocks were deposited, and they contain fossil specimens, the earliest known as much like those of the present day as a Colchester oyster is like a Pandore. Now, what does my reader think of the honesty of a man who will, in cool blood, well knowing this, gammon the Glasgow Eclectics that the Transmutation of Species is a law of nature to be seen in daily operation? Our L.L.D. says all the variations of Pigeons, brought about by the pigeon fancier, as the Carrier, Nun, Pouter, Tumbler, &c., are from the Blue Rock. I will allow this fact, and reason upon it. The Blue Rock is known to have been in existence thousands of years, during which time it has remained an unaltered Wild Pigeon. Man comes and brings Mind to bear upon its feeding, breeding, and training. The result is a great number of varieties, which, however, are each Pigeons without doubt. Suppose I see one pair of all these varieties feeding in a field with a pair of the original Blue Rocks, I say, Here is a proof of what the limited Mind of Man can do. By its operation he has brought about all the charming variety, but he could go no farther. He could not train a Pigeon up into an Eagle, or down into a Swallow. If a Limited Mind brought about these differences, might not an Unlimited Mind make all the differences between Eagle, Pigeon, and Swallow?—nay, make the birds, and the law upon them an iron law of species, and an elastic law of variation, with a continual tendency to revert to the original model? Apply this reasoning to the Horse and Dog. What a comparatively stunted gift would the first pair of Horses and brace of Dogs have been, if they could not have varied to suit man's varying wants. Thus Nature, which with me means God, gave an inch of plastic variability, and Darwin took a mile of development. Such is man, especially the perverted philosophical man. If the Transmutation of Species had but a square inch of truth to stand upon, instead of an infinity of fiction, they would stock their menagerie with an assortment of monsters, hybrids between Bulls and Bears, Sheep and Hogs, enough to frighten the French. Lest the reader should harshly think I am doing an injustice, by these violent suppositions, to Darwin, Sexton, & Co., let me quote from Mr. Darwin's own book. He has been speaking

of Bears swimming in the North American rivers with their mouths open, catching insects, and he proceeds to say, "If there were always plenty of insects, I can see no difficulty in a race of Bears being rendered, by natural selection, more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as monstrous as a Whale." You will observe it was not a Polar Bear, but a Brown Bear, living in a river, and the idea of that creature setting up in the Whale line beats all Munchausen hollow, and half Buncombe besides. But if it did, so much the worse for Darwin, because a Whale is far below the Bear in organic structure, whereas, according to his view, each animal should be progressing towards the maximum of development, instead of which, the man calmly says, "I see no difficulty in Bears becoming Whales." Very true. You don't, but common sense does. What a delightful thing it would have been, if some lucky Aberdeen Whaler had caught that critter when a Philadelphia lawyer couldn't tell which was Bear, and which was Whale. You working men, on a pay Saturday, would have a treat above ordinary, when, entering a gigantic range of caravans in the Jail Square, would see the wonderful Darwino-Sextonio-Whalo-Bearo, caught off the coast of Norway. And, better than that—how delightful!—hear it described by a live LL.D., when, joy in excelsis, perhaps unbelievers like me would get in at half-price, upon showing a line from our ministers that we were in full communion. When that happens, Long volunteers into the noble corps of the Eclectics, but not before. This very great Bear business makes awful draughts upon credulity, but it is a mere joke to what Darwin demands in the following sentences, taken from his Magnum Opus, page 483-4.—"I believe that animals have descended from, at most, only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number. I should infer, from analogy, that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on the earth have descended from one primordial form, *into which life was first breathed.*" I am quite certain our Eclectic F.R.G.S. will not approve of the latter part of this astonishing paragraph. Breathed into implies One who breathed into it, which sounds so like that silly account of the man Moses. The Dr. says there was no breathing in the business, but electricity did the useful by starting the series, to culminate in Man. I should like to say a word to the uninitiated about this primal source of being. It was what vulgar eyes would take to be a piece of sea-jelly, about the size of a fourpenny piece. It was hermaphrodite. If it had not been so, the sexual system of animals and plants would have had no existence. It was made alive one

sultry morning by a runaway streak of lightning. What a mercy Ducks were not first developed, or some wretched Drake afflicted with a strong stomach might have swallowed, without an M.D. scruple, the essence of all animal and vegetable life, leaving no "Vestiges" behind. Happily for us and the Drake, we got over that by a hair-breadth escape. Now, as an egg is no more when it sends forth a bird, so this patriarchal Monad, our jelly-father, would naturally disappear in the first organic form it was developed into. You see that Nature's first-born was like Monte Video beef, it wouldn't keep. The Chinese worship their ancestors. I wonder what kind of a Joss-house they would build to the skin-bag of this essence of Adam and Eve, if they could but get it. If, then, the lowest organization was, by a necessary inherent principle, ever impelled to take upon itself a higher form, as the acorn to become an oak; it must follow that, as it is millions of years since animal life began, most of the lower tribes of animals ought, by this time, to have arrived at manhood. This is not merely a fancy subject for the literati, but a grave, practical one, for that overburdened creature—the British taxpayer. If animals don't develope, taxes do, as some of my readers will soon see. What if the Gorillas of Africa, and the Ourang-Outangs of the Indian Archipelago, should suddenly be afflicted with exuberance, and flush Cape Coast Castle and Singapore with Adams and Eves fleeing from jungle persecution to our consular protection? Let Mr. Sexton tell us whether it would not make his Eclectic blood boil to be compelled to maintain the illegitimate offspring of troops of monkeys? Would it not make loyal Orangemen into rank Fenians? And does Mr. Darwin expect the working classes to believe that from a lump of sea-jelly comes all that cleave the briny flood, or lowly creep on earth or tree, or scud the plain, or skim the crystal air, or stately tread the solid? And is the awful draught upon my belief to be increased by asking me to credit that the wide-spreading Banyan of India, the lofty Wellingtonia of California, the Wheat of our corn-fields, all forms of Flowers and Fruits come from that primordial bit of Gelatine? What a mercy the man does not insist upon our believing that Icebergs also came out of it. When on the Eclectic platform, I uttered the word Faith, 200 human beings, male and female, laughed me to scorn. Tell me, ye wise men who laughed then, whether anything contained in that book which the master savaan of the nineteenth century, Alexander von Humboldt, enriched his pages by largely quoting, contains any demand upon our faith equal to that upon your credulity. But science is on your side. Did not the Dr.

say that the germ whence arose the individual man passes through conditions analogous to fish, reptile, bird, and mammal? Therefore, just as it is with the individual, so analogy teaches it has been with the race. But you forget that you are gathering out of the primal germ not only the animals you refer to, but also trees and all other vegetation. Does your F.R.G.S. find these in the human sperm? Besides, his statement is quite false. Professor Bennet, the great Embryologist, says, "That the human embryo ever resembles a worm, a mollusc, reptile, fish, or bird, can, on careful examination, nowhere be recognised. It won't do, L.L.D. As there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, so there is between the should-be philosopher and the actual fool. Against Darwinianism are arrayed the embryologists Bennet, Bischoff, and Carpenter; the pathologist Simon; the father of comparative anatomy, Cuvier; Messrs. Murchison and Lyell, coryphees of geology; Professors Sedgwick and Whewell, of Cambridge; Louis Agassiz, facile princeps; Babbage, Bell, Brougham, Buckland. Nor must be forgotten Miller of Cromarty, the greatest reaper of Scotland's stone harvest; our great paleontologist Owen Phillips, Wollaston; that colossus of the age, Humboldt; the greatest living philologist, Max Muller; and a host of other celebrated savans, any man of whom would, a century since, have been esteemed the prodigy of his times. Mr. Sexton does not come to retail an exploded theory, as an eccentric lecturer on astronomy would if teaching the Ptolemaic system, which once was generally accepted. No. He comes to galvanize a scientific abortion into Eclectic life by the power of L.L.D. Should he succeed, this grinning caricature of the truth cannot live outside of the Bell Hotel, which the Dr. seems anxious to make into a Chamber of Horrors, and a menagerie of Sextonianism *versus* Christianity. The major deity of this new section of freethinkers is a copper and zinc machine, streaming out the vital principle in a scientific and non-theological style. I was grieved and glad when our M.D. was asserting that Man was matter inside and out, and that to believe in life after death was mere superstition, to see men, some of them aged, giving continued applause. What, have ye so little in-born nobility as to rejoice that ye will soon cease to be! that this thinking power which wanders up and down eternity will soon be quenched in black annihilation! Shame to you each, all, always! You ought to have heard the awful statement with tears and trembling. My grief was profound to see man more ready to trace their origin to a Gorilla than to God. If true, it is a woesome truth, with not an atom of the sublime. I was glad that I, too,

was not left to believe so abject and disgusting a creed. I was humbled when I was men so thankful for the foundational gift of animal life, that I am not more grateful for the glorious hope of immortality. We Christians have within us, with more or less vividness, the hope of spending a day with the aristocracy of the universe and our dear Jesus, "to which the period since the Silurian Strata were deposited is but as a vapour." O, my soul, come not thou into their secret. "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." In John's holy gospel it sweetly says, "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God." So the Christian says, I come from God by the first Adam, I return to God through the Second. The Eclectic says, I came from a Monad through a Monkey, and I go to gases. O, learned M.D., if you have discovered that we are not immortal, keep the sad tidings to yourself. Do not deprive us of our sweet, sustaining hope. Do not tell us of a baleful eclipse of light, which shall never yield a ray. And you, Dr., will die unhappy, such being your creed. Don't laugh. I will prove it. You would, I presume, resent it as an uncalled for insult, if I were to say you were unhappy in your family relationships. I will, therefore, assume you are happy. Well, you come to death, to leave that happiness, and take a leap in the dark, firmly believing no joy awaits you. Surely the loss of felicity, of thought, of being, cannot make anything less than unhappiness. O, Eclectic, you are but a Thersites, mocking at those who fight the world's battle of benevolence! Where is the infirmary founded and sustained by Sceptics? where the university originated by infidels? where the race of savages won by Eclectics to civilization? When did Materialists rule a nation, except France in 1798? I once had a discussion with a man who had been trained from infancy in free-thought. I said to him, "We believers went to the Feejee Islands when the people of it were such cannibals that a shipwrecked sailor was sure to be cooked and eaten as soon as caught. After our missionaries worked amongst them for a few years, we have the printing press, and other high proofs of civilization, in constant operation in those islands. I fancy they would have made cold man for lunch out of you Voltairians, had you gone to indoctrinate them with your negations." He candidly said, "We don't profess to deal with such extreme cases. I allow that our philosophy has not, and I believe cannot, cope with savagism, as it always supposes a substratum of acquired knowledge to work upon." "Then," said I, "Make way for those who can, and show respect

for that practical philosophy which is more powerful than your speculations." I knew a widow more than 70 years old. She was half deaf, had gone stone blind through an affection of the nerves which caused great agony until her sight was gone. She was so delicate through being long confined to bed that she could not take a meal in her chair without taking cold. She was in receipt of parochial relief. When I read our holy book very loudly to her, and shouted a few sentences about our precious Lord, her whole countenance was irradiated with joy, her face seemed transfigured. I solemnly affirm, that a happier creature I never knew, nor one whose circumstances were less favourable for the production of that happiness. Nor was the prospect of death terrible. She expected to be re-united to him who had years before worshipped with her. Imagine you, Dr., were about to die. You would gaze upon the loved faces of wife and child, according to you, for the last time; would see the book of knowledge closed and clasped; bid an everlasting farewell to all that exalts, ennobles, or delights. If I have to choose between the death of a Secularist LL.D. or that aged pauper, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers." But, when I was speaking to her, if I had preached to her half-dead ear the good tidings of Secularism, I should have said, "Mother, I am bound to tell you the scientific truth, which is, that husband, nor Heaven, nor Jesus, nor any of them will you ever see. You came from a Monkey, and will soon turn to Mites, Maggots, Monads, and very useful Gases." Should not that brilliant prospect make her joy know much increase? You awfully learned Secularists may believe sincerely and scientifically in Elephants and Pines being developed from Oysters, may have thrice blessed visions of Monkeys metamorphosed into Men, but we are quite resigned to believe in a Bible, a Creator, a Christ, and we find it pay to believe in angels, nor will we grudge you the Monkeys. You Secularists are proof positive that you are not fit to choose a creed, for, if you were, a better one would be chosen. But our learned Dr. took martyristic airs. He told us that Christians anathematize Eclectics, and threaten Secularists with damnation. I affirm that, if believers were to withdraw their support from the philanthropic associations of Great Britain, not one could exist by the year 1870. If, then, they are so benevolent, is it reasonable that they should curse those who say "We are Monkey-born? If we have souls they do not differ essentially from the soul of a Rattlesnake, but only in degree of development. God, Heaven, Immortality are mythological fables. When we die we are identically as though we had never been." Yes, they do curse you, as a Teetotaller curses a man suffering

from Delirium Tremens. You are suffering from a bad attack of Delirium Sceptens, and they pity the poor thing. In your creed a forty-horse power microscope can see nothing to envy. You are quite welcome to enjoy your brilliant prospects, and look back with pride upon your exalted origin. Your symbol of faith is, sentence by sentence, black nonsense to us. It is opposed alike to the sentiments of mankind, the yearnings of humanity, the known history of our race, the discoveries of science, and, most with us though least with you, the revelation of our God. I shall conclude my tractate with a few words to Mr. Sexton. Sir,—I admire much your urbanity and varied knowledge, but can have little sympathy with one who has no sympathy with Xenophanes, the Eclectic philosopher, who, you well know, flourished 500 years before the sacred feet of our dear Jesus trode the acres of Judea for us men. He lamented the darkness of the age he lived in—would have received with gratitude one ray from the Light of the World—would have wept joy in the possession of that Book which you are never weary of spitting at. The sentiments of that great man are well represented in the following verses, which should make you, sir, and your Secularist disciples at the Bell Hotel, blush purple :—

“ Oh! that from yonder orbs, I thought,
Pure and eternal, as they are,
There could to earth some power be brought—
Some charm, with their own essence fraught—
To make man deathless as a star;
And open to his vast desires
A course as boundless and sublime
As lies before those comet-fires
That roam and burn throughout all time.”

So far from you, sir, being, as you in pride suppose, a-head of this age, you fall short of the age of Socrates. That great thinker is reported by his disciple Zenophon to have said, in his discussion with Aristodemus, “ Nor has the Deity been satisfied with taking care of the body alone; He has implanted in man what is a far greater work to have made—a most excellent soul; for what other animal possesses a mind that can perceive the existence of the Gods, by whom all these vast and fair works have been formed? What other creature than man worships those Gods? What other intelligence is superior to man's in providing against hunger, and thirst, and cold, and heat? or in curing diseases, or in exercising strength, or in cultivating learning, or in storing up the recollection of things heard, and seen, and learnt?” Oh, sir, does not

shame mantle your brow with scarlet to think that this polytheist of Greece had, millennia since, more sense than the atheist of England? Go, man, to Socrates of Athens, and learn of him, if you will not sit at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth, to learn the philosophy of the skies. You, sir, call yourself by a pseudonym Melampus. Allow me to suggest the more appropriate Melancardia. Black must the heart be athwart which no gleam of immortality ever shoots. Black must the heart be which can find joy in the melancholy prospect of annihilation. Black is the heart which can assay to take the priceless hope of deathless bliss from those to whom it is their most precious jewel. As the blind pauper saw farther with the eyes of her heart than you, sir, can see with the eyes of your mind, and as her faith was rather to be chosen than your revolting fancies, so shall your dismal notions yield ready victory to the inspired philosophy of a Christian child. Her simple Credo shall be found to be better fitted to meet the king of terrors with than your Scio; her Theology superior to your Simiology. The child of one of our missionaries in the West Indies was observed by her fond mother to have upon her cheek a spot which seemed to indicate leprosy. The loved one was of tender years, being between two and three years of age. The attention of its father was called thereto, but he pooh-poohed it. Time soon proved that the dread disease had fastened its loathsome fangs upon the joy of the family. She had to be excluded from her little companions, lest they should be infected. Instead of youth being to her the season of joyous liberty, it did but measure the duration of her imprisonment. When the gorgeous sun of India faded in the western waves into the more sublime though subdued splendour of night, she only admired it from her casement. For her the magnificent flowers and luscious fruits of the tropics bloomed in vain, save when brought by kind hands to the sick chamber. But it seemed that God brought into operation His great law of compensation. Her heart thirstily received the gospel; her mind eagerly accepted knowledge. Though her disease deepened, her body grew towards womanhood, while her spirit seemed to receive a deeper baptism of gracious influence than is vouchsafed unto the ordinary members of the Christian body. Many came from far to converse with her, so as to partake of her profiting. But disease made such ravages upon the flesh of her face that the maid had to be on one side of a curtain while her visitors were on the other. Her face was so marred by the fell disease that one side of it was far gone. The smell in so warm a climate was such that, what with the grievous sight and the offen-

sive smell, neither visitor, nor servant, nor her father, would go within that curtain, but her mother only. By the time she was nineteen the disease had extended to her vital organs, and her sufferings were reaching at once their climax and their close. She said to her sole attendant, "Mother, I should like my death to be improved, so that it may be a blessing to those I have lived among. I should like the minister to take for his text, 'Our *light affliction*, which is but for a moment, and worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

NOTE.—Mr. Sexton made much of God's coming down and making man. When I reminded him that Moses does not say, "He came down," and that it was a highly objectionable thing for him to put words in the mouth of the historian, and then crack witticisms thereupon, he replied, "If it does not say so there, it does in several other places, as the Tower of Babel, Sodom and Gomorrah, &c., and I don't see how you should object to it where I have used it." In the Bible, physical distance is used to shadow moral difference. The Lord is said to know the wicked afar off, but to dwell with the righteous, nay, to dwell in them. We are represented as being afar off and brought nigh. God being holy and we sinful, though in his natural attribute of omnipresence He must needs be equally with the wicked and the just; yet, to show His disapprobation of evil conduct, He is represented as coming down to the Tower of Babel, and going to the cities of the plain—the supposition being that had He dwelt with them they would not have so acted; goodness in the creature being thus seen to be dependent upon nearness to God. Hence, He says to the Hebrews, "I will never leave you," and to the Christians, "Lo! I am with you always." This way of speaking men often use, one to the other. The detective knows the thief afar off, but the honest man he willingly comes near to. The principle is as deep as the consti-

tution of man. Now, the reason is evident why Moses did not say God came down, because that would imply that man was sinful even before he had a being, which is absurd. It is as well known to us as to learned Secularists that with God there is neither up nor down. We know as well as the Greeks that God is a circle whose centre is everywhere, but whose circumference is nowhere; nevertheless, that militates nothing against the phraseology of Scripture, the end of which is manifest.

P.S., 1871.—Seeing that a clergyman of this city occupied last Sabbath morning in trying to prove Man is of the Monkey, and finished off by triumphantly saying, “What then becomes of the doctrines of the Fall and Depravity?—why, it is all *rise*—and what of an Atonement for a Fall that never happened? and Depravity which does not exist”—it is time some one should say a word *per contra*. When the pulpit takes to Simiology instead of Theology, a Reverend tells his congregation they came from a Gorilla, and not from God, my pamphlet is badly wanted.—H. A. L.



