

teeth were formed by *accident*? Who assured him their use was *casual*; and that the other parts of the body were organized by *accident*, and came into use by *chance*? If this is philosophy, such also was the raving of the maniac who called upon Jupiter to snuff the moon. Yet will it be believed that Darwin quotes the atheistical sentiment of Aristotle in favor of his theory of "the origin of species," to show that a doctrine similar to his own was taught by that philosopher; as if the dreams of antiquity could support the follies of modern times; or, as if falsehood became truth when hoary with age!

The cosmogony of Epicurus is connected with a piece of geography, about equal to it in accuracy and profundity; for in the same breath in which he asserts that the world was formed by chance, he tells us also that "there is no centre of gravity;" that "the idea of antipodes on the earth is false;" for "the earth is in form a circular plane."

We have here the cosmogony, the geography, and the physiology of Epicurus, and the spontaneity of the great Stagirite, those primitive advocates and apostles of the theories of a self-constructed universe, of spontaneous generation and evolution! And what do they amount to? The cosmogony and geography of Epicurus and his followers have been blown into atoms by the discoveries and mathematical demonstrations of Sir Isaac Newton. The physiology of both Epicurus and Aristotle, with Necessity and Chance for their factors, has been a thousand times refuted by the wonderful manifestations of intelligence and design opened out by modern science.

These vague speculations might be pardonable in an age when science was in its infancy; when the telescope and the microscope were unknown; and when chemical science was the instrument of alchemy and of the black arts; but in the nineteenth century, when facts are proved by mathematical, chemical, and physiological evidence, and when demonstration is acknowledged to be the fundamental principle in science, these vagaries display a perversity, as well as a puerility, which make one blush for the dishonoured name of philosophy! Dreams, fancies, and romantic generalization are substituted for demonstrations, and by some