

science, and philosophy, falsely so called," of a Lyell, a Huxley, or a Darwin; while he betrays, by his blundering misstatements, that his whole knowledge has been acquired from some prejudiced review article, concocted for the denominational organ of his own prescribed opinions: is not calculated to give weight to his teachings in matters lying more legitimately within his range.

If the blind are to be the accepted leaders of the blind, we know where both must land at the last. Of our present learned Professor of Theology and Natural Science, one extract will suffice, in illustration of his competency for the task he undertakes. He is proceeding to consider "the objections to the commonly received theory that all mankind are the descendants of Adam and Eve;" and he thus proceeds:

"Among these objections I will not include the theory of development or the transmutation of species, advocated by Lamarck, Darwin, and others. From their premises the startling conclusion is deduced that the present races of mankind, by the natural process of transmutation, and evolution from pre-existent animal types, have been gradually developed into varieties of the *genus homo* from gorillas, apes, or other forms of *quadrumana*. The absurdity of the idea that the progenitors of men were monkeys, or inferior mammalia of some sort, has been exposed sufficiently by Lyell, Agassiz, Mivart, and other naturalists;" and so he thinks it sufficient to "refer those who have the curiosity to examine it, to the able refutations of the grotesque theory in their lectures!"

Where this reverend combiner of the professorial mastery of Theology and Natural Science has fixed his New York study for the last score of years—unless he has succeeded to old Rip Van Winkle's sleeping-chamber in the Catskills, on the Hudson—we are puzzled to guess. That Agassiz differs from Darwin is undoubted; but the Boston professor must be a little amused to be quoted in defence of the Adamic descent of man. It is now upwards of a quarter of a century since Agassiz published, in the *Revue Suisse* for 1845, his peculiar views as to "human races as distinct primordial forms of the type of man;" which has since expanded into his theory of realms of peculiar animals, including men, specifically belonging to the regions in which he assumes them to have originated. According to him the American Red Man and the Grizzly Bear are equally primordial American forms. The Negro and white European have no more relation to either than the Giraffe or the Chamois.

So notorious are the peculiar views of Agassiz, that when, in 1857, the savants of Boston celebrated his fiftieth birth day, the Poet Lowell wrote an ode for the occasion, of which one stanza will suffice:—

"To him who every egg has scanned,  
From roe to flea included,  
Save those which savants find so grand  
In nests where mares have brooded?  
To him who gives us each full leave,  
His pedigree amended,  
To choose a private Adam and Eve  
From whom to be descended!"

But then Lyell's lectures have at any rate exposed the absurdity of Darwin's ideas. We had always fancied that Lyell was the very man who first announced to the British Association the promised revelations of Darwin; and preceded them with his

own unqualified faith in every proposition they embrace. The Reverend Professor evidently has not seen a later edition of Lyell's principles than the first. Of his "Antiquity of Man" he has never heard; and, with amusing innocence he tells us on page 228, "The view of the unity of the human race which I have presented is supported by the opinions of Sir Charles Lyell and Baron Humboldt." The truth is, the author's knowledge of geology is confined to a perusal of Hugh Miller's "Footprints of the Creator;" and Lyell is known to him only as the author of a work styled his "Visits to the United States of North America," of which the latest was made twenty-seven years ago. It is by such silly displays of orthodox presumption, as the work now referred to, that ignorant prejudice is taught to believe itself a virtue; and a needless antagonism is fostered between theology and science, as though there necessarily existed an irreconcilable conflict between the revelations of divine teaching and the disclosures of scientific truth.

HIGHER LAW: a Romance. By the author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine." London: Tinsley Brothers.

This writer's second work is, to a great extent, a reproduction of his first. It is, in fact, little more than a kaleidoscopic variation. The themes, as before, are Scepticism and Woman-worship. The chief characters are essentially the same. Herbert Ainslie is cut in two, and the larger portion of him is embodied in Edmund Noel, the smaller in James Maynard; but there is hardly any thing in these two put together which there was not in the single character before. Margaret Waring is Mary Travers over again, with only a change of name and circumstances. Like Mary Travers, she is not a woman but a goddess. "She seemed, by the ethereal essence of her nature, to be so far removed from the range of ordinary humanity as to arouse feelings nearly akin to those with which they (the Mexicans) regarded their patron saints." When she is on a journey you are reminded of the flight into Egypt, and it appears to Edmund Noel that "if ever mother was virgin, surely none was ever more essentially so than Margaret." The effect which her presence produces is always like that which might be produced by a divine apparition. But this divinity has one weakness—she is apt to reproach herself with having done wrong. "Noel had discovered this peculiarity of her nature, and reminded her that she was now upon earth, and no longer in a sphere where love is omnipotent to keep all evil from the beloved; and that it was unreasonable to indulge in self-reproach for the limitations of her mortality."

The new characters are Sophia Bevan, a strong-minded, witty woman of the Beatrice type, who, however, takes little part in the action, and, in fact, is not much more than an abstraction; and Lord Littmass, a peer, a brilliantly successful man of the world, and a writer of philosophic novels, full of beautiful sentiment and a selfish villain at heart. Lord Littmass can hardly be said to be one of those airy nothings to which only the poet's fancy has given a local habitation and a name. Few can fail to know his local habitation, and even his name is half syllabled in Debrett. This had better have been avoided. It was not necessary to run the slightest