

for naturalists to define, as they have necessarily to make it the first object of their study. Shall we then admit with regard to it the arbitrary decision of your misty philosophers, whose knowledge of the laws of nature must have been very limited? In this case, *faber fabricet*.

Sc.—No one will deny that other conditions besides difference of species may effect fecundity. But this in no way weakens the scholastic doctrine, which has been propounded anew by the greatest naturalists of modern times. Linnaeus, Cuvier, Blainville, Agassiz, Quatrefages, with many others of less note, all hold that continued fertility is the distinctive and essential mark of the identity of species. They thus prove that the old Scholastics understood well the true basis of natural history; for it is on the separation of species and their subsequent classification that natural history as a science is founded. The great Cuvier and his brother Frederick tried repeatedly to produce intermediary species, but always failed. The hybrids, after two or, at most, three generations, either became completely sterile, or returned to one or the other of the parent species. Flourens, the late Director of the *Jardin des Plantes*, repeated and varied the experiments of the Cuviers, with the very same result. Since the promulgation of your theory, enthusiastic evolutionists have been untiring in their efforts to produce new species, and I need not remind you that they have not succeeded in forming a permanently fertile hybrid even between animals so closely related as the hare and the rabbit. Within the limits of a species races and varieties may indeed arise, but even then, for the most part, only by the intervention of man. As Linnaeus said, with profound sagacity: *Naturæ opus semper est species; culturæ sæpius varietas*. In reality, Sir, species and genus are always nature's work, while varieties arise often through cultivation. Varieties, as I have said, may change and do change; but the mutability of species, without supporting which you cannot advance one step in your theory, is contradicted not only by reason, observation and experiment, but also by the most certain historical facts.

Mummies have been disinterred in Egypt after a sleep of thirty centuries; and they are identical with the Egyptians of our day. Figures of dogs, oxen, crocodiles, &c., sculptured on the ancient monuments of that country, correspond exactly to the animals now living there. Thus, so far as species is concerned, the oldest historic records bear witness that it has remained unchanged.

Aristotle, who lived two thousand years ago, was almost as distinguished a naturalist as a philosopher. He diligently studied the *fauna* and *flora* of the countries conquered by his pupil and friend, Alexander the Great. He classified and minutely described that *fauna* and *flora*; and modern naturalists testify that the animals and plants now existing on every coast and isle of the fair Aegean, and in its purple waters, correspond exactly to the descriptions given by Aristotle. The two thousand years which have passed away since he lived have not changed or altered anything. Hence history confirms what observation and experiment have proved concerning the constancy of species.

Ev.—What an idea of history you must have! Do you imagine that the annals of the world are limited by the age of Aristotle or the Egyptian mummies? Two or three thousand years are but moments in the existence of the universe. Hundreds of thousands of centuries preceded them, wherein the work of evolution could progress. Historical evidence obtained from ancient

monuments or writers is of no possible value in the case, as the constancy of species during the comparatively short period of three thousand years does not militate in the slightest against my doctrine. The proper history of the world's existence is a broader field of study than you conceive it to be. It is the record of endless ages of progressive change, graven by the hand of nature in every rock and stone.

—:O:—

### THE IRISH STATE CHURCH.

(From McCarthy's "*History of Our Own Times*.")

"The Irish Peasant to his Mistress" is the name of one of Moore's finest songs. The Irish peasant tells his mistress of his undying fidelity to her. "Through grief and through danger" her smile has cheered his way. "The darker our fortunes the purer thy bright love burned;" it turned shame into glory; fear into zeal. Slave as he was, with her to guide him he felt free. She had a rival; and the rival was honored, "while thou wert mocked and scorned." The rival wore a crown of gold; the other's brows were girt with thorns. The rival wooed him to temples, while the loved one lay hid in caves. "Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas, are slaves!" "Yet," he declares, "cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be than wed one I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

The reader already understands the meaning of this poetic allegory. If he failed to appreciate its feeling it would be hardly possible for him to understand the modern history of Ireland. The Irish peasant's mistress is the Catholic Church. The rival is the State Church set up by English authority. The worshippers in the Catholic faith had long to lie hid in caves, while the followers of the State Church worshipped in temples. The Irish peasant remained through centuries of persecution devotedly faithful to the Catholic Church. Nothing could win or wean him from it. The Irish population of Ireland—there is meaning in the words—were made apparently by nature for the Catholic faith. Hardly any influence on earth could make the genuine Celtic Irishman a Materialist, or what is called in France a Voltairean. For him, as for Schiller's immortal heroine, the kingdom of the spirits is easily opened. Half his thoughts, half his life, belong to a world other than the material world around him. The supernatural becomes almost the natural for him. The streams, the valleys, the hills of his native country are peopled by mystic forms and melancholy legends, which are all but living things for him. The very superstitions of the Irish peasant take a devotional form. They are never degrading. His piety is not merely sincere: it is even practical. It sustains him against many hard trials, and enables him to bear, in cheerful patience, a lifelong trouble. He praises God for everything; not as an act of mere devotional formality, but as by instinct; the praise naturally rising to his lips. Old men and women in Ireland who seem, to the observer, to have lived lives of nothing but privation and suffering, are heard to murmur with their latest breath the fervent declaration that the Lord was good to them always. Assuredly this genuine piety does not always prevent the wild Celtic nature from breaking forth into fierce excesses. Stormy outbursts of passion, gusts of savage revenge, too often sweep away the soul of the Irish peasant from the quiet moods in which his natural piety and the