

**Charles Darwin, F.R.S.**

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**Publication/Creation**

[Place of publication not identified] : Once a Week, 1872.

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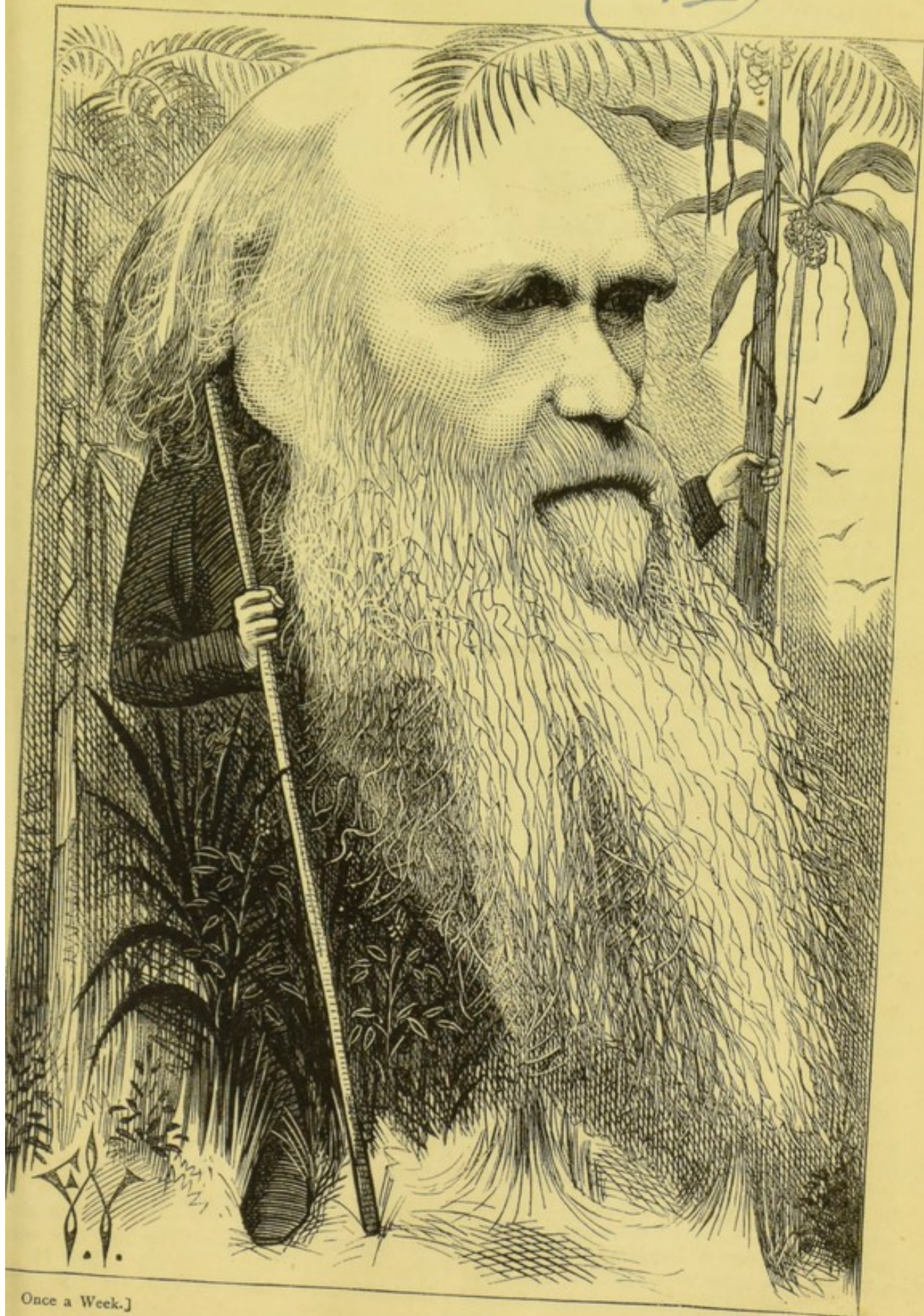
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Once a week 1872

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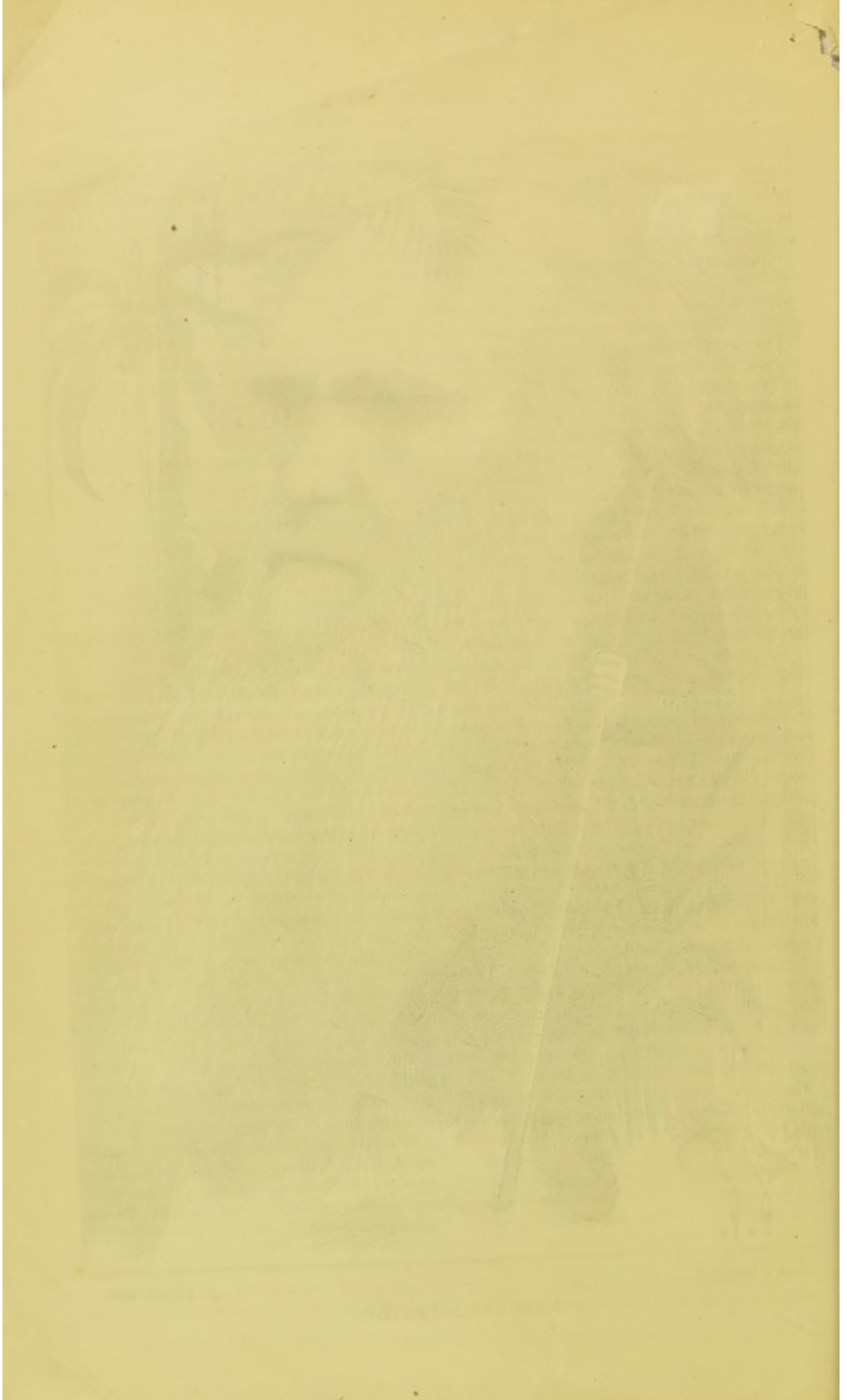


Once a Week.]

"NATURAL SELECTION."

[June 8, 1872.





Soaping and groping,  
 Washing and splashing,  
 Routing and clouting,  
 Messing and pressing,  
 Bending and rending,  
 Greasing and squeezing,  
 Kneeling and wheeling,  
 Humming and drumming,  
 Pailing and baling,  
 Lugging and tugging,  
 Laughing and chaffing,  
 Dusting and thrusting,  
 Tripping and dripping,  
 Unbedding, blackleading,  
 Upsetting and wetting.

They come with their brooms,  
 Invading the rooms;  
 Carry off all the books,  
 In spite of black looks.  
 Such confusion and riot,  
 Destruction to quiet!

And filling, and swilling, and spilling;  
 And mopping, and flopping, and slopping;  
 And racing, and chasing, and placing;  
 And hustling, and rustling, and bustling;  
 And holding, and folding, and scolding;  
 And sudding, and flooding, and thudding;  
 And banging, and clanging, and hanging;  
 And clapping, and rapping, and flapping;  
 And pasting, and hasting, and wasting.

Inspecting, selecting, rejecting;  
 Varnishing, tarnishing, garnishing;  
 Hurrying, scurrying, flurrying;  
 Bothering, pothering, smothering;  
 Unrusting, adjusting, disgusting;  
 Clattering, spattering, chattering;  
 Whitening, tightening, brightening;  
 Ransacking, attacking, unpacking;  
 Reviewing, renewing, and doing.

Charing and airing, hammering and clamouring;  
 And mending, and sending, and spending, and ending;  
 And tacking, and blacking, and cracking, and pack-  
 ing;  
 And oiling, and soiling, and moiling, and toiling;  
 And creaking, and squeaking, and reeking, and seek-  
 ing;  
 And racking, and sacking, and smacking, and clack-  
 ing;  
 And thumping, and bumping, and lumping, and  
 pumping;  
 And wrapping, and strapping, and tapping, and  
 clapping;  
 And heaping, and steeping, and creeping, and sweep-  
 ing;  
 And wringing, and dinging, and bringing, and sing-  
 ing;  
 And knocking, and rocking, and flocking, and shock-  
 ing;  
 And jamming, and cramming, and slamming, and  
 ramming;  
 And rubbing, and scrubbing, and tubbing, and grub-  
 bing;  
 And huddling, and muddling, and puddling, and  
 ruddling;\*  
 And patching, and matching, and catching, and  
 snatching;

\* Ruddle—Red chalk for tiled floor.

And rushing, and gushing, and slushing, and brush-  
 ing;  
 And rumbling, and jumbling, and tumbling, and  
 grumbling.

Thus, in the manner that I have been telling,  
 May-fever spreads over the whole of the dwelling.

#### CHARLES DARWIN, F.R.S.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, Fel-  
 low of the Royal Society, the subject  
 of our cartoon, was born at Shrewsbury,  
 February 12, 1809. He is the son of Dr.  
 Robert Waring Darwin, F.R.S. He received  
 his preparatory training at Shrewsbury School  
 (under the care of Dr. Butler) and at Edin-  
 burgh, finally proceeding to the University  
 of Cambridge, where he took his B.A. de-  
 gree in 1831. The great naturalist comes  
 of a distinguished stock. His grandfather on  
 the mother's side was Josiah Wedgwood,  
 the father of the Staffordshire art pottery  
 manufacture. On the father's side, his grand-  
 sire was Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of  
 "Zoonomia;" and it is somewhat curious  
 that Mr. Darwin's father and both his grand-  
 fathers were Fellows of the Royal Society.  
 He married in 1839 his cousin, Miss Wedg-  
 wood. His first work of importance to scien-  
 tific knowledge was undertaken in connec-  
 tion with the surveying voyage of H.M.S.  
*Beagle*. The vessel was commanded by  
 Captain Fitzroy, R.N., who offered a berth  
 to any naturalist who would accompany him.  
 Darwin volunteered, and was accepted. The  
*Beagle* left the shores of England in Decem-  
 ber, 1831; and, after an absence of nearly four  
 years, she returned in October, 1836. The  
 cruise was of a very extensive character—  
 South America, Australia and New Zealand,  
 the Mauritius, and the Pacific Islands being  
 visited in turn. About three years after the  
 return of the *Beagle* from her voyage round  
 the world, Darwin published his account of  
 what he had seen—his volume being part of  
 Captain Fitzroy's narrative of this voyage,  
 subsequently reproduced under the title  
 of "Journal of Researches into the Natural  
 History and Geology of the Countries visited  
 during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle* round  
 the World." The other principal works of  
 this eminent savant are—"Zoology of the  
 Voyage of the *Beagle*;" "The Structure and  
 Distribution of Coral Reefs," 1842; "Geo-  
 logical Observations on Volcanic Islands,"  
 1845; and "On South America," 1846.

Darwin's great book on the "Origin of



"Father," he said, "let us be friends again—I am sorry."

The old man moved his slow eyes upwards with a puzzled expression.

Dick looked at him, waiting, but no response came.

He joined the boy, and they set off together to walk to the station.

When Hester came back, she found Mr. Mortiboy looking troubled, and a tear or two had rolled down his withered cheeks.

"Bill," said Dick, in the train—he was quite accustomed to converse on all topics with the boy, who understood or not, as the case might be—"Bill, I wonder if we are going to have a collision and bust up."

"Why, Uncle Dick?"

"Because the Mexicans say that when a man is going to die, he begins to think about the days when he was a child. That's what I've been doing this morning. The only way you can be killed in this peaceful old country is by a railway accident."

"I saw a boy once run over by a 'bus,'" said Bill, thoughtfully.

"Yes—there are other ways, I suppose. But a smash on a railway is the most likely thing. Perhaps, after all, the Mexicans are not always right."

There was no railway accident, at any rate.

At his chambers he found a letter, dated a fortnight and more back, from Lafleur.

"My dear Dick," it ran, "I am in want of money. Please send me a couple of hundred at once."

"In any case," said Dick, "it is too late now. Want of money? What has been done with the five thousand? The System has come to grief, I suppose, after all!"

It was not pleasant to think about. The man had been started actually with all the money he had asked. The partnership was dissolved. The pair had separated—each agreed to go his own way; and yet, only two months after, came this letter. Dick crushed it in his fingers, looking stern and determined.

"It shall not be," he said, thinking aloud. "Polly is gone, and Lafleur shall go. I will have no witnesses left to remind me of the old days. I will live my own life now, with the boy to bring up. Lafleur shall not be with us to bring back what I would forget. No, M. Alcide Lafleur, it will not do. Your

own secrets are as bad as mine, and worse. You dare not speak, at any rate. I will give you one more start, on condition that you go away to California, or somewhere over the water, and never come back again. You shall not stand in my way. I defy any man to stand in my way. My path is clear and certain. I will start Frank and Ghimes. Then I will go away, and stay away for ten years with the boy. And then I will come back, and put him out in life, and settle down. I shall be turned fifty then. I shall never marry. I have said so. There will be more children than—Grace's children—to amuse me. I shall spend the rest of my life, thirty years and more, among the children."

### MAY IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SOUTHEY'S CATARACT OF LODGON.

WHAT are the chief delights of May—  
This season, verdant, sweet, and gay?  
The leafy trees, the fragrant flowers,  
The genial sun, the reviving showers,  
The feathered songsters of the grove—  
All nature redolent of love.  
So poets write, and write it true;  
Alas! there's a prosaic view.  
Dwellings are turned quite inside out;  
The household madly rush about—

Cleaning and changing,  
Counting and ranging,  
Painting and liming,  
Tinting and priming,  
Stirring and mixing,  
Glueing and fixing,  
Mounting and glazing,  
Hauling and raising,  
Thatching and tiling,  
Crowding and piling,  
Dragging and trailing,  
Sprigging and nailing,  
Stitching and lining,  
Twisting and twining,  
Turning and clipping,  
Sorting and ripping,  
Fingering and thumbing,  
Sticking and gumming,  
Stretching and climbing,  
Draining and griming,  
Rembling\* and raving, †  
Tewing ‡ and taving, §  
Noising and clatting, ||  
Rightling and scratting, ¶  
Sanding and grinding,  
Fussing and finding,  
From garret to ground  
No peace to be found!  
Slaving and laving,  
Shoving and moving,  
Working and shirking,  
Lifting and shifting,

\* Rembling—Shifting. † Raving—Tearing up.  
‡ Tewing—Troubling oneself. § Taving—fidgeting.  
|| Clatting—Dirtying. ¶ Scratting—Scratching.



Species by means of Natural Selection" appeared at the end of the year 1859. Besides the English editions of this remarkable theory, the book has been translated into most of the European languages.

"On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilized"—praised so highly by Canon Kingsley, in his recent book of travel in the West Indies—was published in 1862; and early last year the long-expected "Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex," made its appearance.

The conclusion to which the author came was that, "at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the Universe," and the monkey, had the same parental relations. This theory is at first a little shocking, and has been attacked as violently as it has been stoutly defended. Whatever there is of truth in this startling new theory of Natural Selection, whether it be almost of equal weight with a revelation or completely false in its assumptions, time may prove. Men of eminence, of great learning and great sagacity, can be catalogued both for and against it.

We have no space to enter into the abstruse discussion; but it is a simple duty to record here, that for close observation of the various phenomena of natural history, unflagging energy and perseverance in the search after truth, and great intellectual power, no country has produced a more earnest or more able student than the author of the theory of Natural Selection.

#### THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

IT is a trite saying, in which, probably, there is a good leaven of truth, that Englishmen love a lord.

It may safely be asserted, on the same principle, that we—independent Britons though we are—all have a strong respect for those time-honoured distinctions which the Sovereign thinks fit on certain occasions to confer on distinguished subjects.

Few men object to being made baronets, and still fewer to being raised to the peerage; but the highest eminence of all is to be installed a K.G.

Let there be a vacant Garter, and the excitement of expectation is greater among those most interested than disturbs the whole bar when the woosack is empty, and the momentous question is abroad as to who is to be the next Lord Chancellor.

There is much in the history of this most

noble Order of the Garter which is interesting.

Although not the most ancient, the Order of the Garter is one of the most famous military orders in Europe. Founded by Edward III., it was established as the crowning point of honour among the valiant knights of those troublous days. Selden says that it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame all chivalrous orders in the world. Shakspeare almost puts the Garter before the crown in precedence of knightly honour, as witness the passage in that remarkable scene in "Richard III."—

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my Garter, and my crown—

*Q. Eliz.* Profaned, dishonoured, and the third usurped.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*Q. Eliz.* By nothing: for this is no oath. Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour; Thy Garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue; Thy crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.

The precise date of the foundation of the Order of the Garter, and the exact circumstances connected with its institution, are not very clearly known. About the Garter, as about most other things venerable and ancient, there hangs much of the mysterious air of tradition.

The annals of the order, previous to the fourth year of the reign of Henry V., are lost. Much has thus been left to mere conjecture in connection with the history of the order.

Froissart's account of its institution is about as interesting—and perhaps, on the whole, as trustworthy—as that of any other authority. It is contained in the 213th chapter of his "Chronicles," and is entitled—

"How the King of England founded a Chapel of St. George, and ordained the Feast of the Blue Garter to be annually therein celebrated;" and continues—

"At this time, Edward, King of England, resolved to rebuild the great castle of Windsor, formerly built and founded by King Arthur, and where was first set up and established the noble Round Table, from whence so many valiant men and knights had issued forth to perform feats of arms and prowess throughout the world. And the said king created an Order of Knights, to consist of himself, his children, and the bravest of his land. They were to be in number forty, and to be called 'Knights of the Blue Garter;' their feast to be kept



and solemnized at Windsor annually on St. George's Day. And in order to constitute this festival, the King of England assembled earls, barons, and knights from his whole realm, and signified to them his purpose and great desire to found the same. In this they joyfully concurred; for it appeared to them to be an honourable undertaking, and calculated to nourish affection among them. Then were elected forty knights, known and celebrated as the bravest of all the rest; and they bound themselves to the King under their seals, by oath and fealty, to keep the feast, and obey the ordinances which should be agreed upon and devised. And the King caused a Chapel of St. George to be built and founded within the Castle of Windsor, established canons therein for the service of God, and provided and endowed them with a good and liberal revenue. And in order that the said feast might be promulgated in all countries, the King of England sent his heralds to publish and proclaim the same in France, Scotland, Burgundy, Hainault, Flanders, Brabant, and the German Empire, granting to all knights and esquires who should be willing to come safe conduct until fifteen days after the feast. And there was to be held at this feast a jousting by forty knights within the lists against all comers; and also by forty esquires. And this feast was to be celebrated on St. George's Day next coming, which would be in the year of grace one thousand three hundred and forty-four, at Windsor Castle. And the Queen of England, accompanied by three hundred ladies and damsels, all noble and gentlewomen, and uniformly apparelled, were to be present."

Objections have been made by some writers on the subject to Froissart's testimony. Arguing from the error in the manuscripts of this old chronicler respecting the number of the primary companions of the order, which was not, as Froissart says, *forty*, but *twenty-six*, including the sovereign, Elias Ashmole and other historians of the order have inferred that Froissart's chronology is not to be depended upon, and that he has unwittingly confounded the year of the first feast with that of the entertainment of the knights assembled on occasion of the jousts—Windsor being, in both cases, the place of celebration. But a later writer well suggests that a possible mistake of the transcribers of the original manuscript—which may have arisen from the incident that *forty*

knights were said to have been appointed to tilt within the lists—may account for the discrepancy.

But, as we said before, the exact facts connected with the original institution of the order must always remain more or less mere matter of surmise and conjecture.

We will now pass to some of the theories which have been urged for the adoption of a garter as the symbol of the order.

Polydor Vergil was, as far as we have discovered, the first who asserted—possibly upon a vague hint of Mondonus Belvaleti, a Cluniac friar, in the reign of Edward IV., that the foundation had been in honour of the female sex—that the garter of the Queen, or of some lady of the Court, falling off casually while she danced at one of the Court balls, the monarch had taken it from the ground; and observing the smiles of the courtiers at what might have been considered an act of gallantry, had exclaimed, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*;" adding that the Garter should soon be held in such high estimation, that they would account themselves happy if permitted to wear it.

The object of the King's attention on this occasion has been imagined by Speed, Baker, and Camden—upon the sole authority, as it would seem, of Polydor Vergil—to have been a Countess of Salisbury; and the learned Selden, following in the same dubious track, conjectured that the lady was Joan Plantagenet, the fair maid of Kent, whom he designates Countess of Kent and Salisbury, without adverting to the facts that she did not succeed to the former title until after the death of her brother John, Earl of Kent, in 1351, and that she never had any legal interest in the latter.

The general opinion, however, seems to be that the Garter was intended as an emblem of the tie or union of warlike qualities to be employed in the assertion of the founder's claim to the French crown.

The motto has been somewhat fancifully conceived as a retort of shame or defiance upon him who should think ill of the enterprise, or of those whom the King had selected as the instruments of its accomplishment; and Windsor Castle being Edward's birthplace, he determined to render it more illustrious by making it the place of celebration for all solemnities connected with the order.

But passing on to the more defined history of the order, we come upon some odd facts.