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X.—*Aptitudes of Races*. By the Rev. FREDERIC W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S.

Read March 27th, 1866.

THE great Linnæus, in his *Systema Naturæ*, discriminates, with his usual acuteness, the intellectual and moral characteristics of four great human families. The Homo Americanus he describes as obstinate, contented, free; the Homo Europæus as fickle, keen, inventive; the Homo Asiaticus as grave, dignified, avaricious; the Homo Afer as cunning, lazy, careless. The American, he said, was governed by habit; the European by institutions (?); the Asiatic by opinions; the African by caprice. Undoubtedly some of these remarks show an insight into national character not unworthy of a mind as keen in its intuitions as it was laborious and patient in research; but the part of it which seems most liable to exception is the sweeping geographic generalisation involved in the term Homo Asiaticus. It is true that America from north to south appears to be inhabited mainly by one race of aborigines, who, with but single exception, speak a variety of languages all characterised by a cumbrous and peculiar polysynthetic structure. It is also true that the whole of Europe, with the comparatively insignificant exception of Finns, Lapps, Turks, and probably a few scattered remnants of other races, is occupied by the descendants of one great family of mankind. But it is certain that in Africa we find several deeply, and, to all appearance, primordially distinct varieties of man; and it is certain that we find in Asia the representatives of human species, who are now, and have been for immemorial years, as distinct from each other as every physical, intellectual, and moral difference can possibly make them.

A modern writer has expressed a wish that a map should be constructed sufficiently pictorial to pourtray at a glance the many-coloured interchanges of the earth's surface, and to give "such a view as the stork and the swallow might see far off as they lean upon the Sirocco wind." Such a map, representing the pale circles of Arctic and Antarctic snow, the green sunlit expanse of the temperate region, and the gorgeous colourings of fauna and flora in the torrid zone, would indeed be beautiful. Yet how valueless it would be in comparison with one so drawn up as to represent the habits and peculiarities of the human tribes who inhabit these widely-sundered regions; which should enable us to catch a glimpse of the stunted Esquimaux cowering in his igloo

of snow,—of which he seems to have borrowed the conception from the seals on which he feeds,—or tossed on the spray in his coracle of skin ; of the hideous Bosjesman chasing the ostrich on foot over the burning desert, or, like the ostrich, scraping his miserable lair out of the sands of the parched karoo ; of the quivered Indian hunting the buffalo over his immeasurable pampas, and requiring many square miles for the sustenance of every individual of his race ; of the squalid Fuegian, “a poor wretch, stunted in growth, his hideous face bedaubed with white paint, his body filthy and greasy, his hair tangled, his voice discordant, his gestures violent ;” of the depraved, muddaubed, lark-heeled inhabitant of the greater Andaman ; of the placid, sensual, conservative Chinese ; and side by side with these, of the handsome, highly-civilised, richly-endowed, divinely-ennobled races, who, emerging from their mountain cradle in Asia, have occupied, as the natural lords and masters, the fairest portions in every quarter of the globe.

Yet we believe that these and all other races may be reduced to *Three* great classes or divisions ; and it is to establish, or rather, I should say, to recal the antique and deep-lying distinctions between these three classes that the present paper is written. I do not for a moment say how the members of these classes may be supposed to be mutually related ; I do not for a moment wish to infer that each great class sprang from an original pair ; indeed it must be admitted that Ethnology has not yet obtained sufficient evidence to give a final decision on any such questions. All that I want to establish is that they seem to belong to three distinct and different *strata or stages of humanity* ; and that they appeared (to use the vaguest possible word which can conceal our necessary ignorance as to the beginning of every creative act) that they appeared at different chronological epochs upon the surface of the earth. Those three classes are the Savage races, the Semi-civilised races ; and finally the two Civilised races. The facts on which I shall dwell, tend to show that these races have always been as distinct as they now are, and that it is impossible for their limits to be confused either by degeneracy on the one hand, or progress on the other. Of course if an unlimited series of years be postulated, the difficulties are lessened, though they are even then by no means removed. But at any rate *the only scientific choice* appears to be between the doctrine of development on the one hand, or a polygenism on the other, which admits the existence not of Cuvier's three races, or Blumenbach's five, or St. Vincent's fifteen, but of a much larger number of primitive species falling under three well-marked groups.

First, then, by the Savage races, I mean those that are *irreclaimably* savage ; and I hope that, from what I say of them,

the word "irreclaimably" will not be found to involve any *petitio principii*. I do not apply it to *all* savages; but I think it must be admitted as being applicable to by far the largest number of savage races who have hitherto had the chance of rising from their abject condition.

With the exception of Madeira, the Azores, and a few other islands, there is hardly a single country which, when first discovered, was found destitute of inhabitants; and it is a very remarkable fact that every race, including even some of the semi-barbarous, tell us, in their far-reaching traditions, of other races who preceded them, and whom they found inhabiting the countries to which they came. The Greeks and the Romans never attempted to conceal that their lands were won by victorious immigration. The Egyptians spoke of the gigantic and shadowy races, the *Néκρες*, or dead ones, as they called them, who preceded that line of demigods which reigned before the first Pharaoh. The Arabians regarded themselves as successors of the genii. The Canaanites, as we know from Scripture, ousted and almost exterminated the Nephilim, Rephaim, Anakim, and other antediluvian races. The Aryans confessedly won Hindostan by expelling from it those previous tribes whom they contemptuously represent as monkeys, demons, or savages, with whom however they probably intermarried, and of whom traces are still to be found. According to Fa Hian, the Chinese traveller, the first people in Ceylon were demons and dragons, who are probably intended for the original Yakkahs. The North American Indians do not claim to have made the vast mound-temples and tumuli which occur on many of their plains and river valleys, but attribute them to an antecedent race. The natives of New Zealand say that, on arriving, they found there an inferior people, whom they hunted down like wild beasts. Britain was once occupied by cannibal savages who were ousted by the Kelt, and who appear in various early traditions as ghosts or giants. Even the all-but-immemorial Chinese, the least likely of all nations to make any such admission, freely acknowledge that they were not the first possessors of the vast plains which they have held from unknown centuries, but that when their mysterious king Fo-hi appeared, circled with a rainbow, from the north-west, they drove out an aboriginal race who still survive in Formosa, in Hainan, and in the mountainous regions, under the significant name of Miautszee, or children of the soil. Who, then, were these races, who appear in the traditions of all but the most barbarous nations? I believe the answer to be that they were the squalid, primeval allophylian races, whose ghastly relics, consisting of half-gnawed bones and coarse implements of flint, have been found so abundantly of late years in fluviatile deposits, and stalactite flooring of deep caves, but

respecting whose origin nothing is known, except that they lived on the earth with the mammoth and the elk, the cave-hyæna and the cave-bear, for long ages before the first civilised races had appeared upon the globe.

If it be asked whether any *representatives* of such tribes still survive, we may point to many. Such are the tallow-coloured Bosjesmen who, when not living on worms and pismires, are glad to squabble for the putrid carcase of the hyæna and the antelope; the leather-skinned Hottentot, whose hair grows in short tufts like a worn out shoe-brush, with spaces of scalp between; the degraded, gibbering Yamparico, whose food consists of vermin; the aborigines of Victoria, among whom new-born babes are, when convenient, killed and eaten by their parents and brothers; the Alforese of Ceram, who live in families in the trees; the Banaks, who wear lumps of fat meat ornamentally in the cartilage of the nose; the forest tribes of Malacca; the wild people of Borneo, whom the Dayaks hunt as though they were monkeys; the hairy Ainos of Yesso, who annually pay their tribute of fish and skin to the Japanese; the pigmy Dokos, south of Abyssynia, whose nails are grown long, like vultures' talons, that they may dig up ants, and tear the skins of serpents, which they devour raw; the Veddahs of Ceylon, who have gutturals and grimaces instead of languages, who have no God, no notions of time or distance, no name for hours, days, and years, and who cannot count beyond five upon their fingers. Many tribes like these, in the lowest mud of barbarism, so far from having traditions or traces of preceding tribes, attribute their origin directly to lions (like the Sahos), to goats (like the Dagalis), or with contented unanimity to the ape, on whose deformed resemblance to themselves they look without any particle of horror and repugnance, as on a type to which they are assimilated by their own abject degradation, fierce squalor, and protuberant jaws.

A picture of some such race of primeval troglodytes may be found in a very ancient document, the 30th chapter of the Book of Job. Famine, darkness, solitude—a life in the desolate wilderness—a squalid subsistence upon roots and mallows, expulsion as criminals and outcasts from human society and human sympathy, idiotic and semi-bestial noises as they crouched among bushes and under the nettles,—these are the lineaments of that repulsive portraiture. And how does Job speak of them? as “children of nothing;” as “viler than the earth;” as wretches “whose father he would have disdained to set with the dogs of his flock.” The description reads like that of a Bosjesman or an Australian, and it is hard to believe that the writer of Job, or the Jews generally, could have regarded people, of whom they could thus speak, as members with themselves of the same original stock. Indeed it

would be easy to adduce direct proofs that, in spite of the apparent teaching of Genesis, they did not so regard them. Yet the picture is not half so revolting as that photograph of modern savages, with which several modern travellers have presented us. Take Sir George Grey's picture of an Australian,—“altogether a disgusting spectacle, stepping out of the carcase of a putrid whale, ill-tempered, violent, rubbed from head to feet with stinking oil, gorged to repletion with putrid meat, and suffering from cutaneous disorders, brought on by high feeding.” Or take Dr. Mouatt's picture of dead Andamaners. “Their expression as it had been settled by the hand of death was truly repulsive and frightful. Their features distorted by the most violent passions were too horrible for anything of human mould, and I could regard them only as the types of the most ferocious and relentless fiends. Their aspect was really that of demons. I doubt whether Fuseli in depicting the worst and most violent passions of humanity ever imagined anything so horrible as the visages upon which we now looked.” Gross ignorance, total nudity, and promiscuous intercourse, will give a notion of their moral condition; and to complete the picture of other savages would demand the introduction of features darker and deadlier still. To read one such description of savage life is to read all; in short, the savage is not a stately, free, noble creature, presenting the happy spectacle of unsophisticated innocence and primeval liberty, but too generally a wretch, depraved, hideous, and sanguinary; his body equally disgusting to the eye and to the nose, and his grotesque existence divided between “a mistrust of life, and a still greater mistrust of death, which he dreads like fire.” They are, says Mr. Darwin, who, unlike the whole company of those who have romanced about them, has had the opportunity of personally inspecting them, “they are men whose very signs and expressions are less intelligible to us than those of the domesticated animals; men who do not possess the instinct of those animals, but yet appear to boast of human reason, or at least of acts consequent on that reason. *I do not believe it possible to describe or paint the difference between savage and civilised man.* It is the difference between a wild and tame animal.”

If it be asked what is the history of these races, the answer is extremely simple. They have no history. They have not originated a single discovery; they have not promulgated a single thought; they have not established a single institution; they have not hit upon a single invention. Of the seven or eight civilisations which the world has seen, not one, if we except the Egyptian,—which has been grossly exaggerated, which was probably due, such as it was, to Semitic and Aryan influences, and which was deeply marked by the Negritian stains of cruelty and

Fetichism,—not one has been achieved by a black race. The features of these tribes are invariable and expressionless, and their minds characterised by a dead and blank uniformity. Among them generation hands on no torch to generation, but each century sees them in the same condition as the last, learning nothing, inventing nothing, improving nothing, living on in the same squalid misery and brutal ignorance; neither wiser nor better than their forefathers of immemorial epochs back, mechanically carrying on only a few rude mechanical operations as the bee continues to build her waxen hexagon, and the spider to spin his concentric web; but in all other respects as little progressive, and apparently as little perfectible, as the dogs which they domesticate, or the monkeys which chatter in their woods. They are without a past and without a future, doomed, as races infinitely nobler have been before them, to a rapid, an entire, and, perhaps for the highest destinies of mankind, an inevitable extinction. They have not added one iota to the knowledge, the arts, the sciences, the manufactures, the morals of the world, nor out of all their teeming myriads have they produced one single man whose name is of the slightest importance in the history of our race. Were they all to be merged to-morrow in some great deluge, they would leave behind them no other trace of their existence than their actual organic remains.

And I call them *irreclaimable* savages for two reasons: *the one* is, that I find this to be the practical verdict of all who have been thrown most closely into contact with them; *the other*, that, so far from being influenced by civilisation, they disappear from before the face of it as surely and as perceptibly as the snow retreats before the advancing line of sunbeams.

If no attempt had ever been made to reclaim them, no one could call them irreclaimable. There is indeed a very favourite method of disproving this. A few isolated instances are adduced of individual savages trained up to a certain point by civilised races. "I shall not wait," says De Gobineau, "for the partisans of the equality of races to come and show me such and such a passage from such and such a missionary or traveller, from which it appears that a Yolof showed himself a vigorous carpenter, that a Hottentot became a good servant, that a Kaffir dances and plays the violin, or that a Bambarra is acquainted with arithmetic." Even, however, if we take such individual cases, the single savages who have been, after complete isolation from their fellows, with all appliances and aids to boot, in any way reclaimed or instructed, offer very few and not very hopeful instances. Jemmy Button, Admiral Fitzroy's Fuegian, who was petted in England even by royalty, "as a passably finished man," was found twenty years after by Captain Parker Snow, "rude, shaggy, half-repulsive," in

every respect like his fellow-savages, to whom literally the *only* civilisation which he had communicated was a knowledge of some of our most degraded English words. Miago, the Australian, who was so kindly trained by the officers of the *Beagle*, soon after voluntarily returned as a savage to the bush, and was soon seen almost naked, painted all over, after having been concerned in several murders. Benilong, another Australian, after living for some time in London, resumed with full choice the savage life. A Hottentot boy, long and carefully instructed by Governor Van der Stel, after years of kindness and education, stripped off his European dress before the Governor, clothed himself in sheepskins, and emphatically renounced both civilisation and Christianity. Hundreds of such instances might be quoted, and every one will recollect how hopelessly this incapacity for improvement frustrated in Australia the generous and benevolent efforts of Mr. Threlkeld and of Governor Maquairie.

In fact the real, wild, pagan, savage not only has a *horror* for civilisation, but deliberately *despises* it. An old Indian chief spoke to Dr. Daniel Wilson, "with the unimpressible indifference of the true Indian, of the civilisation of the European intruders as a thing good enough for the white man, but in which neither he nor his people had any interest." Neither as individuals nor as races have they ever adopted it. Barely 300 years ago the Red race were the sole and undisputed lords of the rivers, the prairies, and the forests of America. Now, as a people, they barely exist, and in the late terrible civil war though they saw the encroaching strangers decimating each other by sea and land, and one half of them standing in terror of a third, or black race, introduced still more recently than themselves, they looked on with a strange and terrible apathy, which does not even borrow energy from despair. They deliberately refuse every opportunity of improvement, from which their conscience, their whole nature, their very blood revolts, and as though they were the indisputable "proletarians of humanity," they accept with a mysterious horror and depression of mind, their inevitable lot. Their very spirits are broken, and they watch with frigid indifference the approaching extinction of their type and race.

Or, again, let us take one specimen of the 100,000,000 of Africa, and that not the most degraded types, Hottentots, or Bosjesmen, or even Amakoso Kaffirs, but a much higher race, the pure-blooded negro. With keen senses, and singularly powerful physique, yet, mainly owing to his salient animality, and the crimes of cruelty laziness, and superstition which, if we may accept the accounts of hosts of successive travellers, mark his native condition, he is not untameable like the Indian, but so mentally apathetic as to bow his shoulder to the yoke of race after race of Asiatics and Euro-

peans. Ever since civilisation has existed, he has been conterminous to, and even in contact with it from an unknown period. Yet this natural imitateness has given him no proficiency even in the mechanical arts. He did not learn architecture, writing, or organisation from the Egyptians; the brilliant Phœnician could not teach him so simple a lesson as the taming of his native elephant; neither Dutch, nor French, nor Spaniards, nor Americans, nor Anglo-Saxons have weaned him, on his native continent from his cannibalism, his rain-doctors, his medicine-men, his mumbo-jumbo, his gris-gris and ju-jus. St. Domingo, "the only episode" in the history of all the dark races put together, only proves their incapability as a race under the most favourable circumstances, of maintaining, without constant and rapid retrogression even a poor imitation of civilised life. The grand qualities which secure the continuous advance of mankind, the generalising power of pure reason, the love of perfectibility, the desire to know the unknown, and, last and greatest, the ability to observe new phenomena and new relations,—these mental faculties seem to be deficient in all the dark races. But, if so, how are they to be civilised? What hope is there for their progress? As they were probably the earliest to appear on the earth's surface, "covering the soil since an epoch which must be determined by Geology rather than by history," so will the vast majority of them in all probability be the first to disappear by a decay, from which not even the sweet influences of Christianity, at least as *we* have taught it, have hitherto been able to rescue more than a small and insignificant number.

For many of them *have* disappeared already. The Tasmanian has perished; the Australian is dying out; the Carib has disappeared from the West Indies; the Maori race is diminishing; the Esquimaux is decreasing in numbers; the North American Indian dwindling away by a process of extinction which has already obliterated innumerable tribes. Savage and civilised life *cannot* co-exist side by side, and even when savages adopt the externalities of civilisation, they seem to wither away with a kind of weary nostalgia, a pining sickness, a deeply-seated despair, and an inevitable decay. They learn with terrible and fatal facility the worst vices of civilisation, without acquiring one of its nobler lessons. To our disgrace it must be admitted, that the steps of the Caucasian man over the earth's surface have too often been dipped in tears and blood; and that his worst vices have spread like a leprosy among these rude and ignorant children of nature. But if he has imparted to them his diseases, his fire-water, and his implements of war, he has at least put down cannibalism, suttee, infanticide, and human sacrifices with the strong arm of power, nor has his conduct been solely an *exemplar vitii imitabile*. The savage *might* have learnt many great and glorious lessons;

he *has* learnt only what is vicious and degrading. Hence it is that these races—the lowest types of humanity, and presenting its most hideous features of moral and intellectual degradation—are doomed to perish;—not, let us hope, by the criminality of superior races, *to whom the very weakness and inferiority of these races ought to constitute their most powerful claim to protection, justice, and pity*, but because darkness, sloth, and brutal ignorance cannot co-exist with the advance of knowledge, industry, and light. “It is written in the Book of Destiny,” says a recent traveller, “that man must either advance or perish.”

These low and perishing races then, the congeners, if not the representatives, of those early sporadic allophylians, whose deformed skulls and cannibal relics are turned up here and there, appear to me, on these, and on other grounds, some of which I have already laid before the Society, to have no genetic connection with the other races to which I shall now allude, but as they were the first to appear in the annals of humanity they seem likely to be the earliest to vanish, and in many regions at any rate to leave no traces of their ignoble type. A great philosopher has called this “a desolating belief.” I do not see why it should be more desolating than the certain fact that even in the same family man is divided from man by immeasurable and ineffaceable distinctions; but whether desolating or not, is it not the conclusion to which we are led by a vast mass of unmistakeable evidence? If so, is it a sound reverence “to model Providence after our fashion”?

And, now, if we mount to a second stage or stratum of humanity, we *again* find that difference of aptitude, which appears to prove a radical, permanent, and an original difference of race. Let us take the most advanced and eminent family of the Mongolian race—the Chinese. They will furnish the best possible example of that *arrested development*, that “mummified intelligence,” as Bunsen happily calls it, that stopping short at a certain stage, which seems to characterise the earliest civilisations, no less certainly than absolute *immobility* has ever characterised the Black and Red types of mankind.

China represents a spectacle all the more astounding from the fact that it survives as the sole representative of those primitive materialistic utilitarian civilisations which mark in human history the time when races, hitherto unknown and in all respects superior to the dark races, began to appear. Every product of these civilisations seems to be ingenious but imperfect, to betray, as I said before, an *arrested development*. They invented writing, but it stopped at ideography and hieroglyphics; their art had no perspective and no ideality; their science no progressiveness; their religion no enthusiasm; their literature no warmth; their

administration no vigour. Everything in them is marked with the plague-spot of utilitarian mediocrity; they reduce everything to the dead level of vulgar practical advantage, and hence the inventions, which they possessed centuries before the Europeans, stop short at the lowest point. Their compass is but a plaything; their ships painted tubs; their sculpture only grotesque; their architecture a repetition of children's toys; their painting found its consummation in a "grimacing activity;" their gunpowder mere pyrotechny; their printing only by wooden blocks; their very language a petrified fragment of primeval periods—flexionless, monosyllabic, and infinitely awkward. The unmarked features, the serene, blandly-smiling face, the tendency to physical obesity and mental apathy, the feeble, tranquil, childish, gluttonous sensuality, mark the race. And when a handful of barbarian French and English made these 300,000,000 repeal some of their immemorial laws, what spectacle did this fossil nation display? "They mistook," says Dr. Knox, "the big drum of the 18th Irish Foot for an unknown and dangerous machine, and kept firing at it during the greater part of the action, so that they killed nobody." They lighted a fire inside an iron tube to frighten us with the smoke, and put on huge and hideous masks that we might mistake them for monsters; and finally, with almost asinine ignorance, they put great lights beside their guns to see to fire by at night, thus gratuitously making an excellent mark for our gunners without benefiting themselves in the slightest degree. The age of Pericles alone, short as it was, with its eternal ideals of art and science, was worth a hundred centuries of that frightful torpor, that slumber of death, that immemorial congealment which characterises the so-called wisdom of the Chinese, and proves that—

"Better twenty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay."*

How vast the contrast presented by the two races whose history begins latest, and who belong to the highest stratum, the Tertiary deposits of humanity, the Semitic and Aryan stocks. To the Semite belong pre-eminently a pure religion, iconoclasm, monotheism, and probably writing. It is but a few days' journey among a Semitic population from Mecca to Sinai, and from Sinai to Jerusalem—the three mother-haunts of Christianity, Judaism and Islam, the three greatest and noblest religions of mankind. On the other hand to the Aryan belong science, philosophy, and art; to his race belong the Greeks, the Romans, the English, the French,

* "We see at Peking, in every material object around us, traces of the decrepitude of the empire, and of the utter worthlessness of their boasted civilisation. Dilapidation, decay, impoverishment and ruin are impressed upon every object."—Bishop Smith (late Bp. of Victoria, Hong Kong).

the Germans, the Italians, the Spaniards ; to his race Homer, Aristotle, Cicero, Charlemagne, Da Vinci, Columbus, Shakspeare, Newton, Göthe, Kant. To him and to the Semite belong every single discovery that has adorned, every single thought that has ennobled, every single influence that has elevated and purified our race. To them we owe writing, coinage, commerce, navigation. To them belong the steam-engine, the printing-press, the ship, the lighthouse, the electric telegraph. To them belong all that is ideal and exquisite in painting, poetry, and sculpture. To them are due discovery and colonisation. Vast islands and continents, like New Zealand and America, where before their arrival for untold ages, unalterable and degraded savages, black and red, had been miserably living on the pupæ of the wood-ant, or on each other, they have in a few years transformed into richly cultivated, prosperous, and densely inhabited countries, the seats of new civilisation and the homes of gigantic empire. Can one single step, can one single discovery be named in the mental and religious progress of mankind which was not due to them ? Has there ever been one single tribe of their brotherhood which was marked by the stolid unprogressiveness of the Mongol, or which for thousands of years have ever been known to have existed in that abysmal degradation which seems to have been the normal condition of many races, Black and Red ?

Here, then, we have *marked*, and so far as any evidence can show, *primordial* differences of aptitude in salient representatives of the great stages of mankind. We believe that the *lowest* of them are the *eldest* brothers of our race, and that they, or savages like them, have existed for 30,000 years on the surface of the earth. But they are vanishing fast, and signs are not wanting to show that even the Brown and Yellow races, so far above them, may in turn give way. To the Aryan, *i.e.*, to the youngest and latest race which has appeared in human history, apparently belong the destinies of the future. The races whose institutions and inventions are despotism, fetichism, and cannibalism,—the races who rest content in administrative formalism, placid sensuality, and unprogressive decrepitude, can hardly hope to contend permanently in the great struggle for existence with that noblest division of the human species whose intelligent energy and indomitable perseverance have won for it, from Peru to China, from Spitzbergen to the Falkland Isles, so wide an empire and so unapproachable a rank.

Perhaps it will be asked in conclusion, do you then disbelieve in the future of mankind ? do you not believe in “a common humanity transcending all divisions of tribe and race ?” Both questions admit of a brief answer. I *do* believe in the future of humanity ; but all testimony leads me to the certainty that it will

not be achieved, or even in any way promoted, by Yamparicos or Fuegians. And I *do* believe in a common humanity, although I do not believe that all races are equally gifted, or all descended from a common pair. Here, as in other cases, the endowments of men are unequal; but *for that very reason we must rear a strong barrier of Religion and Right against the encroachments of the stronger upon their less privileged brethren*. Driven by the evidence of centuries to doubt the perfectibility of the negro, I yet abhor slavery from my heart. Believing that all men are children of a common Father, and partakers of a common Redemption, I do not require the notion of a physical or genetic unity as a motive to philanthropy. Though but a single race should ultimately be proved to have descended from that great Protoplast of Eden, such a conviction will not shake the sense of universal charity in any mind which has only thereby been deepened in the belief that there is a *far higher unity* in the fact that for every child of humanity there is "one God and Father of us all."
