

several centres, and, of course, the human species among the rest? And the *query*,—for in reality it amounts to nothing more,—has been favourably entertained on the other side of the Atlantic, where there are uneasy consciences, that would find comfort in the belief that Zambo the blackamoor, who was lynched for getting tired of slavery and hard blows, was an animal in no way akin to his master. And on purely scientific grounds it is of course difficult to prove a negative in the case, just as it would be difficult to prove a negative were the question to be, whether the planet Venus was not composed of quartz-rock, or the planet Mars of Old Red Sandstone. But the portion of the problem really solvable by science,—the identity of the human race under all its conditions, and in all its varieties,—science *has* solved. It has determined that all the various tribes of man are but forms of a single species. And in the definition of species,—waiving the *American doubt* until it shall at least become something more,—I am content to follow the higher authorities. “We unite,” says M. de Candolle, “under the designation of a *species*, all those individuals that mutually bear to each other so close a resemblance as to allow of our supposing that they may have proceeded originally from a single being or a single pair.” “A *species*,” says Buffon, “is a constant succession of individuals similar to and capable of reproducing each other.” “A *species*,” says Cuvier, “is a succession of individuals which reproduces and perpetuates itself.”

Now, all history and all tradition, so far as they throw light on the question at all, agree in showing that the centre in which the human species originated must have been somewhere in the temperate regions of the east, not far distant from the Caucasian group of mountains. All the old seats of civilization,—that of Nineveh, Babylon, Palestine, Egypt, and Greece,—are spread out around this centre. And it is