

them the most effective. We are quite sure that by going in detail over the human body, many thousands of changes could be pointed out, each entailing severe trouble and discomfort upon man, yet without hazard to the being of the individual or to the endurance of the species. How then is the actual optimism of the human frame to be accounted for? Why is it that no alteration can be proposed either in shape or locality which would not deteriorate the mechanism? There is, no doubt, a certain limit, beyond which if the changes were to proceed, they would prove incompatible with life, and so expunge the specimen altogether from observation—but how comes it, that between this limit and the actual state of every existing species we see nothing awkward, nothing misplaced, nothing that admits of being mended—without one of those inaptitudes or disproportions which either a blind nature, or a sportive and capricious chance, must have infallibly and in myriads given rise to? Whence no idle excrescences in those complicated systems? How comes each part to be in such exquisite harmony with the whole? What but manifold experience could have taught the anatomist to ground such confident inferences on the uses of every thing that he discovers in the animal framework—and whence can it be, but from the actual design which presided over these formations, that, when reasoning on final causes, he is in the best possible track for the enlargement of his science? Whence the certainty, the almost axiomatic certainty of the position, that there is nothing useless in the anatomo-