

Huxley

Darwin went here and there throughout Great Britain engaging in debate. He called himself Darwin's bulldog. Darwin called him my general agent. There was one particular ~~xxxxxxx~~ occasion when there was a discussion at Oxford University. The Bishop of Oxford, a man of great brilliance, who had dabbled a little in many different areas but was hardly a specialist in science, came to this meeting prepared to tear Darwin's book to pieces. He gave a long paper dealing with the book in which he attempted to tear it to pieces, and Huxley knew that many of the arguments he gave were simply not in accord with facts! When the Bishop finished his talk, he turned toward Huxley and said, I wish you would tell me when your term comes to speak whether it is through your grandmother or through your grandfather that you are descended from a monkey. Huxley brought his hand down on the knee of the man next to him, and said, The Lord has delivered him into my hand. The man told about it later; he did not know what Huxley meant.

They had other speakers and then Huxley's turn came to speak. Huxley got up and began quietly to discuss scientific errors. (I believe we should be careful when we speak about a subject related to science, that we have our facts straight and don't try to go beyond our knowledge, because many well-meaning people have done more injury than good by speaking beyond their knowledge in areas where they have made themselves subject to attack. That is what the Bishop of Oxford had done, and Huxley was there to take advantage of it.) Huxley gave a quite reasoned discourse pointing out particular errors in what the Bishop had said. It actually did not have a great deal to do with whether Darwin's theory was true or not. But then when he came to the end he said, I have _____ and I repeat that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape