

metrical figures. The stone forts are larger still. The walls of Fort Ancient are still twenty feet high and three miles and a half in length, enclosing a space of one hundred and forty acres. An immense number of relics have been collected by various explorers. Few, perhaps, are of greater interest than those lately taken from a mound on Paint Creek. At the base of the tumulus, which was five hundred feet long, were domed chambers, four or five feet high. In one of these was a skeleton, evidently of some distinguished warrior. On its head, fastened to a sort of helmet, were wooden antlers, covered with copper. Over it were strewn pearls, ivory teeth, and claws of eagles. At its side lay a pipe, an agate spear, head, and canes covered with copper. Other skeletons in the same mound were clad in copper armour, decorated with elaborate and beautiful designs. Here, too, was found a copper axe—still sharp, 40 lb. in weight, and bearing traces of gilding. In a burial-mound on the Iowa river, in a district which was inhabited by hunter tribes, were found three chambers, roofed with logs, and in the central room eight skeletons were seated on the floor, each with a drinking-cup at its feet. In a mound on the Scioto river—a huge tumulus 160 ft. long and 90 ft. wide—were twelve chambers, each containing a skeleton.

A remarkable point is the size of the trees which are sometimes found in these old works. Some were felled in Ohio which had been growing for five centuries on the long-deserted ramparts of an old fort. One tree that grew on the wall of a fort in Ohio had 550 rings in it. This does not, it is true, imply a really high degree of antiquity; but there seems no reason to doubt that the early Mound-builders were contemporary with the mastodon, if not with the mammoth. Many pipes have been found which clearly represent the latter; while remains of the former have been found, so recent that the turf-cutters greased their boots with marrow taken from the bones. Among the bones of a mastodon dug up in Missouri were discovered the arrow-heads which, as it lay helpless in the bog, had been shot at it by hunters. Near it were the stones they had hurled at it, while the ashes of fires they had lighted round the carcase were still bespattered against it 6 ft. high. Much excitement was caused in 1866 by the discovery of what is known as the Calaveras skull, at a depth of 130 ft. below the surface, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada—a clear proof, as it was at first thought, of the vast antiquity of man on the American continent. Almost more extraordinary was the "Nampa Image," a tiny figure of a man of baked clay, that came up in a sand-pump from a depth of no less than 320 ft. It is now recognized that the skull owed its burial to accumulations of dead debris, and that the clay figure came from an unsuspected Indian mine. Two very remarkable stone slabs, called the Davenport Tablets, which it is said were dug up in Iowa, including thirty figures of men and animals; and the other with archaic-looking characters. Many of these characters, however, are now seen to be taken from the Roman, Arabic, Phœnician, and Hebrew alphabets, and both tablets are regarded as spurious.

The civilization of the Mound-builders was at one time thought to have been equal to that

of Tyre or Babylon or Egypt. It was even confidently asserted that here were the relics of the ten "Lost Tribes"—a suggestion we may well remember, since out of it grew the gigantic imposture the "Book of Mormon." It must, however, be admitted that there are points in the work of the Mound-builders, in their effigies and pyramids and "sacred enclosures," which strongly support the view that America was at some remote period visited by successive waves of invaders from Europe, from the coast of Asia, even from Mongolia. Rites such as prevailed in Phœnicia in Old Testament times were widely practised on the North American continent. The more closely the relics of the lost races are examined, the more clear becomes the evidence that their worship combined elements of Druidical, of Hittite, and of Phœnician ceremonial. The faiths of the Far East, the worship of fire, of the serpent, and of the sun, extensively prevailed throughout the whole area occupied by the Mound-builders. Their relics abound with symbols which, in the Old World, "belonged to the secret mysteries, the mysteries that were so full of cruelties and degradations."

It is here then among objects associated with their religious observances, that we must look for the key to this great problem—the problem as to who were this strange people, and from what sources the North American continent received the first impulses of its ancient civilization. —*The Spectator*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

PENGUINS.

Penguins are the strangest creatures ever seen. They are supremely funny as they quack and strut about with their padded feet over the snow, or, coming to a slope, glide swiftly downward toboggan-fashion upon their breasts. If one lands on the piece of ice they are resting upon, they approach fearlessly with a threatening "Quack! quack!" For their inquisitiveness they, too, often received the handle of the club, for it was soon found that their flesh greatly resembled that of the hare, and upon them we had many a tasty and substantial meal. The emperor penguin is very difficult to kill; he will live after his skull has been most hopelessly smashed; the best way to put an end to them is to pith them. Six of us one day set out to capture one alive, and so strong was the bird that five with difficulty kept their hold, and, after he was bound with strong cords and nautical knots, he flapped his flippers and released himself. —*The Popular Science Monthly*.

THE LAND OF VOLCANOES.

In the Japan and Kurile islands, according to Professor John Milne, not less than 100 volcanoes still preserve their form and craters, and as many as fifty of them emit steam. The great eruptions, which have been recorded number 233, the greater frequency, as with earthquakes, having been during the colder months of the year. One line of vents more than 2,000 miles long, begins in Kamtsatka and passes through the Kuriles, Yezo and down by Honshu to the ever-smoking Asama, where it is joined by a line running to the southwest through the great Fujisan and Oshima, till it reaches the Ladrones, a distance of 1,200 miles. The last line begins near the gigantic crater of Mount Aso, and extends 1,300 miles through Formosa to the Philippines. The lavas are all magnetic, and the soil of the country, consisting largely of decomposed lava, is in many cases so filled with grains of magnetite that a brush of this material will be collected on a magnetized knife scraped over a garden walk. The most famous of the volcanoes is Fujisan. On its summit at a height of about 13,400 feet, Professor Milne has made observations with a

tremor measure that tend to prove that the great mass of the mountain is actually swayed by the wind!

LORD ROSEBERY AND THE FARMER.

In Mr. W. H. Lucy's book, the "Diary of the Salisbury Parliament," there is a story relating to Lord Rosebery and one of his Scotch guests which is worth quoting. In the month of May 1889 there was an evening party in Berkeley Square; and in the early part of the day Lord Rosebery had met in Piccadilly a Scotch farmer, with whom he had some acquaintance, and he asked his friend to "look in" in the course of the night. The farmer duly presented himself in something that resembled his idea of an evening dress. All went well until the Scotchman got into the supper-room. After eating of a variety of delicacies, he lighted on an ice-cream—a form of nourishment that was new to him. Having taken a large spoonful, he managed to conceal his discomfort. But, seeing his host, he thought it his duty to inform him of what had taken place. "I don't suppose you know, my lord," he whispered loudly, "but I think I ought to tell you—there has been a mistake somewhere and this pudding's froze." Lord Rosebery grasped the situation in a moment. With perfect courtesy and with a pretty appearance of critical inquiry, he tasted the ice-cream. "So it is," he said; "that's very strange;" and then, after speaking to one of the servants, he returned, and said to the Scotch farmer, "It's all right; I am told this is a new kind of pudding they freeze on purpose," and taking his friend's arm, led him out of the room.

THE LATE ROBERT LOWE'S VIEWS ON IRELAND.

"Ireland is the problem of problems to the English statesman. In its future, the future of our empire, of our race, of our civilization is wrapped up. It is to be feared that we do not sufficiently estimate the enormous interval between our relations to Ireland and those towards the dearest and most favoured dependency of the British Crown. Much as we may talk of our colonies, they are, all, justly called by our law the foreign dominions of her Majesty. They are subject, indeed, to the control of Parliament, but that control is rapidly becoming merely nominal. If the matter is closely examined the benefits we derive from them are far less than the benefits they receive from us. . . . If we once taxed them, they now heavily tax us. The United Kingdom is the Cinderella who does all the work of the Imperial household. The fairy tale is reversed and the younger sisters have enslaved the elder. . . . It cannot be too earnestly impressed on the mind of England that Ireland is not a colony: never can be treated as a colony; never can be for weal or for woe anything else than an integral and vital part of the British empire, whose union and amalgamation with Great Britain, so far from being like the union or independence of a colony, a matter of small account, is a matter which we cannot permit for a single moment to be called in question. This difference between Ireland and all the rest of the Empire depends on its proximity to us. If Cato could work upon the fears and passions of the Roman Senate by exhibiting to them the figs which he had gathered with his own hands at Carthage, only three days' sail from the Tiber, what should be the feelings of an English Parliament when the distance is measured by three hours instead of three days? Were Ireland a country capable of maintaining itself in independence, the case might be likened to that of the dominions of the Plantagenets in France: but we know only too well from the violent factions which divide the country, from its poverty and the large portion of it that lies, and probably always must lie, useless, that its strength is in no proportion to its size; and that if it ceased to be the partner, on perfectly equal terms, of the empire of Great Britain, Ireland would infallibly fall into the hands of some Power who would use it as a post from which to direct attacks upon our coast and our commerce. —*The Spectator*.