

There she is studiously put in the background; and St. Paul's opinions were certainly not in favour of the Rights of Woman. Roman and Byzantine Christianity left Woman where it found her, in the gynæcium. Teutonic Christianity gave the sex the same honour as had been given by Teutonic Paganism in the Germany of Tacitus. All through the ages when Christian ideals dominated in European Society, women were either immured million-fold in convents, or in married life were degraded to a lower plane. The modern position of Woman belongs to the reign of modern ideas.

Peter the Great is a historical monograph worthy of its writer, John Lothrop Motley (1845). A somewhat feeble *Defence of Poetry* written on the text—how much more vigorous than the comment?—of Sidney, by Longfellow; an omnium gatherum of anecdotes on the *Last Moments of Eminent Men*, by Bancroft; a sketch of the Earl of Chesterfield, by Adams; are relieved by two excellent essays written at the same era of the *Review*, that on *The Northmen*, by Washington Irving, and the *John Milton*, by Emerson. The latter is a noble portraiture of the great statesman and poet of the Cause, betrayed by Monk to the Monarchy of the Restoration. The purity and lofty spiritual grandeur of Milton are well set before us, but the writer does not estimate the absence of the sense of humour which marks the poet and his party—which M. Taine finds so conspicuous in the stiffness of the human and divine actors in *Paradise Lost*—Adam and his wife conversing after the

manner of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, and Eve displaying a meek and humble deference to the marital wisdom which the poet could scarcely have drawn from experience. The articles on Hawthorne and on Cooper have, of course, an interest belonging to the national literature—that on *Shakespeare* is able but *doctrinaire*, and surely the comparison of the greatest English writer to *one of God's Spies*, is a most unsavoury simile.

More than any other of these essays, we have been charmed with the last, that on *Mechanism of Vital Action*, written in his usual charming manner by Oliver Wendall Holmes—an essay where epigrammatic sparkle and clearness of statement carries the reader over some difficult scientific ground. Mr. Holmes shows how the ordinary forces of nature may be conceived adequate to the first production and to the maintenance of vital action on the earth. Mr. Holmes wrote at the precise turning-point in the history of Evolution as a Theory, when the Doctrine of Natural Selection was on the eve of being enunciated. A sequel to this delightful essay, taking in the ground so abundantly gained since then, would be a useful popularization of the Theory of Existence now held by all educated men, who accept the guidance of science. As a whole, this volume is a welcome addition to American literature; in all details it is an *édition de luxe*. The paper, type, and binding in dark green cloth, are alike excellent. We might well ask for a similar collection of essays by representative Canadian writers.

LITERARY NOTES.

'**T**HUS,' says an American contemporary, 'does the popular demand for low-priced literature seize hold of the costliest of England's thought.' The remark refers to a notice of the enterprise of a New York publisher, in reproducing at 20 cents each, the monthly issues of the English magazines, 'The Nineteenth Century,' and the 'Fortnightly,' and 'Contemporary' Reviews. Certainly, the force of cheapness cannot well go further,

whatever may be thought of the morality of such piratical seizures upon the cream of contemporary English thought. To those who hold that literature has no claim for protection beyond what local statutory enactments may concede to it, it may excite no remorse that they are thus permitted to revel in the spoil of other lands. The curious thought about the matter, however, is that while these gigantic seizures of the American print-