

deed, in the splendor of the evening illumination—more brilliant than ordinary day-light—the street in Cairo or the Constantinople bazaar look like a bit of the old Bagdad we used to know so well in our “Arabian Nights.” There are the open booths glittering with beaten brass-ware, bowls and pitchers of quaint and curious design, richly colored rugs and robes, long pipes such as Haroun al Raschid and his Vizier might have been well content to smoke; and behind them, it might seem, some of the very shopkeepers who supplied the Commander of the Faithful in the days of Scheherazade and her interminable tales. Possibly the Caliph himself may be there in disguise, as was his custom—we are almost sure the Three Dervishes are—and the pastry cook who made the eventful cream-tarts! Turkish confectionery, at least, there is in plenty, if not cream tarts. And up there at the opposite end from the graceful Arabic minaret, looms up the front of a veritable old Egyptian temple, bearing its strange pictures, figures and hieroglyphs, just as it did in the life-time of Moses, the contemporary of that Rameses whose name it bears. And there perchance you may see a little cluster of Egyptian priests carrying one of their gods—Osiris or Anubis—with due honors into the temple, their heads covered with those strange white cowls which are so quaintly characteristic of the Egyptian mural paintings and sculpture. Just so, no doubt, looked Potipherah, priest of On, in the exercise of his sacred functions. After being thrown back in our chronology something like four thousand years, it seems a strange and sudden leap across the centuries to come out of this enchanted court, with its air of hoary antiquity, into the crowded, bustling Midway, with its big wheel and rush and hurry and keen air of the “latest invention.”

It is to be regretted that these bits of foreign life, along the “Midway,” should not have been arranged on some intelligible principle, chronological, ethnographical or geographical. As it is, they make up a singular medley. The palisaded wall of the rude Dahomey village, with its savage-looking half-clad inmates, is in close proximity to the splendours of the Moorish palace and the antique gorgeousness of Turkey and Syria. The Chinese temple with its barbaric pictures, its shaven priest burning incense before his pictured idol,—the curious reproductions of Chinese home life,—the little Chinese mother with her pretty Chinese baby—and the curious little concert balcony—looks directly over the mediæval Hof-market of old Vienna of two hundred years ago; while the quaint melancholy clangour of Chinese gongs and drums mingles with the melodious strains of an Austrian band as it delights the beer-garden audience under the “black and gold” and the double headed eagle! Cairo Street, with its pure orientalism, its latticed balconies and minaretted mosque, and its Ancient Egyptian temple of pyramid antiquity, has for its neighbour the castellated gateway of Donegal Castle, and the old Irish crosses and cromlechs that cluster round it. The German village, with its moated mediæval castle, and its timbered Saxon houses, with their dark carved massive furniture, and its fair-haired merchants from Frankfort and Munich, is set down close to the light bamboo frames and palm-leaf walls and thatch of the fragile dwellings in which the small dusky Javanese

are busy with their hat-braiding and basket-making; and also—so closely does nineteenth century invention pursue even savage life—hard at work on their sewing-machines, which, with them, seem to be worked not by women but by men. Then, as we proceed a little farther up the Plaisance, we come on the Samoan village, where the agile South Sea islanders, with fine physiques, like animated bronzes, are perpetually performing their wonderful war dances, whirling their clubs with the most inconceivable dexterity, and singing all the while in the strange minor key which seems to belong to all savage music. Just so did their forefathers dance and brandish their clubs in the days of Captain Cook and the martyred Williams yet these people surely are of milder mien and a higher type of expression, the result, doubtless, of years of refining Christian influence. Near this village, again, is that of the Sultan of Jehore; very like the Javanese one in its general aspect, and close by it rises the tower of Blarney Castle, with Lady Aberdeen's tasteful little industrial village, which thus brings us back to civilized life, though it has a show of Hindoo jugglers for a *vis-à-vis*. And we have omitted the Arab circus of camels and dromedaries and the German menagerie, and the Bulgarian curiosities, and the Japanese and Algerian bazaars, and Venice glass works, all sandwiched in as miscellaneously between these foreign villages. It is certainly an odd and quaint mélange, but, as a presentation of foreign peoples, is rather confusing, and a little more arrangement could certainly be desired. Possibly the French, with their love of ideas and genius for scientific system, may produce at the next Paris Exhibition a real miniature of this round world and its varied inhabitants, which shall be as delightful as the Plaisance and more satisfying in arrangement.

The Esquimaux Village, another bit of folk-life, is within the Fair grounds proper, in the south-western corner of the lagoon; and the round white huts and Esquimaux dogs and canoes, as well as the white-robed paddlers, are but a short distance away from the palms and aloes of the Californian and Horticultural buildings. How does the Esquimaux regard the rich tropical foliage which now for the first time he sees? Does it awaken in him any vague longings, like that of the palm for the pine, or *vice versa*? Or does he, like most of us, feel satisfied with what nature has bestowed on him—scant as that provision is!

The Indian tepees and wigwags near the Anthropological Building are geographically arranged and compose a very interesting group. One may study the grotesque carvings in the great Totem posts of the British Columbia houses, or the palisaded simplicity of the Iroquois Council-house, just as Parkman has described it for us; or we may see a party of Crees, on a cool evening, gathered round their central camp-fire and crooning their native songs as they draw their blankets closer about them, just as we might see them on the plains of the North-West; and close by are the burros and the sacred cattle and some hapless captive deer, whose cry of imprisoned weariness is one of the few painful incidents of the Fair.

Then, if we like to go back to the dead and buried folk-life of prehistoric ages, there are the wonderful carved ruins of Yucatan, “Uymal's ruined shrine,” and the still more wonderful reproduction of the homes of the “cliff dwellers,” as found in the Colorado canon, with

their utensils, pottery, mummies, and even their grain and hickory nuts, just as these were dug out of the excavations. It begins to grow too heavy a burden—this realization of the long-reaching and many-colored web of humanity, stretching its unity in diversity from century to century!

And while we seem to realize in this cosmopolitan Fair the close relationship of our human family, and the importance of drawing closer the ties of brotherhood—the Moors and Spaniards are literally at daggers drawn, the British, with or without adequate grounds, are peppering away at the hapless Matabeles; the Brazilians are fighting among themselves; and rumours of trouble come from far Cathay—we are not yet arrived at the reign of universal peace, though it was thought that the first Exposition was to usher in that consummation devoutly to be wished for! It is coming, however, as surely as good must prevail over evil, love over hate; and as we watch the strangers from many lands—from Lapland's snowy hills to “Africa's burning sands”—all absorbed in admiration of the products of the Arts of Peace at this wonderful Fair, let us hope that, with the lifelong memories they must carry away to their distant homes, may blend some vague sense of the solidarity and interdependence of our common humanity, and the unnatural wickedness of war, so that the time may not be far distant when the great Krupp gun and all its kindred may be transformed into machines useful to human weal, or facilities for transit, to draw the ends of the earth nearer in bands not merely of iron, but of brotherhood and peace!

FIDELIS.

### OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

“*Les salons mentent, les tombeaux sont sincères.*” These words of Heine, written in '32, seem to sound the very death-note of whatever survived of the old régime. They seem to tell us why a citizen-king was impossible and why a second empire must inevitably prove a comedy of corruption. The impossibility has been proved and the comedy has been played, but the words retain a significance which has to do, not with the revolutionary tendencies of the French people, but with universal history.

And in literature, which is the spontaneous illustration of race development just as history is its logical explanation—do we not find that this thing is true? That the gush of words is meaningless and obscure except when viewed in connection with those upon whose life-work the seal of death has been stamped. That it is impossible to comprehend the full meaning of the expression of to-day unless we have followed, in literature as well as in history, the series of conditions which produced it.

*Les salons mentent*, and the so-called schools of the present, is it they who shall speak the last word? Is vitality lost because many who should be voiceless have found speech? Are beauty and passion dead because mediocrity has caught a strange new lustre in mud? Are thought and imagination varying phases reaching yesterday to perfection and to-morrow unknown and forgotten? Assuredly no. For, as it is true, that out of nothing, nothing is born, so also is it true that from the beautiful there arises something perennial. And it is this eternal reaction of the beautiful which