

to find that her rival had beaten her by fifteen hours, and that Snyter had won every wager he had made!

He was a daring man in Newfoundland and a proper object of ridicule, who would question the infallibility of the captain's deliverance on ships, their build and speed, for years after. But, little by little, the knowing ones came to suspect and then to see that he had held the key of the situation, and had not been backward in making use of it. He, nevertheless, pocketed and kept the money. I never heard that any question was raised upon the matter. Why should there? Was race ever more fairly run? Was bet ever more honestly earned? To hold otherwise would it not overturn the whole stock exchange?

T. B. BROWNING.

PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

THERE has issued from the Parisian press in recent months a large and elaborately illustrated work from the pen of the Marquis de Nadaillac, entitled "*L'Amérique Préhistorique*." The author has dealt in a previous work, with primeval man and Europe's prehistoric times, and he takes for his motto for this later work: "The New World is a great mystery." To the French student of American archaeology the work will be of value as a *résumé* of much that has been embodied in the voluminous issues of the American press in recent years. But it contributes little that is novel either in facts, illustrations, or induction. Here and there the student familiar with the subject recognizes a novel contribution to its illustrations, as in Fig. 203, "*Armes et bijoux des Chibchas*," from the Musée de Saint-Germain, and the "*Aymara Mummy*," Fig. 177, from the Museum of Natural History of Paris. But with the rarest exceptions, the illustrations are from works very familiar to New World students; and the same is true of the facts adduced in the text. The "*Crane de Calaveras*" produced by Mr. Whitney, the State Geologist, in 1866, from the auriferous gravels of Sierra Nevada, overlaid according to him by ancient lavas and other seeming evidences of remote prehistoric antiquity, is reproduced here; but only to acknowledge the unsatisfactory nature of this and other attempts at establishing evidence of the American man of the Tertiary epoch. The Pemberton inscribed-axe reappears, though long since recognized as spurious. With a very little research, and at no great increase of cost, the work might have presented novel features, for the galleries of the Louvre are rich in examples of Peruvian and Mexican pottery and terra-cottas; and the Museums of Berlin and Vienna furnish many valuable illustrations of American art. Especially is this the case in Vienna, where some of the rarest hieroglyphic codices have been preserved from an early date, when Dominican fanaticism was destroying such valuable historical material as Pagan incantations and books of sorcery. As it is, the author has travelled anew over the old trail, already traversed again and again with untiring zeal by a host of American writers, who seem never to weary in reproducing the oft-told tale; and he winds up once more with the conclusion, which he borrows from an American *savant*: "*La terre d'Amérique est un grand mystère.*"

No doubt this is true, but the solution of the mystery seems to lie in another direction than that in which it is the fashion to seek it. Though the discoveries of Professor Whitney and others, in the auriferous beds of California and Nevada, of implements and human bones, have ceased to carry any weight as evidence of ancient arts or races of the New World, the researches in the drift of New Jersey have been more successful; and the rude "turtle-back celts" of the Delaware Valley are generally accepted as evidence of the existence of post-glacial American man.

If, then, it be true that man has existed on this American Continent through all the unnumbered centuries which preceded the memorable year 1492, when Columbus revealed the New World to Europe, what a strange disclosure of unprogressive humanity does the archaeology of America reveal to us. Africa, Asia, and Europe, alike present successive stages, from the rudest arts of a stone period, to polished stone and carved bone and ivory; and so to metallurgy, architecture, letters, and to art in its highest sense. Prolonged as the Old World's centuries have been, we witness in them a steady process of evolution in which the rational and intellectual element is ever actively present, until at last we look on man as—

"The heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

In America it is altogether otherwise, and the farther back the archaeologist carries the date of man's presence on this continent, the more perplexing becomes the problem which he undertakes to solve. Peru has its ingenious pottery, its imperfectly developed metallurgy, its cyclopean architecture, its crude infantile astronomy, and its equally rudimentary quipus as the primitive system of chronicling and computing. Central

America had got beyond this in the important step of hieroglyphics, in which a pictorial ideography is seen to be passing into abbreviations, and so to arbitrary word-signs akin to those of China. There too a barbarous yet imposing architecture, and a partial skill both in metallurgy and ceramic art, contrast strikingly with the highest efforts of any tribe north of the Gulf of Mexico. But the experienced student, familiar with the archaeology and early science of the Old World, is more and more tempted to confirm the verdict of Humboldt, and trace all such indices of the beginnings of American civilization to an Asiatic source.

In Mexico we witness the meeting of the wild untutored barbarism of the North with this incipient civilization; but all beyond this, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle, reveals only diverse phases of savage life. Man is there little better than a part of the wild fauna of forest and prairie, gregarious, predatory, hunting, warring, and differing more noticeably from the lynx or the wolf in this than in aught else, that his endless exterminating feuds find no satisfaction in the supply of any natural appetite. They serve only as the gratification of an inextinguishable fury, which seems through unnumbered centuries to have rendered progress impossible. The ravages of wolves are reasonable, for they are in search of food, and can be satisfied. The hereditary feuds of Mohawks, Crees, or Blackfeet are insatiable, and no less detrimental to themselves than to their foes. Yet throughout the North American Continent we look in vain for any trace of man in a higher condition than this predatory savage.

This fact defines, but it does not account for, "the great mystery of the New World." Here man appears to have occupied its vast prairies, and the regions of lake and river, fertile in soil, and abundant in game; and through all the centuries reaching ever more remotely into an unknown past, he has remained unprogressive as the wolf, less ingenious than the beaver, more irrational—considering the gifts which he thus abuses,—than the wild moose, the buffalo, or the grizzly bear.

D. W.

DEATH OF AN ENGLISH QUARTERLY REVIEWER.

THE death in London, on the 2nd inst., at the age of eighty-one, of Mr. Abraham Hayward, Q.C., one of the most notable of the modern English essayists and reviewers, and author of perhaps the best English translation of Goethe's "*Faust*," deserves to be chronicled. Only to a few in Canada, we fear, is Mr. Hayward known by name, though his two volumes of *Collected Essays* have had some sale on this side of the Atlantic, and his biographical and literary contributions to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, though unacknowledged, as the rule is with those periodicals, have doubtless had many readers. Mr. Hayward is another and notable instance of a man who, though he had a fine professional career before him, deserted law for letters. His was a conspicuous figure, during a long life, in the literary and social circles of London, where his conversational powers, his varied gifts, and, above all, his wonderful memory for faces, events, and all the gossip of English county and metropolitan club life, made him a welcome guest and a great acquisition at the dinner table or in the *salon*. Few could rival him as a *raconteur*, and his literary and dramatic instinct enabled him to tell a story with capital effect, while his remarkable powers of observation and retentive memory supplied him readily with the facts. What he says in his critique on Sydney Smith may not inappropriately be said of himself: "He never came into society," says Mr. Hayward of the great divine and wit, "without naturally and easily taking the lead as, beyond all question, the most agreeable, sensible, and instructive guest and companion that the oldest living person could remember."

Besides his published essays, his edition of "*Faust*," and the "*Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)*," Mr. Hayward's literary work embraces extensive contributions to the higher class English journals, and, at an early period of his career, to a legal periodical, the *Law Magazine*, of which, we believe, he was the founder. The pungent article in the *January Quarterly*, on Mr. George's "*Progress and Poverty*," is understood to have come from his pen, and it is, we surmise, his last contribution to literature. His style is sparkling, and his work is marked by acuteness of thought, aptness of illustration, and rare felicity of expression. The charm of his writings, however, lies more perhaps in the wealth of personal reminiscence, which abounds in his essays, and in the quality and flavour imparted to his writings by his scholarly tastes and wide acquaintance with cultured society in London. He is one of the first exponents of modern literary and social life in England, and as such his death, and the close of a long career as critic and reviewer, will leave a blank not easily filled by the literary men of a younger generation.

G. M. A.