

scriptive account of the parishes of Jamaica, Columbus and Jamaica, later history, sport in the island, the Blue Mountains, the climate, and statistical information. It is thus a complete guide to the chief of the British possessions in the West Indies. The Talker has already reviewed the New South Wales contribution to Columbian literature, and cherishes the hope that, in course of time, some other lagging memorials of the Great Fair in literary form may come his way. It might be a good thing to send marked copies of this month's Talk to all the commissioners, in order to give them a chance of knowing what Canadians think of their work.

I have also had the good fortune to be remembered by a distinguished body, the delegates of the Clarendon Press at Oxford, whose compliments accompany a finely printed small quarto volume of xxvii. and 163 pages. This is the earliest translation of the Old Testament into the Basque language (a fragment) by Pierre D'Urte, of St. Jean de Luz, circ. 1700, edited from a MS. in the library of Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire, by Llewellyn Thomas, M.A., Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. It is but a fragment containing Genesis and part of Exodus, but it is an invaluable fragment, and may yet prove to be the basis of a complete translation of the Old Testament into Basque. The whole Bible was translated into that language in 1859, under the auspices of Prince L. L. Bonaparte, by Captain Duvoisin, from the Vulgate; but long before, in 1571, the noble Queen of Navarre, Jeanne D'Albret, invited Licarrague to translate the New Testament, which was extensively circulated in Biscay. D'Urte was a Huguenot, and his fragmentary translation is from the French Geneva Bible, which he has followed implicitly. The mutual friend of Dr. Coussirat and myself, the Rev. Wentworth Webster, of Sarre in the Lower Pyrenees, whom Mr. Gladstone lately

placed on the Queen's list, is doubtless the medium through whom this welcome gift has come to a Canadian lover of the old Euskarian tongue. Long may his literary pension last, and many may our old friend's labors of love continue to be!

Professor Cyrus Thomas, of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, sends me 'The Maya Year,' a pamphlet of sixty-four large octavo pages. Anything relating to the calendar either excites risibility in connection with the 'three one-eyed almanacks' of the Arabian Nights, or awakens doleful visions of the preparation of the 'College Calendar' in the spring. So I am unequal to the task of compassing the professor's document. The Mayas live in Yucatan, which I have heard a reverend divine couple in song with Kalamazoo, Michigan and bad man. Professor Thomas has discovered that the Mayas are of Malay-Polynesian origin, a fact which I thought I had made patent between fifteen and twenty years ago. And yet, we Canadians are behind the age, they tell us. We are ahead of the Americans in ethnology, and in some other better known ologies also. I am glad Cyrus Thomas is awake, and hope that he will keep so. He has done excellent work for the Mound Builders, and his essays at Maya decipherment are not all in vain. Doubtless his 'Maya Year' is all right, but I feel towards it like Punch's overgrown squire. A stout little farmer on a cob met him going to the hunting field in a shower of rain. 'Fine growing morning,' quoth the farmer. 'Ah, yes, I dessay,' replied the squire, 'stopped growin' myself, and don't feel like takin' any interest in such things. That's the way with me and the 'Maya Year.'

Mr. John Garland Pollard writes nineteen pages on the 'Pamunkey Indians of Virginia.' About 110 of the Pamunkeys still survive. They are of Algonquin stock, and are historically interest-