



Life, Literature and Education.

"To tell your own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly."—[Dr. Johnson.

The Letters of Junius.

Readers of the "Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" will have noticed occasionally in the newspapers letters signed "Junius," "Junius Junior," or other combinations in which Junius forms a part. But these are not the celebrated anonymous letters known in literature and history as the "Letters of Junius." The subjects of the letters were mainly political, and 44 in number, besides others signed "Philo Junius," "Mnemion," "Atticus," "Lucius" and "Brutus," believed to have been from the same pen. Added to these were private letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall, the publisher of the Public Advertiser, a London, Eng., newspaper, in which the letters appeared, and to John Wilkes, the famous journalist and public character of that time. They were written and published during a period of five years, from early in 1767 to the middle of 1772. Sometimes they were addressed to the Printer of the Public Advertiser, and frequently to the public men of the time. That was during the last year of the administration of the Duke of Grafton, and the first year of that of Lord North. The first of them was entitled the "State of the Nation," at that time George III. being King. It was a trenchant and powerful arraignment of the administration of the day, when the liberties of the press had not yet been vindicated. "In one view," he remarks in the course of that letter, "behold a nation overwhelmed with debt; her revenues wasted; her trade declining; the affections of her colonies alienated; the duty of the magistrates transferred to the soldiery; a gallant army, which never fought unwillingly but against their fellow-subjects, mouldering away for want of the direction of a man of common abilities and spirit; and the administration of justice become odious and suspected to the whole body of the people." The Duke of Bedford, Lord Mansfield, the Duke of Grafton, and others, writhed beneath the lash of this anonymous correspondent, an invisible, unknown and dreaded censor, who was equally cognizant with their public careers as with the follies and crimes of the private characters. The letters were bold, forceful, pointed, epigrammatic, clear in argument, exquisite in language, and above all stern and steady in their attachment to the purest principles of the constitution, giving them a popularity and influence which no other series of letters before or since have ever possessed. The writer was a man of affluence, wide and mature experience, accurately posted regarding the secret intrigues of the

Court and doings of the Government. The last political letter over his signature was addressed to Lord Camden, in 1772. The author himself predicted their immortality, but declared: "I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me." That he was able to preserve an impenetrable masquerade is one of the marvels of literature and history. Even his printer, Mr. Woodfall, did not know for a certainty his identity. Efforts to solve the mystery began with the publication of the first letter, and have continued intermittently ever since. They have been attributed to Samuel Dyer, Burke, Boyd, Dunning, the Duke of Portland, Lord George Sackville, Earl Temple, W. G. (Single Speech) Hamilton, Col. Barre, Wilkes, Horne Tooke, Thos. Lyttleton, and Sir Philip Francis. To the latter they are, perhaps, most generally credited.

Charles Sangster.

Chas. Sangster, who was born at Kingston, Ont., in 1882, and died at Ottawa in 1893, ranks among the widely-known and representative Canadian poets. He was the author of "The St. Lawrence, The Saguenay, and Other Poems," published in



Charles Sangster.

1856, and of "Hesperus, and Other Poems and Lyrics," in 1860. His lines to England and America begin as follows:

"Greatest twain among the nations,
Bound alike by kindred ties—
Ties that never should be sundered
While your banners grace the skies—
But united stand and labor,
Side by side and hand in hand,
Battling with the sword of freedom
For the peace of every land."

The Real Squeers.

I recently read in a newspaper an account of the death of the man who furnished Dickens with the character of Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboy's Hall. He was described as a mild, scholarly man, but I happen to know that Dickens did not exaggerate.

I was a very small boy when Nicholas Nickleby was being issued for the first time, in monthly parts. In fact, I was at that time a scholar at a large school in Yorkshire, situated within a mile or so of the veritable Dotheboy's Hall. The boys of the two schools went to the same church together. The real name of Squeers was Sowerby, and the statements made by Dickens were pretty near the truth, as we boys knew who were in such close contact with the Squeers boys once a week.

We were known as "Simpson's lads," they as "Sowerby's boys." Observing as we did the starved condition of the other boys, we used to pocket "hunks" of suet pudding and "chunks" of good bread and take them to church to pass to our hungry neighbors as we marched upstairs beside them.

The great treat of their lives came to the Sowerby boys on Sundays, when they were given half a salt herring and a boiled potato for dinner. If Dickens had seen the poor scarecrows dressed for church he would have done better with his description of the use of the wardrobes required by the prospectus.

A part of the farm belonging to our school adjoined Sowerby's place at a small "nut gill," or little ravine with a stream running through it, which divided the properties. Hazel-nut bushes lined both sides of the gill, and there Simpson's lads were allowed to gather all the nuts they could find and save them for winter use. At nut-gathering time Sowerby would patrol his side of the gill, having a heavy dog-whip in his hand, and accompanied by a half-starved bulldog, which he would try to set on the lads. The dog was acquainted with us because we carried food to him, and when ordered to "sick'um" he would chase across, wagging his tail in expectation of "grub." As we always went in squads of ten or twenty, we had no fear of Sowerby.

The picture of Dotheboy's Hall drawn by Dickens ruined the business of all the Yorkshire schools, and on my return home I was asked if I were not glad to leave the beautiful place in which I had spent four happy years. But from my actual knowledge of the creature who supplied the character of Squeers, the idea of his being a "mild, scholarly gentleman" is too great a libel on the fair name of Dickens to be allowed to pass uncontradicted.—[John Dalziel in the Argus.

Shakespeare's Town.

By Anna L. Jack.

The famous Mecca for Shakespearean pilgrims is somewhat disappointing to admirers of the great dramatist, for it is given over to a money-making crowd, and Stratford-on-Avon is not the sleepy, old-fashioned village of our dreams.

It seemed a strange travesty as we passed over the threshold of the Shakespeare Hotel, to be shown into a room that held over the door the word "Macbeth" in large, imposing letters. Looking down the corridor we noticed each bedroom named, and with a touch of sentiment that was half superstition, wondered why some more fortunate person was to have "A midsummer night's dream," while we were given over to tragedy.

In the town, as it is now called, all is stir and bustle when the crowd of sight-seeing Americans invade the place. Into the old house—and the old church, when often a crowd await their turn in line, as if at a ticket-office, and indeed there are tickets, for shillings and sixpences seem to go as if by magic out of one's fingers, and in return we receive a yellow slip, and afterwards a blue one on payment of another shilling. It is the same as Anne Hathaway's Cottage—guarded by the money-making

exhibitors—but well worth the amount paid. The church is a fine old building, and the approach to it under two rows of arching lime trees, is very beautiful. Many memorial windows give a wonderful light in the sunshine—the prisms of color truly gorgeous. In the churchyard the stern stanza guards his "bones," and the noise of a tiny cascade is heard mingling with a breeze among the trees. Such is the end of human greatness, we say, and a little of this eulogy while he lived would have been of more value than the homage paid to a dead lion.

It was pleasant, after the throng had passed by, to sit in the chimney corner of Anne Hathaway's Cottage, and look up its yawning gap to see the blue sky and swallows passing in and out, to and from their nests. Here we could dream of that wonderful brain, its visions and marvellous insight into nature, and again the thought comes that he did not in his life enjoy the result of his great labor, or receive the recompense for what he has been to posterity. But dreaming ceases as the caretaker rattles the keys, and we seek the Shakespeare "bus," while the air is redolent with the fragrance of lavender and roses, and we depart with a consciousness of an empty pocket-book, but a memory well stored with the relics of a departed glory and of a town that lives on dress parade.

Wife of His Youth.

The dedication of "Ben Hur" got General Lew Wallace into trouble. When he was writing the book he told his wife that he expected to dedicate it to her, and that she must furnish the dedication. She wrote the following, which appears in the first edition of the work: "To the wife of my youth."

The book leaped into public favor at once. The usual penalties of greatness followed. General Lew Wallace began to get hundreds of letters from people who had read the book. Among them were scores from women who supposed that the dedication meant that "the wife of his youth" was dead.

They sympathized with him in the fact that Mrs. Wallace was not alive to share his fame, and more than one of them hinted that she could be induced to help him to overlook his loss. These letters annoyed General Wallace. When it came time to prepare a second edition he thought of how he could put a stop to the matrimonial offers.

"You got me into this muddle," he told Mrs. Wallace. "You must get me out."

She was willing, and after some thought suggested the addition of a few words to the original dedication, and in all future editions it appears as follows: "To the wife of my youth, who still abides with me."

So it is that lovers of rare books have added this odd first edition to their collection. The book went into many editions after the first, and it is seldom that one of the first is found. If it has the dedication as first printed above, the collector may be sure that it is a first edition. Alexander Hill, of Cincinnati, has one of the first editions with a fly-leaf of a later edition bound in, showing the two styles of dedication.