

laetam festo ritu celebrare constituimus, atque Universitates orbis terrarum nobilissimas in partem gaudii nostri vocare. Idcirco vos, quos longis maris et viarum spatiis divisos vinculum tamen studiorum communium nobis arcte adnectit, pro humanitate vestra impense rogamus ut aliquem doctum virum ex vestro illustri coetu adlegatis, quem hospitio libenter accipiamus per dies festos quos indiximus in quintum usque ad octavum Julii, MDCCCXCII: oramusque ut certiores nos faciatis quem adlegaveritis.

Dabamus Dublini, die 7mo Novembris, MDCCCXCI.

Scribendo adfuerunt,

RosSE,

Cancellarius Universitatis Dublinensis.

GEORGIUS SALMON,

Praepositus Collegii, SS. Trinitatis Dublinensis

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CANADIAN AND AMERICAN.

Whether there is room on this continent for two English-speaking nations or for one, is the great question. Certainly if there is to be a Canadian nation, there must be a Canadian literature, art, life, type of thought, as well as a distinct political constitution. So far, French Canadian literature is both more abundant, more distinctive and more excellent than that which English Canada has produced, though we in Ontario may be little acquainted with even the names of Quebec poets, historians and litterateurs. One great reason why the work that English-speaking Canadians do is overlooked is the fact that Brother Jonathan takes care to dub it American whenever it attains a high standard of excellence. Just as Hanlan was always called an American as long as he was the first oarsman in the world, but at once became Canadian when the Australians vanquished him, so Sarah Jeannette Duncan and other writers are invariably styled Americans. The author of "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London" is of course Canadian by birth, education and literary training, with the exception of that which she received while a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Post*.

Another reason is to be found in the fact that—since the demise of the *Canadian Monthly* we have no good magazine. The news that the *Dominion Illustrated* is to be changed into a monthly magazine something like the *Cosmopolitan* in make up, but confined almost

exclusively to Canadian writers and topics, will therefore be welcomed by all our literary aspirants. Articles accepted will be paid for instead of begged for, as is the way with the feeble weeklies and monthlies of various kinds that we now have. In this connection a tribute should be paid to *Canada*, a monthly journal of religion, patriotism, science and literature, the success of which is entirely due to the self-sacrificing spirit of its editor, Matthew Ritchie Knight, of Benton, N.B. All who intend to be Canadians, as distinct from Americans, should take one or other of these monthlies.

LITERATURE.

IT is a melancholy but indisputable fact that the part of a College Journal which is least read is that pertaining to Literature. In *College Magazines*, of course, the case is different, but in Journals the order of interest seems to be: De Nobis and College News, Correspondence, Editorials, and lastly, Literature. In order to try and partially put a stop to this, we are going to make a change in our Literary Department. The Poetry will remain as before, but the long essays will, for the most part, give place to short notes on such literary topics as may from time to time arise.

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Within the last two years we have had quite a revival of the historical novel—a branch of English Literature which had seemed as hopelessly dead as the Drama. The best which has yet appeared is "The White Company," by Conan Doyle, who headed the revival two years ago with "Micah Clarke." As compared with those of the previous generation, it is inferior to *Ivanhoe*, with which it somewhat too directly challenges comparison, but equal to the *Talisman* and much ahead of anything of James Grant, Harrison Ainsworth, and the rest of the school which Scott's success produced. The description of the tournament on the banks of the Garonne falls decidedly behind that at Ashby de la Zouche, but that of the fight between the yellow cog and the pirate galleys, of how Du Guesclin, Sir Nigel, and the two bowmen held the Castle of Villegranche against the brushmen, above all, of the last