

wool, as the vegetarian is to vegetables . . . lets his hair grow long, and performs as few ablutions as possible lest he should catch cold; "the Prussian woman who steps along erect, stiff,—her eye-glass at her eye,—like a corporal in a woman's dress," and whose "pale eyes have the cold brightness of two steel buttons on a uniform;" the "little American girls of eighteen who make the tour of Europe and of Switzerland in parties of two;" American ladies with porcelain complexions, unprovoking and disconcerting *deshabilles*,—these and many others to be seen on the quays and at the railway stations and hotels are presented to the reader. We have space for only one piece of description, not of a glacier nor of the view from the Piz Languard or from the summit of the Eggischorn, but of the snow in the high valleys of the Engadine. "It is here that snow is truly beautiful! It shines in the sun with dazzling whiteness; it sparkles with a thousand fires like diamond dust; it shows gleams like the plumage of a white dove; and it is as firm under the foot as a marble pavement. It is so fine-grained, so compact, that it behaves like dust to every crevice and bend, to every projecting edge and point, and follows every outline of the mountain, the form of which it leaves as clearly defined as if it were a covering of thin gauze. It sports in the most charming decorations, carves alabaster facings and cornices on the cliffs, wreathes them in delicate lace, covers them with vast canopies of white satin, spangled with stars and fringed with silver. And yet this dry, hard snow is extremely susceptible to the slightest shock, and may be set in motion by a very trifling disturbance of the air. The flight of a bird, the cracking of a whip, a tinkling of bells, even the conversation of persons going along, sometimes suffices to shake and loosen it from the vertical face of the cliffs to which it is clinging; and it runs down like grains of sand, growing as it falls, by drawing down with it other beds of snow. It is like a torrent, a snowy waterfall, bursting out suddenly from the side of the mountain; it rushes down with a terrible noise, swollen with the snows that it carries down in its furious course; it breaks against the rocks, divides and joins again like an overflowing stream, and with a wild tempest blast resumes its desolating course, filling the echoes with the deafening thunder of battle. You think for a moment that a storm has begun; but, looking at the sky, you see it serenely blue, smiling, cloudless. The rush becomes more and more violent; it comes nearer; the ground trembles; the trees bend and break with a sharp crack; enormous stones and blocks of ice are carried away like gravel; and the mighty avalanche, with a crash like a train running off the rails over a precipice, drops to the foot of the mountain, destroying, crushing down everything before it, and covering the ground with a bed of snow from thirty to fifty feet deep."

THE *Fortnightly Review*, for January, issued in this country in the original English form by the Leonard Scott Publication Company, has its usual brilliant quota of articles on subjects of living interest. The number opens with a sequence of sonnets, seven in number, on the death of Robert Browning, by Mr. Swinburne. Professor John Tyndall, long a close friend of the philosopher, contributes some "Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle," that are full of the greatest interest. The Bishop of Peterborough has a noteworthy article on Socialism and Individualism, entitled "The State and the Sermon on the Mount." This paper has attracted wide attention in England where it has been the literary sensation of the month, and it will doubtless be as much discussed here. Professor Edward Dowden writes a notice of the Marquis de Marsay, a French Protestant pietist of the eighteenth century, and gives a singular picture of a religious life. Mary Jeune has a thoughtful and suggestive paper on the "Homes of the Poor." Grant Allen brings together many curious facts in an eminently readable article on "Sacred Stones." A. Hulme-Beaman tells of a visit to Montenegro in an article picturesquely called "The Black Mountain." The first complete and authentic account of "Portugal's Aggressions in Africa," and a calm statement of the duty of England is given in this number of the *Review*, and will be found of great practical value in obtaining a clear understanding of this now important question. A map adds to the value of the paper. "The Cretan Insurrection of 1889," and "A Retrospect on Stanley's Expedition," bring the issue to a conclusion.

THE *Nineteenth Century*, issued in this country in the original English form by the Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York, begins the new year with a brilliant number for January, containing a dozen important papers by as many of the greatest of English writers. Professor Huxley opens the number with a paper on the "Natural Inequality of Men," which is destined to provoke quite as much discussion as his famous paper on "Agnosticism" last year. The present article treats more particularly of the views of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Dr. Bamberger, a member of the German Reichstag, writes on "The German Daily Press," a subject that shows many striking differences from American ideas. Mr. Gladstone, who writes regularly for this review each month, has a paper on "The Ministry of Lord Melbourne," which not only derives interest from the importance of the epoch it covers, but as being the criticism of one Prime Minister by another. Two bright and readable papers on women are contributed by the Countess of Jersey and the Countess Cowper, the former writing on "Ourselves and Our Foremothers," and the latter on "The Decline of Reserve Among Women." Robert Hunter contributes a paper on the "Future of

City Charities," a subject which while viewed from the English standpoint, is one that before long will be of great interest to Canadians. Marcus B. Huish reviews the work of "Ten Years of British Art." An important paper on "Absolute Political Ethics" is contributed by Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose views will doubtless excite much discussion. A paper on "The Ascertainment of English," by Dr. Charles Mackay, has a special interest owing to the recent death of the author. Other papers in the number include "The Actual and Political Ireland," by T. W. Russell, M.P.; "The Government and the Tithes," by Earl Grey, and an important discussion of the "Dangers of Electric Lighting," by Chas. W. Vincent.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY have just published "The Catholic Man," a novel by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, and "Stories of New France," episodes of Canadian history written up by Miss A. M. Machar and Thomas G. Marquis.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have in press for early publication library editions of three popular novels, which they have already published in cheap form, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," by William Dean Howells; "Kit and Kitty," by R. D. Blackmore; and "Prince Fortunatus," by William Black, (illustrated).

W. CLARK RUSSELL, "the novelist of the sea," lately said to an interviewer that his friends sometimes "try and tempt me ashore. 'No,' I say; 'I am web-footed, and I shall stick to the sea.'" The popularity of his new stories, "Marooned" and "An Ocean Tragedy," show that the public approves his resolution.

News has been received from Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, dated Equator Town, Apamama, in the second week of October. He and his family had been staying for several weeks on that little-visited island of the Gilbert group, awaiting the chance of a passage to Sydney, where they hoped to arrive about the new year.

As an introduction to the more extended volumes of Parkman, the "Stories of New France," prepared by Miss A. M. Machar and Thomas G. Marquis, will come as a really necessary volume. It gives the real romance of Canadian history, including the true story of that brave Frenchman whom Mrs. Catherwood has glorified in her "Romance of Dollard."

HELENA MODJESKA has written an entertaining paper for the February *Arena*, in which she gives, in her own charming manner, reminiscences of *debut*s in her early dramatic career. Madame Modjeska is as interesting in her literary work as she is accomplished in the dramatic art. A full-page photograph, made from a recent photograph by Sarony, taken in costume, accompanies this paper.

THE recent discovery of twenty skeletons of Lake Dwellers, in tombs at Auvernier, on the lake of Neuchâtel, draws attention to the announcement that S. H. M. Byers, former United States Consul at Zürich, contributes to *Harper's Magazine* for February an illustrated article on "The Lake Dwellers." Mr. Byers has had special opportunities to study the remains of these people, "whose towns were old a thousand years before gray, old, excavated Pompeii was ever thought of."

THE first volume of "A History of the Four Georges," by Justin McCarthy, M.P., published in 1884, was favourably received, as showing that the author intended to extend backward his popular work, "A History of Our Own Times." Messrs. Harper and Brothers have now in press, for early publication, the second volume of the work. The first dealt with the reign of George I. and the accession of George II. The new volume covers the important period from Walpole to Pitt, and closes with the death of George II.

DR. WESTLAND MARSTON, whose death was reported in London on the 8th inst., was one of the most prolific of playwrights, and one of the most successful. He was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, on January 30, 1819, and in youth was articled to his uncle, a London solicitor. He soon abandoned the law for literature, and in 1841 published "The Patrician's Daughter," a five-act tragedy. This was followed by "The Heart and the World," "Strathmore," "Ann Blake," "Philip of France," "A Life's Ransom," "Borough Politics," "A Hard Struggle," and later by "Pure Gold," "A Wife's Portrait," "Donna Diana," and "The Favourite of Fortune." "A Hero of Romance," from the French of Feuillet, produced in 1867 at the Haymarket, with E. A. Sothorn as the hero, drew crowded houses for a whole season. The piece has always been popular.

WILLIAM GILBERT, father of William S. Gilbert, the author of "Bab Ballads" and "Pinafore," died at Salisbury, Eng., on January 2, at an advanced age. In his youth he lived in Italy. He wrote a book rehabilitating the character of Lucrezia Borgia, and produced also a volume of poems on Italian subjects and a tragedy on the theme of "Norma." In 1858 he published "Dives and Lazarus," and later "Margaret Meadows: A Tale for the Pharisees," on which Tom Taylor founded the play of "Mary Werner," in which Kate Bateman acted in England and America. Other books written by Mr. Gilbert were "Dr. Austin's Guests" and "Shirley Hall Asylum." Says the London *Daily News*: "Apart from its realistic side, there was a fantastic element in Mr. Gilbert's talent which his son, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, may be said to have inherited, with new developments."

It is with no little pleasure that Messrs. Cassell and Company announce that they have secured the publication of the memorial volume to the late Henry W. Grady, whose untimely death is mourned alike in the South and in the North. The book, which will be ready for publication within a few weeks, has been compiled by his co-workers on the *Atlanta Constitution*, and edited by Joel Chandler Harris. It will contain a complete life of Mr. Grady and such of his writings and speeches as best represent his remarkable gifts as writer and orator. Among the latter will be the speech that he delivered two years ago before the New England Society, in New York, and which at a bound made his name famous in every State in the Union, also the last of his public utterances, the equally memorable speech delivered only a few short weeks ago, before the Boston Merchants' Association.

MORE than 12,000 letters and manuscripts of John Ericsson, the great engineer, have been put in the hands of Colonel W. C. Church, to use in the preparation of his biography. The first of two articles on Ericsson, by Colonel Church, will appear in the February *Scribner's*, with some illustrations from rare sources, among them the reproduction of an engraving made by Ericsson at the age of eighteen. Of John Ericsson, Colonel Church says, in the February *Scribner's*: "As a child he was impatient of routine. When scarcely out of leading-strings he made himself the victim of family discipline by stubbornly insisting upon going around on all fours, in a manner peculiar to himself, and which nursery tradition could not tolerate. When it came to learning the alphabet, he understood at once that the characters shown him were symbols, and was soon discovered busied with a sharp stick, drawing in the sand of the lake beach bordering the little homestead signs which he proposed to adopt as a substitute for the Swedish alphabet."

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### PORTUGAL AND THE MAKOLOLO.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* for January, there is an article on "Portuguese Aggression in Africa." Speaking of the natives over whom Portugal now claims sovereignty, the writer says: "Let us recall the fact that these Makololos whom Serpa Pinto has been mowing down with his Gatling guns are the representatives of the faithful few who accompanied Livingstone in his first great journey across Africa—a journey which revealed to the Portuguese themselves the course of that Zambesi at whose mouth they have been seated for four centuries. The remnant of these Makololos, instead of returning to Linvanti, elected to settle on the Shiré, where they finally thought they would be under the aegis of Britain; and there they carved out for themselves a State, and took under their protection many native tribes who were unable to defend themselves from their enemies. The British flag, which they have recently accepted, is merely the outward and visible sign of an actual allegiance which has lasted for years. When the so-called historical argument adduced by Portugal as evidence of her claim over the greater part of Mashonaland and over Nyassaland is looked in the face, it must, in the mind of practical politicians and international jurists, be reduced to this—that no evidence exists of effective occupation by any Power but Lobengula of the lands claimed by the British South African Company on the one hand, nor of those in Nyassaland on the other, before the planting of the British flag, much less before the actual British occupation of the past twenty-five years. No documentary evidence in the shape of treaties can be produced; and what are the actual facts as to possession?" This may also be compared with what Captain Lugard says in his article in *Blackwood's* of the British settlement on the Shiré highlands: "There is only one Blantyre in Africa, and nothing like it anywhere else. Savage Africa lies all around; but passing up the long avenue of blue eucalypti we find ourselves in an oasis of civilization, the more striking and complete from the contrast. Well-built and neatly thatched houses of solid brick, enclosing a square beautifully kept in shrubs and flowers, all watered by a highly skilful system of irrigation channels (which bring the water from a distant brook), gave a British homely charm to the picture, and disarm surprise when we find well-stocked kitchen-gardens, carpenters' shops, brickmaking and laundry establishments all around us. The mission children are dressed in spotlessly clean clothes, and look bright and happy. . . . The Portuguese who, whatever they may have done in prehistoric periods of African exploration, were unable in modern times to penetrate to these parts—so great was the dislike to them and their ways by Mlauri and the lower river chiefs—have taken advantage of the peaceable relations established by the British, and of the prohibition to the import of arms, which allowed them to equip expeditions and prevent others importing an ounce of powder, and pushing their way up (about last January), have presented their inevitable flag to Mponda, and washed down the dose by the present of an express rifle and other goods—regardless of the fact that the gift of arms to natives and Arabs was contrary to the terms of their compact with the blockading Powers. So now they have a treaty and a piece of land in possession, and claim a right to the south of the lake—and recent news says that they are fortifying Mponda's. He is a noted slave, and with the Portuguese will come the introduction of spirits—hitherto rigorously prohibited by our missionaries and traders; and I fear lest the good results of years of patient work be lost."