

represents many a deed just as chivalrous which never becomes history at all. Farther back this blood-coloured streak extends till it gleams behind the levelled pikes of Cromwell's Ironsides. Even the brass eidolon of an elephant on the collar of a tunic conjurs up the land of the elephant and the tiger and all the fights with the tiger-like peoples of it, from Plassy to Lucknow. And the brothers of the men who battled there go up and down these streets ever ready, when duty calls them, to conquer another empire or save another despairing, leaguered city.

This city by the sea is full of strange sounds as well as picturesque sights. At midday a time-gun booms from the citadel hill; then everyone, regardless of place or occupation, on Sunday in the midst of his devotions even, pulls out his watch and compares it with the standard. Another gun sounds at half-past nine at night to warn the soldiers on leave that it is time to return to the barracks. These two guns mark off the day for most of the citizens. When the tall masts and squared yards of some cruiser sweep up the harbour, towering above the roofs, gun after gun from battery and fort bay their deep-mouthed welcome to the flag she carries. And when the white fog drifts in from the ocean and wraps earth and water in its misty veil the fog-horn at the harbour-mouth sounds at intervals, not unmusically, its note of warning to ships upon the sea. It is easily suggestive of the perils of deep waters to hear this strange, high note coming night and day upon the wind. You cannot help thinking of wrecks and of one great vessel cast away on the rocks just as all on board thought they were entering their desired haven. Often the cheery bugle-calls mingle merrily with the clatter of wheels and the other prosaic noises of our work-a-day world.

All this does not begin to exhaust the suggestiveness of this historical town. Nothing has been said of its old churches, the walls of which are covered with memorial tablets, its various buildings, its society, its beautiful gardens or its manners and customs. That must be the subject for closer study; the mere externals, such as those mentioned, force themselves upon the attention of the casual observer. ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

### A NATION WITHOUT A NAME.

THE assembling in the capital of the neighbouring republic of a congress of all the independent nations of America brings forcibly in sight the fact that one among them is a nation without a name. The nations that will respond upon the calling of the roll are: Argentino, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Costarica, Ecuador, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, and—another.

The official style of the other is: "The United States of America." This official style is not a name, but a formal phrase of address, corresponding to the official style of the British monarchy: "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." It first appeared in the Declaration of Independence. Thence it passed into the Articles of Confederation, the first section of which document was in these words, "The style of this confederacy shall be 'The United States of America.'" It was a style then as it is now, contrary to the fact. The confederacy was not a league of the states of America; but of a portion of them. It included none of the Spanish, the Portuguese, or the French colonies, nor all even of the English colonies of America. Nevertheless, the style of that political abortion was transferred to the subsequently incorporated political society, somewhat in the manner of a bequest of the sole remainder of a bankrupt political estate. Doubtless the transfer served, in that epoch, a motive of political convenience, as it gave to the national constitution a slight appearance of being a continuation of the "miserable rope of sand" which a great portion of the population of that day desired. It facilitated a political birth by leaving the offspring nameless.

Down to that time, the English in America had found no need of any other name than that of Englishmen. They had gone to war not to attain political independence, but seeking redress of grievances by means consistent with their loyalty to the English constitution. They had never ceased to assert their rights under that charter of English liberties. They were part of the English folk. That they had no wish to sunder this folk bond, history makes certain. At no time during the revolutionary contest, nor after it, did they apply to themselves any name in opposition to that of Englishmen. Their adversaries were not the English, a term that included themselves; but, "the British," a term used to distinguish the ruling aristocracy of Great Britain from all other Englishmen. Their enemy was "the present British king" (George III.) whom they formally accused "for abolishing the free system of English laws" in this land; not the English people who had shed their blood like water, through more than thirty generations, to perpetuate that free system of laws.

And yet, their political severance from the parent nation rendered essential a distinctive name of the "one people" that had "dissolved the political bands that connected them with another." The style of "United States" indicated a political corporation, but did not designate a people. *Unitedstatesians* would have been an awkward descriptive absurdity. The name "American" was not available, not being limitable to any particular part of America. The Spanish of Mexico, Peru, Chili, the Portuguese of Brazil, the French of Louisiana and the English of Canada, had a title to that name of equal validity with

that of the English of the United States. English by blood, by language, by historic heritage, the latter stood nameless before the world, which, for convenience, called them Yankees, Jonathans, and other nicknames.

Coming to realize the inconvenience of being a nation without a name, there appeared among them at the beginning of this century, an inclination to adopt one. A number of names were informally proposed, among them Appalachia and Alleghania. Instead of Yankees, the proponents preferred to be called Appalachians or Alleghanians. But the most fanciful of all these baptismal projects was brought forward in the year 1804 by one Samuel Latham Mitchill. That ingenious gentleman emitted, on the twenty-eighth recurrence of "Independence Day," a political address "to the *Fredes*, or people of the United States," in which was this passage: "The modern and appropriate name of the people of the United States is *Fredes* or *Fredonians*, as the geographical name is *Fredon* or *Fredonia*, and their relations are expressed by the term *Fredonian* or *Fredish*." The proposition elicited a great deal of discussion, gained a few hot advocates and called forth many heartless critics that ridiculed the absurd coinage of *Fredonia* without mercy. Excepting a map of the country with that name on it (of which there may be an example in the archives of the New York Historical Society) and the sleeping old village of *Fredonia*, in the county of Chautauqua, nothing came of it. The world went on calling them Yankees. And this name is, as I shall make manifest, the best and properest of all that ever have been suggested or applied to this people.

On the other hand, the name American, now the common appellation of all the peoples of these continents, is the worst possible national name for any one of them; because, in the first place, it can not be limited to any one of them, and in the next place it can not be made the vehicle of a definite and certain meaning.

What is its signification? For some purposes, it means the aboriginal and only real American races; for others, it mean a certain portion of the English folk of North America; for others it means the Spanish folk of South America and Central America; while in a more comprehensive and comprehensible sense, it is the name of these continents and peoples in their totality. Much depends on the place of its employment. In all the so-called Latin countries, it denotes that portion of the Spanish people which dominates two-thirds of the western hemisphere. In English countries, it denotes the particular portion of the English people composing this republic. The English people of Canada, it appears, have the misfortune to be excluded from America by a strange effect of this name.

We frequently see in print such phrases as "American institutions," "American politics," "American policy." If Mr. Blaine, in a discourse to the Pan-American Congress, should employ these terms, the American gentleman from beyond the isthmus might inquire (mentally, of course) concerning the particular institutions, politics and policy of America to which the honourable chairman of the Congress intended to allude. There are important differences between the institutions, politics and policies of Brazil, Argentino, Chili, Peru, Colombia, and Venezuela, for instance; while between the politics and policies of the southern nations and of this northern nation, there hardly appears a single point of agreement. Yet all, if any, are American.

We read, also, of "American zoology," "American geology," "American botany;" but here, no confusion arises, because all the world knows that these terms relate to America "at large." And "American languages" is a form of speech that distinctly excludes the language of every independent modern nation between Behring's Strait and Tierra del Fuego, being everywhere understood as meaning the indigenous languages. On the contrary, "American literature" means, in one country, so much of English literature as pertains locally to this republic, and, in another country, so much of Spanish literature as pertains locally to the other republics. Thus, "American literature," wherever found, is a literature unknown to any American language!

But in fact, literature is a matter of language, not of longitude—of the character and culture of great human families, not of geographical or political divisions. Prescott, Motley, Emerson, Longfellow are English writers, writing in the English language—their own language no less than the language of Shakespeare, Hume, Macaulay, Tennyson. English literature is literature of the English language and the English folk, in whatever land they dwell. Spanish literature is literature of the Spanish language and the Spanish folk, whether their habitat be the Iberian peninsula, the American continent, or the ocean-girt Antillas and Filipinas. Denial of these propositions would import to us deprivation of our English folk-right in Shakespeare—nay, would mean loss of our priceless heritage of English history, law and constitutional liberty. But they are undeniable. All English literature is our literature, and all our literature is English.

This division of the term American against itself, this confusion and uncertainty of its meaning in any but the widest application, make its use as a name of anything less than the continental whole perfectly absurd. In a geographical relation, it looks like an attempt of a proprietor to steal the common property of all. In relation to literature, it looks like a feeble effort to make a thing that which it is not by giving to it a different name. For all national and international relations, it is destitute of any sense whatever.

The absurdity results from the fact that this independent and powerful nation, at the age of a century, has not yet got a name, like England, or France, or Mexico, or even Canada, distinctively its own. It is a sovereign power "of America;" but there are fifteen other sovereign powers also "of America." It is the—or, rather, it is one of the "United States of America," there being three or four other republics of the same style within the bounds of the Americas, as, e. g., the "Mexican United States," "The United States of Columbia" and "The United States of Venezuela." Each of these Spanish United States is of America as truly as is this English United States; but each has been more fortunate than this nameless nation in receiving in political baptism a name entirely its own.

I have said that of all the "apodo" names that have been applied to us as a people, on account of our lack of a real national name, the name Yankees is the best. It is the best because it is the only one that contains the truth. Its signification is: English—neither less nor more. The British form of the word is, English; the Saxon English; the Swedish, Engelsk; the Latin, Angli or Anglici; the French, Anglais; the Italian, Inglese; the Spanish, Yngles, and the American, Yankees or Yenghes. I mean, of course, one of the American forms—that one which it received from the Americans in Massachusetts, whose language lacked the sounds of *l* and *sh*. In other American languages, the form might have been different, though lack of certain sounds that are contained in our language is common to all of them. In the Nahuatl (the most nearly perfect of all the American languages) the *l* sound is expressed and the *sh* is approximated by a soft *x* but the *g* is absent; so that the name English would have been something like Ynklix in that polished American tongue, instead of Yankees.

That this word originated in the defective native pronunciation of the name English is a fact no longer open for controversy. The only question is whether it was the name in its English or its French form that the Americans (who were in contact with the Canadian French as well as the Massachusetts English) tried to express. But this doubt is of no consequence, for Anglais and English are the same name, of which Yankees is only a third form.

The common law, literature, language and people of this country are English. Therefore, they are Yankees. If they don't like this American orthography and pronunciation of their true folk-name, I have shown that they have liberty to choose among ten other ways of spelling it—two American, two Latin and six European. The two other American forms are Yenghes and Ynklix; but there are yet more. An American language called the Guaricuri lacks the sounds of *g*, *l*, *x*, *z*, and *s*, the nearest to any of the last three being something like *tsh*, while the Chinook American is said to contain no labial nor lingual sound whatever. English, in the former, might look like Yank-reetsh; but the Chinook form is excused.

For my part, I would not recommend any of the American forms of the name. It seems to me that any of the European forms would be preferable. The best of all is plain *English*; but as many of us Yenghes harbour an absurd prejudice against that way of spelling our true folk name, it might be well to choose the Latin way. This choice would be defensible on the ground that our language, though English, is composed chiefly of words derived from the Latin. The language that has given us most of our speech might appropriately contribute the orthography of our much needed national name. As a people, we then should be known as Angli or Anglici, or (slightly anglicised) Anglians or Anglicans, while the geographical name of our country would be Anglia, and the term expressing our relations, Anglian or Anglican. Already, in other countries of these continents, we are styled Anglo-Americans to distinguish us from the other styles of Americans; but that compound appellation is inelegant, awkward and undesirable. Either Yankees or Yenghes is better, and Anglians or Anglicans would be better still.

I offer these thoughts merely as suggestions. As an independent power, we stand among the nations in the very inconvenient and somewhat ridiculous situation of a people without a name. It is not very important what our national name may be, so we get one that is not distributed all over the hemisphere.—*Andre Matteson in The Law.*

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### SEPARATE SCHOOLS AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I was surprised at the editorial remarks on the Manitoba school question in your edition of December 6th. It would appear that you have accepted the inevitable, and admit, that as far as the law is concerned, the opponents of Separate Schools are in the wrong. I do not agree with you on that; there have been no arguments advanced by the advocates of Separate Schools, except those based on the statute; but if such were the case, it might well be asked if there is any necessity for argument in support of Separate Schools.

Catholics take the ground that it is impossible to provide a system of Public Schools which will be acceptable to all denominations, and, being guaranteed their schools by the Manitoba Act, they see no reason for wasting time in argument, until there is something advanced on the opposite side which needs to be answered.

The opponents of Separate Schools made the statutory argument do duty so long, that we thought it necessary