

DAPHNIS.

WHEN Daphnis comes adown the purple steep
From out the rolling mists that wrap the dawn,
Leaving aloft his crag-encradled sheep,
Leaving the snares that vex the dappled fawn,
He gives the signal for the flight of sleep,
And hurls a windy blast from hunter's horn
At rose-hung lattices, whence maidens peep
To glimpse the young glad herald of the morn.
Then haply one will rise and bid him take
A brimming draught of new-drawn milk a-foam ;
But fleet his feet and fain ; he will not break
His patient fast at any place but home,
Where his fond mother waits him with a cake
And lucent honey dripping from the comb.

E. C. LEFROY.—*Echoes of Theocritus.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

BRITISH IMMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

DEAR SIR,—A few days ago the Toronto *Evening Telegram* published the emigration statistics of Great Britain for the month of May last. The figures were : English, 8607 to the United States, and 2592, less than one-fourth of the total, to Canada ; Scotch, 1903 to the United States, and 656, rather more than one-fourth of the whole, to Canada. Upon the strength of these figures, doubtless accurate, and almost identical with the figures for May, 1885, the *Telegram* undertakes to doubt the loyalty of the British people. "English and Scotch immigrants," it says, "might naturally be expected to follow the flag, yet the larger proportion of them go to the American Republic—they prefer the Stars and Stripes to the Union Jack." The *Telegram* remarks that these facts are not very encouraging to Canadians, and asks why the tide of emigration should not be turned this way. No ; the facts are the reverse of encouraging to all Canadians who wish to see the Dominion prosper, but they appear to be the necessary outcome of the policy of certain Canadian journals, which journals are now very generally and very frequently complaining of the evil they have created. There are few days during the year that there may not be remarked in some one or more of the city papers a covert sneer or a direct insult applied either to Britons collectively or to some individual Briton. The acme of Canadian humour, judging from the alleged representative in this city of that commodity, appears to be to paint the educated Englishman as carefully misplacing his h's, and to ridicule generally his accent, manner and dress. Naturally, the Englishman does not regard this as intensely humorous, although he may fairly lay claim to be not slower-witted or less perceptive of things humorous than his Canadian fellow-subject.

On the same evening that the figures and remarks above alluded to were printed in the *Telegram*, there appeared in the local columns of another evening paper an attack on Sir Geo. Errington, who, during a trip through the country, spent a day or two in Toronto—an attack so stupidly scurrilous and insulting that it may without hesitation be pronounced thoroughly disgraceful ; and the attack was made on no other ground than that the gentleman was well-dressed, spoke polite English with an English accent, and declined being bored by a reporter.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. The English accent, the English dress, English manners, English customs and English people are almost daily held up to ridicule by every puny scribbler that has access to the columns of a newspaper. Meantime the scribblers' countrymen read English books, sing English songs, listen to English operas, gaze at English plays, borrow English money, beg English subsidies, use the English flag, and seek English protection when they involve themselves in a fishery quarrel. This anti-British feeling is happily prevalent only among a small section of the Canadian people ; but that small section appears to dominate the larger portion of the Canadian press ; and with so assiduous a cultivation of the feeling on the part of these journals, it may naturally be expected to grow more and more general.

This is one reason why the stay of so many of the great number of British people who come to Canada is but temporary. Englishmen and Scotchmen come to Canada intending to settle under the old flag. Canadian newspapers sneer at them, ridicule them, and tell them there are already too many people in the country. Then they go across the line. There they expect no sympathy, and if their country and their countrymen come in now and then for a bit of abuse, why, so do all other countries and peoples in due course. There they are welcomed with a heartiness that almost compensates them for the loss of the old flag. Many an Englishman and Scotchman exiles himself from the dominion of the British flag rather than continually hear that flag reviled and sneered at. It is a small matter, and the philosophic Briton would treat it with indifference, for philosophy and patriotism do not go hand in hand ; but Britons are patriotic and not philosophic, and act accordingly.

Let Canadian newspapers exhibit less narrow-mindedness in speaking of their English and Scotch fellow-subjects, and they will get a larger proportion of the thousands that annually leave the shores of the old country and form such desirable and welcome settlers in the United States.

A BRITON.

TO THE BOBOLINK.

PLUMED troubadour, from sunny south,
With voice returned, and tropic-clad,
Returning to thy northern home
Thou comest with the springtime glad.
Thy joyous lay, now carolled sweet
As silver bell or golden lyre,
Proclaims thy sojourn brief begun.
Thou warbler best of Nature's choir,
Where dwelledst thou when fierce winds—keened
By breath of Boreas—blew so cold
That tree and shrub hibernal slept,
While earth had half her circuit rolled ?
Didst southward wing thy pilgrimage
Through orange groves to Mexique Bay ?
There trill thy love's aerial song
In vibrant glories all the day ?
Or did thy pinions waft thee o'er
The foam to that isle-spangled sea
Where Cuban rice-fields thee allured
To festal joys, a roamer free ?
Where restedst thou in far-off clime,
Encamped within thy grassy tent,
While we who now thy welcome sing
In frost-bound land were pris'ners pent ?
Did friends thee greet more joyful where
Such fadeless verdure, fruit, and flower
Combine to make an Eden bloom
Around thy fragrant foreign bower ?
Thy spring-song's swelling raptures thrill
As flutt'ring wing besprays the dew ;
Enfranchised Nature thee salutes—
All hail, blithe pilgrim ! come anew.

—Peterboro'.

WM. BEATTIE.

TWO NIGHTS.

[Translated from the German of HACKLAENDER for THE WEEK.]

THE SECOND NIGHT—1848.*

THE peaceful waves of the Adda, undisturbed by busy steamboats and merchant vessels, the quiet home of myriads of fishes, flowing so clearly and calmly between its green banks—beheld a wonderful panorama unfold itself on the first of August, 1848.

It was at Formigara. The victorious hero and field-marshal Radetzky was awaiting the completion of a pontoon-bridge over which the first and second divisions of the army would pass in pursuit of the flying column of the enemy, everywhere retreating before the victorious hosts of the Austrians. Hardly did the Piedmontese general gain a position, hardly did they open their strong batteries on the enemy, than confusion grew to frenzy in the Italian ranks. Troops, once the bravest of the brave, turned at the approach of the white columns and fled before the talons of the eagle that ruthlessly pursued them ; the cavalry abandoned their position, the artillery rattled away, long lines of infantry broke in dire dismay, and in many single companies the men actually threw themselves prone upon the ground and refused to obey the voice of their commanding officers, if it bade them turn and face the foe.

No greater or livelier picture of military movements could be more vividly painted than this one on a background of gently sloping riverbanks. Everywhere there moved a restless host arrayed in the most varied uniforms and accoutrements, and the sun, as it occasionally burst through the torn clouds, shone on the countless arms, the bayonets, and the gold and silver lace of the uniforms ; everywhere reigned the inspiring *pêle-mêle* of war.

The artillery men stood beside their gun-carriages ; hussars, dragoons, and uhlans held their horses by the bridles, and great masses of infantry lay at ease on the white sand, their knapsacks on the ground beside them and their arms stacked.

In the meantime the engineers were drawing long planks and chains down to the river, and aides from each army corps pushed their way through the merry throng carrying orders to the pontoons who were working with all possible despatch. With marvellous rapidity the pontoons were dismounted, pushed into the water, anchored and chained. The bridge grew momentarily under one's eyes and stretched itself ever farther across the stream ; each fresh addition was greeted with loud huzzas caught up by the soldiers beyond and joyfully echoed on all sides.

The source of all this activity and the reason for the extreme exertions of the pontoons became apparent when one followed the gaze of many of the unemployed soldiers—less interested in the operations on the banks of the Adda than in watching the summit of a hill overlooking the river. From this point came the aides with their commands to those on the shore, and to this centre were sent the reports of the engineer officers below. The officers on the hill, chiefly mounted, formed a huge half-circle around a small man in the grey uniform of a field-marshal, his right hand resting on his hips while the other held his sword and helmet. The little man, who had dismounted from his horse, followed with absorbed gaze the movements beneath him and on the shore, one moment turning to speak to an officer, the next waving his hand encouragingly to the soldiers, who responded with prolonged *evvivas* and huzzas. The little man with the

* NOTE.—The First Night should have read 1844, instead of 1884, as printed.