

the champions of protection to home manufactures. They sought separation from England and union with the United States as a means of giving this country a full share in the trade and progress of our continent, whilst strengthening England's hands by freeing her from the burden and danger of having to defend a distant, sparsely settled colony with a frontier stretching for thousands of miles along the borders of a very powerful and ambitious, though kindred, nation to whose demands Britain has, in her anxiety for Canada's safety, yielded much, as in the case of the Ashburton and Washington treaties and the settlement of the Alabama claim. Among other sound reasons given for desiring union with the United States, such as the abolition of the customs' line and rapidly enhanced real estate, is the following: "In place of war and the alarms of war with a neighbour, there would be peace and amity between this country and the United States. Disagreement between the United States and her chief, if not only, rival among nations would not make the soil of Canada the sanguinary arena for their disputes, as under our existing relations must necessarily be the case. That such is the inevitable condition of our state of dependence upon Great Britain is known to the whole world, and how far it may conduce to keep prudent capitalists from making investments in the country, or wealthy settlers from selecting a foreshadowed battle-field for the home of themselves and their children, it needs no reasoning on our part to elucidate."

In view of Canada's prospects, blighted by mis-government, and of the Mother Country's prospects, menaced as she is by war and troubles in Ireland, Africa, Asia, and elsewhere, whilst she is tied down to the protection of this colony, the arguments adduced in favour of peaceful separation are more applicable now than ever. Congress contains many who are friendly to England and to the idea of a grand Anglo-Saxon union, whose ranks would be materially strengthened by an addition of the members from Canada, who would, assuredly, carry with them sentiments of love and veneration for the old land. Great Britain, the United States, Canada and the glorious cause of peace and freedom would all gain immensely by Annexation. DEMOS.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—“Does any one think that Canada can obtain immigrants so long as she is a colony?” asks “A Canadian Nationalist” in a recent number of the *WEEK*. I may be allowed to answer that there are some, at all events, who do expect to see immigrants settle in Canada, notwithstanding our dependent position. People who settle in a new country, generally do so with the idea of cultivating the land, and living by what they can raise from it. If “C. N.” can prove that more grain could be grown to the acre under a Republican Government than under the present system, it would be well for him to publish the information. Perhaps he has discovered an objectionable quality in colonial soils which tends to diminish their fertility. It is probably owing to the pernicious influence of this “Copyright Act” that many people are otally ignorant of the injury that is inflicted upon us by the “English Shipping Laws.” Before “C. N.” published this interesting article, many Canadians believed that the English people understood the subject of shipping nearly as well as Americans, and that the British Mercantile Marine was greater than that of any other nation in existence. But there is another matter in regard to which we have been kept in ignorance. It appears that the Privy Council, which we have been accustomed to regard as an honest and impartial tribunal, has been habitually employed to “impoverish our people and cheat them out of their rights.” Some old-fashioned people who read this article might feel inclined to ask the writer to mention a few instances in which the Privy Council had given corrupt or unjust decisions. Having learned the nature of the evils which we endure from British tyranny and oppression, it is very satisfactory to read further on that our bondage is nearly at an end, and that our independence is to be accomplished as soon as convenient, after the demise of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Leonard Tilley. We can then enter upon a glorious career of prosperity and intellectual development, unrestrained by any fears of the Privy Council or the British Copyright Act. Canada will then take her place among the nations of the earth. We shall then be citizens of a great Republic, with a population and political importance about equal to that of Portugal or Sweden. Our position as compared with other nations might not perhaps be pleasing to our national vanity, for we might rank as a seventh-rate power, and not a very strong one at that. Moreover, we have a somewhat aggressive neighbour to the South of us, possessing more than ten times our strength; who would not hesitate to gobble us up if it suited his convenience. But what signifies so small a matter as a foreign invasion in comparison with the miseries which we now endure from that terrible Copyright Act. It is evident that British connection must go, and that Canada must become a Republic. It is true that our Republic will not be very large, either in wealth or in population, but those of us who delight in contemplating prospects of vast extent can direct our attention to the length of our boundary line, and the rascality of some of our politicians. J. P. M.

BENEATH THE OLD ELM AT THE VICARAGE GATE.

In a storm-shelter'd valley, the North Sea's refraining
Croons a lullaby soft to the bob-o-link's call,
And the wild piercing scream of the bittern's complaining
Is hush'd, for the shadows of eventide fall.
Oh! how peaceful the scene, when all Nature is sleeping,
(Save the Monarch of Night, and his horn-crested mate)
And men'rly alone, her fond vigil is keeping
Beneath the old elm at the Vicarage Gate.

There the ivy-clad walls, and each time-beaten gable,
Shelter'd lives where affection and peace were entwined,
And Virtue was loved, nor was Duty a fable,
Where the Graces of Home are forever enshrined.
There the woes of the sufferer found kindly redressing,
And the latch was ajar, even early and late,

Aye, and often was heard the poor wanderer's blessing
Beneath the old elm at the Vicarage Gate.

Ah! so exquisite, too, on the lawn heavy-laden
With the sighs of the hawthorn and sweet mignonette—
When the shy whisper'd “Yes,” from the lips of the maiden,
Seal'd a love that was pure and untinged with regret;
And the clasp of the hand, and the true lover's token;
Whilst the cloud-stricken moon would her splendour
As she veil'd from outsiders the vows, all unspoken, abate,
Beneath the old elm at the Vicarage Gate.

In that far away valley, fond memory lingers,
And dwells on the forms that are gone evermore,
But oft, in the gloaming, their shadowy fingers
Are beckoning on to Eternity's shore;
And Hope, from the past, an effulgency borrows,
To lighten the path of the pilgrims who wait
For the meeting with those who once mingled their sorrows
Beneath the old elm at the Vicarage Gate.

H. K. COCKIN.

A RECOLLECTION.

ONCE in my dreams I trod through moonlit places
And groves where sang sweet night-birds amorously:
Far over wastes where paled the daisies' faces
Until I stood before a boundless sea.

A mighty ruin of fallen arch and storey
I saw there, desolate upon the lea,
But time had yet not wasted all its glory:
One figure reigned there—'twas the form of Thee.

Carven it was in stone of fairest Parian,
And wrought, I thought me, by Praxiteles;
The strength it had of sculptures worked in Darien,
The grace and beauty that are Italy's.

Years afterwards, the time you well remember,
That statue living, robed in white, I saw,
Fair as the moon at evening in September,
And moulded like a goddess without flaw.

Your queen-like head you bore like Cleopatra,
In Grecian knot was tied your soft, brown hair,
Your breath was like a soft pulse of Sumatra
When scent of spice-groves fills the summer air.

Your nose was straight, keen-cut, so chaste and Grecian,
Your eyes were blue, just like the summer sea,
Your neck so white, in pose it was Venetian,
Your face so sweet, alas,—a mystery.

TORONTO.

J. E. COLLINS.

CARLYLE'S FIRST LOVES.

I.—“BLUMINE.”

“SARTOR RESARTUS” belongs to that perennially interesting class of books in which the inner life, or part of the inner life, of one whose genius has cast a spell over men, is revealed to us under some artistic disguise, mystical, symbolic, lyrical, or dramatic; books not avowedly autobiographical, but truer and more spontaneous than acknowledged autobiographies ever are. To this class belong Schiller's “Robbers,” and Goethe's “Werther,” perhaps also Shakespeare's Sonnets; but “Sartor Resartus” differs from these, and is perhaps unique, in combining the thoughts and revelations of a great and original thinker on all the problems of the world which have perplexed philosophers since the ages of thought began—autobiography and philosophy alike enveloped in a brilliant cloud of wit, imagination, and satire.

It is, however, only with the autobiographical part we are concerned just now. In it we may read much of Carlyle's inward and outward history for the first twenty-five years of his life; his deepest experiences and most impassioned emotions are there revealed, wrapped in various veils, but with the life-blood of reality tingling and throbbing underneath. All, as he says of the printed matter devoured by the young Diogenes, is “history in fragments, mingled with fabulous chimeras, wherein also is reality.” It is true that he tells us not to trust “Sartor” in details, as it is not fact but symbolical myth; yet he has acknowledged the actual truth of many of its incidents. The picture of little Diogenes trotting to school one bright summer's morning beside the good Father Andreas is an actual transcript, he says, of what happened to himself, and all who compare the description of his childhood, its surroundings and circumstances, in his “Reminiscences” with that given of Teufelsdröckh's childhood cannot fail to see how much of one is drawn from the other. Teufelsdröckh's sufferings from the boys at the “Hinterschlag” Academy, his experience at the “Nameless” University, we know from what he has told us, were Carlyle's own; and he emphatically states that the sudden spiritual emancipation which came to Teufelsdröckh in the Rue