

for the werry shirt as 'e's wearing this minite; and hi don't belleve as 'e's got ever another, and has to lay in bed when he sends it to the wash, which hi expects ain't very often.

"Has for all that rubbish about the Hinglish speaking the best Hinglish, hi don't believe a word about it, because hi know when hi went to Belfast to buy goods for our firm, the people couldn't make out half what hi said, and heverybody knows that the Londoners speak the best Hinglish anyweres. That's all hi've got to say, Mr. Chairman."

Mr. Fergus Macpherson, from Glasgow, next addressed the meeting. He said:—

"I have listened with great interest to this debate, but at the same time I must observe that I am considerably surprised to find so much difference of opinion existing with regard to a subject which I had imagined had been decided long ago. I dinna propose to question the strength of the arguments of that gentleman who is prepared to enforce them through the medium of his bit shillelah; but I would wish, Mr. Chairman, to simply remind this meeting that it is pratty well admitted that in Scotland generally, and particularly in Glasgow the English language is spoken with mair elegance and correctness than in any other pairt of Her Majesty's domeenions. I winna deeny that it is just possible that there may be a few of the more highly educated Englishmen who speaks the language with almost as much purity as the generality of Scotchmen.

"I say, Mr. Chairman, I winna deeny that there may be such cases, but all I can say is that I have never had the plesure of meeting any of them.

"It has been shown clearly, and to the satisfaction of every Scotchman, by the researches of the late Professor McTavish, that the English language was derived originally from the Gaelic, but with that retiring modesty which is so distinguished a characteristic of the Scottish nation, the claim has been allowed to lie dormant. The Professor also shows that the difference at present existing between the dialect, as spoken in Scotland and England, is caused seemply by the English having adopted numerous words and phrases introduced among them by foreign nations, and which are neither so elegant nor so forcible as the oreiginal Gaelic.

Tak, for instance, the expressive word '*Bawbee*,' there's music for ye! equal, if not superior, to the sound of the bagpipes. It taks a Scotchman fully to appreciate the beauty of this delectful word now almost unknown in England—'*Bawbee*!'

Captain Fitz Boodle being called upon said:—

"Haw! I wise, Mistair Chairman, to express my surpwise that there should be any doubt that the best English in the world is spoken by the awistoc racy at the West End of London. Of cawse I don't mean spelling or writing any of those howwid long words that no fellow can be expected to understand—because I admit that many of the cads can do that better than we can—but I mean ppronunciation genewally.

"Now, there's that gentleman from Scawtland who has been talking about a *Bawby*. Why, dem me! nobody in sociiety knows anything about *Bawbys*.

"I've heard the cads call the policemen *Bobbies*, and I've got a little Scawtch tewwler I call '*Bobby*,' and a dooced clever little dawg he is; and I can back him to kill wats against any dawg of his weight for a pony a side. I wish my bwother '*Tham*' was pwesent to-night, because '*Tham*' can make a better speech than I can; but I think the awguments I have bwrought forward will convince the meeting that to the awistocacy of the old country belongs the honour of speaking the best English."

Herr Zwanziger next addressed the meeting. He said:—

"Mr. President and gentlemen,—Ven I was studdy in Jarmany I vash pay ver' great attention to de English language, and my professeur he do tell me that de English vot dey speak now ish not de proper language at all; but ish made up of all de different pieces of de other language, ver mooch like de *Hush* vot dey do give for dinner at my boarding house; vot ish compose of all de old scraps vot left on de table.

"I tink dey not speak de proper English in London, for ven I go dere dey not understand mooch vot I say.

"I tink de English language come first from de Jarman. I tell you vy: vot vord you find most spik in England? '*Beer*.' Zo. Vot vord you find most spik in Jarmany? '*Bier*.' ALL DE SAME!! Den I think English come original from Jarmany. Zo."

This argument produced a profound impression on Mr. Sprouts, who rose to say that he considered it reflected "werry much credit" on the countrymen of the "foreign cove" that they knew the proper name for that delightful beverage, and requested to be informed what they called "*arf* and '*arf*!" Herr Zwanziger being unable to afford him any information on that point, Mr. Sprouts resumed his seat with some disgust, remarking that the German "had a lot to learn yet."

Mr. Jefferson G. Bodger said:—

"Waal neow, Mr. Chairman, if this ain't kinder curious, darn my old grandmother! I did suppose that there warn't a civilized being from Sandy Hook to San Francisco as didn't know that the great American nation air the only people in creation who know how to speak English as it ought to be spoke.

"Why, it was only the other day as I met a Britisher on that everlastin' rattling old tramway as you calls the '*Grand Trunk Railway*,' and I says to him: '*I say, stranger, where was you riz*?' '*What do you mean*,' says he, looking sorter amazed. '*Mean*,' says I, '*why, where do you hail from*?' He looked at me as sour as a persimmon, and says he: '*I don't understand you*.' '*Don't you*,' says I; '*I guess you're a foreigner, ain't you*?' He looks mighty huffish, and says he: '*Hi'm a Hinglishman*.' '*Air you*?' says I. '*I reckon, then, you've been so long abroad that you've forgot how to speak your own language*.' What I warn't to know is, where's your location? Says he: '*I don't speak no foreign languages*.' I most bust, Mr. Chairman, I tell yeou, when I found the critter didn't understand that neither. So, thinks I, I'll give him another chance, and I says: '*Look here, stranger, where air yeou when you're to *hum*, and mash me into pumpkin sass if he didn't turn round and say: '*I s'pose that's Indian you're speakin*.'"*

"Now, arter that, Mr. Chairman, I calc'late there's no need to tell this enlightened and intelligent meetin' that it taks an American to fix up the English language properly."

The meeting was adjourned without any decision being arrived at—Mr. Sprouts remarking that in this respect, and in the character of the speeches, "it was werry like the House of Commons."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

#### WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

"O my scrofulous French novel,  
On gray paper with blunt type!  
Simply glance at it, you grovel,  
Hand and foot in Belial's grips."

Individuals change easily their opinions of each other. National opinions, which are prejudices, do not change so quickly. For instance, the Frenchman of the British public is still in a great measure that familiar figure with tufted chin, lifted eye-brows, and extended palms, which used to appear so regularly in Punch. On the other hand, the Englishman of the French public is still the same eccentric party, with knee-breeches and a fat paunch, who swears "God-dam," eats "rosbif," and sells his wife at Smithfield. The conventional "Yankee" still clings to the stage with great tenacity, short as to its trousers, full of tobacco as to its mouth, and very slangy in its conversation. *L'Oncle Sam*, the very newest play, from the pen of a playwright whose abilities are very great, exhibits all the conventional peculiarities of the stage "Yankee," and is said to be very offensive to the great number of good Americans, who, having died, have "gone to Paris."

In like manner, the common idea of the "French Novel," is a very condemnatory one. It is supposed to be "scrofulous," to be prurient, to deal in a morbid fashion with the evil passions of life and to be fit only to be relegated to the upper shelves of the library, where we have mostly placed the eighteenth century novelists of England. This opinion is founded on the prevalent objections to the works of those high priests of licentiousness and profanity, the Dumas', father and son, and of certain tales, well known, of Madame George's Sand.

But here is a little story from the French, which I have read. It is a literary pond-lily. It is fragrant and fair. It is perfect and pure. It deals with crimes, but does not dabble in them. It deals with passion, and is not prurient. It deals with politics, and is not partizan. It deals with marriage, and is not mercenary. This "French Novel" is a fit present for a vestal, it is a charming subject for the kindly critic, and should be known widely. It is called *Fleurange*. And What I Think About It is this: That there are French novels and French novels; some are good as in England, some are bad as in England also. But there are numbers and numbers of volumes by recent writers, as well as the classics of France, which have all the sweet and tender light in them which one perceives in the pictures of Edouard Frere. And I think, too, that maybe heaven's judgments, who knows? may include a punishment for the uncharitable nation as for the uncharitable man.

I have just been reading a telegram which tells me that a man was murdered in a shanty on the Upper Ottawa; that the—probably lumbering—companions of the murdered man seized the criminal and lynched him. The lynchers have been, I am also informed, arrested, and will be brought to speedy trial.

What I Think About It is this: There is a large number of men engaged in Canada in the rough pursuit of lumbering. Up to this time the business, though extensive, has been domestic. But we are going to build a Pacific Railway—going to try, at any rate—and there will be an inevitable influx of strange and lawless men. They will bring, probably, a reckless and daring spirit with them into the woods and the work. Rum will probably get in among them also. Revolvers will not, perhaps, be absent. Sticks will, of course, be at hand, or at fist, if you like that better; and as the nationality of the labourers will differ, a row may at any time result in the most natural manner. Now the very first signs of a lawless, pistol-carrying, lynching, and faction-forming disposition should be "stamped out," like the cattle plague. The *Law* should be enforced at once, and in all cases. I have heard of a judge, in British Columbia I think, who, when a rush was made for a certain mining place in his jurisdiction, assembled the crowd and said, "Men, you carry pistols and are said to be lawless; but mark me, if there is any shooting here, there will be hanging after the shooting!" There wasn't any shooting. We are all familiar with the awful pictures of those wifeless, Godless, lawless cities of tents that sprang up at intervals as the Pacific Railway was pushed across the central region of the United States. How wicked and wild they were. There was, nightly, held in them revels that were as the saturnalia of a superterranean Pandemonium. There was no God, no judge, no law; no authority but the pistol, no argument but the bowie knife, no jury but a mob, no trial but a midnight visit, and the body that dangled from the tree branch published an execution to the people. We must change all that. On our new road there must be peace. Whatever brawls disturb the House of Commons, there must be peace all the way to Pembina and beyond. Tapper and Tilley and Blake, and the rest, may tear each other's eyes out if they find it funny; but Nokes and Stokes and O'Hoolihan, and McSawney, and the rest who are engaged in the noble labour of opening up a road to the "golden splendours of the Orient," and helping to put Britain in easy and rapid communication with "far Cathay," must really keep, and be kept, quiet and law-obeying, and God-fearing, if possible.

There is a gentleman in Toronto who contributes much elegant writing to the literature of politics in Canada. He is the Jupiter Tonans of the *Canadian Monthly*. He is an Englishman, and therefore disposed to undervalue the newness of things on this side of the water. He is a Professor, and therefore he is disposed to lecture. Since he came to Canada he has done little else than lecture us. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Charles Lamb. "I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb. Well, we have not heard this gentleman do much else than lecture us, peccant Canadians, since he did us the honour of coming to dwell with us. He chiefly abuses us for the faction which dominates the country. He laments the absence of Great Principles. He weeps over the pettiness of our Party Cries. He thinks there is no choice between the two parties because each is at best but a faction and a fraud.

What I Think About It is this:—"Your Grace is yet but a young hero," said Byron to the Duke of Wellington. And I would say to Mr. Goldwin Smith, "You are but a young Canadian." It is difficult to understand the political passions and pass-words of a people in a few weeks or months' study. Even De Tocqueville made mistakes about the United States; and Mr. Smith may make mistakes about Canada. Our press is not dignified enough for Mr. Smith,—yet I have read in the much admired London papers, the meanest attacks on public men; have seen disquisitions on Mr. Bright's breeches, apropos

of a Drawing-room, or Royal reception; and have read (this in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) a coarse sneer at Lady Beaconsfield's childlessness. We are not so much worse than that after all. But our politics are so full of faction—that is what troubles his soul the most. Well, the offence is rank perhaps, but where is it less so? We can only judge by comparisons; and with what factionless country will he compare us? If we have factions in Canada,—are there no factions in England? If our party names have lost their original significance,—to Whig and Tory, Conservative and Liberal still retain precisely their original meanings? If we have no great party cries, it is because our constitution is so happy that there are no great constitutional grievances to remedy. If party names are not fully significant to Mr. Smith, they may be more so to a Canadian; and he must remember that we are now in an uncertain state. Our old provincial politics have been mostly dissolved; and the greater politics of the Dominion have not yet assumed those solid and significant shapes that "time and the world's lot" will give them. In the meantime the good Professor must not cry "faction" every time he sees a fight. The boy who stopped the historical hole in the German dyke and so saved the country from a destructive inundation, is no bad subject for his contemplation. Our fights over little things often involve greater issues. But even of great fights we have had a fair share. The division on the Washington Treaty was no faction fight, the debate was not the clamour of a faction. The men who formed this Dominion were not chiefs of factions. The Pacific Railway is no job of a faction. The repulsion of the Fenians was no "job." The formation of Manitoba and the admission of British Columbia were no faction matters. And since the Dominion was founded there have been signal occasions on which this people of ours acted as one man, with no factious thought, and to no factious end. Mr. Smith had better be careful in his criticisms. He may get between two fires. He will please neither side. He will be the butt of all our sharpshooters. What business is it of his anyhow whether we have our faction fights. Our Parliament is now open, and we will go at it again:

"In our own quagmire 'tis provoking  
That folks should think to stop our croaking.  
Sons of the swamp with lungs of leather,  
Now is our time to screech together!"

ARTHUR PENDEENNIS.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

#### ST. DAVID'S DAY.

March, various, fierce and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,  
By wilder Welshmen led and crowed with leeks.

Churchill.

There is an old Scotch proverb that March borrows three days from April, known as the "borrowing days."

"March borrowit from Averill  
Three days, and they were ill."

The origin of this curious old proverb is perplexing, as no alteration such as the lines would imply has been made in the Kalendar. Dr. Jamieson says that these days being generally stormy, our forefathers have endeavoured to account for this circumstance by pretending that March borrowed them from April that he might extend his power so much longer; and he adds, "Those who are much addicted to superstition will neither borrow or lend on these days." This explanation, however, is utterly at variance with the old English proverb that "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb."

The first of March, the Festival of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, is up to this time as great an occasion among Welshmen as St. Patrick's Day among Irishmen. The old Welsh custom of wearing the leek is analogous to the wearing of the Shamrock ("Wearing the Green.") How the custom arose history does not disclose, unless we can accept the testimony of the *Clavis Calendria*, which asserts that Cadwallader, the King of the Britons, at the desire of the Saint, ordered all his men to place a leek in their hats, to distinguish them from their Saxon enemies, on going into the battle.

In Shakespeare's Henry V., Fluëllén reminds the King that the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your majesty knows, to this hour, is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. David's Day. The King replied that he wore it for a memorable honour.

So do the hardy Welsh still wear the leek upon St. David's Day, for a memorable honour.

Owen, in his *Cambrian Biography*, 1803, observes that the symbol of the leek, attributed to St. David, probably originated from the custom of Cymhortha, when the farmers, assisting each other in ploughing, brought their leeks to aid the common repast.

The value of popular tradition as evidence in antiquarian inquiries cannot be disputed, though in every instance it should be received with greatest caution. According to some, St. David's pedigree is deduced from the Virgin Mary, who make him the lineal eighteenth descendant. Of this there can be no doubt that he was Archbishop of Caereon in the sixth century, and that he is numbered in the *Triads* as one of the three canonized saints of Britain. The Welsh do well in commemorating his day, and they would do better if they imitated his life, for Geraldus terms him "a mirror and pattern to all, a guide to the religious, a life to the poor, a support to orphans, a protection to widows, a father to the fatherless, a rule to his clergy, and a model to his teachers, becoming to all, that so he might gain all to God."

Would that history could have truly written such a character for all past Archbishops and Metropolitans.

The 1st of March is also celebrated for being the day on which William Caxton began to translate the *Recueil of the Histories of Troy*,—the first English book that ever was printed—the first of so many! That William Caxton was the first English printer, there is no doubt, and Westminster Abbey was used for his printing office. Caxton's earliest book in the Abbey was on the game of chess, which was held in great respect in those days, and much used with all sorts of people, and in all possibility first desired by the Abbott and the rest of his friends and masters. It underwent two impressions, and was finished in the month of November, 1474, nearly four centuries ago.

The 1st of March is also to be noted for the death of