

elementary forms of feminine duplicity to procure for them such husbands as she deemed best and most suitable. The fact of a man being poor, having an eye-glass and an impediment in his speech—was not an invincible proof that he was the victim of astonishing genius, and if he did possess such genius, the lady to whom we refer was not in love with genius.

When her sons in the Army, the Church, or at the Bar, had an opportunity of being pushed on by her influence, well—she used her influence, and not sparingly. There was no desire to meet the world with unfair weapons, but, like a statesman, she accepted what seemed the facts in her life, and within certain immutable rules of dignity and honour, she conceived that the “greatest number” principle was best applied by careful and painstaking regard to her own interests. When her married daughter died, leaving a widower and an infant, the grandmother brought her dignity and love and acceptable companionship to a desolate household. When news suddenly arrived that her favourite son, serving abroad with his regiment, had been killed in action, she reserved her passionate grief for her retirement, and merely exclaimed, “My poor brave boy!”

This is the true type of a woman of the world. It is not an angelic figure; but it is a worthy reproduction of Cornelia, the noble matron of Rome; its name in our time is legion, and of such is the Kingdom of Britain.—*Mayfair*.

### ARE WE ANGLO-SAXONS?

An evening contemporary complains that the inhabitants of the Dominion are “eternally and continually” told that they are Anglo-Saxons, and thinks that Governors-General, Orators, and Pamphleteers, who appear to be among the chief offenders, would do well to lay aside their habit of calling people by the wrong name.

It is to be hoped His Excellency the Marquis, the Orators, and the others will at once look into this matter, if only to show their sense of what might happen had there not been somebody to point out a source of danger which, although not likely to have been foreseen by any one else, is nevertheless a danger which, if neglected, may become a trouble to everybody.

To say that telling men they are Anglo-Saxons when they are not Anglo-Saxons is a grievance, which can hardly be looked upon as oppressive in its character, would, perhaps, be to say too much, when the capacity of some people for eccentric forms of discontent is borne in mind; but it should not be forgotten that a speck on the horizon may expand to such an extent as to puzzle calculation.

It is by no means beyond the range of possibility that the Post Office authorities may some day find themselves brought to account for designating as the English mail, a mail peradventure made up of correspondence chiefly for Scotchmen and Irishmen, to say nothing of that for Welshmen and perhaps Frenchmen. Nor has the Emigration Department reason to feel quite safe from being questioned as to the propriety of calling the sparrows' English sparrows, when everybody knows that the pertinacious little beggars are also as thick as peas in Edinburgh and in Dublin. It is not known whether there are, or ever were, such things as Anglo-Saxon sparrows, and the explanation that perhaps the birds may have been brought here from Albion would probably be accepted as weak and unsatisfactory, there being no grounds for supposing that some of them might not have come from other countries. Statistics would in this case be hardly available, running the eye “along the columns of a Canadian Directory” would be in vain, and all that could, and very likely would be said, is, that if a one-sided and invidious importation of sparrows had taken place, it should not have taken place.

This sketch, however imperfect, should not only suffice to show what may be in store for those who faintly appreciate the advantage of meeting half-way embarrassments, to them apparently of the imaginary kind, but it should also keep them in mind that the eye of an evening contemporary is upon them.

It is scarcely worth while to suggest that the Anglo-Saxon element enters into the history, political and social conditions of this country; that there may be and probably is, diversity of opinion respecting natural selection, and that persons might be found sufficiently perverse to look for the legitimate root of a name in a direction different from that indicated by the journal alluded to. But as it is not easy to imagine what it is that would not fade into mere insignificance when brought face to face with the danger of wounding supposititious national sensibility, such persons should embrace the opportunity of exhibiting a wise discretion by suppressing or keeping their opinions to themselves. The regal and conquering Saxons have for a long time had things a good deal their own way, they have not always behaved in a manner that can be considered nice, the remembrance of some of their doings cannot by any possibility be described as pleasant; and, all things considered, Governors-General, orators, pamphlets and papers will doubtless cease to say we are Saxons when it is so much safer to say we are Canadians.

When an ambitious and respectable journal takes to lecturing the public upon a matter of correct designation, it seems not unreasonable to expect that it would at least refrain from suggesting doubts as to the accuracy of some of its own statements. In the present instance its complaint of the difficulty of

picking up a newspaper or pamphlet which does not blazon the *fact* that we are Anglo-Saxons, is followed by copious and fairly correct statistics to prove that we are not Anglo-Saxons. As it transcends the power of ordinary minds to comprehend the process by which a fact is proved to be not a fact, the attempt is abandoned, and attention is diverted to the complacency with which readers are informed the Campbells, the Mackenzies, and the Blakes are Celtic. Authorities not less deserving of credence say that the first two are Norman; and when amongst the alliances of the Argyles are found those with the Norman Bruces, the Lennoxes, the Somervilles, the Gordons, the Kerrs, the Browns, and the Anglo-Saxon Gunnings from Kent, the grounds on which the Marquis of Lorne's family is stoutly asserted to be “one of the most purely Celtic in the British Empire” are not apparent.

According to the same authorities, the founder of the Mackenzies was a gentleman named Fitz-Gerald who having, for reasons best known to himself, crossed over from Ireland to Scotland, there begat a son, who in the fulness of time also begat a son. The son and grandson were respectively named Kenneth, the latter being called in the Gaelic Kenneth Mac-Kenneth, which became corrupted in English into Mackenny or Mackenzie. In view of these records the leader of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition can scarcely be mentioned as an instance of Celtic superiority.

In one of the northern shires of South Britain the ancient Anglo-Danish Blaks or Blakes are believed to have had their home whence, it may be incidentally mentioned, came the famous Admiral. A certain Richard Blake accompanied Prince John from England into Ireland where, having received divers grants of land, he settled, and became the progenitor of the many families of the Irish Blakes, from whom descends the former Minister of Justice. Mr. Blake, therefore, although of the Northmen, may not be a Norman, but certainly does not seem to be Celtic.

There is no desire to demolish every instance of Celtic greatness brought forward by a journal which must be allowed to possess the courage of its opinion, and as there is nothing at hand calculated to throw any light upon the ancestry of Mr. Masson, it is neither conceded that he is Celtic, nor asserted that he is Norman or Saxon.

But with regard to Sir John Macdonald, it must be admitted that his name sounds not more Celtic than Mackenzie, and he would be a bold man who would assert that at some remote period a Bohun or a Mohun, or a Mowbray, or a De Vere, did not go from England into Scotland and there beget a son Donald, who, in his turn, begat a son Donald, who, in the Gaelic, became Donald MacDonald, and thus became the father of many Macdonalds, if not of every Macdonald.

It may be all very well to talk of the Lord of the Isles, and of the Thane of Argyle, who some people might say was “somerled” the Saxon, the name and title being very much in that direction, but remembering the curious account given by Mr. Punch, of the way in which Montague became Briggs, it would not be surprising to hear that the people called Danes and Normans are nothing but Celts, and that in fact everybody is a Celt except the Saxons.

In a conflict of opinion between an evening cotemporary and the Norroy and Ulster Kings at Arms, the position for a prudent people is that of spectators. All that has been herein said, has been said under a due sense of the importance of the subject and the greatness of the opposing forces. Between them be it.

Montreal, 12th August, 1879.

### “WHAT IS TRUTH?”

No one, of whatever creed or sect, would refuse assent to the proposition that if we could get *all* men to *be* and *do* good, we should, somehow or other, find all men in possession of more or less of truth. If so, then error, or the false, must be the result of evil. It is not Truth that causes Goodness. It is not falsity that causes evil. But, contrariwise, goodness always yields, as its product, truth; and evil, the false. Or, as a certain old writer, not much read at present, puts it, “falses are nothing else than evils reasoning and patronizing themselves.”

Yet, though nearly all will admit this as an abstract proposition, what do we find? Why this; that the pulpit, the press, and nearly all our scientists, are continually holding forth on “what is Truth?”—as if when that is settled, and all minds have been pruned and trained into *thinking* alike, we shall then perforce have goodness grow and flourish. As well expect by planting leaves to produce a tree. For goodness is the root of the tree of life. Truth grows up from it in spreading branch and shimmering, glancing leaf and leaflet, showing the character and inner loveliness of the root. These leaves bear their part, by drinking in the light, to ultimate the life of the tree in the fruit of usefulness, within which again is wrapped up the inherent good, or root, as the principle of life for new trees. There is the perfect analogy, Nature's own process in the material world—a true copy or symbol of the spiritual tree of life within man.

Since then we can have no truth without goodness, is it not nearly time some effort were made after goodness?—time that men should drop the search