

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

S.S. "Scandinavian," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 24.
S.S. "Seymour," (Temperley,) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 24.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Aug. 24.—*Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.*
St. Bartholomew, M.
MONDAY, " 25.—Faraday died, 1867.
TUESDAY, " 26.—Prince Albert born, 1819.
WEDNESDAY, " 27.—*Toronto:* Annual General Meeting of Shareholders Western Assurance Co.
THURSDAY, " 28.—*Halifax, N. S.:* Biglin and Brown Boat Race, Bedford Basin.
Whitby, Ont.: Whitby Races.
FRIDAY, " 29.—*Whitby, Ont.:* Second Day, Whitby Races.
SATURDAY, " 30.—*Montreal:* Lachine Boating Club Boat Races.
Quebec: S.S. "Polynesian," for Liverpool.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.
Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

The 13th of August, the *casus die* which was looked forward to with much eagerness by men of all shades of politics and with anxiety by not a few, is past without giving us any new developments. Matters remain almost *in statu quo*, in the same unsatisfactory condition as before. It cannot be denied that the prorogation of Parliament at such a critical point of our political history is to be deeply regretted. The whole country was deeply interested in the matter at stake, and the universal feeling was that no delay should occur in subjecting the charges made against the Government to a most searching examination. It is true that at the close of the last session it was understood that on the meeting of the House in August an immediate prorogation should take place, but since that time further developments have been made which would have perfectly justified a violation of the understanding then entered into. This opinion is held by some of the staunchest supporters of the Government. It may safely be said that the news of the prorogation caused a feeling of considerable uneasiness. The effect on the general public was to strengthen the belief in the culpability of Ministers. It was argued upon the streets that had they been innocent of the charges laid against them, they would have hastened inquiry instead of delaying it. The phrase in most men's mouths was that "it looks very black." The Government was accused, not convicted. But the Government, instead of submitting to a trial at the hands of a House in which they had an acknowledged majority, preferred to be judged by their own nominees. Such a decision, though it is much to be deprecated, is at least a compliment to the uprightness of the ministerial members of the Commons. But what of the action of the Opposition supporters in the matter—we say nothing of the doings of Opposition members. The representative press of that party, which had hitherto, in the language of the English newspapers, indulged in language which would have shocked people at home, broke out in the fiercest denunciations. Some sheets did not even scruple to threaten the Governor-General, who throughout, it appears to us has maintained a most dignified bearing, and exhibited a most thorough understanding of his own position. A more foolish course than that adopted by the Opposition organs can hardly be imagined. Beginning with assertions they were not satisfied with advancing proofs, but immediately launched out into vituperation of the ignoblest kind. In one instance even deliberate falsification was resorted to, while in another, and a more pitiful one, a journal of great power among the party indulged in most unparliamentary language which it was afterwards shamed into retracting. But notwithstanding the fatal course pursued by the accusers the facts remain that the accused have for nearly five months remained under a cloud. To the honour of the latter be it said that in the nomination of their judges, Judges Day, Gowan, and Polette, they have at least shown themselves beyond blind partisan-feeling.

In the last number of the *Penn Monthly* the Editor says:—"The attempt to kidnap an adventurer who rejoices in the pseudonym of 'Lord Gordon Gordon' has occasioned much excitement in British America. It will be regarded there and in the Canadas as an attempt of a flagrant character to encroach upon British soil and doubtless stir up again the chronic anxiety about the designs of the United States with regard to annexation, which is one of the anxious fancies of the Canadian mind." We beg to suggest to the editor of the

Penn that he is entirely wrong, from his premises downwards. The arrest of the swindler Gordon created little or no excitement in British America. In Minnesota the excitement was intense. As to the statement that it will be regarded there (i. e. in British America) and in the Canadas as an attempt of a flagrant attempt, etc., we have no remark to make beyond the expression of a wish that Philadelphians would employ their spare time in studying up contemporary history. That "it will doubtless stir up again the chronic anxiety about the designs of the United States with regard to annexation" we utterly deny, while as to the statement that annexation "is one of the anxious fancies of the Canadian mind," we can afford to laugh at it. Some years ago it is true that annexation was one of the anxious fancies of the Canadian mind, but we have got over that. No: the feeling, as far as we can learn, that exists throughout the country with regard to that most unprincipled adventurer, "Lord" Gordon, is one of regret that he was not captured a few miles farther south. Unconsciously the writer in the *Penn* admits that the arrest of Gordon was illegal when he employs the term "kidnap." The excitement has entirely been on the American side, the Minnesotan journals vying with each other in their denunciations of British tyranny and in urging the people of the State to unite in rescuing the prisoners from "British dungeons."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY AND CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

I promised at the commencement of these articles to be intensely original, and I have by no means lost the burning desire; but it seems my great misfortune to fall upon peculiarly hackneyed subjects. But I will try to act in harmony with my primitive design. English Aristocracy seems to be one of the most fixed institutions that vegetates on this globe. As I begin this article I am painfully convinced that even I will not be able to entirely root it out. But it is a pleasant thing to talk about, and it is no harm to have a ding at it now and again—it rather keeps the thing in motion. It seems a peculiar circumstance that almost all of the great writers of England in modern times have pointed their weapons at it. Some of them have hurled them with great force and directness, and still it stands, gloomy and grand. Dickens, the most popular and the most powerful of all modern novelists, has poured upon it the phials of his wrath, and wounded its feelings by the fangs of his satire: the nobility read and admire his works, but evince no disposition to resign their hereditary grandeur or to lessen their devotion to escentheons and coronets. The peasantry of Great Britain, weep over his characters taken from their own ranks, and yet never abate in their obsequious reverence for titled dignitaries. Alfred Tennyson, the admired Poet-Laureate, has sung in sweetly flowing accents, that are repeated with profound respect by all classes of English people.

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue Heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

In his "Aylmer's Fields," he gives vent to the most pungent satire in reference to the absurd worship of family *prestige*. Still the English Aristocracy flourishes, nor seems to be yielding in the slightest. Its powerful breastworks appear proof against all the catapults, battering rams, and forty-pounders that may be hurled against them. And we, liberal and enlightened people out in America, who have learned to believe in worth rather than in birth, stand aghast at the spectacle, and mutely wonder why it is so and ask ourselves, "Will it never have an end?"

Unjust, unphilosophical and absurd, as I believe Aristocracy to be. I am not sure but that it has hitherto been a boon to the English people. The atmosphere of European countries has been favorable to its growth. With a poor, ignorant and degraded peasantry social distinctions become the inevitable, and although Lord Muteheds and Lord Verisophs has always existed, yet the gentry of the mother country has always been a tower of strength to the nation, and given it a dignity and power it could not have otherwise possessed. Lesser evils have ever been permitted to exist to prevent the introduction of greater ones.

But I have a strong conviction that the English Aristocracy is on the wane, and I don't mind giving the reasons. The age is becoming immensely liberal, which, in reality, is only equivalent to saying that it is becoming intelligent. Stringency and aristocracy are only necessary for restraining the outbursts of ignorant men; intelligent people require no such arbitrary checks, and may be safely trusted with their own government. Absolutism is almost a thing of the past, and confined nearly exclusively to savage countries. The people are becoming the sovereigns, and in proportion as intelligence becomes more generally infused, will popular rights be more and more respected. The social distinctions which prevail in England are chiefly due to the political institutions of the land. Make the one liberal and the other becomes so naturally.

When less than one century ago a nation was established in the New World upon principles of liberty and social equality, with no absurd distinctions of caste, it could not be possible that its influence would be lost on old aristocratic Countries. Europe has witnessed the rise of the United States into a powerful nationality, which after all is the great miracle of the nineteenth Century. Those tired of the perfunctory pretensions which prevail in European Countries, and which act as a barrier to the rising hopes of those whose only crime is poverty and humble birth, have sought a home in America, where all start in the race of life on an equality, and all may dare aspire to the highest positions. This alone must have its effect.

But, looking at England itself, there exist the strongest grounds for the hope that the day of ancestral pride is well-nigh done. See what the Liberal party has already achieved in the way of reform. See how each year the popular side has gained some new acquisition. See how the influence of the

Commons has steadily increased while the power of the Lords has steadily declined. The Sovereign of Great Britain, however much beloved and respected, is only a piece of political ornament whose functions are chiefly nominal. Just lately Mr. Gladstone has given the English a system of Free Schools, and the Education of the masses means death to the upper classes. But more, commerce is extending, manufactures are expanding; common people are getting rich; great noblemen are getting poor. Not only the "grand old gardener and his wife," but the opulent merchant and his wife, and afford to "smile at the claims of long descent." Memorial estates are becoming the property of successful grocers, and a general revolution is going on. The laboring classes are beginning to assert themselves. "More wages and less hours" is the cry, and consumers have got to feel these little things.

You cannot convince an Englishman that his country's aristocracy is on the wane. Not a bit of it. I have tried several times, in my poor feeble way; but it couldn't be done; even navvies grow indignant at the idea. But it is nevertheless. This is just as certain as the resurrection, and even J. B. (which stand for John Bull) has got to see and recognize it. None of us pretend to much admiration of such men as Sir Charles Dilke; but, after all, it will be seen some day that his greatest fault is that he is about a century ahead of his age. The abolishing of the purchase of Army commissions is not at all encouraging to the advocates of hereditary renown.

And now about Canadian aristocracy. If the reader was a good-humoured party, and I had him beside me, at the mention of the words "Canadian Aristocracy," I would slap him on the knee and burst out into a perfect guffaw of laughter. "Really, my dear fellow, too absurd. Ha! ha! Quite ridiculous altogether." But nevertheless we have the article. There is no question about that. After my laughter had subsided, I would forthwith grow serious, and as a reasonable and intelligent man, I would be bound to admit that it existed and flourished among us. "Here it is," as the old bachelor said when he discovered that a weeping waif had been left at his door, "and the question is what shall be done with it?"

"Yes, sir, Canadian Aristocracy, and what have you got to say about it?" Well, not much any further than just merely to have a look at the thing, and see what it is like. And here let it be remarked that it is not our titled nobility alone but must be considered: it is not a few Sir John's, Sir George's, Sir Frank's, Sir Hugh's, Sir A. T.'s, that are going to frighten us; these are comparatively harmless. It does them no good, and it does nobody else any harm, and we are not going to be dyspeptic about it. It is not our nature. We smile. Good honest Joel Phipps has never shed a tear on the subject, but then there are limits.

We visit a small seaport town in Nova Scotia, it is in the vicinity of some coal mine. Here once a year enters an English man-of-war, and remains for a few weeks. Here is where you find it. Gentle woman arouses herself. The sight of a provision ship to a starving city is a comparatively insignificant matter compared with the joy this brings to the hearts of the gushing damsels of this little village. Only a few of them, mind you. Most of them are daughters of tradesmen, who are making money, advancing the interests of the country, extending its commerce, developing its industries, and doing vulgar things generally. These unfortunate creatures have no lot or parcel in the matter. They have rosy cheeks, and rounded limbs; they are neither pale nor wrinkled, neither do they yawn, and hence are not fit for the mystic circle. But there is a class, the daughters of brilliant barristers, of half-pay clergymen, of the Judge of Probate and the Registrar of Deeds, and, possibly, the Sheriff, unless perchance, he "sprang" from the "lower ranks," these prepare to receive the veterans of the Navy. Out come the rouge boxes, and opera glasses, and white slippers. Now begins the luncheon at 12, and the dinner at 6; the ball at 10 p.m., ending at 3 a.m. Now for your toadyism, now let your insipid brothers attend to their own vulgar concerns, now produce your currant wine labelled '46 port. Now for your disgust at Americanism and everything that is "un-British." Here we have one example of "Canadian Aristocracy," a pretty successful counterfeit, but not encouraged by the climate or laws.

There are other kinds equally imposing that might be presented; but, like Alban Morley, we have an aversion to painful subjects. I am not distressed with fears lest our country should become infested with an aristocracy of exotic growth; I simply pity the poor isolated victims of this somewhat pardonable weakness. But there are phases of our social status that are worthy, perhaps, of a serious consideration—possibly, when in a serious mood, the idea may recur to me.

JOHN PIPERS.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

AUG. 13.—OLD LAMMAS DAY.

Lammas Day, says Blount, otherwise called Gale or Yule of August, which may be a corruption of the British word Gwyl-Awst, signifying the feast of August. Antiquaries are divided in their opinions concerning the word Lam, or Lamb-masse. Some suppose it was called Lammas-day, quasi Lamb-masse, because on that day the tenants that held land of the Cathedral of York, (which is dedicated to St. Peter and Vincent) were bound by their tenure to bring a live lamb into the church at high mass on that day. There is an old proverb "At latter Lammas," which is synonymous with the old "Ad Græcas Calendæ" of the Latins, and the common saying, "When two Sundays come together," that is, never.

Others suppose it to be derived from a Saxon word, signifying loaf-masse, or bread-masse so named as a feast of thanksgiving to God for the first fruits of the corn, and seems to have been observed with bread of new wheat; and accordingly it is a usage in some places for tenants to be bound to bring in wheat of that year to their lord on or before the first of August.

The festival probably celebrated the realisation of the first fruits of the earth, and more particularly that of the grain harvest. When Christianity was introduced, the day continued to be observed as a festival on these grounds, and from a loaf being the usual offering at Church, the service and consequently the day came to be called Hlaf-Masse subsequently shortened into Lammas, as hlaaf-dig (bread dispenser) applied to the mistress of a house, came to be softened into the familiar and extensively used term lady.