

tute a large number of small landlords for a small number of large landlords? What guarantee that the many would be any more just or merciful than the few? Another objection of a somewhat different kind is urged to the effect that what Ireland really needs for her uplifting is not so much pecuniary help from without, which always tends more or less to pauperization, as opportunity to help herself. That, however fine-sounding in the abstract, is in the concrete the Home Rule plea. In it many will hear an undertone of revolution, confiscation, spoliation of landlords, and ultimately, perhaps, repeal of the Union. It is alluded to because to omit it would be to pass over what will no doubt be the source of the most bitter and determined opposition to the Bill, viz., the fact that it is intended not as a concession to Home Rule, or a step towards it, but rather as a rival and substitute to deal it its death-blow. Whatever may be the merits or the fate of Mr. Balfour's Bill, the fact, if it be known to be a fact, of its being utterly opposed by the Home Rulers may be taken as a proof that it is deemed dangerous in its bearing upon the future of the Home Rule agitation. This will be, in the eyes of Mr. Balfour and the Unionists, no slight testimony to its merits. But to return to the point from which we set out, it seems impossible to banish the feeling of incredulity which is aroused by the very fact that the Bill promises to do so much at so little cost. The thing seems contrary to the law of motion which obtains in the political and moral as well as the natural sphere. If indeed it is possible by a mere Act of Parliament, without expenditure of money, to put an end to the evils of landlordism in Ireland, and to convert the starving peasants into thrifty land-owners, it is little to the credit of British statesmanship that the discovery was not made long since. It is still less to the credit of the Conservatives themselves who so strenuously opposed the Gladstone Act, which was clearly a step in the same direction.

THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE.

The following was written to accompany the poem "Open the Bay," published two weeks ago, but reached us too late for that issue.—ED. THE WEEK.

HUDSON'S third voyage (A. D. 1610), was made to the bay which bears his name. He explored and wintered in it; but when about to return, being short of provisions, his crew mutinied, and set him and his son and several others adrift in an open boat to perish by storm or hunger. The crew, upon their return, alleged that the ship had run aground at an island, and had been suddenly floated off, and borne away eastward by a strong current. This fabrication led to Batlon's search, and to further discoveries, but not to the rescue of the intrepid sailor, whose name survives in the great river of New York, and in the still more important bay which he was the first to explore. It is to be hoped that public opinion will speedily demand the opening up of the Hudson's Bay Route to civilization and trade. Geographically it is by far the shortest route between the east and west, and is essential, as well, to the development of the greater portion of our prairie country. When lines of railway have been constructed from Winnipeg and Prince Albert to Churchill, the route will at once take high commercial rank; and, as an impregnable military highway and base of supply, may yet prove to be our safeguard, and, perhaps, even our salvation in time of trouble. Of those who profess to doubt the feasibility of the route, it may safely be said that the wish is father to the thought. A route which has been in yearly use by explorers, fur-traders, sealers and for whalers, nearly three centuries, may well cease to be accounted perilous. As a matter of fact the percentage of loss by shipwreck experienced on it has been, relatively, much less than on any other; and this in face of the fact that from end to end of the straits and bay there is neither light nor buoy in existence. The possibilities of the route have been in recent years, fairly set forth by scientific men, who, as a rule, are inclined to understatement rather than to exaggeration. The opinion of Dr. Bell and others is well known; and the candid and convincing letter published some months ago by Mr. Tyrrell, F.G.S., and written in contradiction of a Hudson's Bay Co. official's statements, gives, in conclusive terms, the results of his personal observation and experience, and has probably satisfied every reasonable mind. The route has its enemies, as every scheme has, which seems to conflict with existing interests. The region of the Bay and Strait is one of the few fur-bearing districts into which competition has not yet penetrated; and, hence, the agents of the Hudson's Bay Co., diligently decry it and declare it to be impracticable. This is not altogether surprising when we remember that the living of these agents depends upon the profits of the fur-trade. All territorial interest they parted with to the stock-holders in England shortly after the transfer of the Territories to the Dominion; and they are now practically the agents of the company, and not its partners. As long as a profit can be maintained from fur their position will be secure; but when this ceases their occupation will cease with it, and the corporation they serve, in all likelihood, will become a land company only. Again, the development of the route meets with opposition

from various carrying lines in the East which are interested in North-west transport; an opposition begot of fear that it will curtail their traffic. But the time is near when existing carrying lines will be unable to handle the exports of the North-west. In any case, the interests referred to should be subordinated to the process of nation-making. Even musk-rats must give way to men, and eastern carriers bow to the requirements of progressive civilization and settlement. C. MAIR.

CAUSES OF THE CANADIAN EXODUS.

FOR years past, there has been a continuous exodus of Canadians to the United States. They have gone singly, in pairs, by families and companies, from every part of the Dominion. Professional men, clerks, farmers and mechanics, whose name is legion, may be found in every city and state, from New England to the Pacific Coast, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the International Boundary. How general this movement has been, and of what vast proportions, may be easily determined by the reader, if he will make a list of those who have left his own neighbourhood, and whom he occasionally hears of. When he has done this, let him be assured that his experience is not exceptional. His means of information may possibly be greater than that of many others, but his experience, in kind if not in degree, is shared by everyone, from Halifax to Vancouver. If he would like to widen or verify it, let him board any through G. T. R. train to Chicago, or any transcontinental C.P.R. train, at any time of the year, but especially between April and September, and converse with his fellow travellers. He will find that a fair proportion are young men seeking employment in the great cities of the American North-West, farmers going to Dakota and Minnesota, and mechanics to the "boom" cities of Puget Sound.

Starting with this fact, which, I think, needs no elaborate proof, it may be of some practical utility to trace it to its cause, or rather to its causes, for I conceive it has more than one. How can we account for it? The Liberal press of the country, and Liberal politicians, in the red-hot fury of debate, tell us it is all the fault of a Conservative Government and the National Policy; while the Conservatives, with equal vehemence, hurl the sin at the door of the Grits. This may be all well enough for rhetorical purposes. It spices the columns of the daily paper, and makes it as palatable as the devilled kidneys it so often accompanies at the breakfast table. It fills the galleries—through many a long, and what would be otherwise intolerable, debate. It has, however, directly nothing to do with the question. The movement has been in progress for at least the last half century, through every successive change of Government, before and since Confederation. It has witnessed the rise and fall of various political chieftains, but has never stayed its feet to welcome them to power, or to follow them to the grave. Now in the low ripple of summer, or with the loud voice of spring we may imagine it shouting in the words of the Laureate's "Brook":

For men may come
And men may go,
But I go on forever.

Rejecting, therefore, the political solution of the problem as inadequate, let us seek other causes. The one which may well occupy the first position is the undoubted fact that the United States occupy the better half of the continent. We have the lion's share in quantity, but in quality the advantage lies with them. They have every climate from temperate to tropic. We have a summer which begins in June and ends in August, and a long winter, of only three degrees—cold, colder, coldest. We may point with pride to the fact that our possessions cover a wider area; but let us not forget that much of it lies to the north, and is a fit home only for the Laplander and reindeer.

The influence of climate in determining the southward movement of Canadians is very old. It was not only the spirit of discovery and the profits of the fur trade which drew La Salle and his hardy *voyageurs*, from Montreal and Frontenac, to the valley of the Mississippi. They hoped to discover a short route to India, but they were equally anxious to escape the rigorous winters of the St. Lawrence. The love of a warm climate must be dealt with as a factor in the problem. If we question the Canadian colony at Ontario and Riverside in Southern California, surrounded by ripening oranges, when, with us, the mercury stands at 25 and 30 below zero, we shall discover how important it is.

Climate, however, does not account for the exodus to Minnesota and Dakota. That, however, may be traced to equally natural causes. Immediately prior to the year 1870, when we acquired possession of the Hudson Bay Territory, we had no free grant land that any Canadian farmer, in possession of all his faculties, would accept. Guileless Britons might be lured to ruin on the rocks of Hastings or Addington, but Canadians were for the most part shrewd enough to give those barren and sterile regions a wide berth. They wisely chose the rich prairies of the west. If any deluded being thinks that the Conservative party, or any political party, for that matter, is responsible for the exodus, let him travel, as I have, along the Hastings road, and see the deserted farms that tell their story of disaster only too plainly. He will no longer wonder that Canadians refused to settle on such unproductive land.

After 1870 we had, it is true, vast tracts of the best land in the world; still we must remember the Canadian North-West, as far as agriculture was concerned, was an untried country. It was difficult to reach. There were exaggerated rumours of the severity of the winters. The

Hudson Bay Company had for years industriously circulated the statement that the region was unfit for anything but the fur trade; and this idea, once rooted in the public mind, could not be cleared away by anything short of the repeated testimony of reliable witnesses. The few settlers who went into the country immediately after it became part of the Dominion had no market for their grain. The land was scourged by a grasshopper plague, swept by a flood, and nipped by summer frosts. It is only within the last few years that it has demonstrated its capabilities, and Canadians have, in consequence, acquired real faith and confidence in their rich inheritance.

During all these years the emigration to the Western States continued. Those already settled there naturally drew their relations and neighbours from their old homes in Ontario and Quebec. When a stream of water or trade or immigration has once established a channel it will continue to flow in it till it is turned elsewhere by some powerful influence. There are indications that the Dakota and Minnesota movement has received a decided check, and that many Canadians now settled there will move into Manitoba. Their present homes are subject to cyclones, and burned with drouth. They still love the old flag, and they will seek better soil, a better climate, and a better government under its protecting folds.

Again, the movement to the United States has been determined by the same causes which have always sent Scotchmen "South." The raw-boned and half-starved Highlander, with unswerving integrity and immense powers of physical endurance, was ever ready to desert his mud cabin and coarse "parritch," to seek his fortune amid the rich fields and populous cities of his Saxon neighbour. The United States, with its fabulous wealth and large population, presents the same attractions to the ambitious Canadian. He reads of the Astors and the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the Carnegies, and the immense fortunes they have rolled up in a few years. He knows they were poor boys, with no capital, and relying only on energy, pluck, and mother wit, and he believes he can follow their footsteps. His chances of success are at least as good there as they are at home. He knows of Canadians who have made their mark. The stories of Erastus Wiman and others read like fairy tales. They throw their glamour over him, and draw him—sometimes to success, and sometimes, it is true, to bitter disappointment.

Surely, with all these factors, we can solve the problem. There is no mystery about the Canadian exodus.

All that remains is to ask if there is a remedy? I think there is, and that it has already begun to work. The statesmanship that secured the confederation of the detached Provinces, that acquired possession of the North-West, that conceived our transcontinental railway, and that is slowly building up a nation on the northern half of the continent, is the only thing to save Canada, and keep Canadians at home. The national spirit must be cultivated. We want a national art, a national literature, national industries, and a national agriculture. The United States have, all in all, a better soil, a better climate, and have also a long start of us in the race; but we have a better government; life and property are more secure in our borders. We have no divorce courts destroying the family and sapping the very foundations of Christian civilization. Our climate, if cold, is fitted to develop a more manly and vigorous race. In a few years the tide of foreign immigration, which now flows through Castle Garden to the Western States, will pour across the international boundary, and fill up our new Provinces, and we shall begin to gain on our rivals.

Then, if a union of all Anglo-Saxon peoples, with Great Britain at the head, should be possible, we shall be in a position to take a part in the great federation. If, on the contrary, Providence should otherwise shape our destiny, we shall be able, without loss of self-esteem, and with no faithlessness to our glorious traditions, to form one nation with our brothers in the great republic.

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

HORACE.

IN the interesting preface to some translations from the Latin poets, lately printed for private circulation, occurs the remark: "Horace, whom, for some occult reason, one loves the better the older one grows." It may seem presumptuous to be certain, where a great scholar and accomplished critic confesses himself at a loss; but can any one doubt why it is that Horace pleases us more and more as the shadows lengthen?

The saddest thing in human life is the passing away of youth, with its enormous power of labour, its capacity for pleasure, its sense of the potential conqueror,—the magnificent illusion that it can do all things, endure all things, beat down all difficulties, crown itself lord of life, and love, and achievement—and when it is gone, not merely men of sensibility but men of iron—as we see in Bismarck—look back with regret on the time when they could outwatch the stars nor suffer. Amongst the Romans, age, in men at least, was held in honour. But Horace's culture was Greek, and we know the horror of old age evinced in Hellenic literature.

There was a vein of sadness in his character, either native to the man or superinduced, in part perhaps, by the spectacle of a despotism firmly established on the ruins of Roman liberty. His early career as a soldier, as well as some of his finest odes, show that noble fires burned in the breast of the little Epicurean. I can imagine him reading