

ever, natural conditions favour its spread, and these are immeasurably reinforced by the great mechanical diffusers just mentioned, aye, and by the whole large class of material improvements which they represent. Now, is this tendency of the materialities of civilization to diffuse themselves, to stop just at the commercial point, and not go on to the manufacturing stage? Such is the fond dream of the Free Traders, but a more foolish fancy was never indulged in outside of lunatic asylums. The progressive people, who this generation are content to buy abroad certain requisites of civilization, will next generation try to make them at home. Here is where Protection comes in, to co-operate with the rising ambition of progressive nations. To suppose that Protection will not eagerly be seized upon, as the means to a well-understood and much-desired end, is to suppose that progress itself is to cease its spread over the world. But it will not cease, the pressure of individual, local and national ambition is guarantee enough for that. Let us put it briefly thus. A progressive people desire to manufacture as well as to import. They have this ambition; they would not be progressive if they had it not. Protection offers them the means by which their efforts may be sustained; will they not seize upon the opportunity? Meanwhile the steam-engine, the printing press and the telegraph, outdo the hundred arms of ancient fable, in spreading and diffusing everywhere, within limits already indicated, the various works and capabilities which go to make up what we call modern progress. Do Free Traders begin to see that they are fighting against this destiny of *diffusion*, and that Protectionists are actually working with it, having the steam-engine, the printing press and the telegraph on their side? This is but "touching the fringe of a great subject," more anon.

Argus.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

When an editorial writer on the Anglo-Saxons ventured, in a recent issue of this journal, to express concurrence in the general correctness of statistics by which an evening contemporary endeavoured to shew that the people of the Dominion are habitually called by the wrong name, it was supposed that part of the subject had been disposed of. The contemporary, however, appears to have had something more to say in the matter, and has said it.

Doubtless with a commendable desire to remove any lingering doubt, the statistics are now supplemented by the argument, that if the countries whence came the people who chiefly colonized Canada are Celtic, Canada must also be Celtic.

An induction so obvious leaves no choice—if choice could be desired—than again to concede acquiescence. But the argument, however safe in itself and beyond the reach of controversy, may nevertheless have an unpleasant tendency to attract the attention of people of an enquiring turn, who, not being quite satisfied with the "very great exceptions," nor by any means clear as to the supposed preponderance of the Celtic element, might take it into their heads to suggest embarrassing questions, and object to the off-hand disposal of countries "speaking generally," and after the manner of ethnological writers.

To be sceptical is sometimes supposed to be clever, and when clever (!) sceptics begin it is not always easy to say where they may end. Nevertheless, as most things are said to have a limit, even theirs might be found in the ethnological dogma that Gaul was first peopled by Celts. Crushed by the Romans, who waged a war of extermination, overrun by the Franks, and again by the Normans, these Celts had a hard time of it, and were it not for their friends the ethnological writers they might never have been heard of.

To be told that the Franks were from Germany, and gave the name France; that the Normans were of the same race as those ruthless scamps who had the very *un-Celtic* habit of burning monasteries and murdering the monks; that travellers in Lower Canada are given to fancying themselves in Normandy, and that the Saxon Lowlanders in Scotland greatly outnumber the Celtic Highlanders and Islanders thereof, would not be encouraging to people who, being non-readers of the *Post* and the *SPECTATOR*, might feel inclined to say, "We are Celts."

It is not likely their possible opponents would have it all their own way. If the Celts disappeared from some places, if they were chased to the mountains in Wales and to the Highlands in Scotland, they are by millions in Ireland, and who could say that in that country they have not had a troublous time? Danes, Normans, Henry VIII., Oliver Cromwell, penal laws, confiscations, famines, fevers and obstructionists; and after all that "thratment," there they are to the fore with their amazing tenacity. Brave, warm-hearted, intellectual, wholly unselfish, they go on prospering and to prosper if let alone and in their own way.

But over and above all that has been said, the clever men alluded to might point to the facts that the Dominion is an English colony; that it was long, and is now partially, defended by an army called the English Army; that its coasts are guarded by a navy called the English Navy; that its Governors are appointed by a Government called the English Government; that within its borders the English laws, language, tastes, habits and habit of thought prevail; that the Anglo-Saxons have filled, now fill, and are likely to fill, several pages in the world's history; that the Marquis and the orators and the others

probably said "We are Anglo-Saxons" in a general—perhaps in an ethnological sense, and that it would be easy to find a worse designation than Anglo-Saxon.

All that could be said is, that although it might be nice to say we are Saxons, or nicer to say we are Celts, it is safer to say we are Canadians.

But the primary feature of the article in the contemporary of the 19th appears to be a defence of its statement, that certain celebrities in the Dominion are Celtic in their origin. Enquiry is also made as to its means of judging, if not by "names and pedigrees of old families," something is said about Saxon heads, and scientific hatters, encounters with O'Neills and McCarthys, and the authority of the historian being taken for fact, all of which is supposed to mean that when the evening contemporary said the celebrities are Celtic, the evening contemporary was right.

It was because the "names and pedigrees of old families" were consulted that the evening contemporary was found to be wrong; that its habit of assigning a Celtic origin to bearers of O and Mac is sometimes an erroneous habit, and that instead of the Marquis of Lorne's family being "one of the most purely Celtic in the British Empire," it is one of the least so; in fact, is not Celtic at all.

Not confining its admiration to imaginary Celtic celebrities in the Dominion the evening contemporary looks abroad, and taking in "the new Austrian Premier," Viscount Taaffe, declares him to have sprung from the ancient Hibernian Chiefs.

To gaze upon Europe generally and claim the great ones as belonging to what is called the "proud historic race," need concern no one in particular; but when the evening contemporary says "we must fall back on the historian for anything like truth," the historian is consulted with surprising, if disappointing result.

The Abbé MacGeoghegan informs his readers that "the Taaffes of Ireland are originally from England," that "one of the family espoused the cause of Queen Elizabeth against the Catholics of Ireland," and was given "the estate of MacDonough."

This record, from authority so respectable, is not of a character to be expected from one of a "proud historic race," nor, in the sense understood, as highly qualifying for admission to its ranks.

Having fallen back on the Abbé, he further states that the Browns, the Nugents, the Butlers, and the Lacys, whom the evening contemporary associates with the Taaffes as also of the ancient race, are Anglo-Normans. Leaving out the mythical period, the Hiberno-Celtic heroes may not have been many, but should not be passed over in silence. It would be gratifying to know who they were, and what they did for mankind besides killing them. Men with the Saxon, or Norman, or Danish taint should be kept out, and nothing admitted but the blood pure, ancient and gushing, so that for once it might not be said "he is of English descent." There are Anglo-Norman-Irish, Anglo-Irish and Scoto-Irish in dozens, but the genuine Mac's and O's are wanted, care being taken against interlopers like the Mackenzies.

There was a long time between the Norman arrival in Ireland and its complete subjugation in the reign of Elizabeth. During most of that time the English were confined to the pale. Who were the great ones in the rest of the Island? What did they do for art, science, agriculture, or anything for which men should be grateful?

POSSIBLE PROSPERITY.

There are good times yet in store for Canada. Her resources are by no means exhausted; and if we do not worry all the energy and enterprise out of ourselves by dwelling perpetually on the hardness of the times, we shall be able yet to take hold more vigorously than ever of these resources; by developing which we shall find and found a real prosperity.

The natural resources of this country are not in trade. It is only when a nation has utilized to the full all the materials within her borders, and attained to the highest known perfection of her times in manufacturing these into forms of usefulness, that she can find her amplest resources in a trade, not only in her own commodities, but in those which she gets in return for them, interchanging these again with other countries. Great Britain is in such a position now; and so her trade has become to her *the* resource of all resources. It is not so yet with Canada. Canada does not yet *produce* enough to enable her to command a trade.

Yet, judging from statistics, we have striven more eagerly, and longed more deeply even than Great Britain, to make of ourselves "a nation of shopkeepers." To put it hyperbolically (and hyperbole is always a graceful figure of speech), every one of us longs to have goods to sell, but nobody wants to buy unless *certain* of the immediate sale of the thing bought to some other victim. If the strength of the statement be rather staggering, one thing at least is certain, that statistics show clearly it has enough foundation in fact to make it only a "lie with circumstance"—that is hyperbole.

Mercantile Agencies are good for something, although not for the purpose for which they are supposed to be valuable. They are useful as Trade Directories and Statisticians, and may continue to live, if in that way they serve