

people whom it affects do not care to put themselves to the trouble of killing it; the other chiefly because of its present value as a factor in political life or international relations. The one is the myth of the Latin, the other of the Anglo-Saxon, 'race.' Like the figures of the winged Mercury which are poised upon the point of one great toe, these myths are both set standing upon one small pin-head of fact—affinity or identity of language. In the case of the 'Latin race' legend such affinity is easily traced to a few centuries of Roman administration. In the British Isles Celtic dialects have been lost within historic times—and, indeed, almost within living memory—by exactly the same process. In New Zealand it has, after a mere half century or so, taught the Southern Maori to lisp with ungrammatical lips the language of their conquerors. A Spaniard may call himself in the same breath a Latin and an Iberian; a Frenchman who refers to himself as a Latin now will designate himself a Gaul within five minutes—so little practical faith has either in the fiction of the 'Latin race.' Traces of the Latin people—chips of the old block—may probably still be met, here and there, as in the Trastevere in Rome, in Provence and the Lower Languedoc in France, and in a few other isolated places which escaped the wild onset of the hordes that swept down upon and almost blotted out the old Roman civilisation in the long ago. The shaggy barbarians from the northern forests were—what Attila, one of their leaders, styled himself—the Scourge of God. In their early days of nation-building, the sturdy pagan Romans cultivated the natural virtues to a high degree. But with wealth and luxury came—among others—the vice that offers so dread a menace to the future of these colonies—systematic sterility and limitation of family. Then the stronger stock swept down like another deluge and washed away the sin-sodden landmarks of what had once been—but even then with a very strained propriety—called the Latin race. The very school-boy who is ever so slightly acquainted with the ethnology of modern Europe knows full well that no man can to-day point to either a race or a nation that can be properly designated as Latin.

For even a stronger reason the title 'Anglo-Saxon race' or 'Anglo-Saxon people' is an abuse of terms. We read the term in all the moods and tenses nowadays in leading articles written by enthusiastic pressmen whose patriotism is greater than their knowledge of history. Thus the Auckland *Herald* of November 25 devotes a well-meant, if not convincing, leading article to the *entente* between Great Britain and the 'Anglo-Saxon race' in the United States. We have already broadly hinted that similarity or identity of language is a flimsy foundation for an argument as to identity of race. This would, for instance, afford us such curiously diversified race-types as Anglo-Saxon Milesians in Connemara, 'Anglo-Saxon' Frenchmen in Canada, 'Anglo-Saxon' Brahmins at Calcutta, 'Anglo-Saxon' Chinamen in Hong Kong, and 'Anglo-Saxon' negroes in (say) the United States and Jamaica. The people of the British Isles are tolerably cosmopolitan in sentiment, but they draw the colour-line rigidly and erect thereon a sky-high social and racial iron fence between themselves and the yellow man and the brown man and the red man and the black man. Moreover, the Saxon—or Anglo-Saxon—tongue is, and for long ages has been, 'a Hebrew speech' to English people. Professor March says that 'the Anglo-Saxon language is so different from modern English as to deserve a separate name'; that it 'differs from our English in phonology, in vocabulary, in inflections, in the derivation of words, in syntax, in versification, and in modes of thought'; that English is 'an analytic mixed speech of Roman cultivation, with other periods of growth and classic regularity and progress'; and that 'a chaos separates the two languages.'

Historically and ethnically there is no such thing as an 'Anglo-Saxon race.' The name was, for want of better, used as the official designation of the subjects of King Alfred after he had subdued the Angles. But the people of the British Isles were, racially speaking, more Celtic than Teutonic. As for their institutions, most of them came, not from Germany, but from Rome. Their civilisation came from Rome; their religion came from Rome; their system of jurisprudence came from Rome; much of their modern language came from Rome; the Magna Charta itself was written in Latin; and the records of English courts of justice were kept in Latin down to the reign of George II. All this in passing, just to point to the stone out of which English institutions were hewn. But the term 'Anglo-Saxon' is a strange misnomer to apply to the people of the United States. The Anglo-Saxon element in the blood and bone and muscle of its population—if it can be shown to be there at all—is insignificantly small. The great bulk of it is made up of the Celtic element, and of the Teutonic element which has but little of the Saxon and none of the Anglo-Saxon in its composition. That eccentric genius George Francis Train thus ding-dongs the Anglo-Saxon theory under the hammer of argument and the anvil of history: 'Who settled New York? The Dutch. Who settled South Carolina? The Huguenots. Who settled Louisiana? The

French. Who settled Florida? The Spanish. Who settled California and the South-west? The Mexicans. Talk about England being our motherland! She's not even our grandmother land.' As the German-Americans declared last year at Chicago, 'not England, but the whole of Europe, is the mother-country of the white inhabitants of the United States.' But the biggest quota came from Ireland and Germany. Half of Washington's army in the War of Independence was composed of Irishmen. His fleet was probably more Irish still, and its first Commodore was the famous fighting Wexfordman, 'Saucy Jack Barry.' Mr. Wharton Baker showed in the *American* last year that since the days of the Revolution 'not more than ten per cent. of those who have come to settle amongst us throw in their fortunes with our fortunes, develop a continent, have been English born.' He then proceeds:—

Further back than two generations we cannot trace the lineage of our people, the country from which they have sprung, nor is it necessary. But of our population, foreign-born and born of foreign parentage, the last census (and there is no later data) shows that in 1890, of our total white population of 54,983,980, 37 per cent., or 20,519,643, were of foreign parentage; and of these 4,913,238 were Irish-Americans, 6,851,564 German-Americans, 1,922,638 British-Americans, with the men of Scandinavian descent coming next. Put in percentages: Of our white population, foreign-born or born of foreign parents, 23.94 per cent. were Irish, 33.39 per cent. German, only 9.37 per cent. English. Since 1890 there has been a large proportionate gain in our population of Latin and Slavish origin, so that the percentages of Irish and Germans and English to our foreign population, though still holding their ranking position, are undoubtedly somewhat smaller than eight years ago. Of this population of foreign parentage and in excess of twenty millions, or three-eighths of our entire white population in 1890, 9,249,547 were actually foreign-born, the other eleven millions born of foreign parents. Of the foreign-born 2,784,894 were Germans, 1,871,509 Irish, 933,249 Scandinavians, 908,141 English, 510,625 Slavish peoples, 319,822 Latins [*sic*], and 242,231 Scotch.

America is, in very deed, not an Anglo-Saxon, but a cosmopolitan nation, with, however, Celts and Germans as its chief racial elements.

SOME WAR NURSES.

ENGLISH historians passed by, as scarcely worthy of mention, the magnificent services rendered to the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers of the British army by the Sisters of Mercy in the blundering campaign of the Crimea, and it is merely incidentally that we learn of the heroic work which the members of another Catholic Sisterhood are doing for Thomas Atkins on his bed of pain and sickness within the beleaguered lines of Ladysmith. The nuns who have elected to take the chances of war are the Sisters of the Holy Family—mostly French, we believe—and they are the tender and skilled and thoughtful nurses that tend the wounded and soothe the victims of the camp-fever at Ladysmith. In the Vicariate-Apostolic of Natal there were in 1897 33 of those ministering angels. They were distributed among the hospitals of their Order at Ladysmith, Pietermaritzburg, and Durban. All three hospitals are probably at this moment working to their last ounce of pressure for the sick and wounded soldiers of 'the great white queen.'

'CIVIS': HIS CHARGES, AND HIS 'BULLS.'

SOMEWHERE in the twenties a leaden-witted English rustic, Hodge Swindon, say of Whinthorpe, was 'brought up' on a capital charge. The evidence was direct, the witnesses unexceptionable. There was no possible defence, and the jury promptly brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge put the usual question: Had the prisoner at the bar anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him? And Hodge made answer and said: 'Es. I have zummat to zay. That 'air on your 'ead bean't yourn—it be a 'oss's tail; an' there be a pimple on your nose an' a boo-bottle fly on your beard. Least-ways, I think it. An' that be wot I zay.' Such was the rustic's fat-witted reply. And such, in principle, is the sole 'defence' made by 'Civis' of the *Otago Daily Times* against the journalistic capital count on which he has been found guilty—that of attempting to evoke the demon of sectarian rancour to aid his friends in a political campaign. He has made no defence against the charge. He has no possible defence to make; for, as we twice pointed out, the evidence against him lies scattered thick over the whole surface of his offending 'Note'—undenied because undeniable. His 'reply' of last Saturday is as inapt and inept and pointless as that of Hodge of Whinthorpe—it is to the effect that, in pointing out the nature of his guilt, we, forsooth, used a mixed metaphor! Only that and nothing more. There were persons who expected—and *a priori* not unreasonably—that even the bell-jingling 'Civis' would offer some word of explanation or some expression of regret for his cruel and unprovoked attack on the Catholic bishops and electors. We were of the number who looked for this. We know better now.

'Civis' is not exactly a George Washington. In his first 'Note' on us he made a peculiarly gross and evident misstatement of fact—evident, at least, to anybody who read our