

very feebly yearn for their own national independence. Their devotion to royalty—of which we do not complain—is strong, because it is afar off, and is only less than their loyalty to the pursuit of gain. What more do they desire, now having a cheap market from which to buy, than a dear market in which to sell, or than such relations with the United States as will secure greater commercial prosperity without any of the incidents and responsibilities of annexation? It is clearly the greed of trade which now prompts our neighbors, who evidently are not inspired by the ambition which makes men dare to be masters of their own fate.

Good farming lands within the boundaries of the United States sell now for more than twice as much per acre as land of equal fertility not half a mile distant in the Canadian dominion. If the chief industries of the Canadas could be made more profitable, real estate there, improved and unimproved, would quickly advance in value, and the Canadas would not only escape the danger of depopulation from the emigration now going on of their own people, but a much larger proportion of the foreign immigrants landing at Quebec would be retained instead of swiftly crossing to the United States.

These results they might secure, and all at our cost, by the proposed treaty; the loftier their flight the more humble our own. But our experience under the abrogated treaty, confessedly too favorable to the Canadians and most onerous to the people of the United States, shows that, so far as they are concerned, such a treaty does not warm the affections nor increase the respect of the colder regions of the north, where it was only a gainful bargain adroitly interpreted, and had neither power to create nor to perpetuate an era of good-will as the precursor of annexation. It was rather like the feast of Barmecide in the Arabian Nights, where the visitor was put off with calling for exquisite viands that never appeared, and with the solitary honor of the company of the host. Annexation may have been on the bill of fare and called for, but it did not appear, and we had the cool and hungry honor of treating with a distinguished host.

From 1861 to 1865, notwithstanding the supposed genial influence generated by reciprocity in the hour of its supremest strength and fruition, Canadian amity was truly "a peace which passeth all understanding;" and there was hardly any greater malevolence exhibited toward the United States than that so offensively displayed by the ruling spirits of the Canadian dominion.

They coldly calculated the profit and loss of planting thorns in our bleeding sides, and saw with exultation both the South and the North each grow weaker by loss of blood. They vainly hoped our growth and greatness would be curbed and our glories dimmed. Not that they most hated the North, but that they hated the Union, and would love us better in smaller and broken parcels.

Let us not be deceived by the present commercial caresses of our Canadian friends. They seek to extinguish the memory of former injuries, not by benefits they are to confer, but possibly by the favors they are to receive. They seem to think we ought to discover that annexation is but a little way off from reciprocity; but this bait is growing stale and has strongly scented the old trap. The ass, we are told, did not overtake the bundle of hay fastened to the end of the pole in his front, though with longing eyes he tugged and toiled for speedy "annexation." Reciprocity, formerly a word of deceitful sweetness, has turned out a bitter-sweet, the smart from which leaves no relish for a second taste. The song of the siren may have betrayed us once, but there is no power to charm in its "damnable iteration."