

highest political authority has publicly warned us that our being Canadians is reason enough for not treating us as Americans. As Mr. Howland puts it:—

"A majority of the American people seem to have been gradually educated to believe that it is a kind of moral duty on their part to cut off commercial communication, as far as possible, between themselves and their kindred who remain under the British flag. That would be the judgment from favourite representative utterances—of party organs and political platforms—even of the school book and the lecture-room. The mutual intentions expressed to each other by the parties to the Treaty (of 1783) are being as far as possible reversed.

"Can we reconcile with the spirit of the Treaty, with a *bona fide* execution of its mutual considerations, legislation that for the past twenty-five years has hindered admission into the United States of agricultural and other natural products from the British possessions on this continent; tariffs maintained not from revenue or other necessities, but confessedly for the purpose of placing restrictions upon commercial intercourse between the inhabitants of the West and their kindred under the flag of the Empire" (pp. 243, 244).

There was one short period during which the Treaty of 1783 was carried out in spirit, so far as Canada was concerned. That was while the Treaty of 1854 was in operation, but since its termination all overtures from us for its renewal, or for some other honourable arrangement, have been rejected. I cannot help believing, or wishing to believe, that the chief reason for this has been the general ignorance on the part of the American people concerning the salient facts of the great settlement of 1783, on which Mr. Howland has dwelt in his second chapter. It is most important that these historical and political facts, as well as the aims and principles that animated the British minister and the Commissioners of Congress, should be generally known. If they were, the verdict on the McKinley Bill of last November would surely not only be repeated at the next election, but a distinct mandate might be expected, from a people that never wishes to be outdone in liberality, to their representatives, to treat Canada as they themselves would wish to be treated, were the positions reversed. If this is not done we, at any rate, can always fall back on the dogged determination that has animated every section of our race in the past, to be true to ourselves, and not to barter our rights or our honour for any consideration. No man is respected unless he respects himself, and what is true of the individual is true of the nation.

I have noticed, so far, only two of the five chapters in Mr. Howland's book, those which deal with the fall of the Old Empire and the Treaty of Partition so generously conceded to by the British Ministry in 1783. Since that date a new Empire has arisen, based on the modern principle of a people governing itself by means of representative institutions that reflect its will, while the unity and continuity of its life is preserved by means of the Crown, a centre that always remains stable in the midst of party strife and party changes. In the same time, the New Republic—possessed of vast breadths of the fairest regions on earth—has risen to an unexampled height of prosperity. Its Declaration of Rights is accepted by every member of the race, and its struggle for those rights is part of the common inheritance. What is needed now is that those two halves of one race should be again as one people. This cannot be done by proposals to detach a part of the new Empire, and add it, either commercially or politically, to the new Republic. It can be done only by the frankest recognition of each other's autonomy and honour, and of the common inheritance that both should be proud to claim. If Whittier declared of his countrymen

We too are heirs of Runnymede,

Canadians and Englishmen and Australians alike can say: "We too are heirs of Washington and Lincoln," and we can say so more truly than some millions of the citizens of the Republic can. "The time surely has arrived," says Mr. Howland, "when both Canada—the frontier Dominion of the new Empire—and the United States ought to frankly accept the results of the great partition as final, and loyally endeavour to work out the spirit of that compact." As essential to this, he urges the establishment of a permanent international or quasi-Federal Court to adjudicate all future differences between Britain and the Republic. "The difference, whether in legal conceptions, in institutions, or in interests between the United States and any nation of the English Empire, is not perceptibly greater than exists between any two adjoining States within the Federal Republic. When the Supreme Court of the United States was created, the relations of the States towards each other were marked by the utmost degree of mutual jealousy and distrust. Internal causes of future difference abounded between them in scarcely less degree than between the Confederation and the Mother Country." In spite of this, there is no institution that has vindicated itself so decidedly, and that commands such universal respect as this Supreme Court; and the suggestion is well worthy of consideration that an International Court could be easily created by the appointment of a standing quorum, selected with joint assent, on one side from this Supreme Court, and on the other from the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council. Such a step would prepare the way for the establishment of a *universal* International tribunal.

"The announcement to the world that the two great English Republics had agreed to the joint establishment of

an International Supreme Court, in order that thereafter all their controversies might be determined by law, and not poisoned by politics or perplexed by diplomacy, would work a revolution in the diplomatic conditions of the world. Its moral effect would more than equal that which would be produced by the conclusion of an offensive and defensive alliance between the countries. Military alliances are, by their nature, temporary and revocable; but a union of peoples by community of law is a bond whose strength time and custom can only affirm. Jay's prediction and the grand covenant of the Treaty of 1783 would be fulfilled. While separate Governments would exist for purely municipal purposes the two nations would, in all essentials, become as one people. . . . Forming virtually one commonwealth as respects the relations between their respective citizens, the two great States may be destined to discover an increasing tendency towards unity, even in their foreign policy. In what quarter of the world could the greatness of the British Empire be diminished, without damage to the common interests of English civilization? What aims has England in which Americans ought not to sympathize? If she has enemies, is it not for causes wider than her own interests that she confronts them?" (pp. 321-343).

In the next chapters of this valuable work, "The Constitution of the New Empire," "Our Centenary Year," and "The Crisis of the Empire," are discussed. These may be noticed in another paper, but I desire to call the attention of readers to the book itself without delay.

GEO. M. GRANT.

PARIS LETTER.

THE discovery by M. Jourdain that all his life he was speaking prose is only on a par with the French workmen, who have discovered that the law allows them to form trades' unions or syndicates—that Prospero's wand, on which they count to be, like Tam O'Shanter, "o'er the ill's o' life victorious." They have not yet their liberty to march in their thousands and tens of thousands to a Hyde Park or Tammany Hall; that may arrive by the time the new Opera Comique will be re-erected, or the Belleville funicular railway running, after being fourteen times inaugurated. The materialists allege the failure of the latter is due to the vicinage of the Sacre-Cœur Cathedral. There is not a trade or profession in France that is not seething for its syndication; the desire has spread like the Russian influenza, only it must make its *debut* by a strike. *L'appetit vient en syndiquant*. The grocers' assistants—the "white blouses," and as numerous as the seed of Abraham—held a monster meeting and formed their union. They went in, as they said themselves, *cornichons*, or gherkins, a nickname given them, and came out free men, resolved, if necessary, to no longer sand the sugar and come up to prayers. The chiffonniers, 50,000 strong in Paris, of both sexes, where night-work is under no penal prohibition for women, nor the age-clause applicable to children, hesitate to syndicate, fearing to be exploited by the upper ten rag-pickers; they are the only free traders apparently now left in France, as they decline to sanction a custom's tax on Norwegian wood-pulp for paper, so as to enhance the price of broken bottles, bones, old shoes, occasionally rags, and refuse paper. It is a dodge, they say, to put money in the pockets of their boss confrères. They want no "pick-me-up" from Parliament.

Russia has taken another step in the hypnotization of the French. General Annenkoff promises, when the trans-Siberian railway will be completed, to place Paris within seventeen days' travel of Shanghai. From Paris to Moscow—ten minutes allowed for refreshments, then to Vladivostock, and a three days on sea to Shanghai. This will smash the trade monopoly of England, America and Germany, and concentrate it between the hands of Russians and Parisians. It will become the route for European coal, flour, manufactures, and similar small deer, while real Bohea and Young Hyson will cut out Indian and Ceylon "parcels" of tea. The General asserts no chartered accountant backs him, that his trans-Caucasian railway is already paying three per cent. dividend—equal to investment in French rentes. It is to be hoped the poor French will appraise at its value this puff preliminary for a loan for the Siberian railway. The France of 1789 had a heart overflowing with sympathy for oppressed humanity—the Jews included. She might relieve Holy Russia of her plethora of Semitics; the immigrants would supply two great wants France suffers from: cheap human labour, and a race capable to look after the increase and multiply side of the population.

M. Emile Zola declines to be put up as a deputy; he would have no objection to being elected a Senator, that would be a haven of rest for some nine years and enable him to canvass for the Academy. Literary men do not make legislators. It is said that the only way to try the angelic temper of M. Renan is to allude to the time when he canvassed for a seat in the National Assembly. De Goncourt is also good at stinging Renan. Dumas fils prefers to write prefaces for books, wherein he ventilates utopian cures for mankind, rather than manufacture Acts of Parliament.

The Annual Fair at Neuilly, outside Paris, has opened. The favourite hours are after dinner, from nine till midnight. Naturalistic penny awfuls are extensively patronized; the contrast, perhaps, enables the ethereal to be better appreciated. The Fair has really no novelty. The Siamese sisters, Rosa-Josepha, are exhibited in a Paris

theatre. These "Bohemian girls" are not relatives of Balfe's Bohemian girl. The only novelty at the Fair is the erection of the historical *chalet de nécessité* that was once erected in front of the Opera by some eminent philanthropists, and that almost caused Carpeaux's giggling, dancing girls to blush; statues have moved ere now, in "Hermione," for example, and how the Commander taught Don Giovanni morality.

The *Lanterne*, and it ought to throw light, draws attention to the Princesse Lœtitia, daughter of Prince Napoleon, being present at the Anteuil races on Sunday last in coloured silk and unstinted diamonds. Yet her papa is not three months dead.

Munchestein, in Switzerland, where the terrible railway accident but recently occurred, was celebrated for its confraternity of Monks. It was one of these Monks who, along with three knights, accompanied King John, of Bohemia, to the battle of Cressy, where all the party was slain. It was on that battle-field that Edward the Black Prince, as is well known, found in the helmet of the slain King the motto *Ich Dien*, under the three feathers, and he adopted the two symbols in respect for his father, and that became heirlooms for English heir-apparents. The motto and plume may be picked up on a baccara jetou now at Tranby Court.

The Anarchists demand that the names of the streets in and around the Sacre-Cœur Cathedral be no longer called after saints, but after the heroic Communists. Louise Michel can count upon going down to posterity on a street plaque in white and blue. If the nails rust, they will supply the "red."

The cobblers, now on strike, recall that they are "awl" terrible fellows. It was one of their order, Picard, who opened the chest of Marshal d'Aucre, the Médecin's favourite, took out the heart, grilled it, cut off a slice, eat it, and threw the rest of it to the crowd. *Cave!*

The visit of the German Emperor to England passionately monopolizes French attention. His dropping in *en route* on Holland is regarded as the peaceful annexation of that kingdom. Long ago its girl-queen has been marked out as the future bride of the young crown prince of Germany. That prospective influence, and the moral accession of the Duchy of Luxembourg, swell the strength, greatness and richness of "Vaterland." They are further barriers against the ideal frontier of France—the Rhine, from Switzerland to the sea. Honour to whom honour is due; years ago the Comte de Paris, in a review article, prepared his countrymen for these inevitables.

The French at this moment are very irritable, very sore, and deeply vexed at the seemingly strengthening of the bonds between Germany and England. But they will not see the beam in their own eye—that the more they display rush and gush towards Russia, the more will they force England to make for herself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Politics being the science of facts and self-interest, not of sentiment or philanthropy, one does not require to be an "old" or an "ex" diplomatist to foresee that were Russia and France allowed to sweep old Europe, they would soon unite to wipe out John Bull; finally winding up by Russia keeping her paws upon France herself. Civilization cannot permit that.

France does not nor will not believe that the triple alliance is a union for self-defence, but a weapon of invasion. Nor will the French comprehend that England, the head of the league of neutrals, will be against that power which provokes war. The nervous anxiety with which England's slightest diplomatic action or courtesy is watched and weighed, is the proof of the preponderating rôle she fills in the maintenance of peace. Would-be remodellers of the map of Europe and the East must hence count with her.

Toussaint Rose, whose life has just been published, was private secretary to Louis XIV.; his penmanship could not be distinguished from that of his majesty—a hint for collectors of the "Sun King's" letters. Rose was elected a member of the Academy, though he never wrote a book; just the position of the Duc de Pasquier to-day. But he knew grammar and orthography, of which another academician, the marshal Saxe, was ignorant. Rose was a terrible miser and died aged eighty-six.

Paris is determined to keep the Egyptian question green in the souls of citizens. The municipal council has leased for three years a border of the Champ de Mars to found an "Oasis Egyptienne," with stabling for fifteen asses. Rochefort observed that Parisians had tried all weapons in 1870-71 to beat off the Germans, save the jaw-bones of asses; the arsenals were empty of these, like every other necessity. If a dumb ass could speak again it might inform the municipal council's president when visiting the stable that the English, unlike the Israelites, would never quit Egypt.

The relations between Italy and France have become worse since the former has re-enlisted for another five years in the triple alliance, believing her safety to lie even in costly co-operation rather than in costlier isolation and its danger to her unity. England is coming in for wordy blows—that break no bones—because she takes time by the forelock, by arranging for the maintenance of the *statu quo* in the Mediterranean, a step that can only annoy those who desire to disturb it. Russia and France, especially, and England, ought to join the triple alliance, and make the latter triply pacific.

Every year the Republic toasts to the memory of Hoche at Versailles, his native city, where a monument is