

OUR CANADIAN FATHERLAND.

TO THE AIR OF "WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND."

Canadensis sum et nihil Canadense a me alienum puto.

I.

WHAT is our young Canadian land?
Is it far Norembega's strand?
Or wild Cape Breton by the sea?
Quebec? Ontario? Acadie?
Or Manitoba's flower-decked plain,
Or fair Columbia's mountain chain?
Can any *part*—from strand to strand—
Be a Canadian's fatherland?

Nay! for our young Canadian land
Is greater, grander far, than these;
It stretches wide on either hand
Between the world's two mighty seas!
So, let no hostile lines divide
The fields our feet should freely roam;
Gael, Norman, Saxon,—side by side,
And *Canada* our nation's *Home*;
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

II.

Where'er our country's banner spreads
Above Canadians' free-born heads,
Where'er the story of our land
Enshrines the memory of the band
Of heroes, who, with blood and toil,
Laid, deep in our Canadian soil,
Foundations for the future age,
And wrote their names on history's page,
—Our history:—From strand to strand
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!
So each to each is firmly bound
By ties each generous heart should own,
We cannot spare a foot of ground
No *part* can, selfish, stand alone!
So Nova Scotia and Quebec
Shall meet in kinship leal and true,—
New Brunswick's hills be mirrored back
In fair Ontario's waters blue!
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

III.

Where'er Canadian thought breathes free,
Or wakes the lyre of poesy,—
Where'er Canadian hearts awake
To sing a song for her dear sake,
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,
That wake us to the noblest war
Against each lurking ill and strife
That weakens, now, our growing life,
No line keeps hand from clasping hand,
—*One* is our young Canadian land!
McGee and Howe she claims her own
Hers all her eastern singers' bays,
Fr chettes is *hers*, and in *her* crown,
Ontario every laurel lays;—
Let *Canada* our watchword be,
While lesser names we know no more,
One nation, spread from sea to sea,
And fused by love, from shore to shore;
—From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

FIDELIS.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.

THE importance or value of President Cleveland's message to the newly-assembled Congress is not to be measured by any direct or immediate results, but rather from its moral influence and continuing consequences. From a strictly practical standpoint, the paper is but an official confirmation to the legislative body of the estimate whereof its members have heard unofficially that the surplus money in the Treasury will amount to so much as \$140,000,000 by the 30th of June next, the end of the present fiscal year, and an official assurance that the Executive has reached the limit of its powers for preventing an accumulation of such surplus tax-money by redemption or purchase of Government securities. Upon the question of the effect of exacting from the public a revenue larger than is required by the necessities of Government, or the question of the best mode of terminating such an exaction, nobody would pretend that Mr. Cleveland has any original information or ideas of value. He is evidently a man who has

given but little attention or study to matters of high politics, and there is no reason to suspect that he has any natural or acquired faculties superior to those of the late General Grant, unless it be the faculty of plodding industry of research, a quality that points him out as a less original man than his military predecessor.

The President so far conforms to the habit of the professional politician as to juggle more or less with the words he uses, as where he suggests that the policy advised by him has nothing to do with Free Trade or Protection, but is a simple question of reducing a revenue that is not wanted, and the exaction of which is a grievous wrong to the people and a serious menace to their material interests. Congress and the country have not for a moment taken him at his word, but have gone straight to the heart of the subject by accepting and treating the message as a Free Trade pronouncement. True, it is not a radical kind of Free Trade that the President advocates, and his proposals are abundantly fenced with verbal safeguards to vested Protectionist interests; but the message is a Free Trade one in spirit and in influence, and all the more, because of it, is the President to be commended for his courage in speaking his mind, however guardedly, and congratulated upon having bestowed upon the country a healthy sensation, in compelling publicists and the press to lay their stock controversies aside and take up an issue that is vital and momentous. Here is where the value and importance of the message come in; for although it may contain nothing new, and may state what is old in an amateurish way, the source from which it comes ensures for it a degree of attention, discussion, and influence, such as might be expected for some new *Wealth of Nations* or *Descent of Man*.

It is not probable that the recommendations of the message will be closely reproduced in legislation. Some reduction and readjustment of duties there are almost sure to be, and would have been had the President kept silent or neutral on tariff questions, and his forcible presentation of the dangers of the surplus revenue may carry these minor reformations somewhat beyond the original intention, but they will not be carried to the extent that Protectionists shall become alarmed for the immediate future, or any rearrangement of industrial systems be necessitated. Despite the President's adverse view, the tobacco excises will almost certainly be remitted, leaving no internal duties but those on spirits and malt liquors, and were it not for the strength of prohibitory sentiment the spirit and beer tax would go likewise, the inland revenue being far from popular. On the whole it cannot be said that anything of high importance in legislation is likely to flow from the message.

In the field of politics the influence of the message is destined to be great. It forces tariff reform to the front as a present leading question, conformably to which men must choose their sides. It lends the name of the Democratic Party to the reforming movement. The party may suffer temporary reverses by reason of it, and Mr. Cleveland himself may be defeated for reelection next autumn in the only way that renders his defeat possible. A contest over the tariff cannot be sectional, but purely local, where not strictly personal, and that will be a great gain all around. There can be no doubt that it was with a view to its service, as a popular tract or broadside, that the President took the novel course of restricting his annual message to a single topic. From every point of view it is well that the message was written and delivered, and this compliment can be made equally well by those who oppose its arguments and conclusions as by those who accept both.

B.

NATION BUILDING.—V.

THERE has just been published at Richmond, Virginia, a little work on Pocahontas, and her descendants through her marriage with John Rolfe, gentleman, in April, 1614. The bearers of some thirty or forty family names—some of them the most distinguished on this continent—are proud to trace their lineage back to that dusky progenitress. With far other sentiments Senator Poirier contemplates the admixture of Indian with European blood. "There may," he writes, "be people who are indifferent whether their ancestors were savage or civilised. But the Acadians, who, of the grand heritage once allotted to them, have nothing left but their unalterable faith, the gift of God, and the integrity of their French blood, the gift of their fathers, religiously guard that precious patrimony, which on the one hand recalls France, and on the other reminds them of heaven. France! Religion! Those two words are as necessary to them as the air they breathe. Take away that worship, rob them of that heirloom, and the Acadian race will be no more. It was therefore with profound sensation that a voice from Ottawa was heard saying, 'That heritage is not what you fancy it to be; you have all Indian blood in your veins.' But in making that assertion M. Sulte was only echoing the words of historians who had made the statement before him. Protests arose from all sides; the archives were ransacked, tradition was questioned, and the ancients of our people gave back the answer, 'The blood that flows in our veins is French blood.'"

Senator Poirier acknowledges that at first sight appearances and analogy were on the side of the historians. Obscurity enveloped the early years of the colony. The first settlers lived in undoubted intimacy with the Abenakis. It was only reasonable to conclude that they had followed the usage of the Spaniards in South America and Mexico, of the French in Louisiana, of the Dutch founders of New York. "The origin of the M tis in Manitoba, the frequent alliances of the *coureurs des bois* with the squaws in the West, made it credible that a like intercourse had existed between the first French colonists of Acadia and the Souriquois; while the ties of blood which unite a large number of Canadian families of all classes