

# THE ANGLO-SAXON

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## Mr. Sifton's Anglo-Saxondom!

**I**N CONSEQUENCE of remarks made by me in the course of a speech delivered at the banquet given by the St. George's Society and the Sons of England I have been asked by the Editor of the *ANGLO-SAXON* to put my ideas in the form of an article. Owing to want of time and want of books of reference I can do little more than submit a few rough notes on a subject which deserves more careful treatment.

The whole world is at present ringing with rumors of a federation the greatest that the centuries have seen, a federation of the Anglo-Saxons of the world. Mr. McNeill's resolution, of which notice has been given in the House of Commons of Canada, has been backed by Senator Kirchhoffer's notice of a similar resolution in the Upper House and by the sympathy not only of that party which we owe the National Policy and the C. P. Ry. (the iron bond of union between east and west) but by a very large section of English speaking men.

The hope of the next century is a federated Anglo-Saxondom which will be able to say without fear of contradiction,

The wealth of the world's in our pocket,  
The trade of the world is ours,  
Our ships can unloose it or lock it.  
And we don't care a d— for the Powers.

The prime object of these resolutions is not only to bring increased prosperity to the colonies of the Empire and eventually to the Mother country as well, but to ensure the population of those colonies by men of Anglo-Saxon race who will swarm into our waste lands when they are once assured that by the adoption of the true two sided system of inter-preferential trade foreshadowed in Mr. McNeill's resolution, all which they can produce, will find a ready sale on favored terms in the great home market of the race, Great Britain.

Concurrently with this movement is another of almost equal importance, a movement on the part of the colonies to assume in some measure a reasonable share in the responsibilities of the Empire, by creating a body of soldiers (and possibly of sailors and ships) sufficient to protect the lands in which they are raised (with Great Britain's help) or in time of great stress, lend some small assistance to the mother country.

Under circumstances such as these it is surely a strange sight to see the Government of Canada making (especially of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories) a mixture of the nations, and to hear men who know the country assert that at the present

moment 50 per cent. of the population of these districts is composed of foreigners, whilst it has recently been elicited in the House that the Government of the day has been paying to transportation companies \$5.00 a head for foreign immigrants and only \$1.70 for men of our own breed from the old country.

I have heard an after dinner orator of some position in Canada (the Hon. R. R. Dobell) affirm that the Anglo-Saxon population could and would absorb and assimilate all the aliens who could possibly be brought into Canada, and that the result would eventually be a true Saxon race and moreover that the English race was founded in just such fashion.

Spoken with the charming geniality of a school-boy or (the same thing) of this most kindly of Canadian politicians, this assertion may pass unchallenged. You may forgive his mistakes for the sake of his smile, but common sense won't swallow his statement nor history corroborate it.

You cannot expect one half of a nation to swallow the other half and show no sign, nor is it true that ever since the English were a nation any such vast body of men foreign in speech, history, customs and race ever was absorbed by the original stock.

If we mean what we say about an Anglo-Saxondom we must build a British race with British bricks. You cannot make Anglo-Saxondom of Doukhobors, Galicians and Fins.

There is a sounder theory than Mr. Dobell's current amongst a few who look upon the world from a stock breeder's point of view. That is, that whatever kind of stock you turn into it will eventually conform to one particular standard which is the natural output of the country.

There is some warrant for this assertion. It does not require much imagination to see in the typical Uncle Sam of the comic journal a strong likeness to the aborigines of the United States. The lean angular Yankee with high cheek bones, dry and brief in speech, a born boaster and gambler, is perhaps to-day more like the Cree, except in color, than he is like the frank, florid, burly Briton from whom he sprang. And those who know Australia will tell you that the typical Australian with his comparatively narrow chest, long, lean figure, flat horseman's thighs and small light quarters, is very different to the round thighed, wide chested, broad based stock from which he sprang. A country certainly does have a marked effect upon stock, and here I mean animals, horses, cattle and such like. So great an effect indeed has it that if you want to keep up any particular imported type