

There is, I know, nothing to strike a poetical fancy in all this. The word "Independence" has a general significance which appeals more eloquently to national pride; its sonority rings pleasantly on the ear; but serious-minded people, habituated to judge questions on their rival merit, are not led by sounds or sentiments. I must, however, acknowledge that some of the most prominent among them do not hesitate openly to advocate the idea of Independence, in spite of all possible objections; but, without questioning their sincerity for one moment, I have not the slightest doubt but that they do not follow such course without the mental reservation: "Let us be free first; we will trim our sails afterwards." This after all may be the most practical way of facing the question; but for those who, not having to deal with the matter as to "ways and means," wish only to realize the purely theoretical point, this *formule opportuniste*, as it might be termed in France, is not at all satisfactory. And the question still remains, "What would be left to our choice, when Imperial Federation is rejected and Permanent Independence acknowledged as impossible or dangerous?"

There is for me, and I am sure for the greater number of my compatriots, only one reasonable solution to the problem; that is, to accept the last of the three alternatives pointed out at the beginning of this article, a political union with the United States:—in the received newspaper-phrase, Annexation.

The term "Annexation" has for a long time been most unpopular among the French people of Canada. This arose from two reasons: the smouldering fire of old historical hatreds which so often stained with blood the battle-fields of the past, and the instinctive repugnance of the clergy for the word "Republic," which for them meant revolution, terror and every "social disorder." To this we may add prejudice skilfully and incessantly stirred up by public men interested in flattering the ultra-loyal sentiments of our English population. Of those three causes of antipathy, the first—the most serious—has entirely disappeared. The memory of the old quarrels has passed away; the murderous struggles of a former day are completely forgotten; even the name of *Bostonnais*, which, by reason of the long struggle, formerly called forth such antagonistic feeling amongst us, is not now heard once in a year throughout the length and breadth of the land. With it has disappeared also the name "Yankee," with its sordid or even contumelious significance. The generous and universal hospitality extended to eleven or twelve hundred thousand