

route—a great natural highway to the ocean, not merely for the small Canadian territory on the north side, but for seven of your States on the south, and all that western expanse between the 42d and 49th parallels, whose eastern depot is Duluth. Ships and steamers of the largest size that float upon the ocean may come up full-loaded to this city of Montreal, 500 miles inland. Above us, to complete the navigation, are the largest locks and canals in the world, and these will be soon more enlarged to admit of the passage of vessels of 800 tons to Lake Superior, that may tranship here at trifling cost. Your “West” clamors for more outlet to the Eastern World. We have it direct and cheap, and they will use it.

Then, say you, “We must have annexation.” Well, “annexation” may be in the cards, but apparently it is not in the hands dealt out to present players. There are many people who call themselves “Annexationists,” but few men, with political aspirations, would dare to announce themselves to be of that sect. Doubtless there is a proud Americanism growing up that will hereafter spurn the idea of dependence on anything European, but the men of to-day see in “responsible government” complete independence for internal concerns, a complete control of our own resources, *and an unlimited privilege of running into debt*, while Great Britain, maintaining foreign relations, armies and navies, throws their shield over us at no charge, and tells us that entire independence may be had off hand whenever asked by the “well-understood wishes.”

I have told you that the Governor-General is the only British authority now in the “Dominion.” Each of the now six provinces have a separate “responsible government,” subordinate only to the Government of the Dominion, with a Lieutenant-Governor appointed by and representing the Governor-General in all business matters, and only representing the Queen in ceremonies or tomfooleries, that will soon become contemptible even to our accustomed eyes.

OLD LOWER CANADA,

now the Province of Quebec, is a French parish, three-fourths of the population being French-speaking Catholics, whose language, religion and laws, guaranteed at the Conquest, have been honorably maintained. Though nominally French, they are among the purest native-born American of any nationality on this continent, except the Indians, for there has been little admixture of foreign blood for more than a century. A most amiable people, many figure well in politics, at the bar, on the bench, as physicians, as merchants, or as mechanics; but the bulk are tillers of the soil, who, adopting the Buddhist philosophy, that the cause of misery lies in desire, desire too little, and indulge in what in America is the crime of being content with plain living and too small expenditure. These, where their priests are local rulers, care little for change. Those who become restive annex themselves to your side of the lines, where hundreds of thousands are settled, and every year, such is the fecundity of these Celts, continues the exodus.

THE “DOMINION” IS A SCOTCH COLONY,

as that nationality, by its superior ability and control of the press, the banks, the importing trade, and the most important part of the retail, maintains a general supremacy. Luckily, there is no king of Scotland, for, imitating the House of Braganza, he would abandon his little kingdom in the East to found an empire in the West. The Israelites are superseded—these Scotch are the “chosen people” of our age. Round the world, from the Equator to nearer the North Pole and the