

THE
PARIAHS OF THE EMPIRE.

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52, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, CLERKENWELL, LONDON.

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PREFACE.

THE following article on "The Pariahs of the Empire," refers to a subject of great importance to millions of Englishmen residing in our numerous colonies. It should be remembered that the Dominion of Canada alone has a larger population than Scotland, and that the rapid growth of our Colonial Empire, entitles it to a much larger share of attention than it is at present receiving from our public men.

Though the danger of dismemberment now no longer exists, the issue having been narrowed down to a question as to the unity of the United Kingdom, it is as well to recall the crisis through which the Empire has passed. We therefore append an article on "The Dream of the United Empire Loyalist of 1776," which appeared in the "ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE" in May, 1872, and was subsequently quoted from in the Debate on the Colonies in the House of Commons.

That that article was urgently needed, and that serious danger then existed of a disintegration of the Empire; though now denied by many persons, is best indicated by the following extract from a letter from a very able literary man, addressed to the Editor, dated May 15th, 1872:—

"The idea of 'THE UNITED EMPIRE REVIEW' is capital, if vigorously worked out."

"I quite go with your friend's bitter, but spirited article. Unfortunately even many influential Conservatives are in favour of cutting the painter, and of letting Canada drift away. When I was conducting the — (a daily paper) I was strongly urged to advocate a voluntary dismemberment of the Empire, and at that time Lord — was one of those who regarded Canada as a dead weight upon Great Britain. Of his Lordship's present views I am not aware, but I do know that a large section of the Commons would not be at all sorry to give up everything but India."

52, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, CLERKENWELL, E.C.

July 15th, 1874.

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THE PARIAS OF THE EMPIRE.

It is satisfactory to note that his Royal Highness Prince Christian, the Duke of Manchester, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and other notabilities were present at a meeting of "the Pariahs of the Empire," the gathering of colonists at the recent *Conversazione* of the Royal Colonial Institute. Hitherto colonists have been socially as well as politically ignored, or tacitly regarded as belonging to an inferior caste. The Colonial Office, ruling over the widest domains and the noblest empire that the world has ever seen, has been filled with suitable rulers belonging to the dominant race; and has hitherto had this financial attraction at least, that as there is no need for hospitality to colonists, it offers a very convenient opening for exercising a wise economy. Even the colonial element that has occasionally been introduced into the House of Commons has been a modified one, Englishmen who have for a time resided in the colonies. Mr. Lowe's career should convince the most sceptical that there is a vast difference between Englishmen who have visited the colonies, or have even resided there for years, and those who have had the misfortune of being natives of any of our distant dependencies. He was brought out by the *Times*, to which he had been a contributor, as "a great authority on the colonies." His residence in the land of his birth has evidently cured him of any colonial proclivities, for among the many active enemies whom the colonies have had to contend against, few were more potent or more vindictive than this great colonist.

The idea of Englishmen belonging to a "high caste," has not been openly avowed; but what is worse, it is tacitly conceded, and insensibly acted on. Many years ago Sam Slick graphically described the political and social status of "our colonies:"—

"The organization is wrong. They are two people, but not one. It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home-market from Hong Kong to Labrador.

"They should be represented in Parliament, help to pass English laws, and show them what laws they wanted themselves. All distinctions be blotted out for ever. It should be no more a bar to a man's promotion, as it is now, that he lived beyond the seas, than living the other side of the channel. It should be our navy, our army, our nation. That's a great word, but the English keep it to themselves, and colonists have no nationality. They have no place, no station, no rank. Honours don't reach them; coronations are blank days to them; no brevets go across the water, except to the English officers, who are 'on foreign service in our colonies.' No knighthood is known there—no stars—no aristocracy—no nobility. They are a mixed race; they have no blood. They are like our free niggers; they are emancipated, but they haven't the same social position as the whites. The fetters are off, but the caste, as they call it in India, remains. *Colonists are the Pariahs of the Empire.*"

An examination of the Colonial Office List will slightly tend to confirm this conclusion. It may be doubted whether a "Pariah" was ever allowed to hold any post in the Colonial Office. At present we search in vain through the list of under-secretaries and private secretaries for the name of any one who was born in the colonies. Even the twenty clerks in that office are all Englishmen, and have no Pariahs among their number. Nor is this limited to the Colonial Office; it extends also to the governors whom it appoints to

THE PARIAS OF THE EMPIRE.

rule over "our colonies." The Governors of Gibraltar, Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Labuan, Mauritius, the Straits' Settlements, Penang, Malacca, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, Western Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Falkland Islands, Jamaica, Guiana, Bahamas, Trinidad, Windward Islands, are all natives of the Mother Country.

At present no Secretary of State for the colonies can possibly be a colonist. The Home and Foreign Service, the Indian Department, the various offices in connexion with the Court and the Government of the country, are closed against the millions of Englishmen who are born abroad. Nay, the very patronage of the Colonial Office, as we have seen, has hitherto been reserved for Englishmen, although occasionally a colonist is sent to the West Coast of Africa to prepare him for another and a happier world. All this we may hope may yet be changed when the Empire is united by the introduction of some system of Imperial rule that will give our loyal countrymen abroad some voice in the national councils.

But it may be suggested that any shortcomings in these particulars have been atoned for by a special mark of Royal favour which has been extended to the colonies! The Order of St. Michael and St. George having been created for Greeks and Maltese, it was magnanimously resolved that distinguished colonists might be allowed to enjoy their society. But the strain on imperial generosity proved too severe. The British Government could not resist the temptation to appropriate even these questionable honours to Englishmen, the Pariahs being reserved for the lowest order. As a matter of curiosity we give below a list of the first two classes of the order, among which we do not find the name of one person who is a native of the colonies.¹

¹ Sovereign—The Queen.

Grand Master and Principal G.C.St.M.&St.G.—The 2nd Duke of Cambridge.

A few years before his death the late Judge Haliburton foresaw the determined attempt that would be made to break up the Empire. He died at the very time when an official and parliamentary combination to dismember the Empire began its work. The truth as to this disgraceful episode in the history of

Knights Grand Cross.—G.C.St.M.&St.G.

Arthur, H.R.H. Prince.	Houlton, Sir Victor.
Bowen, Sir Geo. F.	LeMarchant, Sir Gaspard.
Braila, Sir Pietro.	Lisgar, Lord.
Canterbury, Visct.	Marcoran, Sir George.
Dingli, Sir Adriano.	Monck, Visct.
Edinburgh, Duke of.	Russell, Earl.
Flamburiari, Count Dio.	Salomon, D., Conte.
Grant, Sir Patrick.	Storks, Sir Henry.
Grey, Earl.	

It will be seen that no colonist has been considered worthy of a place in this class among Greeks, Maltese, and Englishmen.

In the second class there is not a single colonist by birth, although seven out of the thirty-seven are Englishmen who as colonists have earned a place in this class by political services and experience.

Knights Commanders.—K.C.St.M.&St.G.

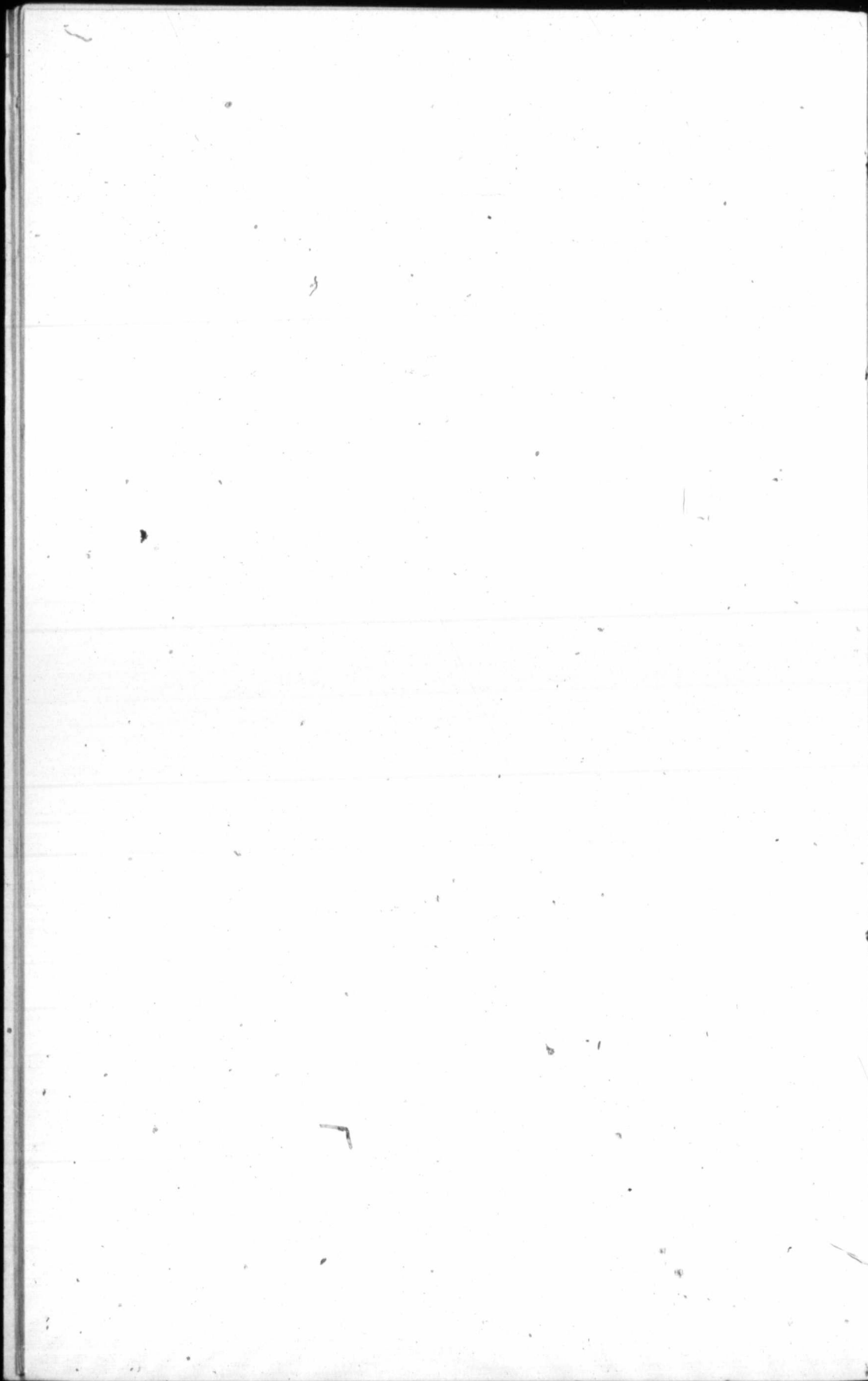
Adderley, Sir Charles B.	Lacaita, Sir James Philip.
Ayers, Sir Henry.	Lindsay, Hon. Sir James.
Belmore, Earl of.	Lyttelton, Baron.
Blachford, Lord.	MacDonnell, Sir Rich. G.
Bologna, Count Nicholas Sciberras.	Micallef, Sir Adriano.
Brett, Sir Wilford.	Murdoch, Sir Thomas W. C.
Browne, Sir Thomas G.	Peel, Right Hon. Sir F.
Bury, Visct.	Pine, Sir Benj. C. C.
Clarke, Sir Andrew.	Robinson, Sir Hercules.
Cowper, Sir Charles.	Rose, Sir John.
Curcumelli, Sir D., Count.	Sebright, Sir Charles.
Douglas, Sir Charles E.	Taylor, Sir Henry.
Doyle, Sir Charles H.	Torrens, Sir Robert R.
Dusmani, Count Sir A.	Valaoriti, Sir Spiridione.
Elliot, Sir Thomas F.	Verdon, Sir George F.
Galt, Sir Alexander T.	Walker, Sir James.
Gordon, Hon. Sir Arth. H.	Wolff, Sir Henry D.
Hincks, Sir Francis.	Wolseley, Sir Garnet J.
Kennedy, Sir Arthur E.	

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the Colonial Office and in the records of Parliament has been hushed up. It failed, but the offenders were "all honourable men," and the press and politicians are discreetly silent, not because they love Cæsar less, but because they love Rome more. The future historian of England will, it is to be hoped, rake up the secret history of this affair. He will reveal a remarkable page in our annals. He will find that loyal colonists were ignored and despised, and disloyal Irishmen were petted and pampered. Ireland could not be free so long as a band of loyal colonies surrounded the mother country. The colonies must go, and the Colonial Office obeyed the fiat without a minute of Council. Mr. Monsell began the work, and Sir Frederick Rogers, Sir Charles Adderley, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Granville, and Lord Kimberley, all lent themselves, more or less, to the noble task. Vast African territories, with loyal inhabitants, were cast out of the Empire without a vote of Parliament, without her Majesty's consent, without a minute of Council. The Gambia was to have been given away as a present to the Emperor of the French on his birthday, but a merciful Providence postponed alike the birthday and the gift. The troops were recalled, not because the colonies were not to be defended, but because a concentration of forces for the defence of the mother country was needed. A more barefaced falsehood can scarcely be conceived; but Englishmen are becoming very liberal-minded even in matters of barefaced falsehood, and no one now reproaches the worthies who played their pranks in the Colonial Office and in Parliament. Was it for the defence of England that we disbanded one of the West Indian regiments, and thus exposed ourselves to an Ashantee war? Was it to strengthen our regiments that we got rid of the Cape mounted-rifles, the Ceylon rifles, and the Canadian rifles? If not, then why were they disbanded?

Ever since the joint policy of confederation and dismemberment was initiated, the office of Governor-General of Canada has been the perquisite of Irishmen. Lord Monck was sent out there to

disgust loyalty, and to invite colonists to be gone. How faithfully he obeyed his master may best be inferred from his efficient services as chairman of the Irish Education Commission in the O'Keefe matter. Sir John Young was sent out to succeed him, and, like Mr. Monsell and Sir Frederick Rogers, received his reward as a good and faithful servant by his promotion to the House of Lords. Lord Dufferin has since been sent out, but the game is played out, and he will not be tried as severely as his predecessors were. Even the command of the army in Canada was handed over to Irishmen, when English general officers sought in vain to obtain the appointment.

If colonists were "the Pariahs of the Empire" in Sam Slick's days, they have been even more significantly assured of the truth since 1865. Only two years ago it was believed that a large majority of the English people, and certainly a majority of the House of Commons, were favourable to "disintegration." Not a few peers, Liberal and Conservative, either strove to "speed the parting guest," or at least maintained a guilty silence. The Pariahs of the Empire had fallen among the thieves, and but too many of the aristocracy of England either helped the thieves or passed by on the other side. Conservatism, in their eyes, was a limited and slightly selfish principle: "Keep what you yourselves have got—game-laws, primogeniture, and a host of other blessings—but the colonies are really very far off. Perhaps they don't pay, and if they must go, we cannot help it." So these respectable gentlemen held their peace, and left our loyal countrymen abroad to the tender mercy of their enemies.

But the Pariahs of the Empire found friends in their hour of need. Patriotic Englishmen were still to be found, and they spoke out at last. Over one hundred thousand of the working-men of London presented a bulky memorial to her Majesty through the Home Office, praying that the Empire should not be dismembered by stealth, and that the assent of Parliament should first be asked before so high-handed an act were attempted. It received no reply.

To this hour it has been unanswered! Even when permission was asked of the Royal Colonial Institute to allow the petition to remain for signature on their table, it was refused. Comical as the idea seems, the petition was objected to as "revolutionary."² Thanks to the public-spirited person who prepared that petition,

² "God save the Queen.

"May it please your Majesty,

"We beg humbly to lay before you that a large number of men, women, and children, your Majesty's subjects, have long been, and now are in a state of destitution, through inability to procure work, and that their condition in this country is very miserable and hopeless. That they are informed and believe that in other parts of your Majesty's dominions there is a great demand for labour, and also a great abundance of food, so that all who are here famishing for want of the necessaries of life might there live, by their own exertions, in plenty and comfort; but they are unable to reach those distant countries without assistance.

"We, therefore, humbly pray your Majesty to see that such measures be taken, without delay, as may enable those who are willing to work to go to those parts of your Majesty's dominions where their labour is required, and where they may prosper, and may increase the prosperity of the whole empire.

"We also beg to represent to your Majesty that we have heard with regret and alarm that your Majesty has been advised to consent to give up the colonies, containing millions of acres of unoccupied land, which might be employed profitably both to the colonies and ourselves as a field of emigration.

"We respectfully submit that your Majesty's colonial possessions were won for your Majesty, and settled by the valour and enterprise and treasure of the English people, and that having thus become part of the national freehold and inheritance of your Majesty's subjects, they are held in trust by your Majesty, and ought not to be surrendered, but transmitted to your Majesty's successors whole and entire as they were received by your Majesty. And in order to discourage and defeat all such projects for disunion, we humbly pray your Majesty to cause England and her Colonies and Dependencies to be incorporated by name into one British Empire, and that proclamation be made that you are Sovereign thereof, in like manner as you have been proclaimed Queen of India.

"We believe that such proclamation would be joyfully welcomed throughout your Majesty's dominions; and, if assurance of this be required, it may be found in the welcome which has been accorded to the Princes of the Blood in every one of the colonies which they have visited.

"We would also submit that your Majesty might call to your Honourable Privy Council representatives from all the colonies, for the purpose of consultation on the affairs of the more distant parts of your Majesty's dominions.

"Finally, we pray your Majesty to assemble your Parliament without delay,

and who has since become the secretary of that institution, the feeling which was evinced at its recent conversazione is enough to show how thoroughly it is beginning to echo the hopes and wishes of "the Pariahs of the Empire."

While the working-men of London were coming to the front in the truest spirit of the most unselfish Conservatism, with a desire to protect, not their own class-interests, but the safety and integrity of the Empire, leading men such as Mr. Edward Wilson, Mr. McCullagh Torrens, Sir Robert Torrens, Mr. Edward Jenkins, Messrs. Youl and McArthur, and many others deserving of recollection and gratitude, organized a meeting in order to discuss the possibility of uniting the Empire. The discussion did good, even if the conclusions were inoperative. To checkmate this troublesome attempt to enlist public sympathy in favour of the colonies, Earl Granville wrote out to colonial politicians, and aroused their jealousies against others who were not officials, undertaking to become the mouth-pieces and the advocates of the colonies. For a time the attempt seemed a tolerably successful one, but the people were right and sound at heart. A little clique failed to break up the Empire by stealth, and when the storm broke and the subject was brought up in Parliament, no one knew of the existence of a dismemberment party! Why was this discovery made so late? Was it right to allow one hundred thousand loyal Englishmen for years to believe that there was such a party, and that such a party was likely to be successful? When leading men interested in the colonies almost went down on their knees to Lord Granville and begged that this dismemberment policy might be abandoned, surely his Lordship, who has abundance of oil at his disposal, might have thrown a little at least upon the troubled waters, and made peace by a single honest word. Nothing could

that they may inquire into the causes of the present distress, and seek a remedy.

"We are, your Majesty's humble subjects,

"THE WORKING MEN OF LONDON."

[Here followed 104,000 signatures.]

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have been easier; nothing more proper or becoming. From one end of the globe to the other that word would have been a welcome sound, and the troubled waters of discontent would have subsided.

Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto

Unda recumbit.

But he did not say the word. It was only when they were to be arraigned by public opinion that the late Cabinet asserted that they were honest Englishmen, and had never heard of a dismemberment party. Does any one seriously believe the plea? If they have spoken the truth, then a very serious question arises. How was a secret influence able to control the Colonial Office to such an extent that though one colony was cast out of the empire, another was promised to a foreign potentate, colonial forces were disbanded, military posts dismantled, and British munitions of war were sold at auction, like bankrupt goods; and though Irish peers were sent in her Majesty's name to preach disunion, and to insult and to disgust loyal Englishmen abroad, her Majesty's Government never heard of a dismemberment party! Surely one hundred thousand honest English working men appealing to her Majesty on behalf of her empire, were numerous if not influential enough to suggest the subject of disunion to her Majesty's Government. A greater blot on English statesmen and on English rule can scarcely be found than that which will survive in the history of the nation in connexion with this formidable and audacious attempt to dismember the empire.

One person only was powerful enough and bold enough to be candid. Archbishop Manning has openly denounced "an Imperial policy" as opposed to the interests of Ireland and of his Church, and has stigmatized those Englishmen who wish to preserve the Unity of the Empire as dangerous "*doctrinaires*." Less candid but more prudent, the late Cabinet obeyed orders, and "asked no questions for conscience' sake."

"Where ignorance is bliss

'Tis folly to be wise."

They, therefore, never heard of a dismemberment party. But, at the eleventh hour, they found, to their alarm, that the existence of that party was not only well known, but was also most strongly reprobated by the people of England. They therefore made some prudent concessions to public opinion. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mr. Herbert, both good men, and sincere friends of the colonies, were appointed under-secretaries. But the nomination of two excellent subordinates could not atone for the shortcomings of the Government. Even two just men could not redeem the Cabinet, nor avert the storm of public indignation that has swept it out of existence.

The plot has failed, but the "snake is scotched, not killed." The confidence of colonists in the honour of English statesmen has been very naturally shaken, and an uneasy feeling still lingers as to the possibility of this secret confraternity (we use this expressive word, for the late Government assure us there was no "dismemberment party") appearing hereafter in the discussion of colonial questions. The potent elements of evil are still in existence, and may at any time be called into action. They remind us of a singular incident that occurred after the great hurricane at St. Thomas', an incident that may interest Mr. Frank Buckland, as well as the dismemberment confraternity. The owner of an island several miles distant from the wreck of the ill-fated "Rhone," informed the writer that a fortnight after the storm fourteen bodies were washed ashore on his island. The sea swarms with sharks, and a crust can scarcely be thrown overboard ere it is seized by one of these monsters. Yet fourteen of the unfortunate passengers in the "Rhone" floated about for days, and drifted ashore untouched by these watchful enemies. They had gone off on the approach of the hurricane to deep water, and remained there until all was calm and peaceful once more. We do not hear much of the dismemberment confraternity, for there has been a very troublesome storm. But they are still alive, and still as dangerous as ever. They will soon appear again on the surface; they have only sought refuge in deep water.

The discussion of the annexation of Fiji will tempt them to take a high-minded interest in the Colonial Empire. Sixty years ago we stupidly allowed the French to exercise concurrent fishery rights on the coast of Newfoundland, and have thus bequeathed a legacy of trouble to the New Dominion, and in a few months a serious question with France will have to be met. We are about to decide whether we shall shut our eyes to the growth of a great English empire in the Pacific, and bequeath to them a source of trouble and of future struggles with some maritime power by allowing a stronghold at their doorway to be occupied by the first nation that may choose now to seize it. If this subject is discussed on its merits, we need not fear the result. But unfortunately there are scores of politicians that will turn up, not to advocate dismemberment (they never heard of a dismemberment policy), but to throw cold water on the colonies and on colonists, and to protest against enlarging the limits of the Empire.

The British nation have decided that they shall remain a great empire, and that the colonies must be retained. The Conservative administration must boldly act upon this decision. As well might we advise a farmer to preserve his grain for his own use, and not to throw it away into the bosom of the earth, where it becomes unfit for food, as to press a great maritime and commercial power not to expend a trifling sum in sowing the seeds of great communities that will in one generation repay the Mother Country a hundred-fold for all her outlay. This penny-wise and pound-foolish style of argument has been tried and found wanting. England, dwarfed by the military powers of the Continent, is able by her fleets to control the world. Already the New Dominion, the "few barren acres of snow" which France disdained, claims to be the third maritime power in the world. Kindred governments and great maritime communities will yet arise in the Pacific, if we but

"Sow the seed of Empires,"

and the day will yet come when colonists will be a source of safety and of pride to the Mother Country.

Nowhere was the advent of the Conservatives to power hailed with greater satisfaction than throughout the colonies. The fact that the statesmanlike utterances of Mr. Disraeli on the subject of the disintegration policy of the late Government, were repeated at the hustings by his followers and found an echo in the hearts of the people of this country, is a sufficient guarantee that the hopes of the colonies will not be disappointed. If there is anything in a name, Conservatives must show their Conservatism not merely in protecting the class interests of Englishmen, and the privileges of the Church and of the aristocracy, but also in that far wider and nobler field of Conservatism, the preservation of the Unity of the Empire.

A cry for "Home Rule" is coming to us from millions of loyal Englishmen abroad, to whom, though natives of the colonies, the Mother Country is always known by the endearing name of "Home." "The Home Rule" they long for is not the Home Rule of noisy disunionists, but an imperial policy that will consolidate the whole empire, and will give our countrymen abroad a voice in the national councils, and a share in the government as well as in the burdens and responsibilities of the nation. Time will be needed to accomplish this, but time, too, is yearly developing our colonies into great and powerful communities, and rendering them more and more worthy, if not of favour, at least of fair play at the hands of our politicians. In the meanwhile the future of the race may very safely rest with those statesmen to whom are entrusted the destinies of that unrepresented class of Englishmen, "the Pariahs of the Empire."

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THE DREAM OF THE "UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS" OF 1776:

A REVIEW OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY AND ITS FRUITS¹.

BY ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON, F.S.A.

A FEW months ago it seemed a hopeless task for a colonist to appeal to the people of the mother country against the Alabama Treaty. It was generally imagined that it was a financial and diplomatic success; and the fact that it sacrificed the rights of Englishmen abroad, and ignored the minor consideration of national honour, was far more likely to be appreciated by Canadians, who knew that, as far as they were concerned, it was both a humiliation and an injustice. As the exorbitant demands of the American Government have shown that our concessions have been unwise and, what is worse, unprofitable, thousands may now feel some desire to know something of the history of British diplomacy in the New World, which at the end of a century has produced such unwelcome and unlooked-for results. The following observations therefore, originally intended only for Canadian readers, may interest Englishmen, as showing the view which those who know most of the Americans take of the Alabama Treaty and its results. The fact that since this article

¹ When this article was written it was intended for publication only in Canada. As it opens a new page in our history, it is believed that, as a Colonial review of the past century, it will be interesting to the British public. It is from the pen of a son of the late Judge Haliburton.—Editor of *St. James' Magazine*.

was written, a Canadian minister has warned his countrymen that the aim of British statesmen is soon to be attained, and that a separation of the New Dominion from the Empire is at hand, gives a practical interest to the following sketch of the history of that policy of dismemberment that is about to reap its first fruits.

It has been urged, that even if the Washington Treaty is a sacrifice of colonial rights, as an atonement for British wrongs, it is our duty to submit, for the honour of the empire. Let us see if this is the case.

A century of British diplomacy has taught us to regard the arrival of English statesmen with the same dread that heralds in the coming of the cholera or the approach of an earthquake.

A country larger than Prussia, extending nearly in a direct line from Maine to Vancouver's Island, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is the monument of their generosity and of our misfortunes.

Lord Stormont, in criticizing the exploits in 1783 of our first Plenipotentiary, "that very extraordinary geographer and politician, Mr. Oswald," says, "There was prefixed to the article a very pompous preamble, setting forth that those treaties were the best observed where there were *reciprocal advantages*. He was for a long time at a loss to understand the meaning of those words. But at last he discovered that they meant only the advantage of America. In return for the manifold concessions on our part, *not one* had been made on theirs. In truth the American Commissioners had enriched the English language with several new terms and phrases. 'Reciprocal advantages,' for instance, meant the advantage of one of the parties only; and a regulation of boundaries meant a cession of territories."

That Mr. Oswald was more affectionately regarded by American statesmen than by ourselves may naturally be inferred. The astute Dr. Franklin, who had successfully hoodwinked him, bears this equivocal testimony to his merits as a diplomatist:—"The truth is, he appears so good and so reasonable a man, that though I have no objection to Mr. Grenville, I am loth to lose Mr. Oswald. He

seems to have nothing at heart but the good of mankind and putting a stop to mischief."

What a charming field for an unbounded philanthropy, from which none but colonists were likely to suffer! It appears, however, that he was in his dotage. "Mr. Oswald, as an old man, seems now to have no desire but that of being useful."

We can well imagine what was the fate of our fisheries when entrusted to such a benevolent diplomatist. They were given away without any equivalent whatever.

The subject of the American fisheries came up, but was very generously and summarily disposed of. When Lord North sarcastically suggested, that, merely "as a show of this boasted reciprocity," the right to enjoy the exhausted fisheries of the United States should have been *pro formâ* secured, Lord Shelburne made a very startling reply, which would well repay the attention of our Commissioners and of the public:—"But why have you not stipulated a reciprocity of fishing in the American harbours and creeks? I will tell your lordships. Because we have abundant employment in our own. Would not an American think it sordid in the extreme, nay, consider it *bordering on madness*, to covet sterile wilds when we have fertile savannahs of our own?" If such was the deplorable condition of these fisheries a century ago that none but a lunatic would ask for them, it is to be feared that time has not very greatly enhanced the value of such acquisitions.

The writer recently visited an American fishing district, and was told of a village of two hundred houses that had entirely been deserted by its inhabitants; and he passed through another where fishing had been abandoned for shoe-making, and the people had been driven to make *soles* where they had formerly caught them.

The deterioration in these fisheries has given double force to Lord Shelburne's objection, that we must be demented to wish for them. Our Commissioners, however, seem rather to have inclined

to Lord North's view, that they should have been secured, if "merely for a show of this boasted reciprocity."

Anticipation is always better than reality; and an imaginary privilege, even though slightly lunatical, is better than none at all. The treaty, therefore, establishes our claim to these fisheries and to Bedlam. Surely Goldsmith must have had a prescience of this treaty when he provided a precedent for our diplomatists, by sending Moses as a Commissioner to Wakefield fair, and by bringing him back with a gross of green spectacles.

The navigation of the St. Lawrence has been secured to the Americans for ever, while its equivalent, a similar right over Lake Michigan, expires in ten years. The "manifest destiny" of the Munroe doctrine, to which our Commissioners have bowed, knows no limit but the Continent and eternity.

The Canadians are tenants by sufferance, or at most can only claim a life-interest, and ten years, it is to be hoped, will see them out. Even Dr. Cumming's faith in the unpleasant proximity of the end of all things has hardly tempted him or his followers to exchange freeholds for yearly tenancies. But had he been appointed one of these Commissioners to dispose of Colonial rights, what a sore temptation it would have been to him to have triumphantly vindicated his belief in the great tribulation coming! It is evident that our Commissioners, in limiting our future, must have taken either Mr. Munroe or Dr. Cumming as their guide.

In justice to Mr. Oswald it must be admitted that when he returned to England he set an excellent example to succeeding diplomatists. Having heard at last a little of the vast extent of the territories and the rights which he had benevolently sacrificed, he made all the amends in his power—*he wept!*

"He gave to misery (all he had) a tear."

A similar contrition on the part of our Commissioners would, no doubt, be gratefully received as a graceful tribute to distress.

When the Canadian Parliament meets much that has been kept

back will be submitted to the public. The fullest information as to American trade has no doubt been long ago collected, and will be accessible. The American fisheries have been secured. Such an important step was evidently not taken in the dark. We may therefore hope to be supplied with trustworthy information on one all-important point, "What opening for industry in boots and shoes will be supplied to us by the American fisheries?"

It may, however, be admitted that the settlement of the Alabama claims was in a great measure ensured by the one-sided reciprocity which characterizes this treaty, and that it is our duty to waive our interests and our rights for the sake of the empire.

It has been already shown what we have hitherto done in that way, but there were even more serious sacrifices imposed upon us a century ago, which rise up in judgment against those who have forgotten them.

The Jacobites suffered much, but it was nothing compared to the privations and neglect with which a grateful country has repaid the United Empire Loyalists and their descendants for their fidelity.

In 1783 a treaty was signed with successful rebels, in which no amnesty was secured for those who had for more than eight years fought through a weary civil war, and had risked their lives—their all—for the English Crown. At the merciless fiat, *ite capella*, more than fifty thousand scapegoats of British diplomacy, men, women, and children, were driven into the wilderness.

The flower of the wealth, the intellect, and the refinement of the old colonies, these "Refugees," as they were significantly called, comprised the Faneuls, the Sewells, the Delanceys, the Robinsons, the Brentons, the Barclays, and a host of other well-known names, for even one of their enemies has admitted that all the giants went forth with the Tories. A few of them rose again to the surface, and won a place and a name abroad; but the great mass of them, consigned to poverty, were lost to the world and to the memory of men in the solitude of the backwoods. The neglect of them by

diplomacy seems to have been infectious, for even history itself has forgotten and ignored them.

" Unwept, unknown—all lost in endless night!
The sacred bard was wanting²."

If Christianity dates back to its year of grace, and the Mahomedan recalls the Hegira of the Prophet, Loyalty in the New World has also its epoch; but its Hegira is the flight into the wilderness, and its Year of Grace is "The Year of Famine."

In one instance a temporary and fruitless stand was made against the isolation of solitary exile. In vain more than twenty thousand of these United Empire Loyalists strove to build up a city in Nova Scotia, which they called Shelburne. Few of them were fitted to be pioneers in a new country. Most of them had been brought up to comfort; and many of them, gentlemen by birth, had been reared in luxury. Accustomed to the gaieties of fashionable life, they tried to revive some of the pleasures of better days by holding their weekly assemblies through the long and weary winter months, and thus earned for themselves, among their republican neighbours, the derisive name of "the dancing beggars."

Their useless and needless sacrifices were rewarded by exile—and their exile was consoled by contempt. "Thou sellest thy people for nought, and dost not increase thy wealth by their price. Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us,"

But a worse enemy than contempt was awaiting them. The evil day drew near, and the *Hegira* was at hand. The town, besieged by want, surrendered to starvation; and poverty, like a strong man armed, entering in, took possession of their homes, and bade them begone. The fiat was obeyed. The scape-goats went forth, and were lost in the wilderness.

The forest has long since resumed its sway over the deserted

² Horace, Ode iv. 9.

town, and there are few traces of it left to tell the tale of the "dancing beggars" and their fate.

It is difficult to recall, except with indignation, the thankless, and, so far as we can see, the useless sacrifices which these United Empire Loyalists underwent; nor is the writer ever likely to forget them, for every time he signs his name in full, it recalls one of the most touching episodes of their history.

The peace of 1783 saw three orphan sisters thrown upon the world, in the wilderness of New Brunswick. Their father had sacrificed a large estate, and had fallen at the head of a regiment which he had raised. They had passed through the horrors of a shipwreck in midwinter, only to find their mother a frozen corpse, and to hear too soon that their only brother, Robert Grant, had fallen a victim to the exposures which he had undergone in his father's regiment. A relative and a namesake of his, the writer has inherited with his name, the memory, and what is of greater moment, the lessons of his misfortunes.

Since his death none of his kith or kin had ever been inside an American University, until last summer, when remembering the fact, while attending the International Trade Conference at Boston, the writer was tempted to remain a few days, in order to be present at the annual dinner at Harvard College.

On that occasion an Englishman, in addressing the immense assemblage that was present, alluded to the Treaty of Washington, and dilated in most abject terms on the beautiful spectacle which it afforded of a great nation voluntarily abasing itself, and acknowledging its errors. "Be 'umble, and you'll do."

A whole century seemed to rise up to protest against such a humiliation. The flight into the wilderness, the Ashburton Treaty, and a host of equally agreeable reminiscences were recalled, and with them a more recent picture of Canadians mortally wounded at Ridgeway, lingering long enough to hear on their death-bed of the thanks of the British Government—thanks not to them, but to a country that had suffered lawless miscreants to

openly arm and drill, and to march with noisy rejoicings against us in open day, amid the plaudits of the multitude.

Here was a treaty which forced us, an innocent people, to pay for the St. Alban's robbery, an outrage committed within the United States, in time of war, by American citizens, while repeated Fenian raids, invasions of British territory by American subjects in time of peace, were passed over in silence. Let Englishmen say and think what they like, Canadians can only regard that silence as an insult alike to the living and the dead. Such an outrage did the writer feel this treaty, and this boastful avowal of our humiliation to be, that though a loyal man, and the descendant of United Empire Loyalists, he was forced to avow that he was not an Englishman, but a native of the New World; and that he never felt greater pride in being a Canadian than he did at that moment, for knowing that we, at least, had done our duty to the Americans, he could stand up there before them, and thank God that he came from a country that had no apologies to offer to them.

What a commentary on this avowal was the memory of that young Loyalist, who having returned, at the end of a fruitless war, to his college, was doomed so soon to leave it to die—to die, too, with the conviction that the lives of his parents and himself had been thrown away, and that he had little to console him in his last moments but the tears of Oswald.

A hundred years had passed away, and the spirit of British diplomacy, still unchanged, had forced a kinsman and namesake of his, in the face of the past and its traditions, and in the presence of the American public, to thank God that he was a colonist, and that he was not an Englishman. Is it any wonder that such an episode should have left behind a painful misgiving, that the century about to close, with its disunion and disruption of the English-speaking race on this continent; its civil war of 1776; its flight into the wilderness; its year of famine, and years of exile; its sacrifices, surrenders, and neglect; its Fenian raids, and its Washington Treaty—had been a *mistake*.

This visit was not a fruitless one. It had taught a bitter, and perhaps a wholesome lesson. The history of a hundred years rose up, and pointed to the present as a judgment upon the past. If the reward of loyalty had been injustice, had not loyalty itself forgotten to be just? We had remembered only that we were sons, we were blind to the fact that we were brothers also. In the excess of our fidelity to the traditions of the Old World, we had ignored the ties that bound us to the New; and had treated our brother colonists, who had shaken off the trammels of British diplomacy and misrule, and had become a great nation, as aliens and enemies. *Our loyalty to the crown had swallowed up our loyalty to the race.*

"If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it."

The first instalment of the penalty our ancestors paid with their estates, and with their lives. But the sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation; and even at this late day we find ourselves invited to become the scapegoat of the Alabama story, and to go once more through the monotonous process of being sacrificed for the sake of the empire.

"Occidit miseros crambe repetita."

If we have no alternative but to submit, we must tell the world that this is to be the last page in the history of British diplomacy in our affairs. What a century of it we have had! What a beginning—the tears of Oswald, and the year of famine! What an ending—the Washington Treaty!

An American Indian ratifies a compact by appending to it his *totem*. Our *totem*, the king of beasts, we tacitly assume to be very appropriate. But times change, and the British lion is fast becoming a grim satire upon us, and like the British colonist, is being innocently mixed up with very questionable proceedings. Was it right to append the lion to the Washington Treaty? I simply ask, in common justice, was it fair to the lion?

The spirit of the age, or rather *the want of spirit of the age*, requires that we should substitute a much more appropriate symbol, a *lusus nature*, a native of the seashore, that is well known to the student of nature. It is made up of numerous long limbs attached to a very diminutive body. But it is a rare prize for the *aquarium*, as it generally baffles the collector, for when it is alarmed, it seeks safety in *dismemberment*, and the disappointed naturalist finds nothing but fragments of its limbs floating on the water.

British statesmen have adopted the stupid creature, if not as a symbol, at least as a precedent. Having loosened the ties that bind us to the mother country, they are ready, at the first note of danger, to dismember the empire, and to cast off the colonies.

The laws of society stamp the crime of self-murder with infamy, but there is no penalty for national suicide.

It would seem that this treaty is intended to be a parting gift, a farewell souvenir of British rule. The old flag, for which we have fought so often and so well, has ceased to wave over us, and only lingers for a time at Halifax, the port of departure. The British troops have followed the flag.

But the old world is consoling us by an equivalent. A special order of knighthood, that of "St. Michael and St. George" has been created for colonial politicians. It is a gratifying honour; but it is puzzling to know how it can be adapted to the democratic communities of the New World, that, so far from having any reverence for ancestors or for family pride, are rather disposed to "rejoice in that the man of low estate is exalted, and he that is high is brought low." In such matters this is a country of universal equality, where prescription and exclusive privileges are rudely invaded by the masses. The very savages have caught the infection. Micmac squaws have been known to speak of themselves as "ladies," and of their red lords and masters as "gentlemen!" We cannot expect that knighthood itself can long resist the spirit of the age.

Her Majesty is not the only source of honour. A Spanish order of knighthood is to be the reward of Canadian statesmen

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for having indirectly aided Spanish despotism in its efforts to crush the gallant colonists of Cuba.

Though the colonial history of England has never been stained by the cruelties and oppression that from the days of Pizarro to the present have stamped the name of Spain with infamy, yet the very same aim and end have inspired the policy of both countries. The results have been diametrically opposite, dismemberment and the rule of the sword, but the secret source from which they have flowed is the very same—the principle of self-interest.

For nearly a couple of centuries Great Britain looked upon her colonies as being merely profitable preserves for her commerce. The famous "Colonial System" created by the Navigation Laws permitted none but British merchants to deal with us, and we were forced to ship our products to them only. Nor were we permitted to manufacture even a nail or button for ourselves, or to buy from foreigners³. It was simply an undisguised system of commercial slavery. How utterly our rights and interests were ignored is proved by a singular fact. The oppressive Act passed in the reign of Charles II., that declared that "no commodity of the growth or manufacture of Europe" should be imported into the colonies except what was laden or shipped in British ports and in British vessels, the first step towards cutting us off from commercial intercourse with all the rest of the civilized world, was actually entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Trade!"

The language used seems to imply a paradox, until we remember that the framers of that Act, as well as the authors of every subsequent statute affecting us, had no other end in view but the encourage-

³ Though this system was no laughing matter to Colonists, it had occasionally its ludicrous side. There is among the state documents of the Province of Nova Scotia a letter from the Colonial Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor, drawing his attention to the serious rumour that there were two hatters in Halifax, and insisting, if it was true, on their being forthwith abolished. It is the first instance which history records of a despatch having been written by a Secretary of State for the purpose of making the familiar inquiry, "Who's your hatter?"

ment of British Commerce, and looked upon the colonies in the same light and with the same interest, as the farmer regards his turnips and the drover his bullocks.

The utter selfishness of this statute is so naked and undisguised, that its innocent title, like the scanty costume of the savage, does not pretend to conceal the truth. Its unconscious nudity disarms criticism, and makes even indecency decent.

Hereafter, when Australian protectionists, or rather "the coming man," the New Zealander of the future, having discovered that the British mind is essentially bucolic and agricultural, shall have prohibited the people of the then dis-united kingdom from mechanical or manufacturing pursuits, and from using the products and commodities of Europe, except what is entered at Otago, and shipped in Maori bottoms, let him remember the primitive simplicity of former ages, and playfully give his legislation the pleasant title of "An Act for the Encouragement of Trade."

Though Britain became a mother country "for the encouragement of Trade," she may perhaps be betrayed into a slight weakness for her offspring. But commerce is less sentimental. It begot the colonies because they were likely to pay; and it is dismembering the empire because it does not pay.

"Hinc generandi amor, et moriendi contemptus."

Nations, as well as individuals, are apt to find that commerce is a good friend to prosperity, but a broken reed to a falling cause. Once already history tells us that a great empire was built up by commerce. But we also learn that it failed, in the hour of trial, to ward off the doom, *delenda est Carthago*. New Romes, yet in their infancy, are rising up in the Old World. It will soon be time for Carthage to set her house in order.

Free trade has tried us by the ledger, and finds that we are not likely to pay. The world, therefore, is open to us, and we are at liberty to leave the Empire as soon as we can conveniently do so.

Its policy of dismemberment is the very same that dictated the "Act for the Encouragement of Trade;" and that is devastating Cuba by fire and sword. It is an old friend with a new face; but it is a greater tax upon our patience, as it assumes the mask of liberality, and, while cutting loose the unprofitable ties that bind us to the Empire, it throws upon us the burden of gratitude for its generous concession of freedom to new nationalities.

Spain finds that Cuba does pay, and she is prepared to shed the last drop of blood of the colonists and of her soldiers to make it pay. The murderous struggle which has resulted in such misery to the unhappy Cubans is likely to bring us a rich harvest of mediæval honours. Stern justice may compel us to enforce our neutrality laws, even against our sympathies; but there is no obligation on us to accept any honours from the Spanish Government, or to disgrace ourselves by the favours of a despotism that is degrading humanity.

Let us think what would have been the consequence if the United States had suffered foreign titles to be accepted by its citizens? To settle the Alabama claims the British Cabinet might have spared the nation from doing penance by proxy, and might have relieved us from the necessity for giving up to the Americans for ever the right to the navigation of the St. Lawrence. The difficulty could have been amicably arranged by making a baron of every hero of Tammany, and dukes of all the notabilities of Washington. Gladstone, in this way, could have effectually popularized the House of Lords, and have killed two birds with one stone, by settling old scores with the Yankees and with the Aristocracy.

The colonial statesmen who laid the foundations of the republic remembered that this farce had been long ago played out by the Chiefs of the Red Man. The Continent had been once already bartered away for the beads and baubles of the Old World. The example was not forgotten. The memory of the cocked hat and coat of paint of the happy savage was preserved, not as a precedent, but as a scarecrow and a warning.

Orders of knighthood, fortunately, are not the only ties that bind us to the Mother Country. There is still another left to us. "If an Englishman," says Sir George Cornwall Lewis, "is to preserve a vestige of sympathetic feeling towards his own countrymen as such, he should certainly never see them out of England." Colonial criticism is evidently assumed to be more lenient; and the British Government therefore entrusts to an appreciative people an "Englishman out of England"—a Governor-General. The ordeal which awaits him is a very easy one, for the amenities of a century of British diplomacy have developed in us "sympathetic feelings" that are wanting in Englishmen themselves, and that are almost equal to any trial. His duties, which are light, are to draw the large salary which we supply, and to practise among us the frugal virtues of official seclusion. He has to discreetly temper all exuberance of loyalty on our part—a difficult task, for colonial loyalty has an embarrassing exuberance, and a vitality that defies control. Nothing apparently can kill it. It thrives on exile and starvation. Snubbing, patronizing, and neglect only call forth its energies and its gratitude; and cold water cannot drown it. But its patience, like that of a long-suffering, and long-eared animal, may be overtaxed, and some slight tact is needed in silencing and repressing, and especially in killing it.

We are therefore occasionally reminded, in a very affable way, that when we wish to change our allegiance (alliance, or allies, or whatever we may wish it to be), no difficulty whatever will be thrown in our way. It is not a hint for us to go, for that would be inhospitable and unkind. We are merely now and then shown the door, to convince us that it is not locked, and to make us feel at home.

The least return we can make for such distinguished courtesy would be to reciprocate the compliment. We prefer to compensate him with the more substantial, and probably not less acceptable reward of \$50,000 a year, being double the salary that is paid to the President of the United States. He would, however, be a bold man, who would, for five times that amount, venture to play the

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same rôle among the Americans. Nothing but our long-suffering loyalty and the mercy of Heaven could have made it such a safe and agreeable experiment.

But he is merely fulfilling his mission, and must not be blamed for the mother country and the colonies being at cross purposes, and for there being a slight divergency in our views. The secret of the difficulty we can easily divine. That dream of the United Empire Loyalists seems to have proved a will-o'-the-wisp that cost them their fortunes and their lives, and that has placed their descendants in a false position.

A century ago the mantle of the Old Jacobites seemed to have fallen upon our ancestors. Loyalty to the Crown was the first duty of man; and rebellion was a grievous offence, not only against the King, but also against "the King of Kings." The State was a unit, and the colonies merely component parts of it. In the dim future, they saw a united empire, that, strengthened and cemented by time, was destined to overshadow the world. It was a pleasant dream, and had it been shared in by others it might in time have become a reality.

But while we have been claiming that we were British subjects, not as a matter of favour, but of right, for no people ever more dearly earned a title to their nationality than ourselves, the Mother Country has looked on the matter from a very different point of view. The empire was comprised within the limits of the United Kingdom. The colonies were merely offshoots, a numerous family whose future could safely be left to the chapter of accidents. In her eyes we had arrived at manhood without having undergone the preliminary process of having been weaned.

If the ordeal so long postponed had come rather hard on us, this surely arose from no weak fondness on her part; of that she never was accused. She had never taken kindly, or even patiently, to maternity, and had never pretended to disguise her feelings on that point. Each fresh addition to her family, so far from having been hailed as a grateful olive-branch, had always been bewailed as a

melancholy accident; and instead of returning thanks for it to the Giver of all good things, she had only devoutly wished that it had been her neighbour's quiver that had been so richly blessed instead of her own.

The time has now come for disunion and dismemberment, and the spirit of the old Loyalists, like Banquo's Ghost, returns to reproach us. That dream of a "United Empire" has risen from the dead, and claims once more to be a living issue. That such an idea will soon be realized by the whole English race is, as we have seen, daily becoming more and more improbable. Each succeeding Cabinet, content with the present, refuses to do any thing in this matter for posterity, for "what has posterity ever done for them?" and damns the future of a great nation with "after me, the deluge!" Instead of our statesmen taxing our public spirit and our patriotism by the troublesome problem of a United Empire, these labour-saving machines are sending us rejoicing on a downward career of dismemberment, that is as easy as it is effectual.

With such an answer to the dream of the United Empire Loyalists before us, a protest on our part against the folly of the councils of the Mother Country might almost be excusable. We may at least indulge very safely and very sincerely in a regret that she shrinks from the costs and perils of supremacy, and "that she hath no strong rod to be a sceptre to rule. This is a lamentation, and will be for a lamentation."

"This is merely a debit and credit affair after all," said one of these economists to a Canadian at a commercial meeting in London. "What does your Province pay? If it brings 1000% a year we may keep it. If it costs us that amount it must go." "I am not prepared," replied the colonist, "to answer your question; for the way you have put it is somewhat new to me. The idea, however, is very old, and has been already acted on. You may have heard and perhaps may have admired the man, who was so mean that he cut off one of his feet to save himself in shoe-leather. The experiment proved highly successful. For the rest of his days he never needed more

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than one boot; and that boot carried him to his grave more cheaply and expeditiously than a pair ever could have done."

Our economists have thrown this man in the shade. Life is only a matter of debit and credit account, and does not pay. Its balance is vanity and vexation of spirit. National life is equally unsatisfactory, and is terribly expensive. But a panacea has been suggested that has the double merit of being an effectual remedy, and a good speculation. The nation is advised to cut its throat to save itself the cost of living.

But the writer must not forget that he is not an American. He is not even an Englishman; he is only a colonist, and is trespassing on forbidden ground. "You protest as well as remonstrate. Were I *critically* to examine your language I could not admit your right, even individually, to protest against any legislation which Parliament may think fit to adopt in this matter." Such is the salutary lesson which a very distinguished British Minister has taught us. But he has also taught us another and a far more important lesson, that a century, that beginning with the amiable Oswald and ending with the Washington Treaty, has not even earned for us the empty right to "protest as well as to remonstrate," has been a slight mistake. A very trifling change in our destinies a hundred years ago would have made a very great change in the language of his homily. But a little reflection will suggest some sources of consolation.

If "Praise undeserved is satire in disguise," British diplomacy has been a cruel satire, not only on the nation, but also on, what is more desirable, the Americans. Never was the principle more triumphantly vindicated, than "a little civility goes a very long way." The Government of the United States has paid a dear penalty for having repeatedly allowed the Fenians to invade the Dominion, and has been bitterly reproached by the obsequious thanks of timid servility.

In this matter we may feel proud that we, as Canadians, can thank God that we have no apologies to offer to the Americans, and

18 THE DREAM OF THE "UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS" OF 1776.

no protests or remonstrances to submit to British Ministers for critical examination. Even if we were disposed to intrude advice, the precedents before us are not encouraging. A hundred years ago, Dr. Franklin, at the Bar of the House of Commons, protested against the policy of dismemberment, and was denounced as a thief and a robber. He proved to be a prophet, and the old colonies were lost to the Empire. But that was only a paltry piece-meal proceeding, but a first step, towards national disintegration. It has needed a century to develop a comprehensive scheme of dismemberment by which the interesting problem suggested by Dr. Franklin may be solved, "how a great nation may be made into a very little one."

If Englishmen are unwilling to face the future, and turn to the ledger as their guide, we cannot be expected to forget that dream of the past that cost our ancestors so dearly. Never was an idea so indelibly stamped upon the history of a country. To such an extent has it entered into our daily life, that "United Empire" has been abbreviated into "U. E." for popular use. The titles to lands in Ontario date back to what are still cited in courts of law as "U. E. grants." To claim to be descended from a U. E. family is like an Englishman's boast that his ancestors "came over at the Conquest." The very grave has claimed not only the dreamers but also their dream; and "U. E. graveyards" are the honoured resting-places of the Loyalists and their descendants. As philanthropic diplomacy stripped "the refugees" of all their worldly possessions, they had little to bequeath to us but the lessons of their misfortunes. If the writer has fearlessly recalled them, he may be pardoned for doing so. The right which he has claimed is his only heritage from a U. E. family.

It is to be feared that there is at present but little to encourage us to look across the water in our aspirations for national unity; but we may hope at some future day we may, by a reunion of the English race on this continent pave the way for a grander and a wider union.

The pole-star of the United Empire Loyalists of 1776 was loyalty

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to the Crown, and it led them, as we have seen, to disunion, to exile, to sacrifices, to humiliation. The watchword of the United Empire Loyalists of the future must be "Reunion of the Empire," and "Loyalty to the Race."

Such, then, is the answer which the history of a century of British diplomacy gives to the question, Are we called upon "for the encouragement of trade," to atone for British wrongs by the sacrifice of Colonial rights? If we must submit to such a demand, let us at least take good care that the ratification of the Treaty is to be the last of a century of sacrifices, and that it must be an acquittance and discharge for ever, a pledge that we have earned at last our commercial emancipation.

Most sincerely it is to be hoped that the Treaty will be ratified, not because it is just, or what we had a right to expect, or because British diplomatists are entitled to any favours at our hands, but because it affords us an opportunity of closing a century of discord and disunion, by "burying the hatchet," and by making a friendly concession to a kindred people, who, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are not only our nearest, but also our only neighbours. Descendants of the Old Colonists of 1766, who, wiser in their generation than the United Empire Loyalists, refused to be sacrificed "for the encouragement of trade," they are now a great nation.

Nature, which has, by ties of blood, united us to our kinsmen who are near us, and to a mighty Empire that is afar off, has divided us from the latter by an obstacle which nothing but the omnipotence of Parliament can remove. We need a statute to abolish the Atlantic Ocean, with its long and costly voyages, and its heavy taxes on trade for freight, commissions, &c. The impropriety of such an obstacle is so apparent, that our commercial policy refuses to recognize its existence. It is, however, difficult to ignore the fact that *dissociabile æquor* divides us from the Old World; and that as markets are generally profitable in proportion to their proximity, nature itself has made our brothers across the line nearer and more desirable customers than the mother country across the sea. Heavy

taxation, high tariffs, and old family feuds may neutralize the influence or geographical affinities and of ties of blood; but time will change all this.

We are on the threshold of another century, and must mould our future by the warnings and the lessons of the past. No one who reads the signs of the times can fail to see that we are on the eve of great changes, and perhaps in time of a "*New Departure*" in the history of the English race on this continent. Already the beginning of the end is at hand. The Old World is bidding farewell to the land, and to the dream of the United Empire Loyalists. While instinctively we are clinging to her skirts, the last hold on them is slipping from our grasp: and when the last British soldier is called upon to do a last act "for the encouragement of trade," by furling the British flag, and carrying it away with him from our shores, he will leave us a *nation*.

While British statesmen are doing so little to realize the idea of a United Empire, and so much to render it impossible, there is an unexpected source of hope from a quarter whence we might least look for it, from a new and mysterious influence that during the past few years is every where making itself felt and obeyed. The tendency to a reunion of races is suddenly developing itself throughout the civilized world in an inscrutable and irresistible way; and language is exerting a new power on the destinies of nations. That it must ultimately make itself felt among ourselves we cannot doubt. The language of commerce is now the English tongue, a fact that was strongly impressed upon the writer during a recent visit to St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, St. Eustacius, St. Bartholomew, St. Martin's, and other colonies in the foreign West Indies, where the Danish, Dutch, Swedish, and French languages have been swallowed up by our own; those islands being English communities in every thing except in name.

The English tongue is now more or less spoken throughout a large portion of the civilized world, and more than one-half of the commerce and shipping of the world is controlled by the English race,

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the United Kingdom, in point of tonnage, standing first, the United States second, and the British Colonies third, the new Dominion alone ranking next to France as a maritime power. A reunion of the English race may well startle us by its magnitude and its grandeur, for if realized, it would dwarf the greatest nations of antiquity, and become one of the wonders of history. Nor need we believe that the problem is a hopeless one, or that language, which has elsewhere accomplished such marvels, will be powerless to reunite the wide-spread branches of the English race by its influence. In our day the magic power of the German tongue has realized the dream of a United Germany, while Austria is torn asunder by the tendency of its Slavic and Germanic races to gravitate east and west towards their kinsmen. As barbarism is elevated into civilization, its tribes and clans are merged into nations. The nations of civilization themselves are now about to realize a new stage of development; and their future seems destined to be regulated, not by trade or geographical boundaries, or historical traditions, but by a voice that, coming to them from the very cradle of their race, is destined to revive on a grander scale the very same rivalries that marked the early history of the world. Is there not reason to believe that future contests for supremacy will have a wider and grander theatre, that the wars of the Titans will be revived, and that a struggle of the races is awaiting us?

In looking forward to the future of the English people, we may have little to hope for from the aspirations of our statesmen, but we have much to expect from the spirit of the age and from the example and influence of other races. When we see languages that have no past national history to appeal to, breaking down the barriers that a thousand years of rivalry and division have built up, we cannot believe that the English tongue, that is identified with the birth of liberty, and with the growth of commerce and civilization, has in one short century of disunion lost its virtue; nor can we suppose that it alone is unable to re-echo

the voice of the reunion of races which has gone forth among the nations, and which nature itself seems to have learned at this late day—"those whom God has joined together let no man put asunder."

With much in the past to discourage us, we need not despair that in the future the hopes that for a century have slumbered in "U. E. graveyards" will yet be fulfilled, and that we are destined even in our day to realize that dream of the Loyalists—a United Empire.

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

* * * * *

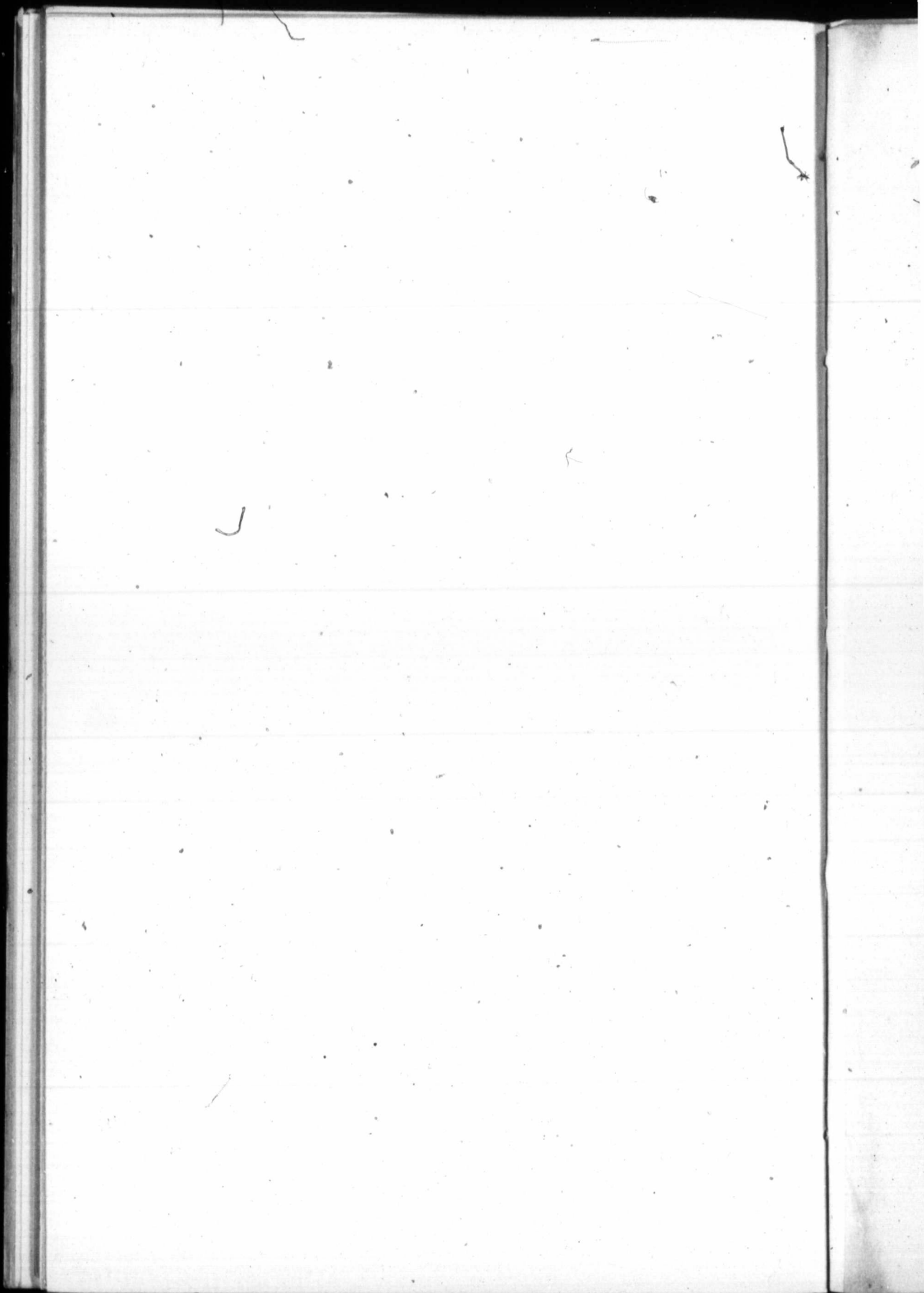
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

KING JOHN, Act v. Scene 7.

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From THE TIMES, May 3, 1872.

It is impossible to read the Correspondence, just presented to Parliament, between the Ministers of the Crown at home and the Ministers of the Crown in Canada, without seeing that questions arise in it of far greater moment than the difficulties, embarrassing as they are, which have brought them to the surface. The Correspondence relates to the Treaty of Washington, and it will be remembered that the clauses of that Treaty, dealing with the disputed subject of the Canadian Fisheries, were accepted by Her Majesty, subject to their ratification by the Parliament of the Dominion. No attempt was, however, made to procure this ratification during the Session at Ottawa of last year, and the Correspondence before us fully explains the omission. The Ministers of Canada drew up a Minute towards the end of last July, in which it was stated that the provisions were regarded with almost unanimous dissatisfaction by all classes of the people, and in all places throughout the Dominion. This feeling was shared by all, and it was expressed with as much force in the agricultural districts of the West as in the Maritime Provinces. Lord Kimberley, as Secretary for the Colonies, answered this Minute last November, attempting to meet the objections; but he failed to satisfy the Canadian Ministry. What is more, their reply, received here on the 5th of February, just as our Session began, plainly declared that, in order to bring the Fishery Clauses before the Dominion Parliament this year with a fair chance of getting them approved, the Ministry must be enabled to announce at the same time some boon which might reconcile the country to the Treaty. The bribe they suggested was that we should guarantee a Canadian Loan of four millions, being half the estimated cost of constructing the Pacific Railway and enlarging the St. Lawrence Canals. Lord Kimberley's last words are an offer on the part of the Home Government to propose to the Imperial Parliament a guarantee of a loan of 2,500,000*l.* as soon as measures should have been taken in Canada to give effect to the Treaty. The nature of the transaction is to be partly concealed by cutting it up into two or three parts, by a process reminding us of "financial puzzles" and similar expedients of the past; but it is remarkable that Canada is to take the initiative, and trust to the power of the Home Government to carry the proposed guarantee through Parliament. The Correspondence closes with this despatch from Lord Kimberley, but we presume that his offer has been accepted by the Canadian Ministry.

The Correspondence, we have said, forces upon our attention questions of deeper and more permanent interest than its direct subject matter. The people of Canada are profoundly dissatisfied with the manner in which their interests were dealt with in the Treaty of Washington. How could it be otherwise? That Treaty was conceived with a view of relieving England from pressing and contingent liabilities. Our immediate motive was the knowledge

that there were standing claims against us on account of the Alabama. We watched with some uneasiness the repeated splutters of bad feeling between the fishermen of New England and the people of the Maritime Provinces, because we could never be certain that an ugly accident might not some day force us, much against our will, to become the champions of a quarrel we could only half approve. It is easy, therefore, to understand with what motives our Ministers suggested a Commission, and with what readiness they yielded to the hint that it should be allowed to settle all subjects of difference between the two countries. Lord Derby has repeatedly blamed their eagerness, and the American Government could not but be sensible of the advantage they obtained when the Commissioners arrived at Washington bound to come to some settlement on the points in dispute. It is true that one of the Commissioners was the Prime Minister of Canada, but against this circumstance must be set the facts that the other four approached their work from an English point of view, that the Commissioners as a body were instructed from day to day, and, we may almost say, from hour to hour, by the English Cabinet, and their work was done with an eye to the approval of the English people. It was inevitable that the results of their labours should not satisfy the inhabitants of the Dominion. We are far from saying that the Commissioners did not do their best for Canadian interests as they understood them, but it was not in human nature for them or their instructors to be to Canada what they are to England; and, as the Treaty was conceived for the purpose of removing the present and contingent liabilities of England, it was agreed upon as soon as it was believed that these liabilities were settled.

We have said that the Commissioners failed, and necessarily failed, to satisfy Canada, but we should only tell half the truth if we did not add that upon one of the subjects of Canadian dissatisfaction they acted with deeper knowledge than prevails in Canada itself. The Canadians have two complaints. They say that the Commissioners abandoned the Canadian claims for losses incurred through Fenian raids, and obtained from the United States no security that any effort would be made to prevent a repetition of these criminal irruptions. This is perfectly true. We have more than once endeavoured to explain the just indignation of Canada on the subject of the Fenian raids. A wretched crew of scoundrels, repudiated as such by all the native elements of American life, were suffered to plan and organize, without let or hindrance, raids into a neighbouring country at peace with the United States; and those raids, involving robbery and murder, never partook of the character of war, never, indeed, had any other object than that of keeping up a flow of subscriptions for the support of the Head Centres at New York and elsewhere. Peaceful Canadian students, farmers, and mechanics were compelled to turn out at a moment's notice at the busiest time of the year, and when, at a sacrifice of precious life, the marauders were driven back across the frontier, the utmost that was done was to subject a few specimen offenders

to mock trials and nominal punishments. The Canadians naturally resented this, and they expected that when the question of England's responsibility for lax neutrality in the matter of the Alabama was referred to arbitration, the lax neutrality of the United States should be referred also. Our Commissioners did moot these Canadian claims at Washington; but when they were told that negotiations must be broken off if the claims were pressed, they at once dropped them. Can we be surprised that the Canadians were disappointed? Their second grievance, that their inshore fisheries have been sold for ten years, does not appear to us equally substantial. We do not dwell on the fact that, being sold, money will be paid for them. The feeling we entertain, and which, undoubtedly, operated on the minds of the Commissioners, is that there is something not altogether sound in the assumed right of property in inshore fisheries. Fish come to a shore the bounty of nature, and though the authority of every maritime State extends to a league from its coast this authority rests upon the right of a State to keep the peace upon its shores by preventing strangers from coming without permission within gunshot. It is, in fact, an authority of police rather than of property, and where a country is not thoroughly settled, so that its own fishermen completely occupy its own fishing grounds, and the exclusion of strangers becomes necessary as a matter of police, their exclusion can scarcely be warranted on a technical claim of property. The Treaty of Washington, conceived in the spirit of these principles, granted to New England fishermen the right of fishing in Canadian waters in common with Canadian fishermen for ten years, in consideration of money payments, to be ascertained by valuation; and we confess that, if we have any regret about this part of the Treaty, it is that the grant was not made perpetual, so that United States' fishermen might for ever resort to Canadian waters, subject only to police regulations, just as our own fishermen of Cornwall go at the proper seasons to the neglected waters of Ireland.

We shall, of course, guarantee the loan of £2,500,000. It is the only reparation we can offer for having thrown overboard the Fenian claims at Washington; though we believe the proposed guarantee of the projected Pacific Railway to be a very doubtful kindness. But the question provoked at every stage of the discussion is—how long are we to go on affecting to defend the interests of Canada, which, in truth, we have neither the knowledge nor the ability to protect? Is there nothing in the precedent of Portugal and Brazil which might be considered with advantage in respect of Canada and England? We keep up the form of governing Canada from England; but, whenever it becomes a reality, Canada suffers, and the maintenance of the form has the effect of keeping the statesmen and people of Canada in a condition of dependence, if not of pupillage. When youths become men their fathers emancipate them, to the benefit of the world and in the interests of affectionate feeling between them both; and what is true of men in this respect is also true of nations.

(From the DAILY TELEGRAPH of May 6, 1872.)

As it is likely enough that advantage will be taken of the proposed arrangement for guaranteeing a Canadian loan of £2,500,000 to make party capital out of the proceeding in a sense hostile to the present Government, we think it right to dissociate ourselves at the outset from some of the arguments by which the transaction is supported. In one quarter the guarantee—not the first of the kind, it must be remembered—is called a bribe, suggested by the Canadian ministry as necessary in order to obtain the assent of the Dominion Parliament to the Washington Treaty. The transaction is, nevertheless, advocated, though “a very doubtful kindness at the best;” but the Canadians are told that the sooner they are divorced from our control and from a nominal allegiance to the Imperial Crown the better it will be for us all. Now, it is open to every one to place his own interpretation on the Treaty of Washington; but we are quite certain that, in the mass, the English people, who are neither shufflers nor cowards, will repudiate the idea that the convention was only a sneaking device to free us from the embarrassing dependence of Canada. It is disingenuous and unfair to pick out a single point in a complicated transaction, and to treat it without reference to the other features which show its full meaning. The object of the Treaty was to bring to a close every unsettled dispute between Great Britain, Canada, and the United States; and the end was sought, as such ends generally are, by a process of compromise, in which one side gave up something, as a supposed equivalent for a concession from the other. Obviously, the quarter whence the advantage came would be a matter of less practical importance than the gain itself; and all that either England, the Dominion, or the United States required to do was to strike a fair average of results. Now, if the Canadians deem the speedy completion of their great railway across the continent a matter of more urgent practical importance than cherishing a grievance about the Fenian raids, it is no business of ours to rail at them as if their assent to the Treaty had been bought; still less have we any right to speak of the act as a doubtful kindness on our part. Of that the Canadians are the best judges. It is possible they may think the development of the Dominion an object of prime importance, to forward which is worth even such a price as the restoration of amity between England and the States. As for the desirability of emancipating Canada from her connexion with England, and sending her adrift to sink or swim, the question lies in a nutshell. If the Canadians request that the bond should be dissolved, we are not the people to hold them fast against their will: we have long ago learned how futile that attempt would be. On the other hand, we will neither cut short the connexion by violent means nor shuffle out of it by trickery. The initiative may come from the other side; but it is not we who will deliberately set about the disintegration of our great Colonial Empire.