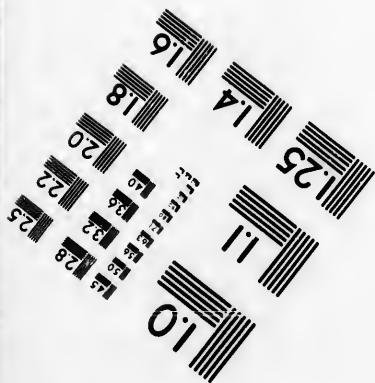
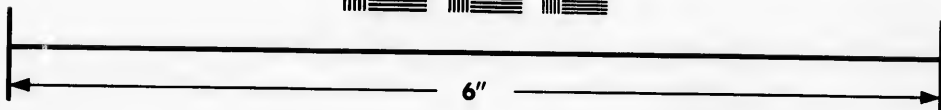
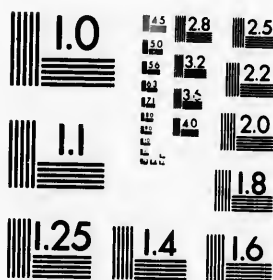


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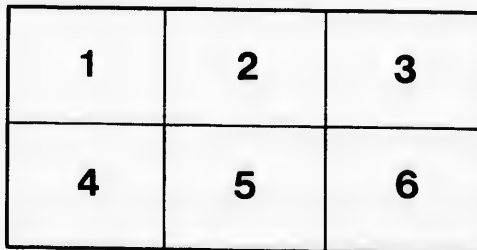
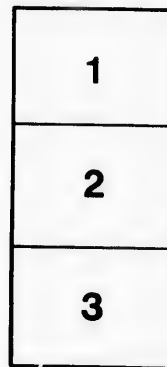
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A SECOND

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UNEARTHED.

BY A BOY.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

1881.

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A DARK CONSPIRACY.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEAVER AND ITS COUNCILLORS.

The Beaver, an animal noted for its rich fur and industrious habits, had been chosen by the various Queens whose domain it frequented, as the Great Father and Totem of their Tribe. To it they paid tribute, and by it they vowed eternal union and constancy to each other. They all paid homage to the Lion; but heretofore they were split asunder, each doing what seemed right in his own eyes, totally disregarding what the others did or were about to do. Thinking that the advance of civilization, and the growing power of the Eagle rendered it necessary, they united for common defence. 'Tis a union which many now regret, for a nation's greatness is no longer calculated by its extent of territory. Right is fast taking the place of might; the arts of peace, instead of war, now sway the minds of men; and the brute force of thousands is fast giving way to the subtle diplomacy of a few.

For a time with the Beaver all went well. Under cover of Coalition Sir Nero had seized the helm of state. All seemed nice to the Union devotees. Sir Nero to them was a hero and wise politician. But a crash came at last. Sir Nero, casting aside the flimsy veil that heretofore had kept his true character in the background, made bold to appropriate a portion of the public funds for his own use, and was accordingly kicked from office by an outraged people.

Le Rouge, who had been instrumental in discovering Sir Nero's system of corruption and fraud, was now chosen head Counsellor of the Beaver. In this LeRouge was ably assisted

by Gordie Brawn, the old leader of the party. He was an orator, a patriot, and a true politician; and, although an adopted son of Anglaise Kawata, he had the good of this country more to heart than many of our native-born politicians. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the people, and in him one might well say the confidence of the country was not misplaced.

He sought not the advantage of his party, but only the country's good. True for a time, associated with Le Rouge, he led the party; in this he had but small success. 'Twas at his congenial profession as Editor that best he thrived. Here, with his bulwark of type, like Jove of old, he could launch his thunders against a corrupt government. A man of principles, good and noble aspirations, he could, with wonderful adroitness, mould public opinion to his view, and sway the minds of thousands.

But he is gone. The assassin's bullet took away his life. Britain's greatest poet and sage has said:—

“The evil men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones.”

Not so with Gordie Brawn. Neither spot nor blemish now remains to mar his glorious record of the past, which, like a golden trumpet peal, sounds into the ears of the present generation, and is destined to ring into the ears of the generations yet to come, a worthy example and watchword to all patriotic politicians.

For one sitting Le Rouge ruled the country. Although the Beaver had strayed to the slough of depression, and drank of its brackish waters, muddying its fine coat and stagnating its blood, Le Rouge contrived to keep the public machinery running without any increase in the tribute. When the election was drawing nigh, Sir Nero, who had wily kept in the background, came rapidly to the front, and backed by Sir Stuart and Sir Judas (who, like Sir Nero, was an outcast from his

native Province, and a political adventurer on the face of the earth) struck blow after blow at Le Rouge and his party.

Sir Nero was now at the head of affairs glutted with success. Triumphantly Sir Nero boasted that the country had upheld him in the frauds which before had cast him from power. He called for colleagues his old associates in corruption and shame and defiantly set public opinion at naught. At times his supporters threatened to mutiny. But Sir Nero, by the use of gold, kept his party in line.

When Sir Nero came to power, he encased the Beaver in a solid coat of mail, with the purpose, as he pretended, of protecting it from the muddy waters of the lake. But the heavy weight of the armour sank the Beaver deeper and deeper into the miry depths of depression. This called for an increase of tribute to keep the public machinery running, which Sir Nero wrenched from the people with a remorseless hand.

When the rest of the animals began to leave depression and struggle up the hill of "Good Times," the Beaver, encumbered by its heavy armour, tottered after with slow and faltering steps. Many of the people who paid homage to the Beaver, now renouncing Beaver and Lion alike, and crossing the border, took up their abode beneath the shadow of the Eagle's wing, who was going forward with leaps and bounds, and not only lessening the tribute, but paying off the public debt with great rapidity; while the Beaver, poor animal, struggled on, not only increasing the tribute, but getting deeper and deeper in debt.

CHAPTER II.

MODERN FURIES AND CHIMERA.

The scandal crush was past. Sir John A. Nero, Sir Leonard Judas, and Sir Charles Stuart had often met and plotted together, seeking how they might regain their lost power. No definite plan had been made as yet. The election was drawing nigh. A strange metamorphosis came upon Sir Nero, Sir Judas and Sir Stuart. Their faces were like the faces of women. Their eyes were like coals of living fire. Their hair, which reached their waist, was a mass of hissing writhing serpents. Their mouths were like the mouths of alligators and filled with all sorts of filth; from which issued all kinds of deceit and corruption; by which the minds of men were led astray and caused to imagine vain things. Their tongues were like snakes tongues and beneath them lay the poison bag, calumny; the main spring of the Neroite existence; and their only hope in a time of need.

Now gentle reader you will bear with me while I tell you the reason those worthies are named as above.

Nero, noted as the most barbarous of Roman emperors, set fire to that magnificent city, and ever and anon, as the flames towered up to the sky and the crash of falling houses sounded loudest on his ear, he sang in tones of triumph the song of burning Troy.

Sir John A. Nero, noted as the worst of the Beaver's statesmen, by a match known as the National Policy has laid in ruins the interests of the poor man; and ever and anon as the wail of the starving population surges on his ears, a sardonic smile lights up his brutish visage and he can be heard to mutter: They go down and I go up; as the money leaves their pockets so cometh it into mine. I crowd them in

the ditch that I may stand upon them and be exalted before the eyes of all men.

Judas Iscariot betrayed his master for thirty pieces of silver, and after committing the pernicious deed went and hanged himself. Sir Leonard Judas betrayed his native Province and ought to be hanged.

Charles I., of Stuart, ruled Great Britain with an unrelenting despotism. Sir Charles Stuart took upon himself despotic powers, and basely handed his native Province over to the tender mercies of Confederation.

The election was over. The Furies had triumphed. The day was dark and dreary. All nature had assumed an aspect of trouble. A sickly haze o'erspread the sky, lending to the sun a ghastly hue, whose pale rays seemed scarce to pierce the gloom that enshrouded the earth. Heavy, dark, rolling masses of cloud rushed rapidly across the sky; vivid lightning flashes illuminated the horizon, and distant roars of thunder could be heard echoing in the air.

Upon the mount of Ottawa sat the Furies. A ghastly smile lit up their visages as they gazed in triumph around. A vivid flash of lightning; one roaring, crashing clap of thunder; the rain in torrents falls upon the earth, when, lo! from forth the Furies, there emanates a strange form, a veritable Chimera, and as it coils around the mount of Ottawa, the myrmidons of John A. cry: "Great is the Chimera; the Furies are its prophets, and John A. is the Great High Priest."

But the thunder with its roaring voice, cried: "Mourn, you sons of the Beaver, mourn, for a season of darksome days and fierce persecutions is about to fall upon the land; and the poor man with taxes will be ground to dust. MOURN! MOURN!! Mourn!!!"

The wind, in a howling tone, cried "MOURN!!" And the rain, with a rushing voice, said: "Mourn!"

Yes, Beaver, well may you mourn. The sound of "good times" is heard from Europe to the east of us; the good

tidings is heard in the States to the south of us; but the only cry within your border is: "Hard times, hard times," and each, with a sadly solemn wail, cries, "Hard."

One by one your sons are crossing the line to seek fame and fortunes in the far west. Fleeing from the wrath to come, fleeing from insufferable taxation in the near future, the effects of this blood letting policy; effects of which another Ministry will not be able to rid the country.

The worship of the Chimera consists of strange mummeries and premeditated indecencies. Its devotees consider it to be something strange and wonderful upon whose shoulders rests the earth and who supports the sea and land. In worshipping it, they suppose, not unlike the Hindoos, that they are worshipping Wisdom and Power in an earthly form.

This faith is known as Chimerasm or Neroism and its devotees as chimarites or Neroites. Sir Nero is the Great High priest, the dictator of the law, and direct oracle of the Chimera. Associated with him are the Lesser Furies (Sir Judas and Sir Stuart) who form the Grand Council of the Furies.

The next in power is the Cabinet Council, whose duty it is to translate the law and make plain the dark sayings of the Furies to the Representatives, who, being the Proxies of the people, are sent once a year to Ottawa to worship the Chimera and do homage to the Furies.

Then there are the Local Priests or more generally speaking the Grand Sacrificial Army, whose duty it is to offer up sacrifices to the Chimera. They are known as Neroite Editors and the altar as the Neroite press. The knife they use for slaying the victim is Calumny, and the fire is Scurrility and Foul-mouthed abuse, both of which, gentle reader, the Neroite Editor is no wise backward in using.

The exact form of the Chimera is unknown and as the name implies, is mythical and strange. The descriptions given by the Neroites are vague and contradictory. The whole of their description may be summed up as follows, viz:—"Of it or

its effects we care nothing, but will keep in power the best way we can."

Many hymns are sung in honor of Sir Nero and the Chimera by the Neroites. The following is a fair example :—

NEROITE DOXOLOGY.

All hail the powers of Sir Nero's lies,
Let poor men prostrate fall,
Bring forth a splinter new straw hat,
And dub him boss of all.

On, sons of Donald, full bravely on,
And let the *Grits* bec—st,
Your lies have made the field your own,
The poor man's in the dust.

Oh, John A. can rob the Treasury,
Hurrah, "What, do you sigh!"
So come it now my bully boys,
Hurrah, then "root, hog or die."

CHAPTER III.

NEROITE CAUCUS.

It was a dreary winter night, what year no matter. The wind in violent gusts swept through the streets and alleys of the Beaver's capital, making sweet music among the trees, and howling in tones of melancholy despair amid the house tops. Assembled in a room of a mansion of this celestial city were all the faithful representatives of the Neroite clan. Deep anxiety was depicted upon their features, and ghastly forebodings seemed to hold entranced the minds of all.

"All silent as the sheeted dead" sat this vast assemblage. Like Macbeth before the enactment of that terrible tragedy, that Shakspeare so vividly depicts, their eyes were fastened upon the mystic dagger; with which they were to carve out their own fortunes and the degradation of the millions of people who form this vast Dominion.

Amid this body of wily plotters could be seen the forms of the Lesser Furies, Langlan, Billy Dougdan, (Wandering Willie), Ben Wongster, (Big Warrior who pulls hair), Canineville, (Patent dog buyer), and other party ornaments; while paramount amid the throng was the form of Sir Nero.

Suddenly the clock tolled the solemn hour of midnight. Every man raised his head and gazed around as if just awakened from some ghastly dream. Then Sir Judas for the first broke the silence by exclaiming:—

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed."

Sir Stuart: — "Thrice, and once, the hedge-pig whined."

Langlan: — Harper cries: 'tis time, 'tis time."

Sir Nero (rising): — "Ye noble sons of Nero, ye worshippers of the good Chimera, we know our times:

" Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
 ' The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
 ' The time when screech owls cry, and barn dogs howl,
 ' And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
 ' That time best fits the work we have on hand.'

" A work which shall guarantee to us forever the power and rich places of the Dominion. Let us but complete this work and then no moral foe, or mortal enemy, can tear from our grasp the spoils that we hold.

" Dear friends and comrades, ye worshippers of the god Chimera ! The other night a terrible vision I saw. Methought the broad field of the future was spread to view. At length it concentrated into one year, aye, one simple day—'twas the ELECTION DAY EIGHTY-THREE. A spirit of progression had taken possession of the minds of men. There had arisen a race of people who knew not Joseph, or in other words worshipped not the Chimera. We were overthrown and our opponents triumphed in our fall.

" Methought the Reform banner triumphant waved over mountain, lake and plain, from the surf beaten shore of the Atlantic to the mountainous coast of the Pacific ; while the dying yell of Chimera, like an expiring hope, flickered away and died upon the mud washed banks of the Mackenzie. And the forest clad hills of the old Provinces, the fertile plains of the North west, the towering peaks of mountain nymph sent forth the joyous shouts of an emancipated people.

" Then a joyous people came forth and raised a monument o'er the fallen monster, and upon it was inscribed :—

" ' Here lies Chinera, born 1878 ;
 Died 1883.'

" Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! The king of desolation is slain,
 and Liberty once more rules supreme ! "

Then in tones of thund' I heard a voice crying :—

“ Let the press hush its insolent linge ;
 We wish no more of its sauce, by jingo !
 The Neroites of the land are loud in their wail,
 For the gods are broken in the temple of Baal !

“ The polls of the future rushes on my sight ;
 And the clans of John A. are scattered in fight ;
 They rally, they bleed for the spoils and power,
 Down with the robbers, they're crushed in an hour.”

“ Forewarned is forearmed.” We must meet this emergency with coolness and determination. We must be quick, cautious, and desperate. The spirit of the times demands unusual exertions from us.

“ Ours must be a policy of darkness. The light of day must not discover our actions, or the glorious rays of the sun illuminate our deeds. The effluvia from financial swamps must encase our bodies, and cesspools of corruption lay thick around our feet. The engines of the Government must be used for our advantage, and the treasuries must contribute to our aid. (Cries of ‘ No, no, honesty is the best policy.’)

“ Honesty is the best policy, hey ! Show me the villain so base, or the fool who dares utter such a thing between the walls of a Neroite caucus room, and in the presence of Sir Nero himself. Is not the policy which I advocate upheld by the precepts of our glorious predecessors in tyranny and usurpation ? Let us trace our long line of ancestry, through dim and distant pages of history, deep in diabolical intrigues, far beyond the ken of common man or the conception of an average intellect, unless it be well tutored in the annals of crime. Let us view them as Tories—robbers amid the bogs of Ireland. Let us gaze upon them as Cavaliers—robbers amid the courts and palaces of England, and what has been their war cry !

“ To the victor belongs the spoils ” ; and upon those who dared to protest against this righteous rule, fell the tyrant's hand of bloody war.

Brethren shall we be weak imitators of this noble clan, or

shall we, rather like men of determination, assume an undaunted hardihood of deception, and become noble aspirants to that notoriety which has caused the name of all oppressors to ring through the pages of ancient and modern history. This is an age of progression, and we must be progressive also. If our forefathers were deep in sin; let us plunge still deeper into pools of corruption and intricate pathways of scandal and crime.

“ Now :—

“ Show me the highland chief who holds
That plundering lowland flocks or folds
Is aught but retribution due ?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu ! ”

“ Or in other words :—

“ Show me the Neroite who holds
That plundering poor men of their gold
Is aught but politicians' due ?
Seek other cause 'gainst me, won't you . ”

And now more fully to the business importance of the case, we must curse the rich and fertile plains of the North West with such a curse as land was never cursed before. We will deliver millions of acres of the rolling prairie into the grinding monopoly of a railway ring. They shall be our friends, and always support the policy which we uphold. The land under their control shall be peopled by ignorant peasants from Europe, who, unable to pay the price demanded for the land, shall become mere serfs, bound beneath the iron heel of those giant monopolists. More potent than the sway of the dread fetish shall be the power of this Syndicate. Thus we shall be sure of the majority of the voters.

Now are there any who dissent from my view ? A suppressed murmur was heard in the hall. Sir Nero stamped his foot upon the floor. The whips came trooping in :—

“ Bow down, ye slaves, the order ran,
Who disobays shall die.”

And straightway they bowed down and licked the feet of their leaders, promising fealty to the party evermore.

Fealty to the party though the country thereby would be ruined ; and the brightest prospects of the future annihilated ! Fealty to the party, though the voters march over the stage begging, commanding, aye with curses commanding, you to oppose the scheme ! Fealty, and why ? " Because we were elected to support the party."

Elected to support the party, though your conscience and constituents command otherwise ? Then support it by all means ! Support it though it murders your brothers, and condemns to starvation the mothers who bore you ; and let " follow your leader " be roared in thunders through the air and with lightning engraved upon the skies. Let it be printed on your coat tails, and with letters of gold be stuck upon your high-crowned hats. Guard it as a thing of life ! Cherish it with the tenderest care. And, after death, when you stand amid the land of unseen spirits and ghostly goblins of the past, brandish this piece of childish sentiment over your head and " follow your leader, SATAN, down deep into the abysmal depths of despair."

CHAPTER IV.

RUIN !

Urged on by the energy of despair and the audacity of the " Old Nick," the Furies plotted for, and their myrmidons consented to a conspiracy well calculated to impose an eternal burthen of taxes upon the people, thus causing themselves to be stigmatized as the pickpockets of the Dominion's history, who, by wily words, won their way into the people's confidence, and then bailed the treasury to the bottom. M.an

moan, ye voters who guard the Beaver's weal! Thieves and pickpockets rule the nation, and grinding monopolies are licensed by the laws of the land.

Gentle reader, ours must be a policy of economy and progression if we wish to see our country thrive like other nations. Ours is a glorious destiny, and it depends entirely upon our own efforts. Then let us be self-reliant and self-governing. Our forefathers struggled long and hard for the liberty which we enjoy; then let us retain it. Let us show Sir Nero that we will not be choked by this scum of a strained diplomacy.

Then let us declare this bargain a bargain replete with dishonesty and fraud, NULL. It is illegal in many ways:—First because public tenders were never invited; Second, a bargain vastly superior to the ratified one was rejected; Last, but not least, if the people are the source, fountain, and pillar of all authority, as they should be, IT IS NO BARGAIN, as the people have never consented to it, and the Parliament, in ratifying it, has assumed powers over which it has no control, and seriously trifled with the liberties of the people.

Sir Nero, by working upon that well-worn cry of Loyalty, and denouncing his opponents as Rebels, Annexationists, etc., with more brass than brains, strived to uphold this bargain in the eyes of the people. He even went so far as to boast of his glorious record in connection with the other "Pacific Scandal," and declared that the money at that time appropriated for his use was a wonderful benefit to the country. Sir Stuart expatiated on the merits of the present bargain, saying, "T would be a glorious legacy to his children."

This I am inclined to believe, as he made a little legacy of his own out of the *other* Scandal. He, too, charged his opponents with being unpatriotic, and charged them with paralyzing the otherwise good effects of the N. P.

Sir Judas then took up the howl, and, as of yore, went into prophetic. He saw this P. R. R. breaking open the gates of heaven and causing riches to be showered upon the fertile



plains of the North West. Some said "they didn't believe it," but they were "pestilential *Grits*." Others darkly hinted that the good old Patriarch had made a mistake, and, moreover, he was mistaken with his "Confederation Paradise." But one of his chivalric worshippers qualified these as "attacks on the *unspotted one*."

Gentle reader, you have seen, heard and witnessed. Then judge "*the tree according to the fruit*." You have seen the N. P. arise like a mushroom in the dark, and its foul branches overshadow the land. You have seen another policy brought forth worse than the former. Will you ratify it?

Will you impose an eternal burthen of taxes upon yourselves and an everlasting legacy of despair to your children? Will this be the hand of welcome that you extend to the generations yet unborn? Will this be the episode of foolhardiness and deception that you will have engraved with letters of blood and sorrow upon the pages of our History? No, gentle reader, there can never be a man so base, so unutterably careless of his trust, so devoid of feeling for his country's honor and strong financial standing in the eyes of the public as to ratify this quixotic bargain.

There is a trust imposed upon us all. That trust is — duty. Duty to ourselves, which is of paramount interest. Second — duty to our brothers of mankind. Last, but not least, our duty to humanity as a whole.

Duty to ourselves bids us seek after our own interests, and impose on ourselves burdens upon our own shoulders. Duty to the living generations of mankind, bids us, with a true philanthropic spirit, so shape our courses as to be of general use to mankind. Duty to humanity as a whole bids us, with a keen eye to the future, impose no useless burdens or grievances upon the generations yet to come.

Gentle reader, this bargain imposes a burden upon ourselves that is almost impossible to bear. It imposes a burden whose grinding influences will crush to the earth the colonists of the North West. It imposes a burden upon the future generations that will cause them to leave the country; or else cause anarchy to sway rampant through the earth.

Gaze — ye patriotic men, gaze into the future and see the grim phantasmal effects of this policy, and say, will you ratify? Will you do such an irreparable damage to yourself and country?

THE END.

