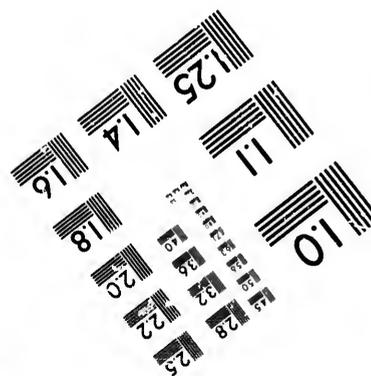
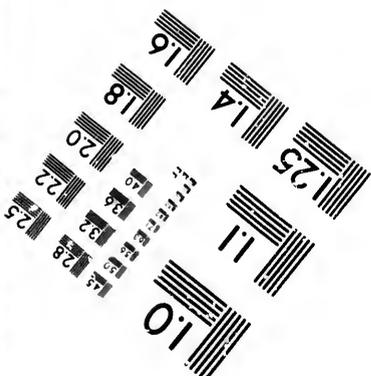
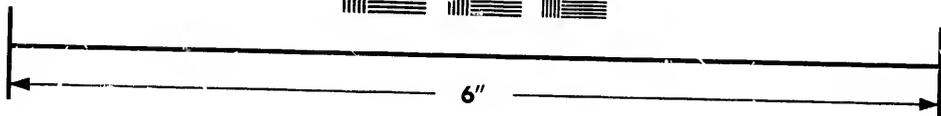
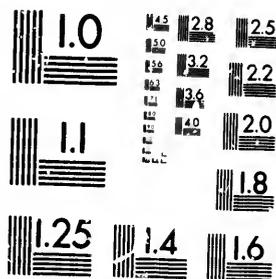


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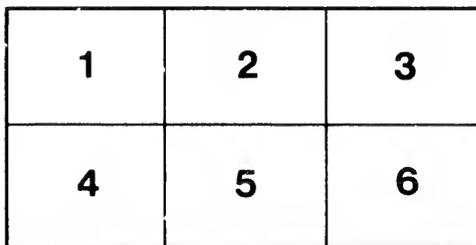
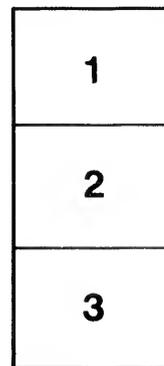
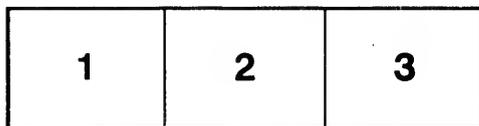
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Price One Shilling.

*for Henry Morgan & Co  
per M. F. T.*

OUR CANADIAN  
DOMINION.

BY

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY F. ALGAR, "CANADIAN NEWS" OFFICE,  
11, CLEMENT'S LANE, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

1868.

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1868  
(63)

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OUR CANADIAN DOMINION.

HALF A DOZEN BALLADS

ABOUT

A KING FOR CANADA.

FROM THE PEN OF

MARTIN F. TUPPER,

AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,"  
ETC., ETC.

WITH SOME PROSE COMMENTS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY F. ALGAR, "CANADIAN NEWS" OFFICE,  
11, CLEMENT'S LANE, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

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## P R E F A C E.

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It has been suggested that some of my recent Canadian Ballads which have flown over the Far West, as well as over England generally, should have more than the ephemeral publication which newspapers can give; accordingly, I have gathered these half-dozen, chiefly bearing on the Kingdom topic (omitting some others irrelevant or obsolete, as on the old "Fishery" and "Foreign Enlistment" questions, &c.), and have had them set out chronologically with their occasions in this pamphlet. My especial interest in Canada may be stated as due to the fact that, early in the seventeenth century, and owing to the religious persecutions of those times, some of my family migrated to Nova Scotia (whose present premier, the Hon. Charles Tupper, is thus ancestrally my cousin); as also to the fact that General Sir Isaac Brock, killed in saving Upper Canada at the Battle of Queenston in 1812, was my near relation by marriage. These circumstances, irrespectively of a personal visit in 1851, and of certain interests connected with literature or with patriotism, have naturally drawn my more especial attention to our great Dominion in North America; and may serve to account for and excuse, after the late successful establishment of a "Canadian Confederation," my seemingly uncalled-for interference; which, in a total outsider, might otherwise be called intrusive.

I have thought it the simplest and clearest method to introduce, chiefly in the original editorial phraseology, a few prose remarks preliminary to each of these ballads, by way of explanation: and it will be remembered that they have all been very widely circulated, not only in England and throughout Canada, but (as bearing generally on the same doctrine) in New Zealand also, and India and Australia. The first ballad in particular has a general application of the Imperial-subkingdom idea to all overgrown colonies; which are naturally pining for some larger and better form of government than can be supplied to them through an office in Downing Street; whether (to meet opposite tastes) that larger and better form come to be hereafter Royal or Republican.

In truth, there is a growing feeling throughout the English world, that our great colonies will not much longer consent to be governed through telegraph wires from the desk of any London politician; and that, in default of some real scion of royalty being ere long accorded to each as Viceroy on the spot, Australia and Canada (not to add also India, New Zealand, and South Africa) will gradually drop off from their old monarchical stem as distinct, and possibly hostile, republics.

To help in a better issue has been from time to time my object through various means, and, not least, by popular ballads; and I may venture to hope that the vast circulation of these, hitherto in newspapers and handbills, may have had to some extent the good effect intended.

M. F. T.

ALBURY HOUSE, NEAR GUILDFORD,  
*March, 1868.*

# OUR CANADIAN DOMINION.



No. I.

## A KING FOR A COLONY.

*(Published in February, 1865.)*

Cubs of the grand old lioness brood,  
Patriot colonies, sturdy and shrewd,  
All of you—each,—wherever unfurl'd  
St. George's cross flames over the world,  
Hearken a minute, and let one word  
Now by two hemispheres loudly be heard,—  
ALFRED! glory shines in the name;  
Alfred! it rings on the buckler of fame;  
Alfred! which of you, then, most wise,  
Prays and works to secure such a prize?  
Lo! what a name as a Founder-King's!  
What a seed of high thoughts, what a root of good things!  
What a watchword in war, what a motto for peace!  
What a prince,—more worthy of you—than of Greece!

Proud Australia, spangled with gold;  
India, man's gemm'd cradle of old;  
Canada, colleagued with comrades brave;  
Hope-bound Africa, purged of the slave;

And wherever from hundreds of Isles  
 Mother Britannia frowns and smiles,—  
 Which of you all, true lovers of us,  
 Truer self-lover will prove, as thus ?  
 Which of you, such wise love to evince,  
 Will pray for your King in the Sailor Prince,  
 And ere many more of his summers be run,  
 Ask of the Queen, for your King, Her Son ?

For, in the fulness of time, it is seen  
 That swarming bees hive off from their Queen :  
 Not like America, sorrow to tell,  
 Forced by that tyrannous tax to rebel ;  
 But, as constrain'd by the spread of mankind,  
 The width of the world, and the progress of mind,  
 By numbers and wealth, by distance and clime,  
 By the Babel-scatter of Place and of Time.  
 We, small isles on the ends of the earth,  
 People the world with a Titan birth ;  
 We, a mere eagle's nest on a rock,  
 Are hatching-out so much of eaglet-stock  
 That flocks fly forth, full-fledged, full-grown,  
 And each claims an eyrie and rock of his own !  
 We cannot keep men-children at school ;  
 Nor fancy by telegraph-wires to rule,  
 Puppet-like, mighty communities free,  
 Thousands of leagues, over land, over sea :  
 Stout and shrewd, full of power and skill,  
 And quite independent—save for good-will,—  
 Swarming peoples, born in a day,  
 Cover huge continents far away,—  
 Too far, too huge, such Nations upspring  
 To bear the small pride of a Downing-Street King.

Ay,—vast Empires with clipt wings,  
 Giant-children in leading-strings,

Tutored and trammell'd o'er lands and seas  
 By clerks at their office-antipodes,  
 Half set free, it is true, but still  
 Slaves to some partizan Premier's will,—  
 Is it not, some of you, time to escape  
 From circumlocution's fetters of tape?—  
 High time now to be running alone  
 With a King of your choice, a King of your own?  
 No creature of party, no rival of place,  
 No clamorous oligarch, vain of his race,  
 No broken-down soldier, no half-ruined lord,  
 No barnacle-hack of a Government board,  
 No tinsel sham-king with his flunkeyfied court,  
 But the real royal thing of the right good sort,—  
 A stem of Britannia's Oak, that fills  
 With the boughs of a dynasty old as the hills,  
 Rooted at centre and acorn'd to heaven,  
 This dear old planet, to man God-given!

For well do I wot that your wisdom clings  
 To the quiet good rule of legitimate Kings:  
 For you, no republican riots shall roar,  
 No constant elections corrupt to the core,  
 No towns be laid waste by renewed civil strife,  
 No provinces blasted by war to the knife!  
 British America! look well around;  
 Sulphurous skies, and blood-sodden ground,  
 Famishing orphans, and desolate farms,  
 Shouts of fierce fury from brothers in arms.  
 Hark! how their terrible eloquence rings,—  
 "Curses on Presidents, Blessings on Kings!"

And—if he but wills—what a King for your choice!  
 What a nature, as well as a name, to rejoice  
 Your hope of his future from love of his past,  
 A slower beginning that's surer to last.  
 Let us speak the plain truth without favour or fear;  
 No paragon piece of perfection is here,

No fabled romantic impossible prince  
 Never seen before Arthur, nor in him, nor since ;  
 But, a soul full of pluck, and a mind full of thought,  
 Well-born and well-nurtured, well-grown and well-taught,  
 Frank, kindly, whole-hearted, brave, simple, and true,  
 And if still a youth better fitted for you ;  
 No prejudice rampant, nor habits grown strong,  
 Nor need of unlearning a possible wrong,  
 But, scion of England and bred in her school,  
 True to his right, constitutional rule.

And dream not, O world, that in cutting them free,  
 Dear patriarch England less honour'd would be,—  
 An Ishmael, with twelve of the sons of his hearth,  
 Princes and Kings all over the Earth !  
 And dare not, O statesman, to hint with a sneer,  
 "Secession ! high treason ! a traitor is here !"  
 The son that is married and settled in life  
 Secedes, if you will, to his home and his wife ;  
 But his home is a nook for your peaceful grey hair,  
 And his wife a new daughter to set your armchair :  
 Kingdoms and families follow like laws ;  
 Division had ever good growth for its cause.  
 And dread not, O Queen, that in leaving them thus,  
 Their hearts as in pride could repudiate us :  
 No ! king'd with some Prince of the Blood as their own,  
 Allied as dear kindred, yet standing alone,  
 Each realm with its difference, when it upsprung,  
 Would claim, as one race, one flag with one tongue :  
 Great England would be, as in wealth so in worth,  
 Victoria's England, all over the Earth ;  
 Our Alfred might hold an American helm,  
 Our Arthur rule over Australia's realm,  
 Our Leopold, Rajah of India be seen,  
 And the great Maharanee of all be The Queen !

The Editor of the *British Colonist*, Halifax, Nova Scotia, dated March 16, 1865, at the end of a laudatory article, which we will omit, observes: "Such an idea as is delineated in this poem, that is, of placing British America, and eventually the other great Colonial dependencies, under Viceroyalties hereditary in the Royal Family of England—or, as the Author prefers to call them, Colonial Kings under the suzerainty of our Queen—has long been a favourite idea with many of those who, for years past, have advocated a union of the colonies of British North America."

The second ballad here produced is one originally published in English newspapers during April, 1865, and soon after in the Colonies. An eminent Canadian Commissioner, in a printed recommendation of this ballad to his countrymen, says: "It breathes the genuine sentiments of England relative to the proposed union of these Colonies; the brilliant anticipations of the result of that union; the admiration of the achievement, should the union be effected; and the utter scorn of us British Americans should we fail to effect it."

No. II.

## TO BRITISH AMERICA.

Is it your wish to be free,  
 To be rich, to be glorious on earth?  
 Is it your hope a great nation to be,  
 Growing in wealth and worth?  
 Unite, unite, unite!  
 Remember the fable of yore,  
 Banded together by reason and right  
 In brotherhood, strong and secure!

Or, can this be your will,  
 That jealousies (frankly to speak)  
 Shriveled you down to poor provinces still,  
 Separate, selfish, and weak?—

Each little clan for itself  
 Serambling in covetous pride,  
 Nursing its own petty pleasure and pelf,  
 Scorn'd of the world beside!

More,—there is peril at hand,—  
 A storm from the South rolls nigh!  
 Where is the giant its fury to stand?  
 Where are the pigmies to fly?  
 Unite, unite, unite!  
 And so be that giant yourselves;  
 Never let Yankeedom scatter in flight  
 A rabble of separate elves!

How would your commerce flow free  
 In floods from the West and the East,  
 Exchanging all gifts of the land and the sea  
 In a rich and reciprocal feast!  
 How would your rails and your ships,  
 Your roads, mines, forests, and fields,  
 Pour on your empire over its lips  
 All that prosperity yields!

Your empire! Yes,—be it thus;  
 Not Confederation alone,  
 But,—just a Great Nation! and claiming from us  
 A Prince of the Blood for your throne!  
 His children your monarchs to be,  
 His peers of your own loyal sons,  
 And British America English and free  
 From Vancouver Isle to St. John's!

In due course the Confederation has been effected: and my next ballad here reproduced shall be one of nearly two years after the date of the last, published (along with those that follow it) in the first instance in a country newspaper, and thence transferred to numerous other provincial and colonial journals.

No. III.

## ALFRED, PRINCE OF CANADA.

Who shall be Canada's Head?  
 Who then is fittest and best  
 To reign for the Queen, and to rule in her stead  
 Our glorious Britain out-west?  
 Lo! a new nation to raise,—  
 Lo! a great people to guide,—  
 Who shall be chosen their pride and their praise,  
 To win all their hearts to his side?

Any political Peer?  
 Any old Sword on the shelf?  
 One of the Barnacle family here,  
 Greedy for place and for pelf?  
 Shall such as this be your Chief,  
 As the right man for the hour,  
 To cherish your bud into blossom and leaf,  
 And bring to good fruit your glad flower?

No! Let a Prince of the Blood,  
 Born in the purple of State,  
 Let *Alfred* be given, young Alfred the Good,  
 To match with old Alfred the Great!  
 Here is the Chieftain for choice;  
 Loyalty's life to evince,  
 Canada prays with her heart in her voice,  
 "Queen, give us Alfred for Prince!"

After this was in print, it occurred to the writer that, with respect to Prince Alfred, an apparent difficulty might exist about the Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, to which our admirable Prince Consort would have succeeded; and whereof Prince Alfred, as second son, is understood to be heir to his uncle, the reigning Duke. The case would, after all, be only analogous with that of our own Georges, so long Electors of Hanover as well as Sovereigns of England; but, to meet the point of view more exactly, I penned the following:—

No. IV.

### A VICEROY FOR CANADA.

How well it were for Canada, if only this was done—  
That Queen Victoria lend us now her gallant sailor son,  
To stand, her presence, thus to us,—her sceptre here to hold,  
And shine, our good-ship's figure-head of royal blue and gold!

Look you,—just launch'd "The Canada" comes sailing on in state,  
No more a mere provincial craft,—a taut and trim first-rate,—  
A man-of-war, a real Queen's ship, with all her canvas set,  
To claim as captain from the Queen her noblest captain yet!

Or haply, if her ALFRED be destined elsewhere,  
To bless his sainted Father's realm, and rule as sovereign there,—  
How well it were for Canada to find both pride and praise  
In sweet young ARTHUR, antitype of Arthur in old days!

ALFRED—or ARTHUR—either stands a dear historic name  
That equally with us for love America may claim,—  
And thus a watchword of itself to hold the West in peace,  
And keep our race at unison, and bid their quarrels cease.

In anyway, a royal prince we ask to bless us now,  
 And bathe these snowy decks with honour's light from poop to prow,  
 Both officers and crew ennobled, by his royal touch,—  
 Oh, this would gladden Canada! Oh, this would raise her much!

Disunion then must crouch ashamed of all his sullen pride,  
 Nor in the cold with selfish schemes would dare to stand aside;  
 Newfoundland and Princee Edward's Isle shall gladly come in too,  
 And join their hands and hearts with us, as patriots good and true.

Nor can one thought of harm to us afflict our neighbours then,  
 For all will reverence the homes of honest loyal men  
 Whose royal prince must charm all hearts,—for all men shall be seen  
 Lovers of him, for love of Her, whom all most love—The Queen!

“The recent cession of Russian America gives a new reason for the aggrandizement of Canada by raising it to the status of an hereditary royal Viceroyship, or of a kingdom, now that its confederation is confirmed. Any mere military governor or other political chief, with perpetual prospect of recall, and surrounded by partizans against as well as for him, can never have such elements of stability in his government as an irrevocable ruler of royal blood: and now that the United States are stronger than ever, Canada will probably at no distant period be absorbed in them; unless she is elevated by England to royal dignity,—to balance by a monarchy, or as near an approach thereto as may consist in hereditary Vicereignty, the vast weight of the American republic.”

No. V.

### CANADA'S CHOICE.

Two glorious ideas for the World of the West,  
 So grand, one is puzzled to say which is best,  
 Best for old England, and best for mankind,  
 Best for creation in matter and mind.

For a first that the States in their greatness should grow  
 And fill the new world on the scheme of Monroe ;  
 Whereby dear Old England expands in her child  
 By religion and laws and her tongue undofiled :

Let Russia sell millions of acres of ice,  
 And Mexico's realm be annexed in a trice,  
 Northward or southward,—still Englishmen stand  
 With their own mother-tongue in a mother-like land :

Even if Canada, mighty and free,  
 Resolve, as she may, a Republic to be,  
 Join'd with America, all would be seen  
 One brotherly friend to our own King or Queen :

America, under what rulers it will,  
 Must ever be free to an Englishman still,  
 And, just as the world of old days was all Rome,  
 England is ever America's home.

The second great thought—and a better it seems,  
 To one who rejoices in loyalist dreams—  
 Is—Canada kingdom'd !—that half of the West  
 Reflecting Britannia's rule as the best ;

Stable good government, changeless and strong  
 In prosperous right and discomfited wrong ;  
 Yielding a refuge well open to all  
 Who prefer royal peace to republican thrall,—

Yet giving to no one offence, if he care  
 To prefer to a throne his President's chair,  
 But standing in loyalty, faithful and fast,  
 By Canada's Kings, from the first to the last.

Thus England monarchical smiles reconciled  
On the face of her kingless American child,  
Mother and daughter both claiming to share  
Liberty's soil, as coheireses there !

The last, with a portion of its introductory article, is as follows :  
"Mr. Tupper's main idea seems to be an extemporized feudal system ;  
and he has several times heretofore mooted the great question (to be  
answered by our overgrown colonies), 'Why should not the Queen be  
an Empress, with tributary kingdoms under her, each headed by a  
Prince of the Blood Royal?' Canada, Australia, South Africa, and  
perhaps New Zealand, might all give worthy thrones to our younger  
Princes, each of whom (quite unlike an Austrian Maximilian among  
half-breeds and Spaniards) would be native at once to the people, law,  
and language of Old England, and most acceptable as a head to each  
gigantic colony. It may be worth while to add, that our economists  
at home would be equally well pleased as our colonists abroad, if civil  
list expenses are transferred to those who will be glad thus to pay for  
the honour of a kingdom, from some who might here churlishly object  
to the reasonable cost of so many royal scions in England : while the  
personal objection of expatriation is barely to be alleged as a difficulty  
in these days of rapid communication : England is always more or  
less accessible, and a temporary Regent possible under circumstances ;  
besides that much would be compensated by the ideas of duty, dignity,  
and usefulness. The whole scheme (if only our statesmen could be  
got to see with 'the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling') would give a  
great start to colonial emigration, would consolidate our vast de-  
pendencies, and would add to the glory and happiness of Britain and  
her Queen throughout both hemispheres. Here then we have the  
honour of giving to our readers another of Mr. Tupper's important  
suggestions in rhyme for the New Confederation ; combined with those  
which have preceded it, we suppose this will have pretty well exhausted  
the theme of a Canadian Vicerealty."

No. VI.

## HONOURS AND DEFENCES.

A Throne,—with its titles and places and gifts,  
 A peerage, a Court, and all parties made one  
 By loyalty's wholesome romance, that uplifts  
 And quickens a Nation its new race to run,—  
 This, this is the plan to make Canada strong,  
 To keep her united and English and free,  
 To save her at once from unneighbourly wrong,  
 And start her aright both by land and by sea.

We could not protect her, should perils assail;  
 Herself must provide both the spear and the shield,  
 Our distant defending would certainly fail,  
 Three-thousand-mile absence is too far afield:  
 That frontier so vast might be hard frozen in  
 While foes were close by and all friends far away,  
 And if in the fight she would go in and win,  
 Herself must in chief be her strength and her stay!

Let England attract to new homes in the West  
 (By land she may grant, or unrented may lend)  
 Her emigrant poor, in such bounty well-blest,  
 On the good feudal rule, "What you hold you defend:"  
 Let Canada's Magnates be honoured and raised  
 By office and rank, as the chiefs of their race;  
 Let patriot zeal be promoted and praised,  
 And the name of each lordship be link'd to a place.

Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, and St. John's,  
 Hamilton, Halifax, Ottawa,—these,  
 With scores of like names, and as rich in great sons,  
 Might yield them their titles in varied degrees ;  
 Let the duke, and the earl, and the baron be there,  
 Each in the just grade of his wealth and his worth,  
 And the people's free voices be glad to declare  
 Who best should be range ' with the nobles of earth.

As War with his laurel was eager to deck  
 For conquests of old each illustrious name,  
 As Brock of Niagara, Wolfe of Quebec,  
 Are throned on their columns, high trophied in fame,—  
 So Peace has her victories too, and accords  
 Her olives and palms to the patriot band  
 Whom Canada claims for her heroes and lords  
 Round a Prince of the Blood as the King of her Land !

And an Order for Canada well might be found  
 In a star, or a cross, or a badge, or a name,  
 To win her respect from the peoples around,  
 And cheaply reward the first heirs of her fame :  
 So, her King, well surrounded by commons and peers,  
 With millions of acres to grant to free men,  
 Will prosper, till Earth shall have ended her years,  
 And stand as the child of Old England till then !

It is not easy, without going to the length of reprinting mere praise, to give extracts from Colonial newspapers and letters in furtherance of the idea here advocated ; but omitting panegyric as much as possible, and sometimes eschewing the specialty of names, the following paragraphs upon the subject may be inserted with advantage.

An Australian paper of 1865 speaks thus : "If the democracy to which we are said to be helplessly gravitating assumes a kingly form—

if we are to have a democratic state of society without democratic institutions—if the régime of the middle class is to culminate in the régime of a popular citizen-king—then there can be no objection to

“ ‘ A scion of England, bred in her school,  
True to his right, constitutional rule.’ ”

But, before we can offer Prince Alfred a throne, we must provide a realm for him. The question of federation must precede that of monarchy, if Alfred is to be king, not of Victoria or New South Wales, but of the Australias. Probably the difficulties in the way of Australian federation are not very familiar to Mr. Tupper, but he will not need be told that they must be conquered before his favourite project can be realized. The example of the Canadian States at this moment will convince him that political unity must precede the establishment of a central authority, and that Federation is essential to get rid of those individual incongruities which prevent their harmonious reception of an integral form of government. And indeed it is not unlikely that, by right of priority of development, Canada will have solved the problem which Mr. Tupper discusses in such animated rhyme long before Australia can be expected to grapple with it. The movement of Canada is the beginning of the end. Having gone so far, it is impossible she can pause. By the act of federation the first step is taken in that process of renovation and repair which is to convert a number of petty communities into a homogeneous empire. Upon the effects of that act, upon the future of that empire, will probably depend the destiny of Australia.

“In the meantime, we can enter into Mr. Tupper’s prophetic warning, that the time will come when we must be prepared to sever the ties that bind us to the mother country, and stand alone. As he very pertinently hints, our present state is altogether an anomalous one. Neither wholly dependent nor wholly independent, with just enough of liberty to make us feel our restraint, and just enough of restraint to encourage us to aspire to perfect liberty, we are not unlike the ‘men-children at school’ he pictures us,

“ ‘ Tutored and trammell’d o’er lands and seas  
By clerks at their office-antipodes.’ ”

At the same time, when we are ripe for full and complete independence,—and none but the doctrinaires and poets believe us to be so,—we quite agree with Mr. Tupper that independence need not bring estrangement. The bonds of subjection will give place to the kindlier ties of comity and friendship. Englishmen in language, Englishmen in habits and thoughts, Englishmen by reason of all those national associations which separate us from the rest of the world, Englishmen by virtue of those national characteristics which make the rest of the world respect and fear England,—whatever changes shall overtake us, however the course of Empire may elevate us, we shall always look back to the nursery of the great English race with feelings of veneration and love, and cherish as our proudest boast the claim to have spread

“ ‘ England all over the earth.’ ”

Thus far the eloquent and able chief journalist of Melbourne, two years ago: since when Canada has accomplished that preliminary condition of Federation, and all else is ripening accordingly. To a like effect in varied language it would be possible to give extracts to any extent from Canadian and other Colonial newspapers; they all tell the same tale of willingness to have an English King or Viceroy, if only they can afford so expensive a luxury; on which topic the following remarks in a letter to me from an eminent Canadian diplomatist are very apposite: the date is April, 1867: “I am afraid that the feeling in Canada is that we are as yet too poor to support a king in a manner consistent with our ideas of royalty and its surroundings. Our financial position is far from what it should be. For a young country, we have a large debt, \$90,000,000 to \$100,000,000, most of which has been contracted in building our great public works it is true, and they represent the money; but none of them more than pay expenses, many receiving annual grants to keep them repaired and in running order. However, I hope the day is near when this will all be changed, and that our new nationality will take for its head one of Good Queen Victoria’s sons. A few years, at most ten or twelve, will probably witness the change. I am much indebted to you for your kindness in writing to me in connection with a subject so dear to us all, and only hope that our most sanguine wishes may be realized.” As with newspapers, so

with letters, sentiments of this nature might be corroborated by extracts to any amount, and from all manner of writers; but I will produce only a few, simply stating it as a fact, that, so far as my experience goes (and it is not small), the great majority of journalists both in England and in her colonies, and the more far-seeing thinkers of our statesmen all over the world, seem to give utterance generally to the opinion that it is high time to find our vast colonial dominions elevated severally into Kingdoms and Viceroyalties, under the Royal younger sons of the Empress Victoria.

A few quotations from cotemporaries, in confirmation of the writer's view as to the expediency of a Royalty for Canada, may be here added.

In a clever chapter of that clever book, Mr. Anthony Trollope's "North America," on the text, "What shall Canada do with herself?" after exhausting the possibilities of Annexation to the United States, of a continuance of "Fainéant Governors," of a separate republic, or an independent monarchy; and, after declaring that in any case Union of the Provinces, and a conjoining railway will be necessary, the author winds up by this conclusion:—

"I will venture, then, to suggest a king for this new nation; and seeing that we are rich in princes, there need be no difficulty in the selection. Would it not be beautiful to see a new nation established under such auspices, and to establish a people to whom their independence had been given—to whom it had been freely surrendered as soon as they were capable of holding the position assigned to them?"

In a recent letter to me from our most illustrious statesman, occurs this sentence: "I shall be very glad if you can turn the Canadian mind in the direction of Royalty."

The Duke of Manchester, in a printed reply to a "Viator" of the *Times*, says: "'Viator' asks why we Englishmen 'are debarred from claiming our independence from Canada?' It appears to me that common sense is all that is required to induce us to come to that conclusion. 'Viator's' argument is that it would probably be more to the advantage of Canada to be incorporated with the United States than to be a semi-independent colony of England. I am decidedly of opinion that the latter condition is an inconvenient one for both countries. But 'Viator' has not taken into consideration another

possible solution of the question. The one which I would suggest is the incorporation of all our colonies, not with the United States, but with the United Kingdom. I do not believe that it is in the details of such an arrangement that any difficulty would be found, nor do I think that people would find much difficulty in the general principle if they would impartially consider the idea. I am convinced that the colonies would willingly make great sacrifices to obtain what they would consider so great an honour and so fraternal a recognition, and that they would be liberal in their offers both of men and of money for the defence of what would then be an Empire."

A lady correspondent to the *Ottawa Citizen* manages to supply an additional argument for a Royal Prince of Canada, by objecting that "feminine Canadians *have* some chance of wedding with 'one of the Barnacle family,'" whom, therefore, she wishes to see perpetual Governors, "but would have no such chance with a royal Prince." To this, the answer is the query,—Why not? for the founder of a new dynasty a daughter of the country should be his Queen,—and not some Princess of the Almanach de Gotha, who could ill tolerate the exile or the hardship of Canadian winters.

So, let the fair "Ariel" take comfort, and instead of protesting (somewhat selfishly, and by no means in a patriotic spirit, it may be feared) against a scion of royalty, and in favour of a sprig of nobility as more matrimonially attainable,—let her and her companions hail our idea as involving a still brighter possibility than of being even an Irish Baroness!

Another Canadian paper says: "In the publication, at the present juncture, of his Royalist Ballads, Mr. Tupper has proved himself, as fencers say, an admirable timeist. We subjoin the third of the series, and we believe that his stirring cry—'A Crown for Canada!'—will soon be echoed by the voice of an unanimous people. May he prosper in the work he has so much at heart! And may it be our grateful task to hail him hereafter author of the grand new national anthem,—the Canadian 'God save the King!'"

From an able volume entitled "Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved," by Captain Wilson and Colonel Richards, I make the following extracts:—

"We are of opinion, then, that the highest representative of the British Crown, next to the actual Sovereign, should hold a Viceregal

Court in Canada; and we do not consider it as by any means fanciful to venture to suggest that a Regal Title should exist."

They also recommend for Canadian families of repute, at an Incorporation of Canada with the British Crown, the creation of various hereditary titles, as "Earldoms, Baronetcies, and even a Dukedom or two."

Since this pamphlet has been written, but before it is printed, has occurred the very remarkable and triumphant quasi-regal progress of Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, through some of our principal colonies. The enthusiastic manner in which his Royal Highness has been everywhere received is the best proof that some such idea as is briefly here suggested is acceptable to the civilized world, and that its realization would more than equal our loyal hopes and anticipations.

M. F. T.



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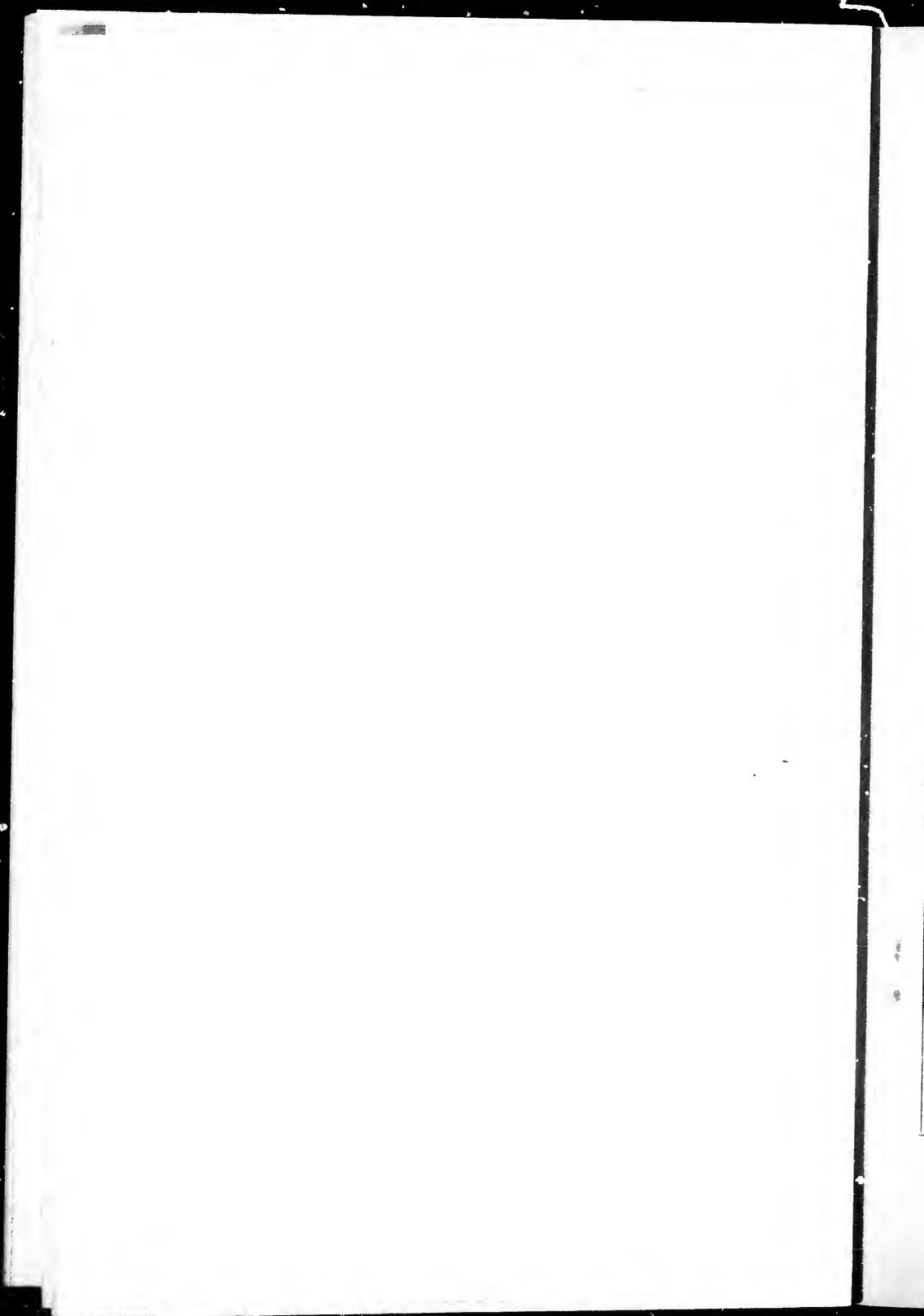
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