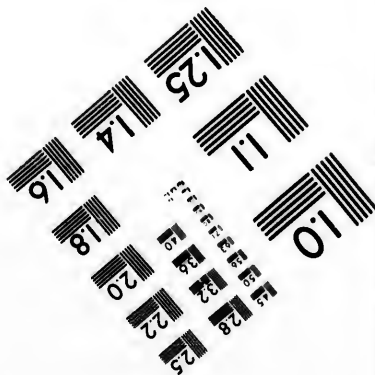
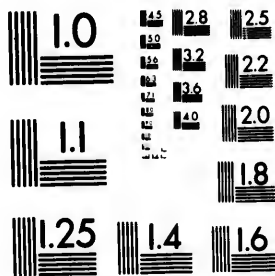


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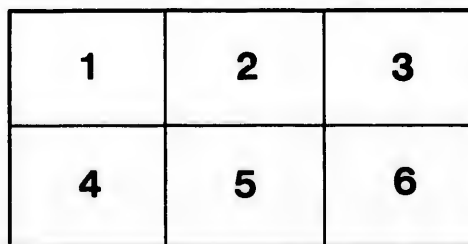
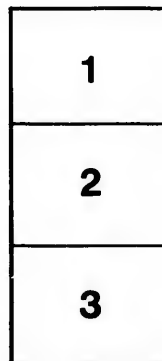
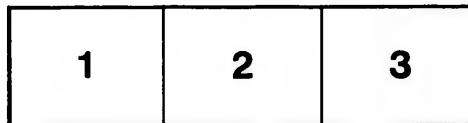
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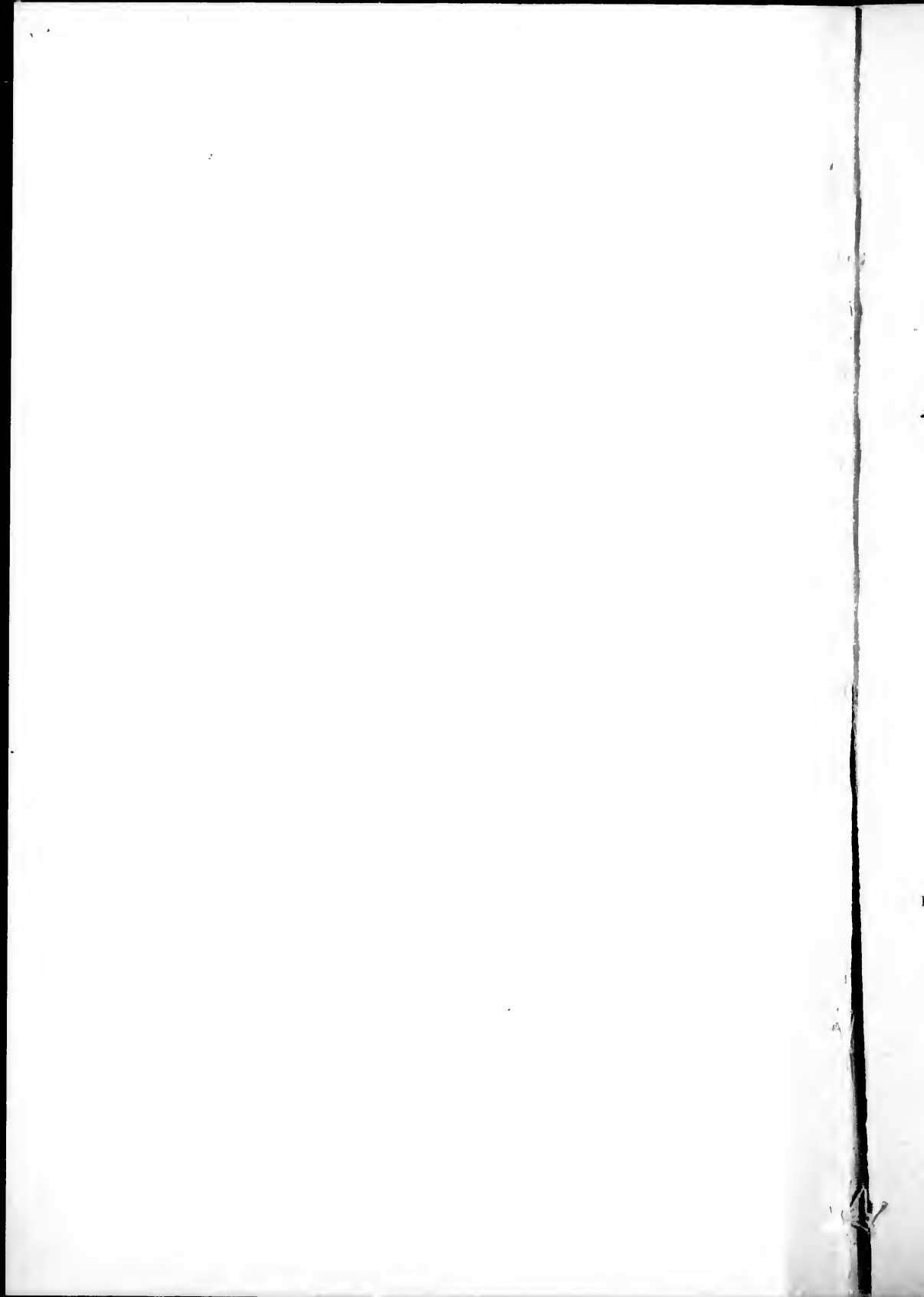
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A NEW LIGHT  
ON  
ANNEXATION

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A POLITICAL BROCHURE.

BY  
S. R. CLARKE,

OF OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1891, by SAMUEL ROBINSON  
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## A NEW LIGHT ON ANNEXATION.

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I N darkness or from behind the hedgerow the criminal strikes the blow in violation of the rules of society. Knowing this, I disclose my name, not because of any superior courage I possess, but because I have no intention to commit a crime against my country. Besides, revealing the identity, serves as a kind of ballast, preventing the frail craft I am about to launch from listing too much to either side, as it might, if I sailed under a mere *nom-de-plume*.

I moreover fear that if in the course of the voyage I should happen to foul any of the numerous larger craft going in the opposite direction, a gleam of light still unsubdued on the wave in my vessel's wake might reveal its name and partly to excuse themselves and partly to upbraid me, the question would be asked: "Why I commenced such a perilous voyage in the night?"

If the too indulgent reader follows me to the end no doubt he will ask why I presume to lay bare the motives, or to criticise the actions of our great public men, or why searching in the womb of time I drag to the light of day a fate impending over 70,000,000 of our race. But let me say I am no political pope claiming omniscience or omnipotence for my thoughts or prayers; I am only a citizen of a free country claiming the right to speak whenever you choose to hear, and even if the seed I sow fall only on the rock, why should I stay my hand?

"Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand,  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land."

In presuming to unfold my views on such a far-reaching and all important question as the unification of the continent of North America, I beg to say that I approach the great theme with the utmost diffidence and distrust of my own judgment, knowing well that the greater number of the people of Canada hold widely divergent opinions. Nothing, therefore, is stated dogmatically or in any hope that my views will displace any existing notions or in any way mould public sentiment on this vital subject. There is no one in this great free country who will withhold from me the right to express opinions or to advocate changes in our political relations, which, according to my humble judgment, would subserve the best interests of our people.



Between treason and patriotism there lies a tenuous line which has never been accurately defined.

To advocate what may be the will of the majority of a State and to propose the ascertainment of that volition in a constitutional manner is far removed from treason. It is an attribute of freemen and a necessity in all progressive communities.

Recent events have directed public attention in a greater degree than ever before to the political future of our country. At present Canada is a colony of Britain seeking to achieve greatness under a constitution derived from an Imperial act, which provided for a confederation of the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and which also contained further provisions looking to the admission as part of the confederacy of other provinces or territories then constituted, or about to be formed on the northern half of this continent. The consolidation of all these provinces and territories in one dominion has since been effected.

In 1867 when Canada was thus erected from these materials, the scheme of confederation was expected to produce decided and most beneficial results. It was quite in accord with the sentiment of the majority of our population that a great nation owing allegiance to England alone should be built up and flourish on Canadian soil, and imbued with this spirit and hope our people have faithfully and earnestly, with fidelity to the mother land, pervading every movement, sought to construct and maintain a prosperous, progressive and powerful Canadian nationality. An experience of now more than two decades of the order of things thus inaugurated has demonstrated that little practical benefit has accrued, or is likely to accrue from the consolidation to which I have referred. We have a Governor-General and a Commander-in-chief of the land and naval militia appointed by the Home government, but paid by us. In England is vested the power to negotiate treaties affecting our interests. We are accorded the privilege of an appeal in certain cases to the highest tribunal of the British Empire, the Imperial Privy Council, and we enjoy no doubt all the freedom necessary to our needs. Our constitution is similar in principle to that of England. We have eliminated from control in our affairs certain elements that at the time of confederation threatened the welfare of the old provinces. But I believe I may safely say without travelling into the region assigned to the pessimist, that confederation has not accomplished the hopes of its authors, and from our connection with the mother country little practical benefit seems to accrue, either to the ruling or the subject State. What trade is now carried on between the colony and the parent land does not depend upon the continuance of the relationship, the existence of which seems in some matters, notably the fishery question, to be rather an embarrassment than a benefit to either party. A severance of the tie would change the formal parts of our legislative and judicial procedure. Instead of running as now in the name of

"Her Majesty Queen Victoria, etc.," and ostensibly deriving their sanction from queenly authority, their validity would be attributed to the fountain from which they really spring—the peoples' will; and few will deny that, ascribing to this royal and most estimable lady, a power inherent in the people alone, may well be described as a relic of feudalism more particularly in an age where the title "king" or "queen" is no longer a synonym of power, but merely an evidence that in some respects, even in the radiant light of the nineteenth century, there is a slavish adherence to ancient forms. We should reach for the substance, and instead of exalting any one individual to an unnecessary dignity the impulse of our action should be "the greatest good of the greatest number." As to court formula judges would be addressed as "Your Honors," "This Honourable Court," and not as "Your Lordships," "My Lords," etc. And were it not that our present practice is one of the trappings of English jurisprudence inherited by us, and that judges are really exercising functions of government and have no power to alter, though, perhaps they might to some extent relax the usage, my plebian and inconoclastic mind induces me to say that the judges themselves would welcome the innovation, knowing that it involved no loss of self-respect or dignity.

The sentiment in favor of what is euphoniously described as "British connection" is deep rooted and wide spread, and it is matter of great regret that the slightest suggestion in the direction of political union with the neighboring States is so distasteful to a great and important section of our people. This sentiment is perhaps more fully developed in the city of Toronto than in any other part of Canada, but, nevertheless, in all parts of the Dominion it has a firm hold on the affections and is interwoven in the habits of our people. Annexationist as I am, I nevertheless confess that the mere prospect of separation from our mother country has raised emotions and evoked feelings of fealty and attachment, the existence of which I had before doubted, and though I am willing to become a unit in a new nation to be created without any parental admonition or control, yet still responsive to the instincts of my nature, I never can forget the dear "old mother" who from my infant eyes wiped their earliest tears and soothed and nourished me while helpless on her breast. The feeling of loyalty to Britain is a factor which cannot be ignored in any proposal that Canada should no longer form part of the great empire from which the sun never withdraws his light.

"The mother land we hold so dear across the stormy main,  
Seeks not to fetter freeborn sons for sake of petty gain;  
The mother liveth for the child, a mother sure is she,  
Our gain is hers, her truest good a prosperous son to see."

These are the beautiful words of a gifted Canadian lady, and for the purpose in hand I will assume they voice our true position in regard to the mother country, and that she would concede our gain was

hers. But there still would remain the question : Would annexation be acceptable to the majority of the Canadian people, and the further question, is it desirable that we should remain as we are ? Dealing with the latter point first, it seems to me the interests of our country suffer from the connection in this way. The emigration we seek to attract is necessarily European, and experience very clearly shows that no colony identified as we are with a European monarchy can ever hope to compete with a contiguous Republic in securing the surplus or dissatisfied population of the old world. When the German or the Irish emigrant hies away from the land of his birth it is not only with the hope of improving his worldly prospects, but in the belief that he is escaping from what he regards as the injustice and oppression incident to monarchical institutions. The Republic at our doors is paraded in the face of the nations as the land where alone freedom is enthroned. She has already gathered into her net a great many fish, and the halo of her success extends far beyond her boundaries. It matters not that Canadians are practically as free as citizens of the Republic. Our difficulty is an inability to convince the would-be emigrant to our shores, that in Canada there is just as much civil and religious liberty and as much room for expansion and growth as in the United States. Thus we are seriously handicapped in attempting to secure additions to our population from the outside. We are catching only a fragment of the water and much of the foam from the great tide of European emigration. Then as to retaining our natural increase we have to encounter to a large extent the same difficulty. The boundary between the two countries does not prevent a change of citizenship from one to the other, and the greater opportunities presented by the wider field allures from his native land many a son of Canada. If we had lost nothing in this way our population would now be at least 10,000,000. We have in Canada a noble birthright, a land endowed by nature with immense possibilities, wealth in fisheries, mines, timber, furs and agricultural land, wanting only development and application, but these it does not seem to receive. In 1878 the national policy of protection to home industries—or Canada for the Canadians—was introduced and heralded far and wide as the one only universal panacea for our ills. Tall chimneys were expected to cleave the circumambient air, the smoke from thousands of furnaces it was feared might obscure the sun, and the hum of industry it was fondly believed would only grow faint when confronted with the murmur of the seas, mercifully encompassing our shores.

It was apparent to thoughtful men at the time that this policy was delusive. It is not that upon which England's commercial supremacy depends, and though I am free to admit our situation in reference to other trading or producing communities must be taken into account, this is the very ground on which I claim that we cannot ignore or cut off the natural market across our borders or hope for the most profitable result if we seek to divert trade from its natural channels, or if we

climb mountains or traverse wide extending seas to secure the right to buy or sell which lies open at our doors. What we require is not to foster a few "spindling and exotic industries," but to draw from outside communities men and money to assist in building up our national fabric, and this N.P., or properly styled "no progress" policy, is rather calculated to still than to increase the tumult of the country's toilers.

Casting about for an infallible specific, to rescue the country from commercial and industrial atrophy the Reform party in 1887 propounded the policy of "Unrestricted Reciprocity" between Canada and the United States. This was a step in the right direction. If attainable it would certainly help the country, but the Hon. Edward Blake, a statesman, a patriot and a man of commanding intellectual attainments, formerly a leader of the Reform party, and still in sympathy with them, has clearly demonstrated in a recent manifesto that the horse though a good one cannot be put into harness. His positions briefly are—to derive any benefit from the scheme it must be permanent, and this would necessarily involve control by the major instead of the minor interest affected. Furthermore, the tariffs of the two countries must be assimilated and our revenue requirements not admitting of such a gap as that arising from the non-collection of imposts on all commodities, the subject of exchange between the two countries—Canadians would at once have to grapple with the formidable consideration of "deficiency of revenue and its supply," and considering the rapid strides we have made in the way of accumulating a debt of over \$230,000,000, even in a time of peace and assumed prosperity, and the yearly charge upon our resources amounting to over \$30,000,000, the difficulty that Mr. Blake forecasts is practically insurmountable.

Then again our country is expensively governed. It has been erected on a large scale, and covering such a wide area it necessarily involves greater expense than if the same population dwelt within a tenth of the area, as they well might, without being crowded. We have a general federal government with over two hundred members of parliament; each province and territory has a local government. We have a high commissioner maintained in London to represent the interests of the country there, and who, though a public servant, living on public money, came over here and took part in the recent elections. It is said he invaded the office of the Grand Trunk Railway and attempted to secure by alluring promises, the influence of that corporation in favor of the party in power. When the constitution requires that our rulers submit their actions to the judgment of the electorate, the verdict of the latter is vitiated by what is known as the "gerrymander." Electoral divisions are grouped together, not with reference to their geographical situation, but so as to secure safe constituencies for government candidates. Not merely individuals, but whole provinces, as well as the representatives of certain creeds, are brought under the allurements of the bribe. False issues are

raised for decision, and a great and free people are being toyed with to suit the personal interests and the pockets of ambitious and unscrupulous men. In addition to all this, the burdens of taxation are unfairly distributed. The weaker provinces are continually clamouring for the freedom of the public chest. A subservient government yields to the demand as the price of support, leaving the richer province that asks nothing to foot the greater part of the bill, and until recently a submissive people, impressed with the conviction that the yoke of serfdom could not be shaken off, patiently resigned themselves to a "death-like apathy in public affairs."

Sir John A. Macdonald, who has for so many years directed the helm of the ship of state, is the ablest politician Canada has yet produced. But he is merely a politician, primarily anxious to wield power; secondarily, concerned about the interests of the country. A master of men, in touch with the masses, and winning respect from the classes, he understands the best methods to form and mould public sentiment, and the exponent of theories which find general acceptance, has secured the essentials of control. He is the Napoleon of our politics. He regards not the blood that flows or the men who fall. By an extensive policy of national bribery, this great political general has entrenched himself in power. The Canadian Pacific Railway, costing the country \$100,000,000, was undertaken as a bribe to secure dominion west of the Rocky Mountains. And eastward seeking the Atlantic main, another iron band attests his strategy. So in all parts of Canada, with public money, he has erected great national works, political ramparts, generally but not always to the advantage of the country, but invariably tending to give control to this Proteus of diplomacy. Considering the pernicious influences besetting him, there is nothing in his life that falls below, nor is there much that rises above this standard. His overweening personal ambition colors and distorts his views as to the interests of the country, but with this qualification he seeks its good. He may honestly believe that it is better for Canada that he be its first consul than that the modern Napoleon should be partially engulfed in the maelstrom of continental politics. Though he has done much for Canada, yet she has done more for him. As a political captain he would not, in the great Republic, where there are so many vast weighty and conflicting interests, assume the premier position. His peculiar methods could not be successfully applied, so far as the jurisdiction of the Federal Government extends. No such extraordinary subvention as that granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway has ever been known in the history of trans-continental or inter-state railway construction in the United States. Our generous government, with the fruits of the people's toil in their hands, started into manufacturing capitalists out of the raw materials indigenous to our soil, when they enfranchised the great Canadian Pacific, and enriched it with such lavish legislative aids.

It is John A. who has principally inculcated the national sentiment of loyalty and adhesion to British institutions. Although the history of the world shows that there were men who have swayed the destinies of millions of their fellows, not because of the merits of their propaganda, but because they were able to becloud the mind and to make dupes, still, a too confiding public will not even at this day acknowledge they are being deceived. A page of Canadian history reveals a portion of the Conservative party seeking annexation to the United States, and even now, if deprived of power for several lustrums, if these ultra loyal citizens found that the cry would no longer win votes, it would vanish rapidly as the surplus in the national treasury.

But in the recent elections the "old flag," endeared to us by so many great traditions, associated with the illustrious names of Marlborough and Wellington, was brought down to the wretched predicament of being a mere battle cry for ignoble party warfare, and the loyalty plant which had taken deep root in our soil, was ruthlessly uplified, placed in a hothouse, and stimulated to such an unnatural growth, the precursor of decay, that an indignant people, resenting the vandalism, are now more disposed than ever before to allow economic considerations to smother 'their robust national pride.'

But there is still a large element which, irrespective of any consideration except love for England, will uphold "the grand old flag, which for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze." The sentiment in favor of loyalty finds full fruition in the breasts of some of the honest toilers who know only how to submit to labor and to wait. It gains adherents no doubt from the official and military classes, whose positions might be altered or imperilled by a change in our system, and there are certain other elements of the population who might conceive that their interests would be best served by maintaining the *status quo*. The whole army of gourmands who are picking up choice morsels from the public crib, will no doubt shout loudly against annexation. The leaders of the party in power cannot be expected merely as *gobemouches* to swallow the loyalty pill. While professing to be taking it in large quantities, they are really juggling with the nostrum, and throwing it up their sleeves. As a matter of necessity the "outs" must find some other specific. Their breasts are heaving with a desire not only to promote the interests of the country, but to have a share in shaping its destiny. In a word, the struggle on both sides is for glory and power, ducats and dukedoms. The pathway to these goals is along the lines of popular sentiment, or intelligence, or passion, or greed, or prejudice, or national pride, or any other agency available to secure votes, and it is for this purpose that the "old flag" is waved. The success of the shibboleth depends upon the fact that the deluded democracy neither see nor believe that men of superior intellect to themselves take this means to gratify their all-consuming ambitions. If no one had faith in the

cry it never would find life or expression in this community, for it is only because the people believe in the honesty and good faith of those who propound a policy or sentiment, that either becomes a fulcrum with which to move nations.

A few days ago I met a gentleman of the old school, whose letters I often see in the papers, who was so bitter against "the Yankees," and so misguided as to assert that the brightest gem in the diadem of life—the virtue of woman—had no place in the social system of our neighbors. This is one result of the loyalty cry, and if such a statement be not the outcome of gross ignorance, one might well ask, is reason dethroned in that man's mind? Let all true men execrate the miserable teaching perverting the understanding and inflaming national animosities to such an extent as to induce any man to deny the existence of the jewel of womanhood in any part of the wide world. This is the same thing in kind though not in degree as that slavery of mind and surrender to fanaticism which one in the history of Britons found expression in the faggot and the rack.

We cannot fail to admire the generalship with which "Old To-morrow" conducted the last constitutional battle. Though his eye has lost its former fire, and infirmities are beckoning him to the great beyond, yet taking the lance poised by his enemies, and hurling his own well-tried blade, as the first blow 'ell the grit phalanx were compelled to assume the defensive, and instead of being driven to this miserable plight, they should have pursued an aggressive policy. They failed in tactics, not in the merits of their cause. The advantages of greater commercial intercourse with our neighbors were clearly and ably demonstrated, but little was advanced as to the practicability of the scheme, or to meet some of the objections urged by their opponents, and since pointed out by Mr. Blake.

"When you lightly touch a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains,  
Grasp it as a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains."

My private opinion is that the Reform party went into the contest as a kind of preliminary sparring match with the forces now arrayed against continental unity. While success would have been welcome their main object was to test the strength of their opponents. In the set-to the Reform party carried on their shoulders the whole odium of annexation, without expounding any of its benefits or offering it for acceptance, and in the face of the odds against them, the voice of the people manifests widespread deep-rooted and general dissatisfaction with the present condition of affairs. But it is plain the Reform party must, if they do not want to commit political suicide, either advance or recede. In a word, party lines must be drawn as prior to 1887, or else the Reformers must espouse the cause of political union, and for this reason—the Conservative party have directed

their whole forces to maintain the position that unrestricted reciprocity forms, merely the protocols of a treaty ignominiously transferring our noble heritage to "a hostile nation." They are now unmistakably *en evidence* before the country in that martial array. The great tribune, Mr. Blake, supports the Conservative position in respect to the tendency of their opponent's policy. And I further think he is undoubtedly right when he says if you must trade with "Uncle Sam," settle now your political destiny, and the reason he gives is that now you are free, and you may not be quite free when your whole commercial and industrial system depends on the good graces of "brother Jonathan." Mr. Blake is no traitor to his party, and though not in the councils, I feel persuaded it was by advisement he demolished the unrestricted reciprocity banner.

As far as the progressive Reform party is concerned, it must be either annexation or retrogression. My own idea is the Reform party in advance. They seem clearly to be fighting the annexation battle under cover of the "unrestricted reciprocity" colours for the present. It is easy to see they disclose no practicable scheme to meet the fiscal impediment, and though they understand this weakness the entire pressure of their argument is on the benefits of more intimate trade relations. Annexation is now unpopular, and the plan is to create such a universal desire for free trade that the people will demand it even at the price of effacing their nationality. Already from "The Globe" battlements great guns are clearing the ground for the decisive and final conflict. I can hear the shrill scream of their immense projectiles, as flying westward they pierce the air well above the majestic time-scarred peaks of the Rocky mountain chain, and far to the east off Sable Island I see them smite even the Atlantic wave. And soon the political union flag will be fluttering in the gale. When Jesus Christ sought to ameliorate the condition of mankind he met with more than vehement opposition. Jealousy, rage and hate all joined to suppress his teachings. The world has never secured a great reform without a bitter fight, for the monsters of ignorance and prejudice always die hard, so prepare for action. From the complexion of events I would infer a perfect understanding between Mr. Blake and the present commander of the Reform fleet. Mr. Blake's good ship is skirmishing in advance to determine the strength of the enemy. If he finds that the latter are not exactly impregnable in their position, the entire Reform fleet will move up to Mr. Blake's lines and a grand assault will be made. But there is no use in expecting the hardy intelligent Canadian sailor to join in the engagement unless he knows exactly what he is fighting for. In other words, what will "Uncle Sam" do for Canada, if the latter joins his concern? What are the "spoils of war"? And the battle cry must be political union, and the actual terms on which it is to be ratified must go before the great tribunal, the people, for adoption or rejection. Mr. Blake is in my opinion an annexationist from honest conviction that it is the best remedy for



our ills to be found in our pharmacopia. He does not consider it our ideal future and he is, no doubt, as much attached to the mother country as the most blatant loyalist. But looking to our general and lasting good, and that of the mother country as well, he sees as all unprejudiced men must see that annexation is our ultimate bourne.

In the desperate strife of the warring forces Mr. Blake is now the shining mark to which many a poisoned arrow flies. I have no authority to speak for him, and only from his public acts and utterances I attempt to give in a feeble and imperfect way my own diagnosis of his character and motives. He is not in politics for sordid gain, nor yet for place or power. The inspiration of his life is his country's weal. He is in law for gain, but do not suppose that this pursuit requires an elastic conscience, when even judges seeking only the right, too often mistakenly uphold the wrong. In politics Mr. Blake has nothing to gain, but everything except his country's good to forego. No one knows better than he that to expect absolute honesty and purity in public life is illusive as an attempt to grasp the tint of the rainbow on the cloud. The methods of the practical politician are distasteful to him. It is not congenial to his nature to be compounding nostrums, not nourishing to the body, but only designed to tickle the public palate for the purposes of the hour. And ye who berate him now show me a single dishonourable or inconsistent act in his career. Think ye that the man has been a dawdler, a mere prodigal or wanton of time? Think also of the sacrifices he has made on behalf of his country. Why sheolize the man because as yet he has not been explicit in his views in regard to our political future? Do you not see that for the present his desire is to leave that to inevitable inference, because a direct statement that he advocated annexation would startle England, the United States and Canada more perhaps than if he gravely asserted that an Atlantic liner had been wrecked in mid ocean by collision with a parallel of latitude. Being an obscure member of society I can freely express my views without shaking the foundations of the structure, but a man on whom the people wait to catch the words that fall like jewels from his lips must be careful of his power. In my humble judgment the only reward he seeks is that his name and deeds shall shine in letters of unsullied gold on history's page. When the "old man" and the "old policy" sleep well in their political grave, and when the great question as to whether the "old flag" shall for ever be our national ensign, agitates the public mind and fires the popular heart, the burning words of Edward Blake will swell the flame from sea to sea. When we look at Mr. Blake merely as a practical politician I confess that his conduct appears disappointing and mysterious, and this is simply because he cannot adapt himself to his environment, and advocate opinions he does not hold, or support schemes quite within the realm of practical politics, but not in the interest of the country. It is a blessing we have at least one man who is not a practical politician, whose stomach re-

jects the nauseous draughts practical selfish time-serving politicians eagerly swallow, and who does not care to resort to the art of legerdemain to deceive the public as to what he is really doing.

Too many of our public men wait in some quiet harbor with straining nerves, eager eyes and open mouths, watching for the first impact of the breeze on the sails of their unseaworthy craft, so that by a fair wind they may have some chance of reaching a popular port.

If I may place my pigmy intellect against the practices of the time, I venture to predict that the day is coming when the man of popularity and power will be one who, grasping the helm with a firm resolute hand, drives his staunch craft in the very teeth of the gale, up and down the wave, through foam or spindrift, to the port of right. There are now too many men who are like boys playing with toy ships on tiny waters, where they become the mere sport of the breeze. Mr. Blake is apparently somewhat austere, lacking in personal magnetism, unable, perhaps, to inspire the masses with devotion and enthusiasm, and is therefore deficient in some of the essentials of a great leader. But his honor, honesty, and patriotism, cannot be gainsaid. He is a type of man so unusual that he is liable to be misunderstood, and to this and not to malice I would attribute the recent attacks upon him. I am sure those who revile him now, know nothing of his lofty purpose or the yearnings of his soul. He can and will bide his time, and let history tell the true story of his worth. At present Mr. Blake's good ship is waiting for sailing orders, when, rain or shine, storm or calm, fair wind or foul, she will make for the port which the true interests of the country prescribe. I have little doubt he will lead the Conservative party who seem now anxious to secure him for a commander, provided they resolve themselves into a mere aggregation of men imbued with his ideas as to the country's weal, and ready to emphasize them with their votes. But the chances favor his being reinstated in command of his old ship.

That annexation would be in the interest of Britain I have no doubt, though I am well aware some may think this the flimsy pretension of a man imbued with mere anti-British proclivities, and anxious to attract attention by the bare audacity of his utterances. But let us calmly consider the matter. England is now the seat of many of the great manufacturing and financial interests of the world. She produces wares which are carried in her own ships to Africa, to both the Indies, to China and Japan, to islands under the Southern Cross, to Australia, to New Zealand, and to North and South America. England is also the world's banker. From London to all parts of the globe radiate and flow the golden streams that give life to processes of production and distribution. But greater far than her manufacturing and financial interests, is her commerce. On the high seas she has absorbed the carrying trade of the world. The domain of other powers "stops with the shore." There England's colossal empire begins, and wherever "great ships go," the mariners of

England are found. Here is the origin of her colonial possessions. Many of her sons remained in the territories to which they had, in the spirit of adventure, been carried in her own ships. Where the community was small and weak, protection was sought from Britain and invariably granted. Hers is a kind of paternal government. The term of endearment we use towards her—"our mother country"—proves this fact. England has always been ready with men and money to preserve the integrity of the communities she has been instrumental in founding. This is perfectly well known, not only to the colonies, but to the whole world. When the mantle of England's protection and power rests on the shoulders of a people, they have always secured independence and peace. It is British pluck, the masterful, courageous, paternal spirit of the British lion, in preventing other powers from trampling on her or her dependencies, that has given her such a firm hold in the hearts of all colonists. But here is the point. Extending over a colony, this imperial and national guardianship is no advantage to Britain. She grants it when asked, because, in the beautiful words of Fidelis, "a mother sure is she." We derive now a substantial benefit from England's protection, from her naval supremacy, from her ownership of great ships of war, and from the fact that the thunder of her hundred ton guns would reverberate and roll all along the Atlantic seaboard, over old ocean's gory breast, if we were menaced by "Uncle Sam." England will spend her last dollar and consign to a soldier's honored grave her last man, to preserve the independence and nationality of Canadians, if we but say the word. But it is not to her advantage to do so. What she is really interested in is our growth, the production of wealth, and the increase of population in our midst, thus affording material with which to expand and still further magnify her enormous commercial interests. And not only is she interested in our prosperity, but for the same reason she is intensely concerned with the increase of industrial enterprise and population all over the world, because its commerce lies in her lap. She is a cosmopolitan nation, knowing neither clime nor named sea, parallel of latitude or longitude, arctic nor antarctic pole, nor even the equatorial line, for on the great ocean all is free; no tariff walls there, and as the world increases in wealth and population, so increases England's trade and her manufacturing and financial interests. The strength of England increases in the same ratio that her colonial subjects emerge from the state of tutelage, and it seems to me that they must do so, just as the members of a family, when they reach man's estate, no longer remain in the old home. On the seas England is and always will be queen. Her vulnerable points are her outlying dependencies, which, through differences, might embroil her in conflict with adjacent States, just as the Fishery and Seal questions have threatened in the past.

If Canada became an independent nation now, what would it mean? Will any candid man say it would signify more than this—

that we no longer required guardianship, being able to assert our manhood, and to place our individuality and identity before the world. It would not affect our trade with, or our love for our dear old mother, and it would remove all possibility of England coming into collision with the great Republic on our account. And if we join forces with "brother Jonathan," it would equally secure a permanent peace between England and the United States of North America. And none of the other great powers of the world would ever dare to provoke to war the nation I desire to see formed. The new nation could devote her energies to the arts of peace, the extinction of the existing national debts, and the destruction of the tariff walls. And in view of England's great commercial, manufacturing, and financial interests, just consider the immeasurable, incalculable advantage this would be to her. Whatever retards growth or reduces the productive force on this continent, tends to impoverish the blood now pulsing through England's great arteries of trade; and the converse is true, whatever promotes growth gives greater vitality to this arterial stream. Therefore, I say, the loss of her colonial empire only means that the state of tutelage has passed. It means no diminution of England's power or impairment of her glorious prestige. It means only an increase in the strength of her sons, and in the mighty volume of her commerce. England is too strong to either fear or feel decay through Canada asserting the dignity of manhood, and I hope and believe that colonial empire or no, Brit in, as, and infinitely greater than the Britain of to-day, "will nestle in the heaving sea" in all her pride of power and place, as long as the world endures.

I cannot do more than merely glance at one of the features by which the proposed nation would be distinguished. The same colonists of England more than a hundred years ago sought the eastern shores of North America. They found new, vast, and difficult conditions confronting them. In England the artizan knows only his special line, but he knows it well, and from father to son the handicraft is transmitted, without any necessity for greater development of skill in hand or brain. So the soldiers and sailors of old England, in matters of business outside their duty to their commanders, know little more than how to draw their pay, but when called upon to maintain their country's prestige and power, courageous and fearless they confront the foe, stolid and plucky as if inspired with the imperious disdain of Gibraltar's rock for all mundane things. So that I say the English man as a rule confines himself to one pursuit, in which he excels, but his mind is not so complex or adaptable to new and varying conditions, or so stored with general knowledge and capabilities, as that of a man American born. In the new world the scope and application of mind was wide, varied, and free. There were cause and opportunity for great mental and physical development, in subduing the forces of nature antagonistic to comfort, support, and progression. Difficulties and conditions unheard

of and unknown in the land of their fathers, stimulated, strengthened, and expanded the physical and mental activities of the early colonists. Necessity, too, was a spur, then came self-reliance, industry and pluck, and these characteristics are to day innate in the people of this hemisphere. Though the intellect of the ordinary European is like fine gold, that of the American (which includes Canadian) is bright and sparkling as the diamond. Our society is now being formed on European lines. But we have still the great substratum on which the pioneers built. In our present advanced condition, specialization and concentration of physical and mental force in particular fields of action are rapidly coming to the front, and with the early impress of the American mind aiding our onward march, I can only point to Edison and ask the question, where will we end?

Here in North America is now laid the great foundation stone of the most wonderful empire in the world. There is here a vast matrix of production now pregnant with varied and inexhaustible riches fresh from the hand of their creator God. Why should the people to whom it belongs be longer divided against themselves with frowning tariff walls, restricted trade, possibility of war, and national enmity and prejudice impairing their giant strength?

Would "evening blush to own a star?" and if not, why should I disavow or conceal my desire to see all North America under one government? If we seek by artificial bands to bind its northern half even to England's glorious isle, some day nature may rend the chain, and show the world she was mocked in vain.

But our genuine old tory will have none of annexation just now. It matters not that father time has persistently thrown behind us many an exploded dream about a vigorous colonial trade policy on the part of Britain, many a grand inchoate imperial zollervein, binding the colonies and the mother country closer in sentiment and interest, and many an extravagant forecast of great material and national progress on the part of Canada. Still, our old tory, standing in the same relation to Sir John A. Macdonald as the heathen to their idols, complacently returns for solace to the great possibilities of the future. I say it with deep regret, heretofore Canada's future has been the salient feature of her condition. Till now father time has contemptuously left us in darkness, but we are still invited to behold him hastening surely to turn on a light equal to the sun at noonday. He cannot do so too soon. A little bright fructified present might be introduced with advantage. Besides, "variety is the spice of life." However, you must not imagine I do not like our old tory. I certainly admire his faith in his mentor. We all know how rapidly he has shifted from protection to limited reciprocity at the first wink of his "guide, philosopher, and friend," and though the space between the present attitude of the Conservative party and political union is wide, and the turn a sharp one to make, I have no doubt if "John A." were to declare for annexation to-morrow, our old tory

would shoot round the corner with such eager, breathless haste, and electric speed, that we could all hear his coat-tails snapping in the breeze. But still the old tory lays "the flatteringunction to his soul" that he is really John A.'s master. He indignantly resents the slightest imputation that he is merely a bull with a heavy iron ring in his nose, wooing him to abject subjection as he prances around, bellowing loudly of his freedom and independence. Taking his cue from his leader, when we broach the subject of political union with "Uncle Sam," for want of any reasonable argument against it, our old tory sagely shakes his head to make sure that the ring is still attached to his nasal organ, and then he gravely hints at the mobilization of imperial forces to check "the majestic procession of events." He forgets that in England to-day there is not as much loud-mouthed, fatuous, unreasoning loyalty to the square mile as there is in Canada to the square inch. Rejoicing in our strength and the justice of our cause, feeling that the day of triumph is near, we bear no malice towards our old tory. Let us "take him up tenderly, lift him with care," and after wrapping the "old flag" around him for a burial shroud, place him in his political coffin. The new nation will require another flag. In one corner a cluster of beaming stars, in the other the dear old "Union Jack," and in the centre the Canadian Beaver. May the natural life of our old tory be prolonged till that not-distant day when this new national emblem will usher in an era brighter than his struggling manhood knew.

Canadians have no cause to fear competition in any walk of life with our American cousins; we are more enterprising and alert in business matters than our neighbors; we have strength, brains, industry and energy, and all we crave is a fair opportunity. Whatever our lot may be there is no danger of the name "Canadian" fading from men's minds. We will make ourselves heard and felt even in the great confederacy of nations. In the past we have been struggling manfully against an adverse fate. Our people have been cabined, cribbed and confined. Though enterprising to the border of recklessness, prudence checks our movements. Our merchants cannot expand their trade beyond the bounds of our limited market. Our manufacturers must curtail their output for the same reason. The transport trade on land and water must rise or fall with our resources. Some of the produce of the farmers' weary labor falls back on his hands for want of a living profit, and in every branch of industry too many honest men must beg for leave to toil.

Meantime the army of officialdom with its retainers and camp followers are zealously howling about the wonderful progress of the country. They furnish us with misleading statistics of our growth, and equally delusive statistics of our neighbors' progress. It is sought to bewilder or fascinate us with great schemes of imperial federation which fail to materialize. The internal management of our affairs is always about to accomplish marvels, and we have all

kinds of extravagant promises and prognostications about future development.

If during the past hundred years our population had increased to 40,000,000, as it might have done under wise beneficent new world institutions, we would now have in our midst many a Stewart, Vanderbilt, Gould and Astor. It was the growth of their country that made these men. Just as a great ship resting on a bar when the tide is out, floats again proudly on the wave with its mighty inflow, so rise the private fortunes of individuals with the national advancement.

Toronto is an older city than Chicago. New York is of more recent date than Québec. The population of the Republic has reached 60,000,000 in practically the same period that ours has become 5,000,000. It seems to me the cause of this national atrophy is the inordinate amount of politics, loyalty and government, with which we are afflicted.

We are reviled if we venture to remonstrate in regard to the administration of public affairs. We are branded as traitors if we make bold to assert that the country is at a standstill. All kinds of excuses, explanations and justifications are offered to account for our condition. If we were really working out our great destiny satisfactorily we would not hear so much in extenuation of the conduct of our rulers. Now they earnestly inculcate submission and satisfaction on our part. So much time and attention have been devoted to engender the impression that we have been getting on remarkably well as a nation, that I can easily understand the party in power have no leisure to consider or introduce measures for actually improving our condition. If they had expended as much energy in plans to promote the substantial interests of the country as they have in subterfuges to conceal their own shortcomings and mismanagement, I have no doubt we would now as a nation be fully abreast of the great Republic. I honestly believe the only radical remedy in sight is political union. The annexation of the people's great domain, called Canada to the United States, is, at this writing, subject merely to "old to-morrow's" beck or call, and the question is, how long will British freemen submit to this autocratic rule?

I can see no bar to political union except mere sentiment. And make no mistake it is a consummation extremely fascinating to "Uncle Sam's" ambition. He is astute enough to see its material advantages, but more than money, he looks to glory, the great scheme of the unification of the continent, and making one in interest, sympathy, hope, progress, glory and government, the remarkable people to whom the greater part of the western hemisphere is now assigned. Owing to this all absorbing ambition of "Uncle Sam," we now as a people lie helpless in the lap of the mother country, and if we do go forth to the natural destiny of man and leave the state of protection and care, let it be with the never dying feeling of love and attachment

I have already indicated as properly and necessarily existing between mother and son. To gratify his ambition "Uncle Sam" would, in my opinion, be willing to impose on the broad back of the new nation the entire debt of both, and if he did so the fiscal difficulty which now confronts us with reference to unrestricted reciprocity would be removed. And here I can appropriate in favor of annexation all the arguments adduced in support of unrestricted reciprocity and could, if necessary, add to their cogency in many ways. Permanence in the relationship would be secured, the revenue requirements being the same, there would be no difficulty about the assimilation of the tariffs, the long line of custom houses between the two countries would be abolished, the existing causes of irritation and the clashing of interests would disappear and a new nation would arise in sympathy and identified in interest with Britain. British gold is now seeking investment in the United States in hundreds of millions annually. Within the past five years, in breweries alone, \$500,000,000 of British capital has become a dividend-earning and controlling power. Not only in money but in men the British Isles have sent to the United States at least ten of their sons for every one sent to this fawning colony, and from the noble patriot, Washington, down to the present time, the dominant spirits in guiding the destiny of the great Republic have belonged to that "marvellous race called the Anglo-Saxon." The United States is already the "greater Britain," and as such has inherited the "tongue of England, its literature, its religion, the inexhaustible wealth of its laws, constitutions and law abiding liberties."

A few sickly theorists with the tinsel of royalty dazzling their mental vision are laboring painfully to disseminate the notion that our system of government is superior to the American. According to these gentlemen the initiative in American legislation belongs to nobody in particular. I quite agree this objection will not lie in respect of our system. Sir John Macdonald is a kind of emperor, king, president and British prime minister all combined. He has no trouble in either initiating or enacting measures according to his own sweet will. Theoretically the Senate bars his way. Practically this august body only cloaks his absolute power; they are his own complaisant nominees rewarded for long faithful party services. In the United States the wheat and chaff are placed in a great hopper, passed through sieve after sieve driven by the machinery of government, winnowed and sifted by public opinion until at the end we see only the clear golden grain. I will on some other occasion contrast the two systems of government, and endeavor to show wherein the American, though possessing some defects, is on the whole, so far as I am able to judge, superior to our own.

Though I entertain a decided opinion as to the material advantages of such a union over any other feasible plan for improving our condition, I do not claim that it would land us immediately in a



terrestrial paradise. In our great Canndian forests we gaze with admiration upon the lofty pine tree raising its proud trunk and spreading its evergreen branches, seeking a benison from the clouds; and in the economy of nature, in the same forest it may be beneath the shadows of the pine tree we find the poison ivy or the briar. So in the realm of government the virus from the poison ivy permeates the body politic and in the firm flesh of the young giant I fain would see inspired with life many a thorn would find a place, or he might be called upon to grapple with the moloch of monopoly or to repel the assaults of a misguided democracy.

But we should not be afraid to advance because of possible difficulties in our way or of imperfections incident to all human institutions, for even on the earth designed by the greatest architect of all, there are poisonous and impeding forces, the existence of which we can neither explain nor destroy. Neither should we allow our future to be settled by the inglorious action of drift or the dire force of necessity, but while yet there is time, and before our interests become so interwoven with those of the Republic that we cannot withdraw, we should, as becomes a free people, decide upon our destiny. I do not propose to go to Washington by the back-stair's route or like a beggar asking for bread, to go tapping at our neighbors' door. I am proud of my country and I disdain any imputation that she is unable to contribute her full share to the suggested national partnership, and in a congress of nations invoking liberty, justice and equality I would invite an alliance, commercial and political, of all English speaking people on the continent of North America, whose aim would be to maintain a greater Britain, too great for tutelage or colonial dependence, too great for petty squabbling over quintals of fish or bales of peltries, but not too great to love and uphold Britain, the brightest star in the galaxy of nations.

The forces of nature upheaved here an immense continent without defacing its bosom by an arbitrary line, such as the boundary between the United States and Canada. The latter is man's decree. He alone carried it over mountain and plain to where at either end the seas bid defiance to his behests. This attempted dissection of the continent, involving an array of custom houses, helps to antagonize the interests of two free people, already joined by racial bands, with similar habits and pursuits, and sharing together the natural riches of the continent. It restricts their trade, militates against their substantial interests, and lessens their friendly intercourse. As with an omnipotent hand sustaining nature's decree, let us obliterate this line, and let the sovereign people declare that hereafter it be ineffectual as a shadow on the wave to impede the traffic athwart the ocean's breast.

The ship of state is now drifting through force of wind and tide, unstayed by helm or strength of crew in the direction of continental unity, and though as a matter of sentiment we all would prefer

erecting on Canadian soil a powerful and distinctive nationality, it seems unwise longer to ignore our true position and manifest destiny. In love for England and Canada I am the peer of any man. I have not formulated a sentence bearing either on Britain's position or ours without emotion, tending to draw from my eyes the tears properly incident to childhood alone. But when I write of the British soldier I cannot check their flow. As the grandson of two British soldiers, and at their feet, and from their lips, when but a lad, I learned much about England's great commercial and monetary interests and all about the indomitable pluck of the British soldier. My progenitors stood by the old flag all through the tremendous struggle with Napoleon, and almost with my mother's milk I absorbed a knowledge of and love for the powerful, fatherly British lion. In spirit, day after day, nay, year after year, I have stood with the men who at Waterloo, if they had not been Britons strong and true would have found their flag and their country's name both prostrate on that bloody plain. And whatever of good or ill I have set before you charge to the account of the nationality known as Canadians, for here I first became conscious of the stern realities of life, and my sole desire is to serve my native land. The heart of every Canadian is pregnant with hope; though all cannot see our future in the same way, let us meet on the common ground of love for our country, and be loyal primarily to ourselves; let not the "blighting heat of party burn the manhood from our breasts." But as a free, progressive and loyal people let us survey our progress in the past, consider what forces have been arrayed against us, what elements of danger there now are, and what is the best remedy to apply, and with our minds unclouded or besotted by either hate, ignorance or prejudice, let us consider whether we are really helping Britain by still seeking her protection, and endangering the continuance of amicable relations between her and the United States. If this be done we will find the dawning of a brighter day when in the race down the long aisles of time the intelligent, energetic men of this northern clime will lead the vanguard of civilization. Therefore, with titanic strength and patriotic zeal let us lift this great question of continental unity beyond the reach of mere party politics, and higher beyond the grasp of merely self-seeking local interests, and again higher beyond mere ignorance or misconception, and still again higher and away from the poison fangs of passion, hate, or prejudice, and yet further upwards to the realm of desire to subserve the best interests of the greater and lesser Britain, of Canada and the Anglo-Saxon race; and highest of all by a last supreme effort let us crown the truly royal summit, where nearer to God, and looking down the mountain slope up which they climbed, statesmen, patriots and free people meet, and in a great parliament ratify for all time to come nature's resistless imperial decree.

In conclusion, my prayer is to see a nation newly born, her throne between two oceans, the greatest on the globe, with the major part of

her northern and southern shores laved by lesser seas, christened "the United States of North America," and which as a mighty empire in closest sympathy with all families of the Anglo-Saxon race, conscious also of her power and glorying in the brightness of her promise, will raise her proud head and bare her dauntless breast in friendly greeting, or if need be, in defiance to the world.

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