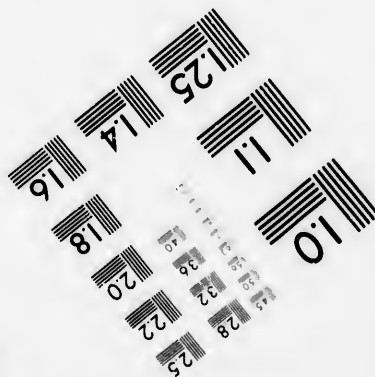
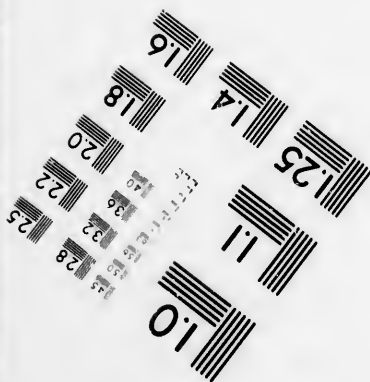
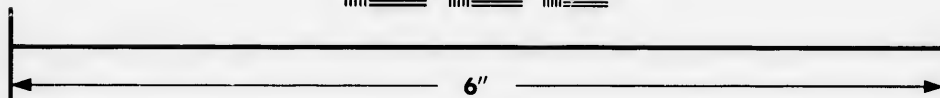
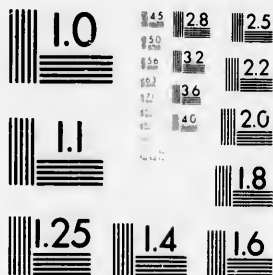


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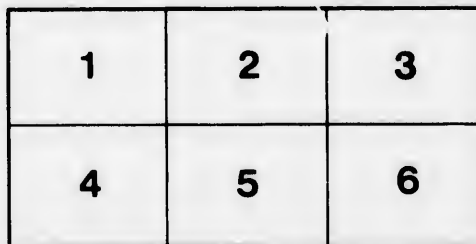
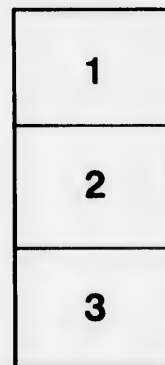
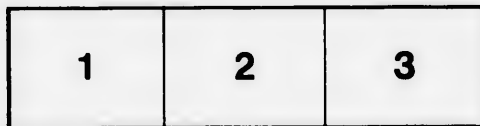
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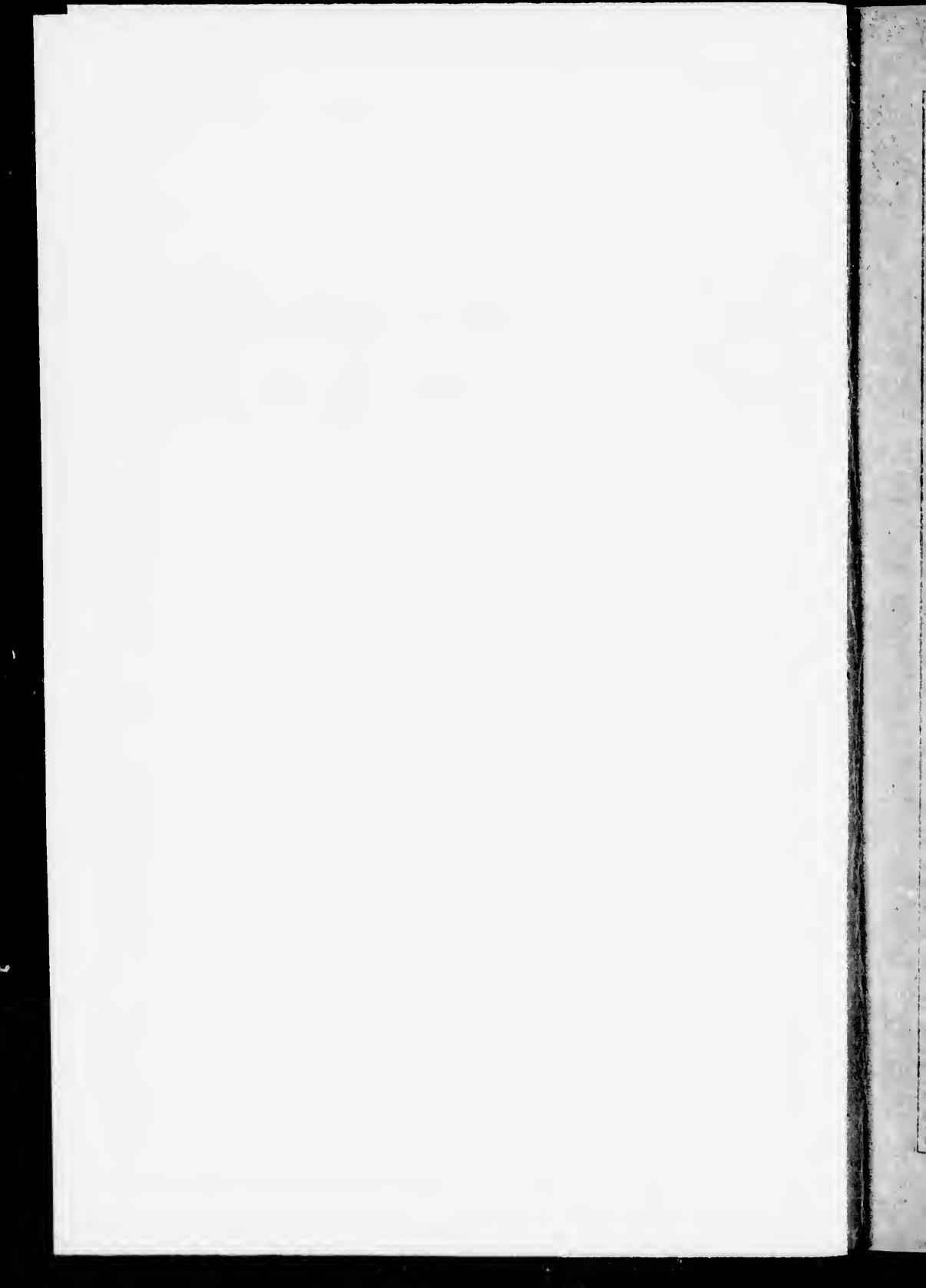
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# CONTINENTAL UNITY

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AN ADDRESS

BY

W. H. H. MURRAY,

DELIVERED IN

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, BY INVITATION OF PROMI-  
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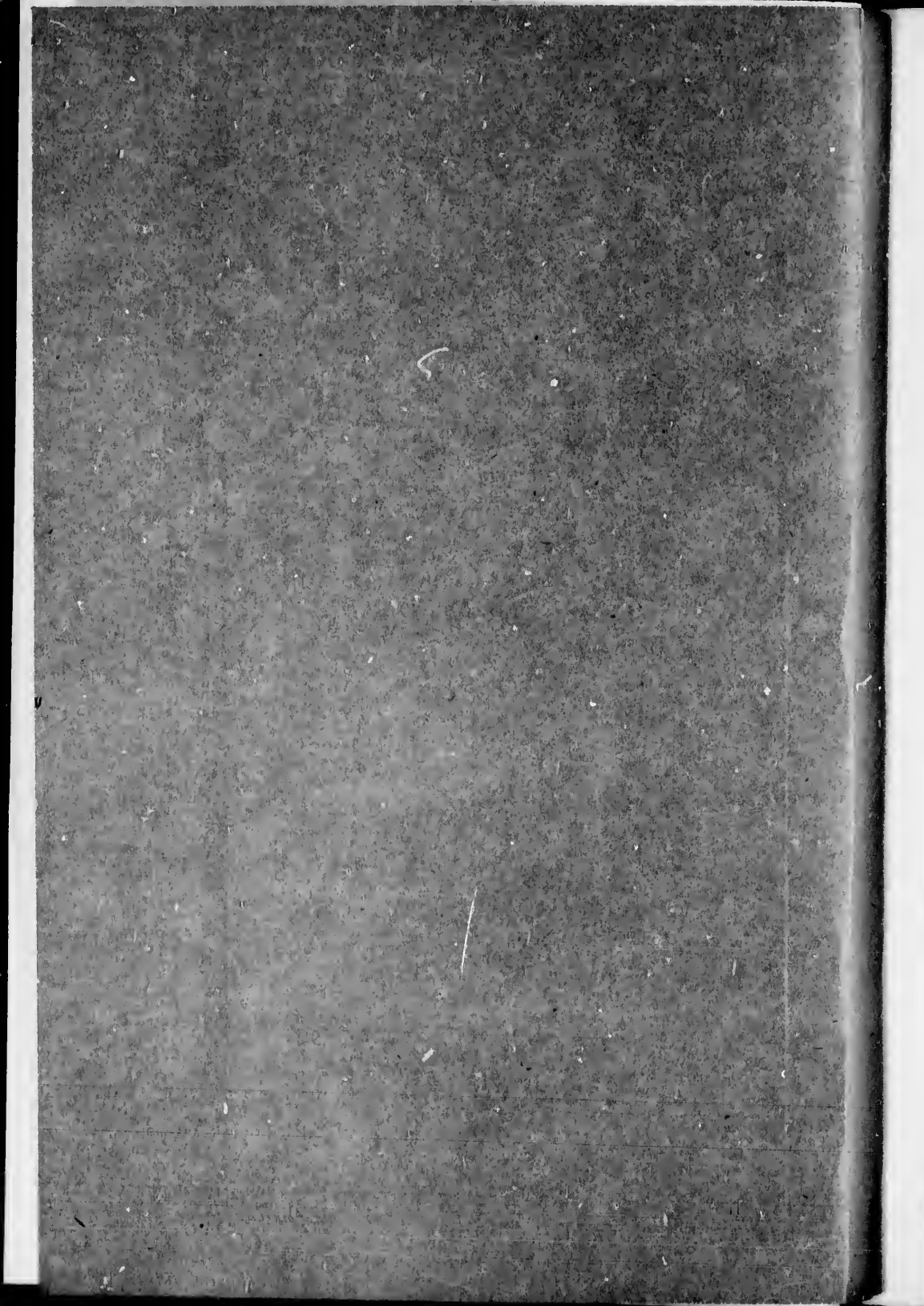
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CONTINENTAL UNITY.

AN ADDRESS

BY

W. H. H. MURRAY.



The following correspondence makes a natural preface to this address.

BOSTON, Nov. 22, 1888.

W. H. H. MURRAY—Dear Sir: Knowing that you have devoted many years to the study of the geography, resources and history of Canada, and have doubtless formed opinions touching the union of that country with ours, we, the undersigned, invite you to deliver an address to the citizens of Boston on the general subject of our international relations at your earliest convenience. If you can comply with our request we feel that you will make a valuable contribution to public thought, as well as give pleasure to the many who would be delighted to hear you.

Pending your decision, a committee have secured the refusal of Music Hall for the evening of Dec. 13, and we trust you may be able to accept that date for the address. We beg also to state that, while the committee will reserve a certain number of seats for invited guests, no fee will be charged for the opportunity of hearing you speak upon this theme, but that the auditorium will be free to all.—Oliver Ames, Alexander H. Rice, Eben D. Jordan, Henry D. Hyde, Albert A. Pope, H. M. Whitney, Irving A. Evans, Asa P. Potter, John C. Paige, John Shepard, W. S. Eaton, William Claffin, A. P. Martin, Thomas Mack, B. E. Dutton, Charles E. Powers, Arnold A. Rand, Walter M. Brackett, John M. Corse, Isaac T. Burr, Jacob Bates, John Boyle O'Reilly, George W. Armstrong.

PARKER HOUSE, Nov. 23, 1888.

Gentlemen: Your invitation to address the citizens of Boston in Music Hall, Dec. 13, evening, on the general subject of the union of Canada and the United States, is received. I beg to say in reply that I accept your cordially-worded invitation with pleasure, and you may announce that I will speak under your auspices on that date. My subject will be "Continental Unity."

Respectfully yours,

W. H. H. MURRAY.

In fulfillment of the above engagement, Mr. Murray delivered the following address:

## CONTINENTAL UNITY.

The question I would discuss to-night, ladies and gentlemen, is one of Empire. I am no politician. I am simply, in a modest way, a student of public questions such as interest thinking men, who, born on this continent and in love with free institutions, seek to forecast the future of it and of the millions destined soon to people it from ocean to ocean and from Northern to Southern gulf. I have no connection with any political party either in this country or in Canada, nor have I wish to form any. What I have to say is unprompted by any. Of my own thought and wish I speak, and only suggestively. No good can come to me from speaking, save your approbation,—the approbation of you who have minds and think,—and the feeling that in some small degree I have served the public interests. My thought is offered as contribution to your thought. Only so and nothing more. You are the jury. I only present the case as it stands out before my mind and centered in my judgment. I do not aim in what I say to produce immediate results. Out of the bulk and drift of affairs I translate a message to intelligence. I voice the prophecy of Geography, of common blood and language, kindred institutions, like laws, commercial necessities and political institutions that are identical. That is all. With plain object, worthy purpose, a noble hope, and in simple, straightforward speech, I will say what has been given me out of my wish to help the great cause on

and go my way. If, when done, you shall say each to the other, on the morrow, the man spoke truth, his thought is right, his judgment sound, his vision of the future clear, I shall be content. If you say the other thing, I shall regret the verdict, but go my way, grateful to you for audience all the same.

Where the first civilization of the world began, or when, we know not. Once we said, Greece. Later on we said, Egypt. And now all scholars say, beyond Egypt, somewhere. For Egypt evidently was a colony and brought all her wonderful arts with her in ships, from some mother country, whose seat of empire is forever lost from memory of men. But while the origin of civilization is hidden, the course and movement of it for many years are known. Out of the far East it came. From Egypt and Asia to Greece and Rome, thence across Europe and the British Isles, and so across ocean, like a fruitful seed blown over water, and lodged on this Western shore and world. Thus much we know as we know a sure thing. Here, in the soil of this Western world of ours, that seed took root, grew upward and abroad, until our civil institutions, our commerce, our inventions, our development in wealth and numbers, and even our arts and literature, are the wonder of the old world that mothered us. France, with eight hundred years of growth has forty millions of inhabitants. At that point nature has fixed her limit. Her geography can accommodate no more. Germany, circling all her blood within Imperial authority, holds forty millions, and is full to the brim. England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales have thirty-five millions, and out of them, as water from full fountain,

the Saxon blood flows steadily over all the world, but chiefly this way. The cradles of all these nations are only feeders that swell the census of this Continent. Even marriage there, fruitful beyond two births, is in the interest of our census tables. This is the law and fact of the case as it now stands; nor is there chance of change. Immigration, like water, obeys the law of inclination. The incline of this modern movement in the world's population to-day slopes this way. This continent is the reservoir toward which all these streams flow. The channels are formed, the flowage already strong, and toward us the countless individual drops must needs come.

Here then we stand, already seventy millions of Saxon, Celtic and German blood—the three bloods which rule the world to-day and will rule it for a thousand years—upon this Continent, lying as a whole, a geographical unit, as it does, between two oceans and two gulfs, and the spectacle it presents is intensely interrogative. The question is searching and solemn enough to edge the dullest intellect, and make even a fool think.

Look at the conditions of the problem. Seventy millions already here. The overflow of all Europe and England coming and bound to come year after year. The increase by generation enormous, as is natural where men and women are well clothed, well fed, well housed, guarded by law, and unchecked by war or famine. Grant a vigorous stock, good soil, healthy climate, cheap fuel, and peaceful years, and population is sure to multiply beyond historic precedent; for the conditions which favor such increase are unprecedented. Never before, in historic times,

has a single people lived under such conditions. Here the race comes to new conditions, and a new regime begins. Here war, famine, tyranny do not press, and the unchoked fountain of reproduction and increase, under benignant skies, flows unchecked its steady and soundly increasing stream. To-day we are 70,000,000. In 1950, 140,000,000. In 2000, 200,000,000, and when the pen writes the census of the fifth century of civilization on this Continent, the monstrous sum will tabulate 500,000,000.

This seems to some of you extravagant? Very well; give me your minds a moment. The Saxon land, across the sea, is full; but the Saxon blood has not lost reproductive vigor, has it? England alone could people the world in ten centuries—give it the world to people and absence of war. If the State of Illinois was populated as densely as England and Wales, there would be 25,000,000 of people within her borders. Is there a single reason existent in nature or government why she should not be? Canada has a section in her west, out of which ten States as large as Illinois can be carved. And in all this vast stretch of land, the soil is of the richest, fuel abundant, stored in old geologic ages but a few feet under prairie sod, and the climate as healthy and bracing as children were ever born and grown in. Ten Illinois on our side that fool's line now dividing us, and ten on this side, populated as England and Wales are to-day, and you have a total of 520,000,000,—equal to one-third of the human race, as now computed to be living on this rounded globe.

You say, "It cannot be! It is too monstrous!" I say it will be. Sure as wheat grows wheat, or

human mating under favorable conditions of love and life begets children. Famine can stop human births. But no sane man would foretell famine to this Continent, stretching, as it does, through many zones and sweeping from sea to sea. Wars, repeated often, prolonged and waged with old-time destructiveness, can decimate a population. But he would be mad who should prophesy a return on this Continent, within 200 years, by a race instinctively commercial, and in a commercial age, to the worst form of old-time barbarism. I know well that human weakness is not dead; that passion still heats blood; that selfishness, prolific of injustice, still lives on, and hence wars may come again. But not one can well be fiercer, bloodier or more prolonged than that which we of the States but recently passed through. But did that stop our growth, wipe out our accumulated wealth, or prevent children being born? No! The graves were many, and grew fast, but cradles were more, and multiplied faster yet, and under four long years of bloody rain motherhood was safely sheltered, and the roar of a million men fiercely battling could not drown the cradle songs that rose clear and sweet as larks singing in the dewy air to the blue rim of heaven.

The Chinese have no census. Their Eastern habit or superstition forbids. And so there are no figures to guide us as to the monstrous total. But all agree that China has at least 300,000,000 of men, women and children within her borders. Why not more? Look at the measured map and find answer. There is not room for more. Her geography forbids it. Time and again has her living increase, like green

grass, grown to the edge of the possible, and there touched starvation, and withered as under fire. Take China from shore line to northern range and place it at the centre of this Continent and smooth it down and see how much it covers and what is left. And will any thoughtful person say that human increase, in the long years to come, shall not be here, even as it has been there, only three-fold more abundant? He cannot. Our 70,000,000 are only so many living roots struck into growthful soil, whose upspringing and outbranching, under the laws of God and man's just government, shall shadow the land from sea to sea with flowering, fruitful, happy human life. Within two centuries the Continent will be peopled from snow line to coral reefs, from Prince Edward's Island to Vancouver, and all the air within these points under heaven's dome will roar like the hollow hive when flowers are plenty and bees busy.

Now, look at the map. Wipe out that fool's line drawn by two foreign nations who had no right to make a line of division here save that of conquest, being alien to the soil which is to us fatherland, and drawn, too, when on them and us had not yet dawned the vision of an empire, beside which the Persian and the Roman world when it stood at its widest is but a unit by which to multiply our measurement. Look at the rivers. See how they run. Note how they tie North and South together like threads into whose golden strands new strength is spun continually. Must not the empire, which holds the great lakes and the productive centre of the Continent, hold also the mouth of the two great rivers, flowing from this centre, north and south, toward the two

great gulfs into which they empty? Shall not the time come, when, by the skill of men assisting these noble water courses, ships of five thousand tons shall steam from Liverpool, steer straight west to Labrador, and still westward until they moor at Chicago wharves without breaking freight, and thence, reloaded, go downward to the Southern Gulf, and so command the commerce of all ports through every parallel of latitude in shortest, quickest, easiest voyagings? Is not this the logic of their size, their direction and the union of their springs at the cereal centre of the world? Look at the Lakes, Memphramagog, Champlain, the Horicon, Erie, Huron, Michigan, Ontario, Superior, where are they placed and where do they empty to the salt sea? You might as well tie knots in the red arteries midway between heart and hands, between vital centre and extremities of the human body, as draw a line of stoppage across these natural channels of popular communication and commercial exchanges. Listen to the testimony of the Plains, that seamless robe of unity which some politicians would scissor through, and of a lovely whole, woven of God, make two ravelled edges. What sound reason is there for such dismemberment; such dislocation of natural members; such absurd partition of a noble whole? If it must needs be, what a pity it must be. For never did man see a lovelier evidence of God's design and Nature's unity, than stretches, green as a sleeping sea, from Southern Gulf to the white line of northern snow, making in itself a prairie empire that would feed half the world. Consider also the law which governs commerce and decides the volume and direc-



tion of exchanges. The movements of commerce are along parallels and across zones of different climates always. The North has what the South lacks, and the South is wasteful of what the North lavishes gold for. This mutual want and fitness is mother of trade and of those thrifty exchanges which bring wealth to traders. Commerce is as the two Adams in Scripture. One is of the earth, earthy; the other is of heaven, heavenly. In its nobler phase and ultimate end, commerce is fraternization of the peoples of the world; the bringing of them into unity by first bringing them into base contact. From lower they work up to higher. Chasing a dollar, they run into heaven unawares. And any line which, being drawn, checks freest commerce, checks the fraternization of men, and thereby thwarts the end of empire, which has this for its noblest object: the bringing of men together in gainful trade, that they may learn the sweet lesson that Brotherhood is greatest profit and so through commerce grow fraternal.

This great question of continental unity has a history. Let me remind you of it.

France in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries reached, in the splendor of her conceptions and the vigor of her conduct, the acme of her development. Her sun was at its zenith, and its heat and light went round the world. In those three hundred years French character was thoroughly masculine. It was hot with fiery zeal; haughtily courageous and ridged with muscular endurance. It conceived great plans. It executed them greatly. It pushed its explorations into every zone, and sailed with noble seamanship the parallels of the world. In one hand her children

lifted the Cross, and in the other bore the bag of gain to the farthest line of known geography and beyond. In this magnificent exhibit of character the women of Old France vied with the men, and her womanhood with her manhood shone resplendent, like equal and companion orbs, full sphered. The men and women who settled New France were of the noblest of the human species. They grasped the significance of Empire, and while Voltaire sneered, they with sublime ambition essayed to capture a hemisphere for Christ and France. From that great rock at Quebec they saw the measureless capabilities of this Continent; saw it as a magnificent unit, which, if kept whole, would in future years outweigh in power and value the manifold partitions of all Europe. While the Dutch at Albany were only petty traders, the Spaniards of the Gulf religious buccaneers, and the Puritans in Massachusetts seeking protection of their conscience in isolation from oppression, they said: "We will lay foundations for a power that shall rule from ocean to ocean and from gulf to gulf, and own all." They saw that the Spanish had no lasting power in them; that they held only the southern edges of the Continent, and that their fingers were slipping and would soon lose hold. The English, hunched at a few spots on the Atlantic seaboard, heterogeneous and naturally jealous, pent eastward by the Alleghany range, they would at the proper time push into the sea. They filled all the East with Indian alliances. La Salle went southward to the Southern Gulf. The Verendrye, father and sons, pushed westward along what now is the line of the Canadian Pacific to the Rocky Mountains. When-

ever they went they made allies of the red men; missionized them, hunted and intermarried with them, did everything but fight them. Then they turned southward to sweep the Dutch and English down the Hudson and off Manhattan Island, and ran against the Mohawks and were stopped. It is scarcely too much to say that if Champlain, blundering on before he knew Indian politics or power, had not shot the Mokawk chiefs on Lake Champlain, and thereby won for France the bitter hatred of the Five Nations, the whole destiny of the Continent had been changed and the current of American history would have flowed in other channels than it fills to-day. But however this may be, one thing is clear: that the old-time French, those great captains whether of king or Christ, never dreamed of allowing this Continent to be partitioned into two or three separate countries, thus doing violence to its geography and productive wholeness, including in its harvest circle every fruit, vegetable and cereal needed by man, but prayed, fought, bled, and suffered toil and torture to place it under one flag and power in the splendor of its integral vastness.

Changes came. The Pompadour ruled the court. Power in high places across the sea rotted into stench. Voltaire sneered like a caustic fool at a geographical Empire too vast, and a faith too high, for him to understand. Virtue went out of France. Vices came in. The Bigots of Old France came hither, and as the people of Quebec starved, they held orgies and drank the nation's blood in wassail. The eagle's eye, the eagle's strength of wing, the eagle's power to swoop and strike, left the French blood

trickling its last drops downward from Montcalm's heart as, stricken on the plains of Abraham, he rode drooping to the pommel of his saddle through the St. Louis gate to die. The red cross of St. George went up over Cape Diamond, and the fly banner that first waved civilization to this Continent went down forever.

But though the flag came down, the daring thought and high dream held sway. If France failed, England should not win. The Continent should be kept whole. If the old flag could not keep it, then a new one should. The northern colony joining the thirteen southern ones would make common cause, and under a new banner, native, American, continental, should hold the land from sea to sea, from gulf to gulf. Under another symbol and a new nationality the old French dream, the dream of soldier and of priest, should be realized in spite of all at last.

Then did the church make great mistake. — a mistake which cost the Papacy the noblest chance it ever had since Peter held the golden keys. The possibilities of Empire, such as Rome, as Greece, as Alexandria and Jerusalem when they stood highest in the world, thrown into one, could not have matched in men, in gold, in armed power, in that commercial energy and that traveling habit, which, rightly shaped, guided, inspired, held to one purpose, could in one century missionize the world; that Empire which Cardinal McGibbons sees to-day, destined to soon be fuller of resources, material and spiritual, than men ever saw since earth's first morning, and peopled with a full third of the population

of the globe. The church, lacking eyes to see far on; timid, content with a sure little thing, made bargain with the British Parliament, and Canada lost the swift progress of a hundred years. From that moment, instead of being a noble, controlling part of a majestic whole, with all her natural connections intact, her normal communications open, her system receptive to all invigorations which quicken, inspire, and expand independent commonwealths, she became only a foreign and banished fragment of the Continent to which she belonged as an integral and noble part; a colony of a foreign power, drawing the sap to feed her vitality laboriously from a far distance or through imperfect conduits from the continental centres, subject to artificial pressures and frequent stoppages. Left to political and commercial influences in 1771, Canada would have joined with her sister colonies, shared the struggle for nationality with them, with them won victory and shared the progress of the last hundred years, which is the marvel of all the world.

Be it remembered, then, by you all, that Canadians are such by accident of war, but to me and to all scholars they are American by right of birth, born in the same great land with us of the States; standing not as foreigners, but brothers born with us, who would share with them the glorious destiny of coming centuries. This movement of theirs toward us, and of ours toward them, is no new one, but the old-time one, long checked by artificial pressure, now breaking out of bonds and running free as the heart's wish when it runs along the line of God's ordainment. It is no new dream, but the

old sublime dream which priest and soldier of old France dreamed at Quebec in the sixteenth century, now dreamed anew by us who have come to that point of time mentioned in our sacred books when our "Young men shall see visions and our old men shall dream dreams." We of whitened heads dream the dream, but you younger men of fewer years shall live to see that dream fulfilled in vision, seen of all, a continental empire of which Canadians are a noble and essential part, stretching from sea to sea, and of which to be citizen shall be greater than to be king.

Listen to this and consider. There are three ages or regimes—two of which have been realized in history and the other is now here. The first is the military age. In it, men are born for the sword and by it die. He who is gifted to make combinations of men and movements that kill quickest and most is chiefest over all. Among all men, whatever name he takes, he stands highest. Such was Alexander, such Cæsar, such Hannibal and Scipio, such Frederick and Marlboro' and Napoleon. Under such a regime men are only fighting animals. Their power to strike and kill gives them their value. Policies are shaped for battles. There is no glory but that of war. The increase of the Lord's earth is fed to armies, and cradles of male children are rocked to fill bloody graves.

The second regime is the Ecclesiastic. It is both better and worse than the first. I will not characterize it. You are intelligent and know what it is. In it all is done for what men call religion. All ma-

terial interests are made subordinate to what is called the spiritual. At court, in salon, in street, in school, in college, in village field, the priest is all in all. The altar blesses the harvester, and eats the harvest.

Very well. Now, friends, this is not a military age, nor an ecclesiastic age. It is a commercial age, and on this Continent wholly so. We of the States number seventy millions, with an army less than twenty-five thousand troops. One soldier to three thousand citizens. That is all. Our navy is composed of forty old tubs, not half of which will float. Our harbors are protected, not by forts, but by a peaceful policy and the moral impression which the millions of people living back of them make on the world. We can fight, but we prefer to trade. We sooner swap products than lives with other nations. During our late unpleasantness a long-shanked lumberman from Maine and a tall sallow-faced Alabamian were on the picket line. Each was standing back of a tree with rifle cocked. Had either showed the button of his fatigue cap beyond the bark he would have lost it. At last the Alabamian called, "I say, Yank, which would you rather do, shoot or whittle?" "Whittle, by Gosh!" exclaimed the Downeaster, and in a moment the two sharpshooters were seated opposite each other on two logs, whittling and swapping stories. As a nation we are like the Downeaster. We can shoot, but we "rather whittle." The commercial instinct is now a matter of birth. We breed it. Our young men care little for gold lace and straps and gilded epaulets. They like gold in their pockets; gold put into house and lands,

stocks and bonds, books and pictures, free libraries, and university endowments. What we are proud of is not big armies, big navies, big ships of war, big battles and big victories; but big trade, big profits, big harvests, big cities, big inventions, big commercial ventures, and a big census, which doubles up the millions of happy, prosperous citizenship every twenty years. Our politics are not ideal; our administration of government not perfect; our congressional action hurtfully affected by partisanship; and much might be found to satirize in our management of public affairs; but through all the mass of a great nation's doing and thinking; through all the teachings of the press, platform and pulpit; and through all the blundering of Congressional action, runs, clearly visible, like a thread of gold in coarse black cloth, the noble purpose to serve the people, make them secure in all their rights, and prosperous in all their honest undertakings. Schemes of conquest are never debated in our Congress. Warlike alliances are not made. A standing army is an unthought-of thing. Church extension is not regarded as connected with politics. Titles and strips of ribbons laughed at as ridiculous, in the eyes of sensible men, and the only throne fit to aspire to is that high eminence builded on ten millions of free ballots.

Such is the type of empire which we of the United States—we who have developed from the thirteen English Colonies which revolted from the mother country—are building up on the basis of popular suffrage, the wish and wisdom of the people expressed in ballots; and our Canadian neighbors,



who represent the fourteenth colony which remained held by artificial causes, as I have explained, in English connection, have developed, as far as they have gone and grown, along the same line, and must continue so to do, in the future. They are not military by wish or habit any more than are we. Their civilization is as ours is, industrial and commercial, not warlike. Politically they are as democratic as are we. They seek the profits of peaceful trade and commercial connections, not the false glory of war. The immigrant does not come here or go there to fight, but to work. He seeks wages, not soldier's pittance; wealth, not military fame; the right to vote,—to say who shall rule over him and along what line of policy they shall rule—not the chance of winning medal for his breast and garter for his leg. These are facts; standing high and luminous over daily doings, as a lighted beacon over sea, and they give emphasis to the statement, that not only is the Continent geographically a unit, but the people living on it are united in the purpose of their lives, the object of their action, and the hopes which stimulate activity.

The progress of these United States is a marvel to the world. The history of it reads like an Arabian tale. Such increase of population; such accumulation of wealth; such popularization of knowledge; such development of the inventive faculties; such intense activity in peaceful directions and for peaceful objects, were never seen on earth before. The causes of this wonderful growth are many, but the chiefest of all is seldom mentioned. It is not vast extent of virgin soil rich in productive elements,

nor is it immigration, nor long periods of peace, nor absence of large standing armies which eat up the country, and multiply taxes, burdensome to all forms of industry; nor free institutions, which dignify the individual, and make the masses intelligent and content. No! There is another and the chiefest cause, without which in full operation all other ones were vain; and this prime cause of American prosperity is this: The free interchange of products and commodities between all sections of the country. This is the vital force which, in this country, has quickened all other forces, kept the whole body politic in glowing health; stimulated all growth, and charged the veins of our vast industrial organism with vitalizing vigor. Nineteen-twentieths of all our commerce is interstate commerce. Only one twentieth goes abroad. Free trade, absolutely free, without let or hindrance, untaxed, unvexed by custom restrictions, unchecked by Governmental interference at any point within our vast domains, has given to every branch of business, to every form of industry, to every species of enterprise, the phenomenal development which, in the tremendous aggregate of results, totalizes a summation that astounds the world and makes a demonstration, against which all argument is puerile. Because of this all parts have grown with the growth of the whole, the whole been prospered with the prosperity of the parts; each note being full and clearly sounded, joined in harmonious connection with all other ones, has swelled the volume to a perfect anthem whose waves of concordant sounds roll round the world. What would New England have been shut off by a line of custom houses from

the west? What the west barred by restrictions from the sea-ports? What any state or section had the free passage of her products been choked at one or more imaginary lines? How then could natural resources have been utilized; individual ambitions found profitable scope, or the energies of the people, as a whole, been grouped and made forceful, in happy combinations? They could not. All would have suffered and been oppressed by conditions both onerous and depressing. What Canadians have suffered under and still endure, would have been felt through every part of the Union, and all growth, instead of being swift and sure, would have been slow, and slowly reached and made; at many points altogether impossible. These facts are patent to all at the mention of them, and the conclusion they compel, imperative and conclusive.

The slow growth of the northern section of the Continent compared with the southern one is due not to lack of energy, or thrift, or individual ability and ambition, but to the fact that commercially it has been fettered by wrong connections or non-connection with the great whole of which by nature and by reason it is and must be an organic part. Placed as it has been, it has been fatally handicapped in the race with other sections of the continent. Money would not come; skill would not come; enterprise, audacious in risking and by its audacity winning, would not come to it. The fate of colonies has been its fate. It has been a feeder to England; nothing more. The money which she sent did not come to stay. It earned itself double and then went home,

leaving the country stripped. It has striven to make Liverpool as near as Boston, London as New York, and it has failed. The blame is not on the Canadian people up to this, but on those who blundered in 1774. Then they were bargained for and sold for a price.

There is a phrase which is sometimes used with a good deal of emphasis on the other side of the line, in which the speaker vents his intense colonialism by asserting that "Canada don't propose to be swallowed by the States." This politico-gastronomic assertion is surely not very witty, and evidently lacks the prime element of force—application to the subject. For no swallowing process has been suggested by any responsible party on either side of the line. There is no reason to think that should Canada, by a popular vote, seek membership in the Union, that a vote of the States could to-day be secured for her admission. The noble extent of her public domain, the great undeveloped wealth of her natural resources, the vast benefit which would accrue to the Union from her admission, are not understood or appreciated in this country. To the average voter among us her geography is as little known as that of the Russian Empire. He has no knowledge and no special desire to obtain knowledge about it. Busy in our own affairs, we have given no earnest thought to the matter.

Then, too, there is among our citizens a sentiment—and I judge it to be a very strong sentiment—against any farther extension of the boundaries and responsibilities of the Republic. Whoever has given time to study the actual state of the country is impressed with the fact that its geographical

extent is at least a century ahead of our present population—probably two centuries. Two hundred years must pass before the increase of our population will feel the least pressure from any lack of room. Neither will our mineral deposits be fully opened, or our vast acreage plowed before then. We have all climates known to temperate zones, and all products in our control already. Our sea-coast is like that of a hemisphere, and all the river mouths of any importance to commerce, save one, are in our hands as things are now. We have enough, it is said; why seek more?

Then, too, Canada's debt is large, and stands for nothing adequate in the eyes of many among us. It is a large debt for 5,000,000 of people to carry with such an undeveloped country as they have to carry it with. We of the States do not love national debts. We shall soon have ours wiped out to the last dollar. Our taxes will be as a cipher, and her 5,000,000 heavily-taxed will be living side by side with 75,000,000 of untaxed people.

For these three reasons, lack of knowledge and appreciation of Canada's resources as a section of the Continent, a strong and growing sentiment against farther territorial extension, and a feeling that her national debt is bigger than her national assets, there is little feeling to-day in this country favorable to her annexation. That such a feeling would exist if the people knew all the facts of the case I do not doubt; but as it is, I beg my red-faced friends to understand that there is no danger of Canada being "swallowed" by the States. If she ever is admitted to the Union, she will be admitted only at her own

earnest asking, and because the people of both countries, by ten years of observation and study of the facts of the case, are convinced that such a union is inevitable, and sure to result in great good to all concerned.

But it is said in some quarters, and by some it is shouted forth as if it ended the discussion, that "English sentiment" forbids union of Canada with the States. Indeed, the very noise made over this assertion is suspicious. It sounds very like a gun heavily charged with powder without a bullet in it. It makes, at discharge, only a hollow roar—a dreadful roar, but that is all! Let us translate this vociferation into calm statement, put it into sensible shape, so sensible men, seeking after the truth in this discussion, can get at it and measure it and see how much it actually represents and stands for in this vital problem of future connection.

Translated to statement, then, this "English sentiment" assertion means this: That there is in Canada, and among the whole body of Canada's inhabitants, such an intense and personal love for England, English connection, and the English flag, that they would not tolerate any other connection, no matter what commercial and political advantages it might bring, even with the kindred banner of the States.

Very well. Now, friends, such a statement is true or it isn't true. If it is true, it ends discussion and fixes their fate. If it isn't true, it leaves the future open for reason and judgment to decide what it shall be, in the interests of those now living and of their children after them. Let us see which.

The population of Canada is 5,000,000. Of this number 1,500,000 are of pure French descent, unmixed with cross of English blood. The English and French bloods have never mingled in happy union and never will. They are too unlike. The Gaul and Briton never could agree. They have never loved each other and never can. They hate more readily.

Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Waterloo, and the Plains of Abraham emphasize the antagonism of the bloods. Five hundred years of vicinage and five hundred years of war between two races mean something. Surely he would be laughed at who should assert before an audience, that on God's earth there is a body of 1,500,000 pure-blooded Frenchmen who love the English flag so intensely that they could not possibly live under that neighboring one, to lift the standard and set the stars in which their ancestors fought and bled with the Continentals under Washington at Yorktown. Very well. From the 5,000,000 we will subtract 1,500,000, and say with Joseph Jefferson in the play, "they don't count!"

Now come the Germans, recent immigrants to her shores, 300,000 strong. When and whence, pray, have these gotten so suddenly this passion for the English flag? Have they a charm hung over Anticosti, so potent in its working that when the sons and daughters of the Old German race sail under it their blood is changed by its magic, so that they forget their dear Fader-land and become on the instant intensely English?

Again. Among the Canadians are the Irish—a million strong. One out of every four of them

remembers Ireland and her wrongs. When have the Irish, driven out of Ireland by English neglect and cruelty, loved England so that it would break their honest hearts to see the red flag come down, and the banner of that republic which for their race has been a refuge from hunger and from tyranny rise in splendor above their heads?

The Scotch among them number 250,000, and they love thrift, are commercial in their instinct—the natural Yankees of the British Isles—and fit as naturally to New York, Boston and Chicago as they do to London or Liverpool. Then, there are of Indians and of various other foreign races 250,000. So then the census brings us down to this bare total. The population of Canada amounts, all told, to 5,000,000. Of this number 4,300,000 are non-English in blood and habit of thought; and of English stock, only 700,000 are left.

But these even are by no means "intensely English" in their sentiment, so that they could not tolerate union with the States. For they are for the most part Canadian-born, and therefore, in habit of life and thought, of this Continent and not of England. The older ones represent the English colonial spirit, and cling to the old land, as is honorable for them to do. But he who is born here is not of England, but of America. He is child of a Continent, not of a little island, and the love of the Continent, the pride of it, and all the hopes, ambitions and dreams his great birthright engenders is in him, warm and strong. He loves England as all of us of English descent love her—as the old mother-land and blood-center of us all, but not as his native land. His native land is



not a colonial fragment of a widely-scattered, weakly-connected Empire, but a noble part of a vast Continental Sovereignty, whose parts find natural adjustments, cemented with quick exchanges of mutual profit, common in language, liberty and faith, held in natural oneness by circling seas that bound the four horizons, destined to be so populous, rich and potent in the world that the little Mother Isle will soon be place of pilgrimage and not of central power, where the mightiest race on earth, or that earth ever knew, shall find shrine to reverence and not throne to sway.

In view, therefore, of the facts of the case, I see no grounds whatever that this great movement toward Continental Unity, the beginning of which we happily see, can be long stayed or hindered greatly by this so-called "English sentiment" in Canada, of which we hear so much and loudly in certain quarters.

The notion, advanced by some, that England will oppose such union as this of which we speak, is not grounded in reason; the explanation being found in the fact that she has no interest to do so. England is nearer the United States to-day in many essential elements of unity than she is to Canada. Trade rules to-day, and he who buys most of England's people gets nearest to their hearts. This not from mercenary reasons only, but from the higher uses and the nobler influences of traffic: for all exchanges of products and commodities among men tend toward brotherhood. Trade honorably conducted means in the end fraternization. The coin of trade becomes ultimately coin of God. Human wants establish human brotherhood. Traffic is the universal lan-

guage of human communication. All nations read and speak that tongue at sight. The civilized man is a trading being. The trader—the man who buys and sells—types the brotherhood of the millenium.

This is why England is nearer the States than she is to her own colony to-day. She buys more of us. She sells more. The mother and her great daughter are feeling more strongly their mutual dependence on each other. They buy and borrow of each other. Their sons and daughters are intermarrying. They visit and exchange many courtesies. Their politicians meet for consultation and swap services on the stump, and we can say, with hands uplifted in praise to God who has so ordered it in mercy, that the old wars are hushed and the old led lines of division and separation drawn by them are fading away forever. No, no! If Canada ever does come into union with the States she will not leave England, but come nigher to her and into a politic and fiscal connection more sympathetic with her interests than hers is to-day or may ever be while she goes on along the line she trails at present, a line which is leading her farther and farther from England's trade connection and sympathies, as all English manufacturers know and say, and making her an alien to those who represent the trade and profits of the mother-land.

For Canada there are but three possible futures — one is to remain as she is, an outlying English Colony, hampered in growth, hectorred in spirit, pinned continually to the edge of peril from imperial entanglements, drained of her population by the great attractions to the south of her, with which, while she remains a colony, she can never successfully com-

pete; oppressed with the burden of debt which, from the peculiar construction of her confederated agreement and the equally peculiar habits of her politicians, she can neither easily carry nor put a stop to its further increase; remain subject to unfortunate conditions, and ever opposed to the pressures of an uncertain if not a perilous future; or she can, impelled by the necessity of bettering her condition, seek and obtain release, as she probably could, from imperial connection, and out of the chrysalis of colonialism burst into the winged embodiment of independency. This possibility has its attractions to all generous minds. The birth of a new nationality, if it be a happy one, coming in the fullness of time, and having adequate heroic causes for its parentage, is a result upon which the good wishes of mankind are sure to be showered; and such a birth, so caused in the case of Canada, would be hailed as an event of prime magnitude by all members of the English speaking race. If Canada should become a Republic, the natural instincts of all Americans would prompt them to give her a noble and generous recognition. Regarded only from a sentimental point of view we should all contemplate her nationalization with pride and satisfaction. She would surely receive from us all both official and sympathetic recognition. But I fail to see how, beyond this point of personal good will, she could receive from us of the Republic, either the practical assistance she needs, or the commercial connection on which, and on which alone she can base her future industrial expansion. For we of the Republic believe in the Monroe Doctrine, not as applied to our sea line, and the parts of the

Continent to the south of us, but we believe in it with equal sincerity and earnestness as applied to the great division of the Continent to the north of us as well. So long as Canada remains as she has been and is to-day, comparatively weak in population, in developed resources, and in military power, she is not a subject of serious concern to us, scarcely even of thought. But once let her begin to assume proportions of magnitude in these directions; once let us discern that her five millions are soon to become twenty millions, and those twenty likely to become in the progress of time forty millions, and the great protective principle of our nationality now lying latent as regards her existence on our borders, would suddenly come to the surface, and what has been up to this and is still only a theory, would on the instant become a condition of things, and a condition as practical and grave as ever challenged the attention of our Government, or thrust itself as a vital force into our politics. I think I do not over-estimate the American instinct touching the solidarity of this Continent when I declare that we of the Republic shall never stand idly by and see a great power built up, either on the southern or northern side of us. Napoleon III. sought to establish a throne in Mexico, and to place Maximilian, the Austrian, upon it. And we, having a domestic matter on our hands, said nothing for a while; but had he succeeded — well, we should have upset his little throne, and shipped his soldiers home to him with our compliments, and the gray and the blue alike would have assisted, with equal heartiness and loyalty, in doing it. And this we should have done, not because we dislike France,

for we do not. We admire her rather, and the gratitude we feel for her ancient alliance with our fathers and the help of it in Revolutionary times, still flows warmly in our blood, and lingers like the glow of a sweet memory around our hearts. But we should have done it because we have it as a policy and a settled conviction that no foreign power, under any name or flag, shall ever divide this Continent with us, or build itself up either to our worryment or our peril. By right of deeds done and blood shed, of money spent and progress made; by the right of trials numberless bravely borne, of sacrifices beyond count freely offered upon the altar of our national faith, and, as we believe, on the altar of God, we do solemnly hold, that we have a right to live and grow, unchecked, unhindered, unimperilled by any other flag or power, and that the whole Continent, from gulf to gulf, and ocean to ocean, will, must, shall, in the fullness of time, and we hope by the law of benevolent attraction, come under the banner of the Republic, of which to be a citizen, we hold, is better boon than to be a king.

I do not see, therefore, how we can, with due regard to our own ultimate and highest interest and to our convictions as Americans, assist Canada to commercial, political, and military greatness, by any reciprocal mercantile arrangement under the name of Reciprocity or any other name, while she remains foreign to us in fact, and hostile perhaps in policy and spirit. That reciprocity in exchanges in products would be of financial advantage to her and us, I make no question. That it would help her ten-fold more than it could us, I feel able to demonstrate.

For it would help her vitally; and she, separated as she is from continental connections, is in the grip of a vital necessity; while we are not. We do not need her vitally; and hence, on the level of dollars and cents, the bargain must be against us. It is not in the wit of man, when the whole scope of the question is considered, to make a bargain that would not be one-sided. The conditions of equity are not present. For the question, as I have shown, is not one of dollars and cents, but of empire; not of present profits, but of future domain; not of dicker and trade between individuals, but of National policy as representing the true and lasting interests of the Republic. While Canada remains a colony of a non-continental power, she must take the chance of a colony. She must look to England, which she prefers, for help, and not to us, to whom she refuses to be joined. Should she become an independent Nation and set herself up as a rival power, then as a rival power she must be treated, and in no other way. If she chooses that position, then she herself of her own unaided efforts must make it good. Would we have aided the French in their mad attempt to build up a foreign power in Mexico? The question answers itself. Shall we then help the English or Canadians to build up an alien, a rival, a hostile commonwealth on the north of us that would split the Continent asunder, fix forever a boundary line three thousand miles in length between us, and chalk every inch of it red with peril? Is that the heritage we of the Republic propose by our stupidity or our mercinari-ness to leave to our children for a thousand years? No. Not one brick shall our hands take to their

temple. Not one straw will we give them for the making of their brick. If they foolishly decide to build either their own or England's glory apart from, and in peril to us, then must they build alone. The most in all reason and conscience they can ask in such work, the utmost that the civilized world would expect of us is, that we stand by and lift no hand to prevent.

The Canadian question briefly stated then, is this: Canada is now unconnected with those powers and forces which commercially and politically represent the Continent. Being thus unconnected, she suffers. Her sufferings are approaching a crisis. She is casting around how to make the needed connections with us. She interrogates us. Our answer is — no patriotic American, who understands what the interrogation and answer mean, can make other reply than this — *Join us!*

How the union can take place, is a matter for future consideration. I need not consider it — you need not. Canada has not thought herself to that point. Until she does, we have nothing to do with her or her problems. She is intelligent: let her decide her own best course for herself. But one thing I will say, that I can conceive of no proposition more crude or hurtful than the one some unthoughtful person has made, — to purchase her. I can only characterize such a proposition as simply shocking. Its coarseness will serve, perhaps, one good purpose; viz.: to bring out the fine altitudes of the subject. I have lived among the Canadians much. I have travelled widely through their country. I have eaten with their poor and feasted with their rich. I know

many of their public men, and among them I number many friends. As a whole the Canadian people are proud; back of them is a great history; ahead of them, under fair conditions, is a great future. This they know. This they feel. I need only say that the gentlemen who now, in wit, in culture, in wealth, in skill, in patriotism, represent Canada, are not of the sort that can be bought. They do not propose to sell their country or assist in putting it up for sale. This applies, friends, to all parties and sects, and you can build your plans on it as a fact. If you build on other foundation you will only construct a Babel, which, when you shall have pushed it up, as it would seem, to the skies, will suddenly tumble upon you, bringing ruin and confusion as it falls.

Nor would any arrangement like reciprocity be satisfactory to either country. It would be only a temporary makeshift; a plan to satisfy the greed of traffic, and not to settle a question of Empire. It would have for its parents nothing worthier than considerations of dollars and cents, and being thus basely born, would live a snarling life and die soon. Commerce is vitally connected with the settlement of this question, but it never can be settled on the commercial basis. For our commercial relations with Canadians are but a part,—a very small part,—of the question between us: the real one, the great, grave one is, what is to be their political, their governmental, their military relations to us, and hence it is vain to make any settlement which settles only the part, the smallest part, of the difficulty, but leaves the major part of the problem unsolved, nay, unconsidered. I may be mistaken, but I believe that Commercial



Reciprocity by itself would greatly retard, if it would not prevent the union of Canadians with us of the States; because, by relieving the immediate pressure of present necessity, which is upon them, and which is caused, and caused only, by their non-connection with the great center of the Continent, it would stop them from farther investigation and prevent them from getting down to the bottom of the difficulty. In the blaze of sudden and vast relief their eyes would be blinded so that they would not see the actual and deep-seated cause of all their troubles, — which is political separation from the great, rich and prosperous nation to the south of them. Were they one with us, they would have those financial, industrial, and commercial connections which would give them a growth and expansion in riches and power in ten years, which a hundred years have failed to bring them, and which another century unaided by us will fail to bring them.

Let, therefore, I say, the Canadians alone. Give them time to suffer from, and realize the real cause of all their troubles. Death is busy there, as here, and above the graves of the next decade, Canadian thought will move on more easily and swiftly to a clear apprehension of what is wise and adequate. Moreover, at present, Canada is infested with an epidemic, or her politicians are. I refer to an epidemic for titles. Every politician of the tory party there hopes for heaven at last, but he is determined to get a ribbon or a garter on the earth whether or no. The attempt to introduce a faded copy of British aristocracy on this Continent is silly of course. Bengough, that rival of our own Nast, can ridicule

it in the cartoons of his Grip, as he does most cleverly, but Bengough knows that however silly the attempt may be, it is, nevertheless, being seriously made. The Sir Johns, and the Sir Charleses, the Sir Donalds and Georges and Alphouses, are getting thicker in Canadian society than gilt stars in a stage firmament. Why, I have been told that our old-time fellow citizen, that embodiment of American push, force and pluck they imported to build their great railroad for them, has recently become a British subject, and is now Sir Van Horne! Ye gods! What fools we mortals are!

No, no! we wish none of that sort of thing on this side of the line. If the Canadian people like it then can they have it to their hearts' content. We will not tolerate such folly in this Republic; we will not graft such ancient rot, such antique mildew upon the branches of our budding, blooming, fruitful life. No man has title here save such as manhood gets from honest manhood round it because his head is level, his hand open, and his heart sound.

So then, I suggest, that we of the Republic let this thing rest where it is a while. Let Canada think her problem well out. Let her learn and thoroughly learn that politically she is wrongly placed, and cannot prosper as she is. Let her ascertain that in this Republic, and as an honored and proud part of it, she will find her true geographical, historical and commercial connection; that outside of such connection she will find a shrivelled fortune and swarming perils. Meanwhile we should hold ourselves aloof from her, neither helping nor hindering her; giving here no cause of offence, wishing in

our hearts that she was of us: frankly stating our position, hoping that she will soon come into political oneness with us, and assuring her of a hearty and proud welcome when she shall decide to come.

But one thing Canadians must understand, and it would be unwise and unfair for us to conceal it from them, and that one thing is this: that this Republic will never see a great power built up on this Continent, either to the north or south of us, under either French or English flags, and take no action to prevent it. Least of all shall we ever assist them to become numerous, rich and powerful, with that end on their part in view. We invite them cordially to share with us the destiny of the Continent: to share with us its greatness and its glory, as historically they have a right to do and should be proud of doing; but if they foolishly decline our invitation and undertake to rival us and imperil us by an alien development, then must they look for no help from us, for we shall certainly not help them at all, and we shall as certainly oppose their progress to the fullest extent of our power. And this we shall do in the interest of liberty and of mankind, for he must be a fool who thinks that two great rival Powers can exist side by side in peace upon this Continent.

I know well the wealth of her natural resources now lying undeveloped. I know well that in developing those resources our capital and our enterprise would find profitable employment. I know well the extent of her vast domain and its value. I know well the conservatism of her character, the prolific vigor of her population, and that she might give to the development of our commercial and political life

a most valuable contribution of helpfulness: but as a citizen of the Republic, forecasting the future, I cannot see how we can, in justice to that future, do aught to help her or receive help from her, until she becomes politically united with us.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your patient courtesy in hearing me. I thank the gentlemen by whose kindly invitation and public spirit I have been enabled to address you. I have spoken in this Hall before and on themes as grave as may command human attention. But I have never spoken in this Hall or elsewhere on a theme graver or more impressive in its significance to you and our country than the one I have discussed before you to-night.

Before me as I speak I see the picture of the Continent possessed and unpossessed spread out before me. I have traversed it from end to end, from shore to shore. I know it. Above your heads I see it lying as John saw Heaven in vision, vast as a whole, beautiful as to its parts. I see the grandeur of its mountains, the loveliness of its plains, the somber glory of its forests, the silver gleam of its rivers, and the ocean-like spaces of its lakes. I hear the music of its streams, the roar of its water-falls, and the murmur of its populations. The sun rises from between the pillars of the morning, and from mid-heaven looks down upon it with delight. The land he smiles upon, various in its zones, responds to his greeting with its multitudinous growths. And seeing it thus, I say, that to me it seems as the garden of the Lord, as the prolific center of the earth. And over this land of God, this productive center of the world, this refuge of all oppressed peo-

ples, this vast opportunity of Providence and man, this sure lodgment and home of liberty, in vicinage to the stars whose glory is woven in its folds, touching the sky whose light it has borrowed for its own illumination, I behold one flag, sole, sovereign, supreme, and under it a third of the human race, living prosperous, happy and safe. And seeing all this, more than once have I said in my wanderings, and I say it now, that that glorious flag must own this Continent as a whole, and beside it there must be waving in the sky above our children's heads, none other.

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By W. H. H. MURRAY.

It is twenty years since the house of Ticknor & Fields published "Adventures in the Wilderness," that remarkable little volume which made Mr. Murray famous and advertised the lovely Adirondack Region to the English-speaking world.

Wendell Phillips once described Mr. Murray's first venture in authorship as "That little electric book which kindled a thousand camp-fires and taught a thousand pens how to write of nature." There is no question that in that unique work the author introduced one of the happiest literary results ever produced by any writer, and set a fashion not only of recreation but also of composition.

It has been known among Mr. Murray's intimate friends that he intended to begin his professional career as an author with a work drafted on the same lines as was his first Adirondack book, and distinguished by the same spirit. In "Daylight Land" the public will find the fulfillment of this intention. The growth in knowledge of woodcraft and cultured expression which twenty years have brought him are evident in this larger volume, but the same vividness of description, the same freshness of humor, and the same realistic style, which made the earlier and smaller volume so popular, permeate every page of this larger and nobler work. In the chapters entitled "The Capitalist," "The Man in the Velveten Jacket," "A Strange Midnight Ride," and "The Great Glacier," the reader will find such quaint, dry humor and vividness of description as it would not be easy to equal in the language. "Daylight Land" is pre-eminently fitted to be the Gift Book of the season.

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*CUPPLES & HURD, Publishers, Boston.*

N. B.—A special edition (Artist Proof), of one thousand copies was prepared for the Author as an *honorarium* and is sold on subscription by him to such as desire it as an elegant souvenir. As a gift to a friend who loves the Out-door Life it is most appropriate.

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