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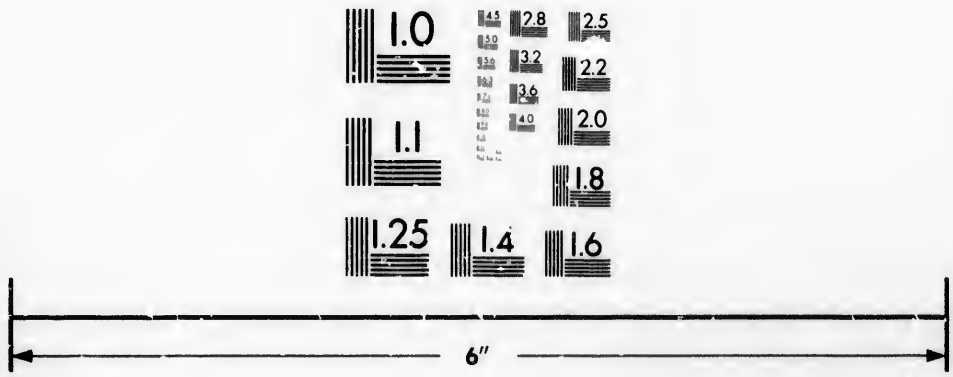

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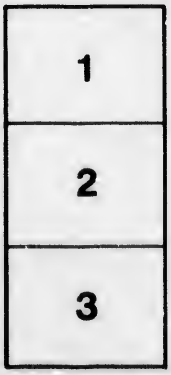

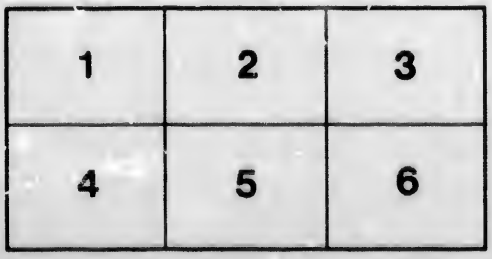

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THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF CANADA,

BY

HENRY LACROIX.

Montreal:
PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1867.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

The following pamphlet has excited so much attention among the nationality for whose benefit it was specially intended, that it has been thought desirable to translate it for more general circulation. It is so seldom that the productions of our French Canadian brethren are reproduced in the English tongue that much less is known of their thoughts and feelings by British Canadians than is desirable. A closer acquaintance would bring about a much stronger feeling of mutual kindliness than now exists. It is true that there is no repulsion such as formerly existed, but that is because it has yielded rather to indifference than to any warmer feeling on the part of each. A closer study of each other would lead to more cordial relations and to mutual appreciation of the good qualities, differing in some respects in the two races, which would tend to the more rapid advancement of Canada in prosperity and happiness.

The translator has aimed in the execution of his task to reproduce the original faithfully, and to maintain, as far as possible, the true spirit of the author's expressions and turn of thought.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF CANADA

BY

HENRY LACROIX.

All nations have a certain number of timid people, whose mission is always to call out *beware !* These are checks which doubtless are useful, and which at certain moments serve the great end of progress, by moderating the course of the car, by which is represented this active condition of life. The spirit which speaks by the mouth of alarmists, is itself an alarmist; its senses are its brain; in it all the breezes of political existence, and of material progress, have one and the same sound, — *perdition !*

Humanity has never made a step in advance that alarmists have not done all in their power to prevent it; but there is this consolation, that they have never been able to succeed.

Providence forms the light, and distributes it everywhere; but the concave brains which receive this light, are not suited to reflect it. Over the walls of the organ so constructed, obscurity reigns; the ray, powerful at its focus, exists, but sheds no light around it.

The *soi-disant* friends of progress, after having been convex mirrors in the history of the past, after having produced fire and flame to enlighten all administrations, to animate them for the public good, and to make them pass not a few measures, appear as if they wished now to become concave mirrors.

The annexationists of former days, are now afraid of a simple confederation of internal powers; they war against an elementary idea, against the very alphabet of political development. A great philosopher of antiquity rebuked, one day, an aspirant to public life, because he had not the gift of governing his own family. As much might be said of those who have a heroic courage in regard

to an impossibility, but who recoil before a measure of prime necessity.

What is there so extravagant, so frightful in the measure of confederation, in that first step of an infant nation, beginning to walk alone? Ye are brothers, alarmed at sight of this new sprung boldness, which is smiled upon and encouraged by the mother. Ah! brethren, how puerile are your fears. We no longer recognise the theorists of former days, the brave, the courageous champions of national development. Formerly, the idea of nationality was only a sentiment, but now this idea has grown, and has become an intellectual power. Formerly, this idea was wrapped in swaddling bands; now it is freed from its trammels; it has attained a body, a movement, a future, because circumstances are favourable to its development, and this state of things is due, in part, to the *conservatives* of to-day, who, before were progressionists.

The predominant idea which has inaugurated this new position of affairs, apart from those which may be entertained by certain agents, and which should not make us lose sight of the first, is to create in the northern part of America, a distinct power, not in opposition to that which is its neighbour, but for purposes of general interest.

The emotional side of things is always more palpable and more easily grasped than the serious part. Prejudice is a vagabond sentiment, having the entire world for its domain, and its haunts are everywhere numerous. But this malignant, contradictory, sometimes violent spirit, ends in being put aside by a superior influence, which often only shows itself after events have been accomplished.

How often have we not seen what at first appeared impossible, and prejudicial to the public interest, accomplished and recognized as a benefit! There are two kinds of reason in the world: that which is acknowledged, and that which is not acknowledged. The first has always a certificate of long naturalisation in public opinion; the second is an immigrant, most frequently subjected to a cold and unintelligent reception from nearly every one. But in spite of this, the second reason has the right of citizenship in the world, and it finds brains prepared to receive and to welcome it. These brains are at first few in number; the incubation of novelties is slow, and like rare and valuable plants, new ideas take a long time to bear fruit. The child in the cradle belongs to this order. Until he has attained the age of puberty, nay, even till he have reached maturity, what trouble, pains and anxieties does he not cause to those who watch over him, to those who are responsible for his development!

The education of the child is a constantly renewed fact in the world, which is never wanting in the newly born. The same thing

applies to ideas, and to the difficulties of securing their existence and developement. If the relations shrunk from the mission, from the task which is incumbent on them, because this mission, this task is painful and full of sacrifice,—where would humanity be? If nations had no men of large views, to prepare the paths of the future, and to point them out, where, if not in dreams, would be public welfare and prosperity?

We like to consider great social and political questions from a high point of view, for it is thus that their good or evil side can be discovered. Disputes and bitter polemics, in which passion plays the chief part, are thoroughly repugnant to us. When the destinies of the country become matter of discussion, and great measures have become accomplished facts, either by the tacit consent, or by the expressed will of the majority, we like to see supporters and opponents exchange their flashes of light, to illuminate the political atmosphere, that by proper reasoning on both sides, public opinion may be formed.

An opposition is a sting which often wounds an administration, even when the latter has done its best to secure the general good. If it is sometimes right for it to blame administrators for certain more or less serious errors, that belongs to some extent to the position which it occupies.

There is an axiom common to both town and country,—"Get up that I may sit down." It is a joke more annoying than injurious, for the oppositions that have succeeded for a long time in this country of "simple folks," as we have often been described by foreign authors, have been generally animated by a good spirit.

It is the duty of every opposition, under every circumstance, to control by its active power the affairs of the country. The benefit of those for whom they are administered demands this, and the good of the administrators also requires it.

He who wishes the good of his country, ought logically to desire a strong opposition.

We truly believe that the administrators of the present day would hail, with joyful heart, the unhoped for advent of an opposition worthy of the name. The statesman who is not inured to war by struggles, becomes enervated, and loses, in great part, the necessary qualifications for his mission. Would the people have the full right to find fault with its ministers, if it shows itself unintelligent and careless?

The great measures which, for the last fifteen years, have drawn the country from its almost nonentity, are due in great part to the initiative taken by a few men. The greatest amount of material prosperity and of external reputation, supervened since that period, did not proceed from inspiration springing from the people.

That is a misfortune for the political history of the country, but it testifies in favour of the men who have inaugurated, *even thus*, a new age, in which each one finds profit,—if not glory.

These remarks which truth and sincerity draw from our pen, will find an echo in the conscience of thinkers, of observers, and even to some extent among all.

Animated by the sacred fire of love of country, and under the independent inspiration of reason—which is never the creature of party—we dare to speak the words which precede, and which follow. We have hailed with joy the measure of the confederation of the provinces, even when it was only in the shape of a proposal, because we saw in it solid guarantees for bringing about the general progress, and not that of one class or of a few individuals. We desire above all, what shall profit the greatest number.

The French Canadian population of this country, has returned from the land of dreams, where it was made to see, from the top of the mountain of ambition, a sea and a world intended for itself alone. It has understood that all those who are born in Canada are Canadians, and that those who have come to settle here, have a right to that title and to all the privileges it bears.

From frequent intercourse with our neighbours, whose mind is practical, our people have understood that a country does not become powerful, prosperous and happy, except on condition of attracting to it all the foreign nationalities which seek another country, and of treating as brethren all those who come to it. Much has been said against the emigration of our youth, of their flight to the United States; but in that school they have learned this lesson. There is no evil which does not profit in one way or other, and which does not bring about a real benefit.

The history of the French name in America is a glorious one, but we do not feel bound to grant the expression of it to self love, always loquacious when unrestrained. The Spaniards glory in and make a worship of their genealogy, of the heraldic bearings of their ancestors; let us be satisfied with less high sounding titles, and act as our fathers did, instead of sleeping on their laurels. It is upon this condition alone that we shall preserve the spirit which animates us, and which gives to our perceptive faculties such an intellectual power.

It is a recognized fact, that races, like individuals, have a particular mission to fulfil in social economy, and that by virtue of their organization. Those in whom the moral faculties predominate, are not well adapted for practical life, for executing what their lively imagination conceives and shows them. The mission of the races of a physical order, in whom the spirit is at once slow and methodical, is to execute what these first conceive. France and

Britain personify well these two different characteristics: The first is theory, the second is practice. In Canada, in which the two races are side by side, there is found in the former a theoretical and in the latter a practical spirit.

Routine in practice was the spirit which animated, not very long ago, the French population of this country, in its different branches of industry, commerce, agriculture, &c. They followed to the letter the ways of their fathers, who, they said, found them answer well. This reasoning was in the mouth of all *Canadians* living in country places. They refused instruction to their children, because, they said, it was a useless luxury. Ignorance "was the safeguard of morality; the surest means of loving labour; of having the land well cultivated; of binding more closely the members of families, and of thus producing contentment and happiness." Who does not remember this reasoning of our good *habitants!*

All at once came an unlooked-for immigration of Saxons into this peaceful population, content with its lot, and living in an intellectual fashion, with gossiping, tittle-tattle tales, in which the marvellous played the chief part—as in the time of their ancestors, the Gauls. Energetic hordes came, allured by the happiness to be found here, and of which they sought a share. They were not wanted; they were despised; an earnest war was made on them in which abuse rained on them as thick as hail. The evil they would do was urged; "they will sow discord among a happy people; they will waste the land; they will insult our worship; they will overthrow the altars; they will pollute everything, and will drive from the land of their ancestors the good *habitants* who now live there happily!" It was a serious affair, and he would have been ill advised and injudicious who would have dared to think and speak otherwise!

But all this talk, these sincere emotions, these tears of rage, this manly indignation, in which the heart of women spoke as loudly as that of the men, could neither touch, nor soften, nor terrify the human *grasshoppers* who came to destroy Canadian happiness. There is nothing so near happiness as misery.

If this was not the language which was held not a quarter of a century ago in our country places on the arrival of European emigrants, seeking here a place at the common fire side, it was not far short of it. In the towns, these remarks were scarcely heard, but it was the way in which the mass of the people felt disposed towards those who came to increase its number and power.

Feeling does not reason, and when it jars with the opinions of others, it has a language of its own, not very courteous. When by the force of circumstances an invasion of this kind is established,

the people among which it takes place, are always led, more or less, in the beginning, to regard it as a misfortune. Emigration to a country in which the population sticks to old ways, and has little enterprise, gives reason to them to fear for their interests. The emigrant is generally needy, and like the grasshopper, is apt to devour whatever comes in his way. The emigrant is an enterprising being, whom Providence directs, and to whom it gives a safe conduct to all parts of the world, in spite of the clamours of the men-children who do not wish him. The emigrant is a regenerator, despised and ill received by ignorance, but welcomed with open arms by wisdom. The latter makes it his duty and pleasure to seek him, to invite him, even from beyond sea, to bear the cost of his passage, to establish him on land freely given, and at all times to hold out to him a helping hand. Now this is beginning to be understood; but it has not yet been put in practice. That will undoubtedly come in the new order of things.

It cannot be contradicted that the peaceful invasions of the present day, whose weapon is a spade, are desirable for countries whose forests are great and numerous. The surplus of Europe may continue for ages yet, to overflow into the new world, without any fear being experienced of its proving inconvenient to us. Let us import men, the flood will not run to waste; the lands are eager for them, and demand them at any price. The agglomeration of races has made of the neighbouring republic a power unequalled in the new world. It is for us to aspire to the same lot, and we may realise it by the same means. Now that the spirit of union has taken possession of Canadians, it will not be long before the power will show itself. Some will shrug their shoulders; others will smile with pity at these words, so convinced are they that all is lost. We may be permitted to differ in opinion with those who so believe, and point out the future of the country as we see it, and as it shews itself to us.

The zealous adversaries of Confederation are actuated by hostile sentiments, which they cannot successfully defend by their reason. The liberal party is endowed with fine intellect, but this intellect, long habituated to the service of a fixed idea—that of annexation—sees with grief the final blow to that cherished idea. Grief always obscures the intellect; it is a mournful veil, on which is painted every kind of deformed creations, which reason repudiates, but which do not the less exist to the excited senses. It will take these adversaries some time to recover from the shock which they have received, or to admit the force of the logic which speaks to them as well as to others. The strongest objections which they can bring against Confederation, are all questions of form, rather than of fundamental principles. We speak of those who are serious,

and who do not make use of politics for personal and unworthy ends.

The liberal party has always been lulled and often soothed by the idea of annexation to the United States. This idea has been a bait for a great number, even for those who have not ranged themselves entirely with this party, and for people of every origin. This idea makes its appearance from time to time, and serves as the polar star to all shades of opinion whenever anything goes wrong. It was, according to circumstances, a saviour or a bugbear in the mouths of those who uttered it. This idea shone more brilliantly in times of trouble, becoming pale and almost vanishing at other times. It has never been very certain that the United States wished Canada. There had even been good reason to believe the contrary; nevertheless, this idea served the purpose of a bugbear in the hands of those who made use of it.

The idea of annexation has never had a definite shape; it has never taken a sufficiently tangible form to assume a place among the vital questions which have by turns seriously occupied public attention. It is not because some entertain and nourish this idea, as a good thing for the benefit of all, that it must necessarily triumph. The benefit which is of easy attainment, even granting for a moment that annexation would have been possible, is seldom of unmixed good. Annexation would have been a powerful means of converting those who dread poverty, and who are earnest in adoration of the golden calf, for American capital would have come in abundance to develop all there is to be developed, not only in material but also in human nature.

The people is a being endowed with a prescience of its destiny; it marches towards its destiny with a certainty of glance, that men individually can neither have nor can acquire. If it was necessary that all nations should travel the same road, and that at the same pace, and in the same manner, notwithstanding the difference of their organization and of their respective tendencies, what a fine march would it not make? What tumult, what wretchedness, what confusion would there not be seen?

The elevated heights of politics include general rules, which when applied to certain nations become rather hurtful than useful and beneficial. The nation itself is the best judge of what it requires, and if on every occasion it is not the visible promoter of the changes which are brought about within it, if it does not loudly express its will, its tacit assent is certainly an expression of weight and value. If he who finds himself served by another, accepts the service, that shows that he desired the thing or that he found it to be good. The will of the many is, in politics, the law which is imposed, willingly or unwillingly, and we should add,

sooner or later. It is allowable for the opponents of Confederation to fall back on the proposition, that the future will show that they were right, that they alone could read in the book of fate, that they alone knew the development which the feeling and intelligence of the great body of Canadians ought to acquire. It is a consolation which it is allowable for them to entertain and to cherish, and which they will doubtless entertain and cherish. Public opinion is usually apathetic, but it always arouses itself to oppose a measure unsuitable to its circumstances; it then makes itself heard, in an imposing, or if necessary, in a threatening form.

Is there seen to-day any arousing, any threat on the part of those who have the undeniable right to impose their will on the subject of the question which we now contemplate? Is there seen the lava issuing from the craters, and spreading itself elsewhere than in narrow circles? No. That is an indication in our favour.

Yes, we see in that fact, that the act accomplished has received the sanction of all the usual laws, even of that which is all powerful; that of the people, that of the soul of the country. Let it be said that this soul is ill informed, that it is incomplete. We will not dispute, for argument's sake, this kind of proposition, which it may be remarked, is not very flattering to the feelings of that soul, for the soul of the people is as much endowed with sensibility as that of an individual. To say that any one is stupid, is certainly not to pay him a compliment. Let it be said that this soul of the country is still childish, we will see in that statement an undisputed and indisputable truth; but at what period does not the individual and personal nature in the child show itself? Let two or three children be placed before an ignorant man, he will find in them the same nature, the same destiny which they are to follow and accomplish, for all three have the same general conformation; a head, a body and its members. Two adjacent countries do not in reality resemble each other more than two individuals taken at random; both have a peculiar mission to fulfil in the universal economy, the same as individuals taken singly. The judgment of the politician, who would mould the members, the spirit and the intellect of one people on the model of another nation, because the latter appeared to him to be more noble and better organised, and because it carried on its affairs better than the first, and that without its consent or desire, this judgment, we say, would be that of an ignorant man, of a politician who has only the name of the science which he professes.

The people of Canada is still a child! but this child has a future to traverse, and that future is its own; it is not that of its neighbour. Destiny holds it by the hand and guides its steps securely, whatever alarmists may say. It does not yet see this future paint-

ing itself in distinct images outside of its own mind, but in its internal consciousness it sees the germs of its future greatness, and no one can pluck up this germ, nor divert it to another destiny than that which pertains to it. Providence has agents of all kinds in the world, to further its views and execute its plans; it has some who are blind; some whose sense of smell is dull; others who are deaf to certain sounds; others again who are talkative, and who can only speak. This category of agents is not useless, as some would believe. Providence has never made anything in vain. All the beings which crawl, and some which scarcely even crawl, fulfil useful parts, and accomplish acts which contribute to the general development. Human beings, with the attributes of the leech, of the serpent, of the fly, of the fox, of the wolf, of the hyena, &c., all have their work to do in private and in public life. They are seen everywhere, toiling and sweating water and blood to accomplish the task laid upon them. Each of these beings has his personal ambition, and his ambition for his class; all are endowed with peculiar instincts, to guide this ambition, which has such different shades. You see them around you, you see them within you, let no one be offended—you see them accomplishing the work of Providence, and you ask yourself: Is this good, is this evil? Great question, often answered by each one without much thought. Nevertheless, the public consciousness has a voice, which is strengthened by the answer given in the words of the old battle cry: *Forward!* This voice is an intelligence which ridicules the miseries, errors and vices of all kinds, puffed up and exaggerated by the voice of individuals, like the frog in the fable. This intelligence sees and wills the end, and as all things forward the work, it makes use of all things; it knows that vice becomes transformed; that the good is left, and that from the shapeless stone a jewel may appear by continued friction. This intelligence is practical; it does not reside in *one* brain, but in the aureola of public consciousness; there is its seat, its heaven. Evil individualised, which succeeds in establishing and seating itself for a minute, or rather during part of a second, on the most conspicuous position in public life, or in the history of any nation whatever, never can, whatever may be said, throw from its track the chariot of public progress, nor materially alter the advance of the nation in which this political phenomenon takes place.

There are grand teachings in the philosophy of history.

When Canada shall have completed the union, when the hitherto scattered Provinces shall be bound to her, this power, immense by the extent of its territory, rich in its products of every kind, and offering to emigration attractions of which the value is not yet known, this power will be reckoned among the nations, and then

will come to it a phase of development, which will bring about among its people the desire and the will to be free from all protection. Nature always emancipates those who are ready to govern themselves, nations as well as individuals. This is a certain and inevitable perspective for Canada. The age of majority is a desirable epoch, wished for as much by the protectors as by the protected.

The bond which still unites the provinces of North America to Britain is very attenuated; scarcely visible, so far has the popular will been exercised. The sovereignty of the protecting power in these countries has been so nominal, that the protected scarcely perceive it. Public opinion can make, unmake and reform the laws at pleasure, by the aid of its representatives sitting within view and under its immediate control. The new measures introduced to serve as rules for the new condition of affairs, may be, in part, not fitted for carrying on public business properly, and not suited to the peculiar spirit and wilful intellect of Canada; but for every evil there is a remedy under a representative government.

It is well that the opposition should work for its side, that it should show the people the imperfection of the laws which govern them; but exaggeration and violence should not animate it, and should not make it lose sight of that part of its mission which is truly great. Let it dismiss the gross spirit of personality, which blinds reason and appeals only to passion. The victories obtained in this spirit, and by means of its agency, are ephemeral; their lustre is of short duration, and the conquerors always close their career by disappearing in the shade. It will be objected that since action is synonymous with passion, the movement of any machine whatever, makes a greater or less noise, and the springs come and go, and wear out the parts which they touch; but is it not well known that a little *oil* does not then hurt, and that the action and the results are only the more perfect. The spirit of party is generally violent and rude; but since what period has it become incapable of improvement? Is it since men have learned to read, to calculate, to observe, to reflect, to give to their acts method and wisdom? Is it those who have taken on themselves the task of teaching others, who should have recourse to blameworthy means, who should excite and turn in a wrong direction popular passions? Is it in the heated crucible of offensive discussions, that we learn to know the truth, and make it known to others? Is it in this *hell* that reason dwells, and that we can find her? The flames attract the foolish, and many have their wings burned with them; do these feel thankful to the flames? The chair of the editor, and the tribune, or even the stump of the orator, are sacred altars towards which the eager eyes of the crowd, and even those of men of let-

ters are directed. Do not pollute these altars with impure utterances, if you desire them to be venerated, and that they should form points of attraction. Keep far from these tabernacles, if you wish to defile them, and to defile those who approach them; those who look there for reason and not insult. Too long has the French language served in this country, to express anything except its pure and delicate sense. Beings claiming to be animated with the desire for the public welfare, drag through the mire this beautiful and noble language, and prostitute it to the vile service of personalities; and these are the people who aspire to represent those who speak, love and venerate it, who dare believe they will be successful! Since what time, then, have the men of New France abandoned intercourse with their gods—with politeness, propriety and good breeding? From what period do they no longer speak the language of their ancestors? Whence dates their favour for those who outrage their gods whom they revere?

There is for us a subject of surprise that we dare to point out—that they who expend so much energy against those who endeavour to accomplish the task of Union and of Unity, do not employ their batteries against the people, which is not opposed to the measure. Gros Jean is responsible for the acts done in his name. It is he who desires what the first do not wish for.

The experienced navigator, when he finds himself in some new region, has frequent recourse to sounding, that he may not be exposed to striking on sand banks, or to shipwreck on reefs. If those who are at this moment navigating the sea of Opposition, gave evidence of the same foresight and the same wisdom, they would learn that rocks and shoals surround them on every side, and that it would be better for them to *burn their ships*, and take to new. The heroic courage of rashness, is qualified as folly by common sense.

The voice and decrees of fate call all Canadians to a new life, and this the warmest opponents of the act now accomplished, cannot deny in either soul or conscience. Almost the whole world is in process of reconstruction. Canada, with many other countries, submits to this law; to that there can be no reasonable objection, for the changes have been made in the interest of the public welfare; in order that on the new bases the general development may be on a grand scale; in order that all may find their account in it, even the malcontents.

At the beginning of this era, it was said that no good could come from Bethlehem, which did not hinder the assertion, made in good faith, from proving a glaring untruth. We have in Canada detractors of this kind; but their pride is more detestable than that of the others, for it insults their own blood, and all those who have been born on the same soil as themselves.

What is there to hinder Canada from having a future of its own, and to seek, like other countries, for glory, prosperity and happiness. When we see, and that every day, individuals arriving at these different stages, who had begun at the foot of the ladder, should we fear for the advancement of a country whose geographical and other advantages are so great and so well fitted to give presage of a glorious future? We love the bosom which nourished us; why should we not love the country which gave us birth? The mother is a glory, in which the children breathe with joy the perfume of a pure love. Country is a mother in which men find on an ideal and practical scale the same happiness, when they labour for its advancement and do not slander it.

The reconstruction of which some complain, instead of lessening and diminishing the chances for national prosperity, will have the contrary effect. The population is increased; is that counted for nothing? The territory has now outposts which allow of industry and commerce being extended; are these advantages to be depreciated and despised? These outposts which the sea bathes are territories by themselves, and part of the populations included in them, speak our language and are descended from the same stem as ourselves; shall we be unwilling to hold out to them a fraternal hand and to invite them to the national banquet?..... What say the adversaries of Confederation to this? These brethren who have so long languished in the darkness hold out their hands to us—and we disown them!..... If there is a single Canadian, speaking the language which the ACADIANS speak, who dares to say or even to think so, let it be known by all those who belong to the great and noble family, characterised by tenderness, from whence we derive our origin.

If the fibre which speaks to the brain a language of love is not loosened nor broken in us—all will be proud of the new alliance which restores among us brethren too long separated from their brethren. Who does not know their sad history; who does not know what they have had to endure? Their past existence is a valley of bitter tears, surrounded by mountains of moral and physical tortures. Pariahs, sufferers, holocausts, paying for the faults of their fathers, history has never shown any so cruelly treated. They have suffered painful and bloody sacrifices, without cursing those who were the first cause of them, without cursing France for her errors, her evil conduct, her faults towards them. Like the race of Judah, they have been tracked like wild beasts, from cave to cave, in which they concealed their nakedness and their thousand misfortunes. The insults which their fathers had escaped during their sensual life, entirely given up to the gross pleasures of the flesh—they received in their stead, without accusing Providence of

injustice, and without calling down a malediction on their ancestors. Ask the beautiful work of Charles Gayarré—" HISTOIRE DE LA LOUISIANNE "—for some information on the history of the Acadians. At page 128 of the second volume, you will see:

" When Louis XIV had ceded Acadia to Great Britain, he stipulated that the subjects whom he had abandoned should retain their properties, if they swore allegiance and homage to Queen Anne. But the Acadians would not take the oath required, except with the reserve that they should never be obliged to bear arms against France."..... ....

Page 120.—" Driven like vile herds, Acadian families, to the number of seven thousand souls, were close stowed in the ships of their persecutors, and when they turned their looks towards their country, to bid it a sad adieu, they perceived only the flames which consumed their villages, and the British bayonets which lined the banks. So did ancient Messenia see her children fly before the decree of exile issued by the ferocious Lacedemonians. Thus are renewed in the New World, those scenes of horror and of tenderness, of which Greece has been the witness, and which the pen of the author of Anacharsis has represented with such terrible colours. The very expressions of Barthelemy are only too applicable to the fate of the modern Messenians. " An entire nation, driven from its homes, wandering aimlessly among nations, terrified at its misfortunes; youths, enfeebled by grief, bearing on their shoulders the authors of their days; women seated on the ground, expiring from weakness, with their children clasped in their arms; here tears, groans, the strongest expressions of despair. If this picture were given to one of the most cruel Spartans to paint, a remnant of pity would make the pencil fall from his hands."

Page 131.—" The Acadians had heard that upon one single point of North America, still floated that stainless banner, which they loved with so heroic a devotion. Immediately the hope of seeing it again reanimated their courage. The greater part of them thought only of repairing to Louisiana, and all who were able had themselves transported there. We have already seen how they arrived there in detached bands, to whom the colony granted all the assistance it was possible to bestow. It thus gained the accession of an honest and laborious population, which proved for it an element of prosperity:"

This took place in 1764.

In the year 1867, on the 1st July, the remnant of these martyrs awoke to a new life, and found again their brethren ready to receive them into their arms. New Lazaruses, they issue from their tomb, and bless the Canadian beams which revivify them. Where is the national pencil which can illustrate this new feature in the history

of the country? Let the Canadian artist who has used his pen with so much talent in the service of the Acadians to describe the heavy shadows which surrounded them, have now recourse to his pencil to paint the brilliant colours of the aurora which cherishes and blesses them.

It will be difficult to establish in the minds of the people substantial reasons for opposing the completed work or hindering its progress, unless by having recourse to reasons of a secondary order, in order to attack certain tendencies more suitable for the old than the new world, and which seem to have crept in here rather as reflections than as something original. A nation which is growing, and every class of which is devoted to toil, has little reason to fear that deleterious institutions will arise with any chance of life. Those are reproached who have accepted a customary mark of distinction in Europe, altogether honorary, the gratuitous conclusion being thence arrived at, that the firm intention is to transplant and to revive here that which, even in Europe, is already falling into more or less desuetude.

There is one thing we may be convinced of, and that is, that Britain, in which public opinion exercises so powerful a control over general and other business, over the foreign as over the domestic, cannot logically seek to plant in this country, that which, there as well as here, is regarded as among the things of the past. No. Those who have recourse to this bugbear to irritate and frighten the people, having no good reasons to press into their service, take the first that come and use them. Does the abolition of the seigniorial tenure in Canada mean a new creation of this kind? It is not necessary to say more on this subject, nor to bring forward any reasons beyond this simple question.

Our mind, somewhat familiar with analysis and synthesis, seeks in vain in the sum of the petty ideas which for some time have been uttered against Confederation, whether their united number offered a serious point of attachment, or even if by means of their united number it would be in the least degree possible to establish a *platform* on which a party could even support themselves. This is why we have advised, on a former page, the opposition to *burn their ships.*

Progress in politics does not mean *a retreat.* Nations like individuals are obliged to make progress, to march forward, and this is the reason their feet are not *turned backwards.* Even the crab does not make a step backwards, except to avoid danger, and when that danger arrives unforeseen. Some would have it believed that the country, instead of obeying the law of progress, is marching rapidly to its ruin. Men, like plants, under the unhealthy influence of shadow, see everything dark around them, and become

misshapen, some in their minds, others in their appearance. Humanity has laboured from the beginning to fill up the depths, to level the rough places, to drain the meadows and morasses, to give to the earth a more regular form, that the shadows might neither be so deep, nor so noxious. This gigantic work is no fanciful tale; it is a reality everywhere visible. Well, this labour which bears fruit, from human sweat and exhausting toils of every kind, has its moral and intellectual pendant. Nations march forward also in these two parts of the same work. Men of morose disposition are unhappy beings, and scarcely deserve the trouble with which intercourse with them is sought, unless it be for the purpose of converting them to sounder ideas. This also, let not the dissatisfied be offended, is one of the missions humanity has to accomplish. Men must learn to live in open day, after having haunted the sad and darksome paths of life. The discontented of the country must be converted, sooner or later, and must discover that progress here is not a dead letter, but a vivifying fact which smiles on all, even on those who refuse to acknowledge it.

II.

Behold the chariot of light arrive; the innumerable steeds which bear it along are resplendent with colours of every different shade; the traces are almost imperceptible from far, but close at hand, where they in some sort approach, they form so grand a spectacle, that men stop at the sight and are struck with ecstacy and admiration.

The disc of the god of physical nature appears, and men bow before his face as a friend whose goodness, greatness and power are recognised. Language fails to express the feeling.

The sun's rising is an every day event. New born humanity is also an every day event. Both appeal to reason and to sentiment, and to the effort to render both fruitful in results.

During the night of nations, germs spring up, but they become evident only when the sun of events comes to discover them, and to show their active mission. During these nights in which occur from time to time mysterious procreations, which escape the notice of neighbours, a silence of death keeps guard at their gates. This silence is the guardian angel of their infancy.

See the mother at the head of the cradle; she commands silence. It is in miniature what the other scene is on a large scale.

Look at what has been the infancy of Canada; a silence of death. The world was ignorant almost of its existence.

Suns whose coming we scarcely know, and which enlighten the world without appearing, like the first, fix also their looks of fire upon humanity, and develop in it higher germs which eternity

keeps ever in reserve for the necessities of the moment. These stars illumine the moral and intellectual atmosphere of nations; we seek them in vain everywhere, and everywhere they escape the sight as if they had no existence. They are seen in their effects, while the natural sun is seen before its effects are felt.

The visible is very great, very beautiful, very powerful; but can it be compared to the invisible? The rapid, precocious development of a certain nation, like that of certain individuals, is considered as an evil, and can it be judged otherwise? The lustre, the spontaneity, the feverish vigour, the impetuosity of development form a phenomenon of nature which blinds the senses, which charms the feelings, and which even overpowers the guardians of reason, when these forget discipline, its rigorous rules, its severe precepts. No one can be present at this mysterious overflow of power, without being moved to his inmost being, without admiring the violence of the current, which forms endless rivers, shoreless lakes, bottomless seas, and dazzling falls—of industry, of commerce, of knowledge, and of all which gives foundation, form and extent to national existence.

It is beside one of these extraordinary creations, such as is without parallel in the whole world, that Canada lies and lives. It is beside this vigorous, flexible and intelligent giant which fixes and fascinates all eyes and all nations by its marvellous works in every department of knowledge, that Canada dares to make herself distinguished. This giant is undoubtedly a reality; but is the other a dream? Yes!

Yes! it is a dream; but it is a dream of Providence, and of those who can see into the infinite, into the invisible, into the decrees of destiny.

The adorers of the God of the moment, chant his praises before his altars, and recognize none else; from afar, even, they adore him, for he scatters his rays on every side. He is a God individualised in some *one* nation in each age of universal life. He is a God who lives and dies.

When with his powerful heel he crushed the hideous hydra of slavery, at the price of the blood of his children, at the price of a new immortality for history, dying under the stroke of the expiring cause, a shiver of joy ran through every generous heart; the very demons, who swarm everywhere, saw in it one suffering less to practice or to be endured.

We do not prostrate ourselves before this God—for he must stand who would see great things aright.

The neighbouring nation has grown as by enchantment. It is the miracle of the Christian era, before which the most obstinate stand confounded. This nation is great in all things; in science,

in art, in philosophy, its works rival those of the foremost nations of Europe. Education spread everywhere, equalises classes, establishes fraternity, and from individual unity forms general unity. Philanthropy is there grand in simplicity and wisdom—its homes are its schools, its dwellings are workshops, where poverty, mother of the passions, is driven off by toil. It is this people which is Canada's neighbour.

What are we to conclude from this situation, foreseen and arranged by infinite wisdom? Is it because the one is great and the other small, that the former must absorb the latter? Is it because the first is powerful, that the latter cannot become so?

All bodies, however powerful, however beautiful, however well developed they may be, are condemned to die. This is an every day experience, as well as one confirmed by history. That is the end of every nation, as well as of every individual.

The nation of the United States is a MIRACLE. That of Canada is a MYSTERY.

The "new law" begun the new era by a miracle. The new world has begun in this manner.

The mystery at the beginning of this era was long in a state of infancy; it was only after three to four centuries that his existence was officially recognized. The mystery in the "New World," which is to succeed to the miracle is still in infancy; its existence is placed in doubt. The foundation exists, and should the crowning work not exist?

Canada is bound to the United States like the flesh to the bones. Is not the flesh the mystery proceeding out of the rib?

Miracles attend its destiny; its astounding works charm the eye, thunder in every ear, and find everywhere tongues to proclaim them. The mystery itself believes! but few believe in it.

Is it not the image which the pencil of thought traces on the canvas of reality?

The sphere of facts palpitates under the breath of the atmosphere *idea*. Notwithstanding the heat of the one, the cold of the other, falling or rising, make it undergo every possible degree of existence. That is a mystery which science sees and recognises in the letter, but not in the spirit or in the truth.

The God of the moment is great in science, great in deeds, great in miracles, and he grows by the incense which he receives; through this transparent cloud, from far or near, he is seen great, and growing greater, as if his proportions were about to take the world by storm. It is a miracle, which strikes every sense, and which is only believed because it is a *fact*.

Oh! narrow minds, must there be always a miracle for you; do you still need strange gods on your country's altar to attract to it

your adoration? The miracle strikes your eye; but where is the intellect to vivify your mind? Where is to be found in you that national element, that holy tabernacle, which the breath of the foreigner defiles and overthrows?

Oh! adorers of the miracle, who would believe that you are a *mystery*, when you scarce believe it yourselves? Who would believe that your women bear as a germ the breath of the new world? Forerunners in the desert, you go to see the miracle, to burn incense before it, as if your mission and your faith must see before you could believe.

From what time does the mystery see the miracle through the magnifying prism, when from its position the things of the present moment show their future proportions? Is the mystery a mystery for itself? Alas! Yes. In the present state of the world, tangible truth has more disciples than pure truth.

The ill understood incitement of national inspiration has driven the lovers of their nation to a foreign country, to stand beside success, when it has said to them "labour and suffer *here*." Suffering is the real mother of great works. Could the present era ever have existed but for the sufferings of Calvary?

All the vital forces of the country are necessary to the country. The crime of treason to country, does not merely consist in labouring for its ruin, but also in abandoning it, and in carrying elsewhere what the country has given as a trust to each of its children. In this country where even in the most populous localities, the population is thinly scattered, not only does the necessity for emigration not exist, but the very contrary is felt. The land calls loudly for those who leave and abandon it. Its voice recalls them even when they are far off. This maternal voice is not an illusion, it is a reality. It is a reality which follows the ingrate every moment, which pains him with love, with grief, with tears, with a tenderness which it alone can express. Upon a foreign soil this voice speaks to the children, to the grandchildren of the fugitive; it follows his race for ages through the numerous generations which he bestows on other lands; it speaks in tones of endearment to them, as if their fathers had not been guilty of cowardice and moral treason. It is under the inspiration of this voice that our pen moves, that it traces, however feebly, the emotions with which it is animated.

Guided by the voice of the mystery, our fathers came into these distant countries, and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, are still to be found their traces and their children. Indefatigable pioneers, they watered with their sweat and blood the lands on which the miracle was to take place. New Magi, they knew what their sons are still ignorant of; that sacrifice is duty.

Enlighteners of the New World, your manes arise to-day to tell your descendants, "that the mission of the race continues still; that the children have to complete what the fathers begun."

The breezes are animated with these mysterious and dearly loved voices; they speak to the wisest and to the most hardened.

Say not when these voices speak to you of national duty—that it is an effect of the imagination! Say not that these are chimeras! When they say to you: "Children, remain here, labour here, and if it must be so, suffer here," say not it is a lying inspiration, that it leads astray, for you would lie to yourself, you would blaspheme against the truth.

Do not believe that here you are nothing—that on the other side you are something. Your fathers exuded blood and water that the miracle should be accomplished in the New World. They followed the line of duty; they sacrificed the present for the future. It was their mission; it is yours still.

Opening the field to the miracle, pointing out to labourers of another order the scene of their labors, gathering laurels of devotion, love, and immortality, can we call these living without glory and without reward? Is not the joy of living in a higher sphere superior to that which is found in lower walks of life?

If you see the new state of things in sombre colours; if you see the foreign element to your blood increasing in the country, be not jealous of it, nor dissatisfied, for it is an auxiliary which will develop your work. The generous blood which flows in our veins is the product of a spirit which is full of love and of devotion for great causes, which does not regard mere personal considerations. In this respect the sons will be worthy of the fathers, worthy of the immortal source (France) which still gives to the whole world the invaluable aid of high moral and persuasive intellect.

The new phase into which Canada enters may be regarded in many ways, but the best appreciation of this event and of its consequences, will naturally be found among those not of a discontented mind, among those who have faith in the people, and are not afraid of the future. These are not generally party men; they are not concerned with the passions which often disturb and blind those who come in contact with them. They rest cold as the pure atmosphere, without losing their interest in the public good. Every change has its annoyances and inconveniences, which last for a longer or shorter time, according to circumstances, or to the particular nature of the change. Must it therefore be concluded that change is a misfortune, in a larger or smaller degree?

The future of a nation, like that of an individual, is in the hands of Providence. Providence, with mind, heart and infinite power, watches over and sustains its work, according to the most elemen-

tary notions of logic. But this simple view is scarcely yet recognised, unless when silence calms and sets the passions at rest.

It is as easy to foresee the destiny of a nation as that of an individual when the eye of intelligence sounds the inward heart of each. This telescopic organ scarcely sees the details, the poverty, the *nothings* which fill to a certain extent the general plan of these two movers of society, for they are of no consequence in its estimation. This organ sees along the coming ages, and does not occupy itself with regarding or analysing that which is only the annoyance of the moment; it investigates the mind of both, and there at the source, he learns their destiny.

When the microscopic eye meddles with politics, it cannot attain to a knowledge of lofty ideas of them; it foresees only what it sees, and that is certainly not always either fair in form or agreeable to contemplate.

Those who believe in progress in small things, or in the individual, must, if they wish to be logical, believe in its greater manifestation, in that of nations. Abortions are never so frequent as to become a rule. Those who amuse themselves by taking account of them, to estimate their value, study and preach small notions.

Why should it be desirable that a people should be eclipsed and incomplete before having attained the apogee of its existence? The details, or the *nothings* of a change, which are injurious to the act, are they of such a nature as to render the act bad, when on all sides it is admitted to be good, even by those who endeavour to oppose it? Can these details be so increased as to eclipse the general plan, and to render it impracticable?

What is, then, the mission of those who see the petty defects, who discover faults, unless it be to labour to remove them? But let us allow the capricious wind to pass, unchained against the high mountains of public reason; it is a breeze which will be purified by the contact, and will then become more regular in its action, bringing benefits to all.

After having passed in review the marvellous prodigies of our neighbours, whom the adversaries of Confederation hold up as models to be imitated and followed; after having rendered full justice to the miracle of the New World, to which, as we have shown, we have largely contributed; after having shown that this country is great—very great—we dare to undertake a task as agreeable—that of demonstrating that this veritable progress, which is surprising to those who doubted the ways of Providence, is doomed to be surpassed in the future by the *people mystery*, which begins now to sketch out the plan of its reconstruction, of the reconstruction of the New World.

The picture which unrolls before our inward sight is a picture

in which fancy plays no part. We do not fear to examine its immense proportions, to pass along the shadows which furrow it and give it relief, which might perhaps terrify eyes less trained, and the soul which faints and is distorted with the expression of the Laocöon —and which issues from the ordeal into growing day shining with a pale and lustrous light. The lines are lost in every picture worthy of the name; the light and shade paint themselves on the canvas of the ideal and of the real, without obtruding the details or giving them a prominence which would detract from the whole.

This picture, which is exposed above our heads, and which these mirrors unconsciously reflect, without producing in them any sensible emotion, exists and may be seen in the horizon of divine thought, spiritualised upon the foundation of human thought.

Never has an event happened in the world whose shadow has not appeared beforehand, often long previous, in a more or less definite manner, on the undulating waves of the human brain. This reproducer of the divine will, registers the future as well as the other parts of time.

An episodical description of the picture before our eyes, would rather be received as a fantasy than otherwise, and this is why we must not at this moment paint its grand and exciting movements. The small amount of logic yet existing in the judgment, does not allow of many accepting as truths, the philosophical inductions which plainly decide questions and cause them to be estimated at their simple value. The science of numbers is almost the only one in which logic has full sway, and even in it the deductions are not yet perfectly established, nor fully known. The resources of numbers on a great scale, are astonishing, and the short sighted politician, who would believe that a public enterprise is destined to fail, according to all the laws of ordinary reason, must be greatly astonished when he sees the contrary result happen. But no; it is very difficult to convert, to remodel, to reform the *absolutist*.

"Man moves, and God leads him," is an axiom which is pronounced only with the lips, so little importance is attached to it by beings who are simply talkers. The capitalists, the employers, the poor, who invest their great, their small, or their slender capital in enterprises proclaimed by the sound of the trumpet, believing that the profits of their venture should return to them *directly*, are often annoyed and indignant that God should permit, or rather will, that it should be otherwise—or that others should become the possessors. That happens often, however, for the good of the many, if not of the few. Fraternal humanity in its essence is still often a stranger to this arrangement, for this sensitive part of the being is not yet developed to the wished for point. How many peculiar fallacies, which cause blood and tears to flow, and which

lead the victims to despair or to the tomb, become for others sources of joy, of contentment and of happiness! This is called in the language of ordinary reasoning—injustice! This is what arises from regarding things too close at hand, of calculating for oneself only, and not from general considerations. This is to be wanting in logic, to have a microscopic eye.

There have been public enterprises in this country, which have turned out unfortunate for a certain number, and which have brought the public chest into a sad condition of penury, while nevertheless drawing the country from the *quasi* nonentity in which it formerly existed. The general physiognomy has thus changed its aspect; from a low and insipid expression, it has become bright and animated; instead of suffering and languishing, the body has become active and prosperous; from a state of cowardice and ineptitude, the soul has become courageous and enterprising—and all these changes are due to the *unfortunate* enterprises which have cost millions.

Let Providence demand from the heart and the intellect of men resources to aid in the removal of any public suffering whatever, and it immediately makes a division among them; Providence must then displease one of the parties, whose will it thwarts for the moment, free to reconcile it afterwards. This is the history of the world, on a great scale or on a small, and on every side. God shows himself so much the father of *all* men that he distributes without distinction his favours of the day. We see these favours fall upon heads called unworthy: we see the wicked prosper; we see the virtuous man at the foot of the social scale, and the vicious man at the summit; and short sighted mortals say—it is unjust! It happens, however, that by this proceeding, which appears strange and undesigned, a sensible progress is exhibited and light is produced where shadow existed. Astonishment bursts forth for a moment, and passes like the shooting stars athwart the gloom of human life, rejoicing, for an instant, the eyes of the beholders.

Earthly power is a kind of Providence, which copies on a small scale, what is seen on a great. This power sometimes showers its blessings upon beings styled by evil names and of bad reputations. This appears unjust; but can this proceeding prevent great good from being accomplished? No! Political morality is after all only the expression of individual morality. Power finds as many occasions to do evil as the individuals whom it represents, and like them it at times yields to temptation, and gathers like them its fruits. The public balance, whose scales contain good and evil, like private balances end always in equilibrium, and show that progress is the net and clear result of all united weights. Some will say, thanks to us if it is so. Others will say the same;

but it is the united sum of all these voices which makes reason plain and clear, for separately these voices are all more or less tainted with passion.

Providence, we are told sometimes, permits suffering. Close at hand suffering is a monster, a misfortune; but viewed from a distance, it is an angel, a joy. Have you ever, readers, reflected on this truth.

Public reason, most generally expressed unconsciously, so powerful is it in itself, possessing so much self-reliance, and despising so fully the *dangers* which threaten it, does not trouble itself with petty local and momentary annoyances, so insignificant are they to its whole being; it laughs at the evil influences which sometimes come in sheep's clothing to attack with pin-points its most vital parts. The blows of clubs only come after maturity, when old age seeks repose.

Let no one belive, after what we have said, that we wish no control, nor an organized body to exercise it. Certainly not! We desire there should be some control. It does exist, by its own right, and by virtue of necessity, and of public well-being; even when it is violent, passionate, gloomy with despair, and on which death smiles, as on the Girondins, we believe in its necessity and its usefulness. We believe in motion, which wears out evil, which exhausts itself. Motion in our mind, is synonymous with life and progress.

Providence makes use of human agency to control its plans and its works. Between these poles so opposed to each other, the one so great and infinite in every respect, the other so small, there is a bond of association, which shows itself in theory and in facts. The divine light becomes incarnate in the light which issues from the human brain; it vivifies mortal works; it stamps them with its seal; it works by human operation.

This prospect is immense from its lessons, consoling by the reflections to which it gives birth. In considering it we experience the certainty that the power, love and wisdom, which form us—which are *us*, are of a nature to confront all possible eventualities, and to assure us that the chaos of which alarmists always give warning before each step man takes, is not after all very alarming, since it is peopled and animated with every variety of creations of usefulness and beauty.

The people, which is the providence of politics, places over itself rulers, but these are not always invested with the intelligence which reveals the future. The ruling power is oftenest the agent, sometimes, however, unconsciously, of the national destinies. Power isues from the people; it is the living expression of the people; it is its thermometer, its barometer; if it sometimes slumber, it is

because the people slumbers; if it is weak in action, it is because the people is so, and that it communicates to power this state and this condition of being. There is variety in nations, as among individuals, and the changing conditions which we remarked among the former in different periods of their history, which frequently give them a strange and somewhat contradictory physiognomy, are a perfectly natural and easily explainable phenomena, being on a large scale what is constantly repeated among individuals.

The controlling agents of the people also issue from the people, but they never represent the majority, except when in power.

The moderators of power are checks on the too rapid expenditure of money, on undertakings leading to depths which have to be filled up. These checks, then, press firmly on the paths, they grasp them with vigour and strength. A dull sound is first heard, but soon it increases in violence; the sparks fly, and the obedient wheels drag. These checks are sometimes set in action, when the car and its occupants run no real danger; at other times, however, their action is useful and beneficial. The *firm* of the people is a partnership which, nevertheless, little fears in reality the supposed or even the real dangers, often found on the way. This multifarious company has become very courageous, since it has acquired a consciousness of its worth, since it has learned that motion leads to prosperity, and that united action will always come to its aid, provided it acts and fulfills its mission. This sentiment, formerly born of fear, is itself very significant in the present time; this newborn will certainly end by giving the checks a less arduous task, perhaps that of counters or reckoners only, the office of hands on the public dial. This employment, whose inauguration we foresee, is far from being a servile charge. Is it not the indication on the dial which points out the hours for toil, which sets it in operation, and which stops it at the determined and wished for time?

Solidarity! We pause at this magic word, at this miracle of the language, which the mysterious, beautiful, glorious France has thrown from her bosom to enlighten and console the whole world. What new ideas have followed in the train of this word, to give to national affairs a more elevated and unhoped for seal. Universal fraternity, in a moral point of view, appears now to be realizable, looking at the affinities, so easily brought about, which lead to it. All the paths of life are now paved with *solidarity*, this is why they are more frequented, more beautiful, even safer and more solid. Humanity is indeed man, but it is man in his greatness.

Is it now permitted to linger on the highways or byways of life, to slumber under the shadows of the *far niente*, to regard the sun rising and setting, careless of the lessons he teaches, and which he has so long repeated? Can we now see without comprehending?

It is like knowing how to read a little in printed books—even a very little—they show who cannot do so. It is the miracle which makes known the mystery.

Educate the people! People, educate yourselves! Dollars thus spent are found again as ingots of gold, so greatly are they transformed when put to this use. Matter rejoices and adorns itself when a pure feeling animates it, and when an enlightened intellect directs, instead of misleading it, it blooms beyond expression, and from a single stalk or a single bud, it brings forth the desirable and the desired fruits, surpassing even the *possible*.

Let education be free! Let the chains which have trammelled its movements be broken! Let sentiment become intelligence! and the shadows will disappear from the surface of the country. The national awakening shows still a task to be accomplished, and what is done heartily and with wisdom, will render the rest easy before long. Between the idea and its accomplishment there must be—time; there are roads to be made through woods, meadows, hills, mountains; sometimes there are tunnels to be pierced—before the end is reached. All these difficulties, which present themselves under hundreds, thousands of aspects, of different natures, are rendered more easily surmountable by those who have faith—that quality which has been so long preached, and yet which is still in the condition of a miracle except for certain objects.

It will be objected that the development of the country can only take place by the assistance of money, and that the slender capital here is not sufficient to accomplish the end in view. We do not anticipate that progress could be made here without toil, that anything can be accomplished without the struggle of ideas, contending and thus purifying each other. When public opinion, either directly, or indirectly through the administration, shall have matured any plan whatever, which shall be a step in advance, resources will not be wanting, in one form or another, to give a body to the matured idea. Why certain ideas do not succeed in obtaining a material form, is because they have not been sufficiently matured when tested in the crucible of reality. What is necessary, then, for the country, that it may become prosperous, is the *manufacture* of ideas, and of intellectual centres, protected against every kind of import or export duty. It is a system which may at first appear new, strange and impracticable; but by reason of its novelty and strangeness, it deserves to be tried before being pronounced impracticable. Multiply the manufacture of ideas; grant them a moral if not a material encouragement, and you will see that they will produce wonderful results. Allow them liberty as a guide, and the errors they commit will correct themselves. Do not trouble too much those who are acting for you, and who are aiming high.

Let direct taxes, which sooner or later will become realities, be raised from each intelligently, and let each impose his own, as an obligation to the public, and as a duty to himself, and you will see that faith will not suffer by it, but that, on the contrary, it will gain and will remove mountains of *impossibilities*.

We cast from our minds the evil idea that any public body, which acts by virtue of means which are not ours, really desire to work evil to the public. Fraternity of souls is a reality which we admit, however little fraternity yet exists among bodies. We often see with grief this state of things, but it does not chill our faith in the future.

Two steps from us the future shows itself smiling to every one, as if all were its friends, as if no one would attack it. This image is a punishment for the discontented who stand on a low level; this reality is a great joy for others. Nevertheless, we now see opponents for form's sake, who assume an air of honest sincerity in their opposition, yet who in reality cherish the hope that their worst prognostications will not be falsified.

If on one side we see a certain want of sincerity and good faith, elsewhere we discover a secret uneasiness like that of a penitent child. This feeling is not avowed, it is so difficult to confess it. If on one side the new state of things is openly opposed, on the other side it is often disavowed in silence, by those who have not the boldness to say why.

The fact accomplished is an idea having body and soul for all; no one, not even its warmest opponents, would think of reversing it, for they understand that would be impossible; but this fact, still new, and whose machinery only works apart and separately, to tell the truth, can be taken as a mark for criticism only by those animated by impatience and for those who reason at random. This fact, carried into effect by the force of reason, still surprises even those who see it with pleasure. We live in an age of great movements and of mighty reconstructions, and we submit like other nations, with astonishment at sight of the great overturning which is made and which we ourselves make.

Each party has something to lose by reconstruction. Those who live at the expense of party, and by party, and who have founded upon party hopes which are not yet realised, are not quite satisfied with the system which is almost reconstructed anew. The old foundations are almost destroyed; parties no longer exist, except nominally. This confounds routine. The spider whose threads, so skilfully stretched as snares for flies, are broken, must feel in his little mind the utmost dissatisfaction and blind rage. Let us pity the spider; but wait, and the morrow sees it begin its labour again, and soon we see new snares fixed in the same place or not far distant.

If we should examine minutely the question of the losses incurred on both sides, we should have much to say; but if in the same way we should examine the whole benefits that *all* would gain by the change, two volumes would not suffice. Let the little to be found here be examined as the true expression of an immovable faith in the future, and as a tribute offered to a small nation, which we view through the veil formed by the present, as a great people.

Let us hope that the spirit of journalism will appear with the new order of things, and that the editors who desire to lose the rough and ugly skin of the caterpillar, be able soon to wing their flight in an elevated sphere, and to rejoice even their own readers by their transformation and reconstruction.

Let us hope that the people, who will have the greatest charge in the reconstruction, will not be wanting in duty. Let us trust that those who will be deputed to lighten the load by their measures, remember that their constituents honour them with their confidence, and that they ought to be faithful to their trust. To represent the people in its different shades of opinion, is to be invested with a glorious charge, which the minority bears, as well as the majority. To honour the opposition is on the part of those in power an act of duty which profits those who exercise it. A childless family is a centre of sadness, and a family in which the child is despised, in which its words, sometimes so full of sense, are not listened to, does not draw down blessings on it.

Those who have recourse to passion to convince the people that they are its true friends, are to be sincerely pitied. It is an unworthy means, which in the end is always condemned, even by those who have at first been its supporters. A man must know how to subdue himself, before he can subdue others profitably. Above the public feeling, there is good sense, which is not always evident, but which does not the less exist. Appeals to the passions raise a more or less turbulent and rude mass, which sometimes erects itself, for a time, on a throne of straw, where the dunghill emits its exhalations; but this state of things is never of long duration, in spite of the more or less legitimate provocations which palliate its empire. We must return to constitutional means, to courteous contests, in which striking reasons do not knock out the brains, but transform and reconstruct them. It were glorious, as well as more profitable, to contend in this manner rather than in the other.

The people will always know how to appreciate the worth and merit of those who act without concealed motives, and who devote themselves to its cause and its aggrandisement. Ill advised is he who thinks he sees in momentary success, solid guarantees and a real benefit. Under the glass which forces growth, springs a fruit

without flavour and without strength, whose carbon perverts and vitiates the blood of him who eats it. Ill advised are those who believe they will find in political life personal success, and guarantees for fortune, their own glory and not that of their constituents. Gros Jean, is a crafty being, who puts on an air of believing the craft of others, and who drops those who seek to put this trick on him, or do him this ill turn. Ah! we believe with all our strength in the good sense of the people, even when it is not manifested.

Hope! believe! the one is the labour of thought, the other its result, rendered clear and substantial to the mind. With these two motors, humanity, from the bottom of the *humanimal* scale, has attained its present progress. This is a lesson of history, summed up in a few words, which cannot be contradicted, and which embraces all the periods of universal life. This lesson of the practical order of knowledge, is addressed to the people which can always understand simple things.

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