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# EXCLUSIA

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"PORTRAIT OF AN EXCLUTE  
OR NOBLEMAN OF EXCLUSIA"

# EXCLUSIA

A DREAM CONTAINING PHANTASY  
WITH AN EPILOGUE CONTAINING  
FACT.

Written in Victoria, B. C., on  
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By  
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## Author's Preface.

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This little chocolate-coated Tabloid, should be taken when the mind is free from cant and humbug. It will be found extremely beneficial for politicians, and can be used with safety by either the clergy or laity. A few doses of history, taken after a light ethnical lunch, in quantities suited to the mental capabilities of the patient, will materially assist the beneficial results of a perusal of this Tabloid.

# EXCLUSIA

By ARTHUR DAVIES.\*

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## PROLOGUE.

I had met the youth Vulcan before; sometimes with pick and shovel, busily delving; at others, with chisel and mallet fashioning rough stone into cube and square; and many times had I seen him with hammer on anvil, beating the red-hot metal; but it was strange that I, who journey far from the beaten track, should meet him again, at the very top of a pine-clad slope, far away from the city—one moment casting looks of love and peace on the glorious homeland, which stretched beyond the eye-ken to the East; the next moment, his face rigid with apprehension as he shot a glance of fear across the sun-kissed waters of the Pacific—a look which seemed to pass through the Western horizon into the ultimate beyond, as I said to him—"What ails thee, lad?"

He motioned me to the rock beside him and replied—"Last night I had a dream so terrible, so true, that I swear I was awake; and yet—was I awake? For today all appears as yesterday! No Exclusion! No starvation! No angry God!!

Seeing his distress, I held out my hand and said—"Tell me your dream; perchance the telling will lighten the pain of its memory."

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He grasped my hand and held it as in a vise, seeming to fear that I also might be a part of the aftermath of his dream. Then he told me the dream, sometimes lucidly, sometimes incoherently; but out of it I have fashioned the tableaux as they appeared unto the youth, and will tell them to you as he told them to me.

### VULCAN'S DREAM.

"I was wide awake; through my bedroom window I saw the moon and the stars. Over the tree-tops the moon silvered the waters of the straits; when suddenly! all was blotted out and in place of what I had seen, there stood by my bedside the "Spirit of the Night"; and he said to me—"look!"—and I saw:

TABLEAU I. All our politicians gathered together in one building; in front of them stood a delegation carrying long rolls of paper on which was written—"ASIATIC EXCLUSION ACT"—and the delegates cried out—"Sign!" And all the politicians fell over one another in their eagerness to sign; but in a moment the Spirit disclosed to me the minds of the politicians, and I was astonished at the contradiction, for neither in their brains nor on their conscience nor even in their hearts could I find the words—"Asiatic Exclusion"—and I said to the Spirit—"Spirit, tell me! Why do these men sign?"—He replied never a word, but lifted up a box on which I saw written—"BALLOTS"—and immediately the eyes of every politician were rivetted on that box, and I heard the Spirit say in a low sad voice—"They are working their own destruction"—Then suddenly the politicians and the delegation disappeared and in their place I saw:

TABLEAU II. A great church filled to overflowing with well dressed men and women. I could see no poor people there; all were apparently well to do and well clothed; and from the pulpit the minister was pleading—pleading with eloquence and tears, for the heathen in Asia. As he ceased, the ushers

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carried round metal plates which were quickly filled with silver and notes—for the minister was very eloquent and had wept quite a lot of tears. Then I turned from the picture and said to the Spirit—‘This is surely a good man and a great cause’—but the Spirit did not reply to me; instead, he pointed to another part of the picture on which I saw a great multitude of Asiatics, gathered together in their native land. Amongst the crowd were missionaries and their wives telling of the wonderful love of the white man’s God, and distributing clothing which had been purchased with the money collected in the church. But the Asiatics laughed them to scorn and held up their newspapers in which was given an account of the great Asiatic Exclusion Law; and they cried out to the missionaries—‘Why do not the clergymen in your land go among your own people and correct them instead of interfering with us?’ I looked at the Spirit and said—‘Why?’—for it struck me as being a reasonable request; but he took his finger and wrote on the wall of my room, the words—‘Cowardly fear preventeth them!’—and said in the same sad voice—‘They also are working their own destruction, for God is not mocked.’ And immediately the picture disappeared and in its place I saw another.

TABLEAU III. ACROSS the top was written—‘REPUBLIC OF EXCLUSION’—and I noted the new Republic stretched from the Pacific Ocean on the West, back and back, to a great range of mountains on the East, and North and South the boundaries were formed by two thin lines; and all around the frontiers and on the coast line and in the passes of the mountains I saw the great Asiatic Exclusion Act, printed in letters which could be read at a great distance, and I cried out—‘Now, at last, I shall see the millenium; for these people have obtained every jot and tittle of their demands! But even as I spoke, this picture also disappeared and in place of it appeared:

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TABLEAU IV. A great and mighty city; built on seven hills, and in the valleys, and through the streets and market places, millions of people were passing and re-passing—people of every class and every race; and in the midst of it stood a youth watching the people as if desirous of acquiring knowledge. Suddenly! As he vigilantly scanned the stream of people of all races and all nations, his face lit up with joy, for he had discovered a great truth; and as the picture disappeared, I saw written on a scroll at the bottom—‘Alfred the Great visiting Rome.’

TABLEAU V. The new picture puzzled me at first, for it was cut right in two. On the top half I saw the great King Alfred battling with ignorance and barbarity in his little island kingdom—with one hand he was loving and helping his people, and with the other, beckoning to the wise men and the skilled artisans of other nations to enter his country and give his people the benefit of their learning and skill. At the bottom of this half was written—‘The beginning of the race, A.D. 880.’—On the other half of the picture I saw written—‘Japan in the year A.D. 880.’—And there passed before my eyes the people of Japan of that time. I noticed they had literature, arts, manufactures, and philosophy; and I heard the leader of the Japanese cry out—‘We are great; we are mighty; we have learning; we have philosophy; we have great manufactures; why should we let the common people of Korea, China, and India come into our land and compete with us? Let us pass laws and exclude them under pain of death’—And the people of Japan agreed and the law was passed; all foreigners were excluded under pain of death. Whilst I still looked at the picture it gradually altered before my eyes. I saw the race of Alfred grow and grow until it reached the ultimate parts of the world; and as the race grew, it acquired literature, arts, philosophy, manufactures, and great wealth; but on the Japanese side of the picture

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I saw their learning, their great manufactures, their wealth, and their philosophy, gradually die down and almost disappear; until the great race of Alfred reached their shores and with merchantmen and mighty ships of war cut through the exclusion law, laughing to scorn the death penalty of the Japanese; and as the stream of foreigners from the West broke into the Island of Japan, from that moment the decay of Japan was stopped—their arts, their learning, their philosophy, and their wealth began to grow again. When the dual picture disappeared from the wall, I wondered what these men of long ago had to do with the politicians, the clergy, and the laity of today, and especially what they had to do with me! Vulcan, a son of toil; so I turned to the Spirit of the Night and said—‘What has all this ancient history to do with me and the men of my time?’—And he replied in the same sad voice—‘Oh! Son of Toil, your epoch is but the veriest atom in the æons of time, but the inestimable gift is given unto you of this day; to know—what has been. Wait patiently until I show you all.’ With that he touched the wall and I saw another picture flash out.

TABLEAU VI. Again the Republic of Exclusion was before my eyes; and I, Vulcan, was in great trouble; for instead of the joy and the wealth and the learning which our leaders had promised, it looked to me as if the hand of death was slowly stealing over the whole land. The City of Vancouver was a veritable City of Desolation; the population had dwindled to one lone Siwash who stood in Hastings Street, his eye fixed on a projecting sign on which I read the word—‘Sunset’. The trains that formerly had rushed in from the East, loaded with passengers and freight, now seldom crossed the border; the great merchant ships which had come almost daily from Asia, came no more to the New Republic of Exclusion; warehouses, which had been filled with wheat and merchandise for export, and Oriental goods of import, stood empty; the



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buzz of the saw, the clang of my anvil, and the hum of a nation busily employed, were gone. I saw written at the foot of the picture—The painter has been cut’—And I said to the Spirit—‘Why do not the trains pass through our lands and the ships call at our ports?’—For answer, he pointed to the word ‘Exclusion’ writ boldly in the title of the new Republic, and said—‘You cannot exclude a people without excluding their products. This land was the natural artery between the continents; the people have closed the artery; which is like a mighty river, if you dam it in one direction it will break through in another; other nations and other lands are now reaping the wealth from this fertilising stream.’ Then I was sore afraid for my fellow countrymen, and said to the Spirit—‘Show me my people!’

TABLEAU VII. In a moment the room vanished from my sight, and I was in the midst of the people of the New Republic, all gathered together in front of the Parliament Buildings in Victoria. In place of the happiness which I had expected to see on their faces, there was nothing but despair; instead of shouts of joy, they were cursing their leaders and crying out for bread. And the agony of the people stole over my heart; so I turned to the Spirit of the Night and found that he had left me—in his place stood another Spirit more beautiful than he. Written across his breast I saw the legend—‘Spirit of the Day’—and I said to the Spirit of the Day—‘Take me to the leaders of these people, that I may deal with them as they deserve’—Then he touched my mouth and said—‘Thou shalt see and hear, but shalt not speak.’ And the next moment:

TABLEAU VIII. I was in a room inside the Parliament Buildings, overlooking the crowd, gathered in the grounds. In this room I found the leaders of the people—the gaunt “Maybush”—the little fat “Fiddlestick”—and the mighty “Windbag”—or as

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some do call him—"Bagpipes"—and I saw they were horribly afraid; for as the shrieks of the people reached their ears, they cowered into the corners of the room, accusing one another in this manner: Said Fiddlestick to Windbag—"You fool! Had you not cut the painter so short, we could have spliced it up again; now there is not a ropeyarn left at our command. The Japanese fleet will be here within a fortnight and we no longer have the British Navy—which cost us nothing—as a bulwark.' But the great Windbag replied not, he only cowered closer into his corner. Then the gaunt Maybush spoke up and said to Fiddlestick—"Why not appeal to the United States?"—But Fiddlestick jerked back the angry reply—"Bah! I did that a week since; here is their answer; read it!" Maybush read it aloud so that Windbag could hear—this is what the reply said:

'To the Trinity of Disunity,  
Republic of Exclusion.

Sorry we cannot intervene; Japan and British Empire are our most excellent friends; but if you will join Union we will square Japan with Phillipines, and British Empire with Cuba; cannot, however, admit Maybush, Fiddlestick, and Windbag, as citizens—we already have a surfeit of their breed.

(Signed) 'URSUS MAJOR.'

As he finished reading, the gaunt Maybush took the miner's pick, which he carried on his shoulder, and drove it through the centre of the message; and I noticed there was written on the pick—"For ornament, not for use." At this moment the desire to throw these cowards to the people was strong upon me, but the Spirit of the Day, as if reading my thoughts, said to me, with a laugh—"They are reaping their reward; come with me!"

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TABLEAU IX. The next moment I was once more amongst the crowd of starving men and women in front of the building. Gradually the light of day seemed to fade away, and in the darkness a great white sheet was dropped over the face of the building. Out of the North a dazzling star appeared; shooting a circle of bright white light right into the centre of the sheet. The crowd ceased their shrieking and stood awe-struck, but I remembered the pictures on the wall of my room, and was not surprised when a wonderful scene was thrown in the centre of the sheet. It represented a great fertile valley, covered with a rich harvest of fruits and cereals, and the people of the land were moving in and out, reaping the harvest, and I saw they were a happy and contented people. In the middle of the valley I noticed a wide river with numerous branches which carried fertility through the whole valley. Suddenly! there was a roar as if all the cannons in the world had been fired off at once. After the smoke and dust had cleared away I saw, at the top of the valley, where the river had entered, a lofty mountain had been thrown up and the river had ceased to flow down the valley. Then the crops and the herbage and the happiness and the content passed away, leaving only a rugged, arid waste; and the people of the valley grew less and less in number until all had disappeared, and a desolate silence reigned; as I saw flashed across the summit of the mountain the words—'Exclusion and its result'—But the people gathered round me could not see the writing, for the Spirit had not touched them. I listened to what they were saying, and one said to the others—'It is a warning to us'—and the others cried out—'Rats! What are you giving us? It is nothing but a moving picture show.' But I remembered what the Spirit of the Night had said about the natural artery, and was glad when the sun shone again and the picture faded away. After this, the Spirit took me back into the

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room where Maybush, Fiddlestick, and Windbag were still cowering in fear.

TABLEAU X. Hardly had I re-entered, when a messenger was announced from the custom house. He also looked frightened; his hands shook, and his knees knocked together as he said to the little fat Fiddlestick—'There is a man in an open boat just off the Outer Wharf; he is dressed like a fisherman; there is a wonderful light shining from his eyes and he says—He is The Master, Christ.' And immediately the Trinity of Disunity jumped up with a great shout of joy; and clasped each other by the hand, and fell on one another's necks, crying out—'We are saved!' But in the midst of their joy the messenger called out—'The Master says He cannot land in this country'—And the great Windbag, who had recovered his speech, immediately asked—'Why not?'—The messenger replied—'Because He is an Asiatic'—Fiddlestick exclaimed—'Oh! we will soon get over that. I will draft a special exemption act in a few minutes, and the people will pass it with acclamation.' But the messenger shook his head and said—'That cannot be, for The Master said He does not break the laws of any country, He never claims exemption.' And I was sorry for Maybush, Fiddlestick, and Windbag; for it seemed as if all hope had gone out of their lives. And the messenger went down amongst the people, telling them what he had heard and what he had seen; and again the people shrieked out vengeance and curses against their leaders. In the midst of their shrieking and cursing the Spirit of the Day vanished from my side, and I saw that he stood midway between earth and Heaven.

TABLEAU XI. Amongst the people were scattered a few of the clergy who had remained in the Republic of Exclusion. They carried the Bible in their hands, for the Bible was the written law of their authority; and even as I looked the Spirit of the

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Day stretched forth his hand—Instantly! all the Bibles in the land flew away to Asia, and the clergy were in great fear, and trembled when the Spirit laughed and cried out—‘The Bible is Asiatic from cover to cover.’ Then he looked down at the ministers and said—‘You are reaping as you have sown; when your congregations excluded God’s people, you were silent—now the Lord has excluded you.’ Scarcely had he finished speaking when he again stretched forth his hand, and I saw another picture.

TABLEAU XII. In which there was a sudden commotion amongst the people and every stitch of clothing disappeared from their bodies, leaving them naked and ashamed. Again I heard the Spirit laugh and cry out—‘Spinning and weaving are Asiatic inventions; they do not belong to you.’ As the Spirit finished speaking, all the people rushed with one accord to the maple trees at the entrance to the grounds and they made themselves coverings out of the leaves of the maple trees. After this I noticed their shrieking and cursing was changed to prayer and supplication. I looked up at the Spirit of the Day, but he still laughed and again stretched out his hand, until all the pictures, all the books, all the jewelry, and everything in the land which had been brought in, disappeared like a cloud in the direction of Asia. Then the Spirit cried out with a loud voice—‘It is finished! All that you had was Asiatic in origin—it has all returned to Asia. By your own wills you have cut off the fertilising power of race contact; from henceforth this is ‘EXCLUSIA’; nothing shall pass in; nothing shall pass out! You shall degenerate and degenerate until you reach the stage from which the impact of Asiatic thought raised you, unless peradventure, The Master grant your prayers.’ Then the Spirit of the Day vanished, and all was dark, but I heard a great wailing, as the cry of a people in utter anguish, and I longed to cry out also; but the Spirit of the Day had touched my lips and I could not.

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Whilst I was still in my agony, the picture passed away and in its place I saw another.

TABLEAU XIII. Once more inside the Parliament Buildings, in the room with Maybush, Fiddlestick, and Windbag, seated in silent despair. With them I found again the Spirit of the Day, and he performed a surgical operation on the head of Fiddlestick, and immediately the latter cried out with great joy—'Thank God!!—I see a way out.' Then he seized pen and paper and wrote with great haste, covering sheet after sheet; with Maybush and Windbag gazing over his shoulder almost stupefied, until gradually the agony fell from their faces and a sort of trembling assurance took the place of fear as Fiddlestick held up the mass of papers on which I saw written the title—"GENEOLOGICAL TREE OF THE WHITE MAN"—And Fiddlestick gave a great shout and exclaimed—'We are all excluded!—We are all Asiatics! We have no legal right in the Republic of Exclusion!!'

I also was glad and looked again at the Geneological tree to find, the roots were planted and had grown in the very centre of Asia. Whilst I looked, the faces of Maybush and Windbag were again covered with apprehension as they gathered round Fiddlestick and said—'Are you sure you have not inserted a negative clause? Remember the fatal blunder you once made.' But he was humbled now, and turned, with a pleading look, to the Spirit of the Day; who, for answer, flashed the white man's geneological tree on the great sheet, in front of the building. Then all the people of Exclusia saw the writing and cried out with one voice—'Thank God! We are all Asiatics. WE ARE ALL EXCLUDED!'

At this point the hand of Vulcan relaxed its hold on mine and I saw him droop his head as if in deep humility, so I said to him very

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gently—"Was that all your dream?" He kept silence for a moment, then raised his head; and I noticed his fears had passed away and the place of fear had been taken by a look of joy and steadfast determination as he concluded:

TABLEAU XIV. "The sun and the moon had passed away; night and day were no more, but still the wailing and shouting of the people of the New Republic were ringing in my ears; when suddenly! the awful darkness was transformed into a great light and I looked up at the dome of the Parliament Buildings where the gilded figure of Vancouver had been, and in place of the figure, there stood—The Master, Christ; and it was from Him the great light of Truth illuminated the whole world. Immediately the people saw The Master, they held up their hands in supplication. In quick response He stretched out His arms, and like a beam of the Christ-light, I saw them all ascend and pass through Christ. Whither they went, I know not; but the agony had fallen from them; their faces were filled with pure delight; and I noticed that from every point of the compass millions upon millions of people were entering into the unknown through Christ—they were of all races, creeds, and colours; NONE were refused. And last of all, I also would have gone up and passed through The Master, but the Spirit of the Day, who had come down and stood by my side, said to me—'Thine hour has not yet come. Go! Labour on; fight the good fight to the end.'—And, as he spoke, I awoke."

## EPILOGUE.

With the dream and the awakening strong upon us I led Vulcan down the hill, and we two entered my study where I have gathered together the writings of men of old, and the sayings of men of today.

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We took down book after book dealing with the history of mankind, and this is what we found:

The Master, Christ, was and is an Asiatic: "*See his geneological tree.*"

The Bible is undoubtedly Asiatic: "*See any reliable commentator.*"

There are Ballot Boxes. "*See any election; municipal or general.*"

There is such a thing as humbug. "*See both individuals and nations.*"

There are churches in our land. "*See the spires and towers.*"

There are missionaries in Asia. "*See reports thereon.*"

There are newspapers in Asia. "*Ask Kier Hardy.*"

There is such a thing as hypocrisy. "*Both individual and national.*"

Alfred the Great did visit Rome. "*See Bishop Asser's Biography of Alfred.*"

Alfred realised that Rome owed her vast wealth and importance chiefly to being the world's great artery. "*Ibid.*"

Alfred the Great did invite foreigners to Britain. "*Ibid.*"

Japan had great literature, arts, manufactures, and wealth at the time of Alfred. "*See History of English Literature, Vol. I.*"

Japan did pass exclusion laws. "*See any reliable Japanese history.*"

Japan did degenerate. "*Ibid.*"

Anglo-Saxons and other foreigners did break through the exclusion laws. "*See any good European or Japanese history thereon.*"

Japan did wake up after this inter-racial contest. "*See modern history, or ask the Czar.*"

Exclusion has always proved disastrous to the nation excluding. "*Read ALL history, ancient or modern, and you will find; wherever and whenever exclusion has been attempted, degeneration and loss of wealth have inevitably resulted to the people using it as a weapon. Moreover, there is not a single*



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*case on record where exclusion has eventually been fully accomplished—Rome failed—Japan failed—China has failed—and most concrete example of all—the great Napoleon utterly failed to exclude the English and English manufactures from the Continent of Europe. “See Memoirs of Napoleon, Vol. II, by Madame Junot.”*

The fertilising power of inter-racial contact is the greatest and most vital means of national improvement and progression. Without this contact, races and nations inevitably degenerate and decay. *“See the Aborigines of Australia, also all nations which, owing to geographical position, have never felt, or only slightly felt the vitalising benefit of inter-racial contact.”*

Oriental trade is a great factor and benefit to British Columbia; and all history discloses the fact that you cannot exclude a nation without, sooner or later, excluding its products and exchange of commodities. The easy access to the Orient is one of the greatest gifts that God has given to British Columbia. *“Ask the C.P.R. thereon.”*

Literature, Arts, Manufactures, etc., are chiefly of Asiatic origin. They were carried to Europe by that same fertilising stream of inter-racial contact. *“See any reliable encyclopedia.”*

Fiddlestick's geneological tree of the white man, was perfectly correct. The cradle of the white man was rocked by his Asiatic parents in central Asia, between the Caspian, Hindu Kush, and Paropamisian Mountains. *“See Professor Max Muller's Comparative Mythology.”*

“ Let wise men ponder—FOOLS EXCLUDE.”