

FEDERATION  
AND THE  
BRITISH COLONIES

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# FEDERATION

AND THE

# BRITISH COLONIES

A PAPER OF SUGGESTIONS

BY

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## PREFACE.

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IT was not the author's intention when he commenced this pamphlet to assume the didactic. If, in the course of his remarks, he has betrayed a too frequent use of the "ipse dixit" in the expression of his opinions, he craves his readers' indulgence. His positiveness has only been aroused by the sincerity of his desire to serve (in however humble a degree) his Country and his Countrymen.

He would ask that these pages be taken for what they were honestly meant to be,—a short record of reflections and in-borne convictions on topics of paramount interest to every British subject on the face of the Globe—coming from "one of the Masses" to "the Masses."

HAWAII, *May*, 1887.







## FEDERATION AND THE BRITISH COLONIES.



It is the proud boast of this nation that the "sun never sets" on its Empire. It would be as well, perhaps, to consider what are the ties that bind this Empire together, to consider—

Firstly, What we *are*, and

Secondly, What we *have*.

The almanack tells us that we *are*—

England and Wales, Scotland and the Isles, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Isles, with an area of some 120,000 miles.

That we *have*—

India, Australia, Canada, Tasmania, New Zealand, and many smaller Colonies and possessions, amounting in all to an area of nearly 8,000,000 square miles.

Now when we say that we have India, and that we have Australia, Canada, or any other great colony, as everybody knows, we use the same verb, but with a very different meaning.

India we have, we hold, and *mean to keep*,

defending the country's possession with all the power and energy at our command.

The great colonies we have only in name, we hold only by the silken ties of community of race, religion, and kindred associations; and we shall only keep just so long as they wish to stay by their Mother country.

We cannot be said to own that which we are not prepared to guard at all hazards. There is a wide difference between the military and the municipal colony.

Should another mutiny arise in India, we should do as we did in 1857, fight till we quenched it. The colonials would most probably help us in the struggle.

But in the event of a colony asserting its independence! Does any one think we should ever have a second Colonial War of Independence? The thing is impossible.

No government would ever lead England into such a war. Public opinion, far more powerful now-a-days than it was in 1775, would never tolerate such a line of policy.

The great Australian colonies and Canada are much nearer and much dearer to the Mother country than they were even twenty-five years ago. Steam and electricity have annihilated distance, and intercourse has ripened the bud of a sympathetic goodfellowship into the flower of a strong mutual respect and affection.

Since, then, the United Kingdom cannot and would not lay any stronger claim to the possession of the colonies than the colonies themselves are willing to allow, it is necessary for the abiding strength of the nation that our present system of Colonial Government be remodelled to suit the existing state of affairs.

The Canadian should feel that he owns<sup>1</sup> England as much as the Englishman feels that he owns<sup>1</sup> Canada; the Australian should consider himself as personally and directly interested in the Indian Empire as the Englishman. In point of fact, "things are not what they seem." We, British, *are* Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, and we have and own India and the rest of our Empire.

The sons are of age; their apprenticeship has been served; their articles are out. They must be admitted into the firm, or they may go into business on their own account.)

Colonial policy is not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, "which altereth not," but has already

<sup>1</sup> The easiest way to express a simple idea is to express it in the simplest of words. I speak of "ownership" as the word is to my mind the most suitable one to use in such a connection. Every man who contributes towards the support of his country has the right to consider himself as a part proprietor of his country and his country's possessions. It is very certain that the monarch does not own the country; equally sure that no class of society does. Who, then, is, or are, the owners, if not the people,—you,—your neighbour,—components, units of Britain's wealth and strength.

seen considerable change, and will in the near future, let us hope, see further changes.

In good King George's time, the doctrine held with a too rigid faith with regard to our colonies was that of the *Complete Sovereignty of the Mother country*.

Circumstances arose<sup>2</sup> which somewhat modified that rigid rule; the doctrine now held, to the best of my belief, is that of *Guardianship* or *Tutelage*.

Let us suppose, for example, that we had not lost America, that the United States were still British Colonies. We should then be in the position of guardian to a country of 55,000,000 inhabitants, of 3,600,000 square miles, with a revenue so far in excess of her expenditure as to allow her to pay off no less a sum than \$1,722,660,000 of her Public Debt in the course of the past twenty years. In pounds sterling, £344,500,000, or an excess of £17,225,000 sterling per annum. Rather a troublesome ward if she chose to be unruly!

There is small comfort in the thought that had our statesmen been more sagacious, or had the people had more power in 1775, the doctrine of Complete Sovereignty would have yielded to that of Guardianship, before and not after the battle of Lexington.

Canada and the great Australian Colonies are far more powerful now than the United States were a

<sup>2</sup> The American War, and, subsequently, Declaration of Independence.

hundred years ago, and their capabilities are fully as great, if, as we stoutly maintain, their power of development is as great under the beneficent British control as America's became when relieved of that control.

It would be a shameful avowal for us to allow that the rapid progress to wealth and power of the United States is due, in however remote a degree, to their having been freed from British restraint and connection.

Such may be the case, but we cannot admit the fact; nor will we allow such an assertion to pass unchallenged. We claim to be the freest of the free. We know of no Government which can be an improvement upon our own.

Still, it would be as well to remember that the United States once were, and perhaps might yet have been, British Colonies; to take note of the fact that it is quite within the bounds of possibility for the Australian Colonies to federate, or for Canada to seek her independence; to remember that as the United States have risen to immense wealth and strength, so will the great colonies grow rich and strong; and, above all, that it is infinitely important that they should rise to wealth and strength as a *part of us* rather than *apart FROM us*.

As with families, so with nations, the future hope and pride is with the youth and early manhood, not with the ripe and aged.

The history of the past year shows us that men's

minds are turning in the direction of a unification of our British Empire. The violent rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule for Ireland Bill was due to the energetic resistance with which the nation met the proposals that appeared to menace the strength of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

When this great idea of cementing our Union with the colonies shall be forced upon the country's notice as keenly, as prominently as the Irish Question was forced upon its attention, then and then only shall we see the beginning of such an augmentation to Britain's strength as will mark this Jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign in letters of brass, more lasting than gold, that shall testify to ages to come how in 1887—

THE PEOPLE OF THE BRITISH,  
PROUD OF THEIR EMPIRE, AND PROUD OF THEIR QUEEN,  
IN THIS, THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF HER REIGN,  
SEEKING TO GLORIFY AND PERPETUATE  
THE JOYOUS JUBILEE OF VICTORIA'S RULE,  
FINDING NOT IN MONUMENTAL BRASS  
NOR STONE COMMEMORATIVE  
SUCH LASTING PROOFS OF BRITISH FAITH,  
OF BRITISH LOVE, AND LOYALTY,  
AS ANIMATE THE NATION'S HEART;  
BY FIRMER UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN'S SONS,  
BY EQUAL INCIDENCE OF BRITAIN'S LAWS,  
GAVE TO THEIR QUEEN, THEMSELVES AND TO POSTERITY  
AN EMPIRE, WHOLE, INCORPORATE;  
WHOSE DIVERSE SHORES THE SEAS *connect* BUT *ne'er*  
*divide,*  
WHOSE SOVEREIGN LADY QUEEN, MAY GOD DEFEND.  
VICTORIA,  
VICTORIA THE TRUE!

No time could be better for a National Federation than the present. The approaching "Golden Wedding" of Victoria with her people leads most men to devote some time to the consideration of a suitable form of Jubilee "Memorial," commemorative of the glad event, and expressive of our grateful appreciation of the incalculable benefits that the blameless life of a pure, true woman has conferred upon the nation's political, social, and moral life.

In the strengthening and expanding of the nation itself we have a memorial worthy of our Queen, and worthy of ourselves, so gigantic in its proportions, so universal in its formation, as to defy comparison and exclude all parallel.

The three great pillars of our memorial are *Consolidation, Federation, and Regeneration*, or, if you choose, *Strength, Unity, and Goodwill*.

By Consolidation is implied "the act of making compact and firm." We would be loth to think that our British "institutions" were anything but firm.

Our government is the very opposite of unstable, our national character the reverse of flighty. The distinguishing traits of the British are steadiness and conservatism. Conservatism in the sense of our veneration for the glorious roll of England's history, and for our cherished British "institutions;" our pride of birth; and in the Englishman's invincible repugnance to the *sinking of his nationality*. Perhaps this last characteristic has not been brought



to the notice of many of our home-stayers so clearly as it might be. A little reflection, however, will assure most men that there is hardly a stronger, a more universal sentiment hidden away in every manly heart that beats on British soil than this—*that the British are peerless among the races of men.* Take the Englishman abroad. Does he attempt to ingratiate himself with “natives” of the country he may be in? Does he learn their language? Does he “do in Rome as Rome does”? Does he compliment? I think not. He takes his country with him wheresoever he goes. Unconsciously to himself he betrays often an assurance of which he dreamt not he was the possessor, and unwittingly wounds the susceptibilities of sensitive foreigners by a passive arrogance so inborn as to be a part of his very being.

I know of no better instance of our honourable stiffneckedness in preserving the nationality than in the case of Englishmen who have emigrated to the United States<sup>3</sup> (often men in needy circumstances). The citizens of the great Republic share (or

<sup>3</sup> I would here note an exception in the case of the many thousands of Irishmen who have left us and joined their lot with that of our friend and cousin. Their defection is chiefly due to political discontent. God grant that by a happier dispensation of National Government they may obtain that measure of local autonomy which is so manifestly their due. We should thus retain the confidence, co-operation, and goodwill of a people so warm-hearted, generous, and brave as the Irish. The British Empire cannot afford to lose the least one of her sons' sympathy and allegiance.

inherit) this peculiarity to a marked degree. They honour their national Eagle as faithfully as we our Lion, and take very good care that all such as wish to enter their political fold do leave behind them *everything* of their Mother country ties; their burden of home association is completely cast off at the threshold of the new Oath of Allegiance to the new country.

I speak of the rights of citizenship.

The Englishman who takes that oath renounces his birthright, is no longer an Englishman, but *sinks his nationality* and becomes an American citizen. And how many Englishmen are there who have forsworn their country within the last twenty years? Very few indeed, compared with the hosts of Germans, Italians, and Europeans of all nationalities who take out their naturalization papers every year.

Many of our countrymen there are living in the United States, but not as citizens. They cannot face that oath; and, notwithstanding material advantages that await the naturalized citizen, these men remain as they were, English, for reasons that all can feel within themselves, but few explain.

Here is conservatism of the purest type, catholic to Radical, Liberal, and Tory alike.

We may naturally suppose that a people, so eminently sober-minded and practical as the British, would possess sufficient common sense to make the most of that which they have, to see wherein their

strength lies, and to pursue the course which tends to make firm that which is loose.

Our future strength lies with the development of the Colonies. Our Governmental ties are loose. We cannot *force* the Colonies into a stronger union, and consequently, we must adopt the principle of

#### FEDERATION.

Federation is defined as the "act of uniting in a league." I am afraid that many of us at home and abroad may take exception to both term and definition. People may ask, "What need have we of a league? Our Empire is not composed of petty Kingdoms and Principalities too weak in themselves to guard themselves, and needing that union of forces which alone gives strength."

A few, perhaps, though I hope not many, might consider it beneath the dignity of the mighty parent country to entertain any proposals of co-partnership with her robust sons. Such are the men to whom history teaches no lessons, who never gain by experience, who having eyes see not, having ears hear not. There can be no question of dignity or pride between father and son, mother and daughter.

These are our jewels, and precious jewels they are. Our need of Federation is in our future system of government. We need a Federal Government. One universal national system, binding from without, loosening from within. National in matters of national defence and foreign relations; territorial

in relation to internal affairs; having a truly Imperial Parliament of representatives from all the component parts of the United Empire, and Local Parliaments (analogous to the State Legislatures) in each country to direct its own affairs.

I do not know that there is any occasion to enlarge upon this subject in these few pages. We can all understand the privileges that are ours in

The integrity of our Judges,

The purity of the Civil Service,

The general honour and fair-spirited tone of  
our public men,

And in the absence of that fierce uncontrollable excitement and political upheaval of the nation that inevitably attends the election of a President of a Republic.

We know also that these privileges are over and above the personal rights of the subject as secured by law. No legislative enactment of itself could force public men in high office to adopt a lofty ideal of unswerving rectitude in their path through life.

I believe that the happy result is due to two causes, partly to the general Christianizing influences of the age, but mainly to the force of good example as shown forth by the excellent lady whom we delight to honour as England's Empress-Queen.

So that in our Federal scheme we have only to adopt so much of what is good in another system of government as may be necessary for the remodelling of our own, without in any way losing a particle of

that which we so justly consider to have made England "happy and glorious."

We, the public, have not to formulate detail: that we leave to our ministers and public servants, who are generally to be found willing and able to elaborate their views on all subjects of public interest to such as seek to hear them.

For a national work to be thorough it is an absolute necessity that it be done *by* the nation, not *for* the nation, by government, class, or individual.

The ideas conveyed by the words Consolidation and Federation are plain enough. Unity and strength are the logical outcome of the two; simplicity, also, undoubtedly, after a time.

The greatest difficulty is to induce the conservative British mind to accept a new idea or an old truth in a new guise.

I believe that this can only be effected by

#### REGENERATION,

or a new birth of opinions formed by different classes of society of each other. Such a knowledge of and sympathy with the wants of others as shall move men to a comprehension of the fact that in the *prosperity of all* lies the true safety of the prosperity of the individual.

One cannot be surprised that so many Englishmen fail to understand and sympathize with perhaps the most important class of society that exists in the

Colonies, the Western United States, and all new countries.

I refer to the mechanic and artisan.

What can the parson, the soldier, the artist, the trader, the lawyer, the doctor, and clerk (whose wants are generally limited to occasional domestic repairs) know of the mechanic and artisan in a country where skilled labour is plentiful and low-priced ?

They know nothing of them, do not mix with them socially, and do not have that pressing need of their services which can alone cause them to appreciate their true value.

It is impossible to over-rate the importance of the craftsman in a new country. His is the creating hand. The reason for such a difference in the mechanic's position in England and the Colonies is so simple that I doubt if it is worthy of mention. In England the mechanic has had his special day—the supply is greater than the demand ; but in the Colonies the converse is the state of affairs. There he is the most important factor in the economy of progress. His is the most useful, and, consequently, the leading class of colonial society. Not that I would infer that the actual operative mason, carpenter, blacksmith, or mechanical engineer is the leader of, or giver-of-tone to polite colonial society in the conventional sense of the term. It is, however, an indubitable fact, that a great portion of the wealth and intelligence of the United States

and the Colonies is with the descendants of those who at one time did labour with their hands, and who, naturally revering their forefathers and progenitors, feel an honest pride in the fruits of honest labour, experience no false shame in consorting with the class from which they sprang, and give to that class a social status which its importance in the new country rightly deserves, but which it can never attain at home.

I have not spoken of the farmer and the stock-raiser, because I think their position is so clearly defined and so fully recognized by all classes at home and abroad, as to obviate the necessity for special remark. The agriculturalist is the colonial aristocrat. *Why* a farmer's should be considered a more "respectable" vocation than a carpenter's I cannot tell, and yet I believe it is so considered by many thousands of excellent persons at home. I only know that the farmer "out West" has to be his own carpenter, mason, blacksmith, and everything else at times.

Perhaps the imagined social superiority of the farmer to the mechanic is due to the fact that the former is supposed to be more of a master and less of a hand-worker than he really is.

We can readily perceive that in a country where the more ornamental elements of military, naval, literary, and fashionable folk are in a minority, the stronger element of practical self-made men would be in the ascendant, and would inevitably

make its influence felt in the legislature and in the tone of its general society.

The chief characteristics of self-made men of the pioneer type are fearlessness, independence, common sense, and an intense dislike of anything approaching to patronage from others.

Success in life, moreover, does not, as a rule, sour men's kindly disposition, nor does it narrow their views. We may well believe our Colonial brothers to be of generous soul and liberal mind.

So that we have to bring a class, inclined to the pursuit of the ornamental, imbued with what are so aptly termed "Old World ideas," and perhaps too prone to attach an extravagant estimate to the advantages of high birth and purely social refinements, into touch with a class distinguished for vigour of progressive idea and independence of personal thought.

An exalted idea of one's own importance is generally supposed to be one of the greatest barriers to genial intercourse, and until the leading classes of home and colony honestly appreciate the good that lies in each other, we may safely assume that perfect cohesion of parties is still a thing to be hoped for. Nor will the Union be complete until the distinction between the Colonial and the Londoner is no greater than that which now exists between the Yorkshire men and the men of Kent, until men come to look upon our Empire as *connected* by the seas and not *divided* by them, and—to use a



paradox—until England is as much of Australia as Australia is of England.

For the purposes of simile, we may imagine the “Old Country” to be in the fifth age of man, “with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances;” and the young pioneer “full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, jealous in honour.” The former is the strong man, of reflective mind, rich in experience, in theory, and knowledge of the world, but one in whom the vigorous fires of early manhood have lost their morning glow; whose heavy hand insensibly must lose its facile cunning, whose strength remains, but whose rejuvenescent powers must inevitably fade.

The latter is the keen bustler of the present decade, by force of circumstances and natural bent of character, of a more practical and inventive turn of mind than he whose “*mise-en-scène*” is comfortably arranged for him before his first bow is made upon the Stage of Life.

Energy misdirected is too familiar an experience for us not to wish that the young life of the Colonies may be spared the many mishaps, trials, and disappointments that have fallen to the lot of the dear old home-country in her long struggle from darkness to light.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,” as the people of the United States have discovered, ay, and are discovering even now, a generation after the

fratricidal struggle that convulsed their nation was brought to a close.

God forbid that any such mortal agony should come upon the Colonies as tore the heart of the American Republic in 1863. Let us rather hope that in their case sympathy with sorrow, patience with weakness, and above all denial of self (qualities that unvaried success can but tend to deaden) may be quickened by an absorption of the life of the old into the life of the new; and, as the faithful son takes upon himself not only the glories but the sorrows of his father's life, so may we trust that in the commingling of the lives of England and her Colonies, the latter may avoid the pitfalls and snares that have beset the path of older nations, and learn, too, something more of human love and human suffering than the uniformly prosperous conditions of colonial life (as a whole) permit of.

In the perfect union of our Old World wisdom with our New World energy, we have within our grasp the possibility of such power and prosperity as makes one's very being to thrill with joy.

Our Empire is maintained, not by force of arms, not by a blind enthusiasm too unreasoning to be trustworthy, but a sincere, clear-sighted, and temperate loyalty that finds in the British Constitution a defence for the people, a safeguard for their rights, and liberty for all.

We are, I think, a fortunate race in our disposition and national temperament.

In our loyalty to the Crown there is an under-current of self-interest, which, though detracting from the poetic beauty of loyalty in the abstract,— as an exalted sentiment of fidelity and personal devotion, gives to that loyalty a practical stability of purpose more thorough, more enduring than the vain plaudits of a passionate, but too often ephemeral zeal.

as long as  
colonies  
need for  
self-interest

“Reverence,” as Mr. Carlyle has said, “the highest feeling that man’s nature is capable of, the crown of his whole moral manhood,” and self-respect are too clearly marked traits in the British character. To a greater or less degree, one or other, or both, of these excellent qualities are present in most of us.

Without reverence for things higher and holier than ourselves, self-respect is apt to become intolerant conceit, unchecked by shame, unbridled by fear of public opinion. Without some measure of self-respect, reverence may degenerate into slavish baseness.

We have, in the chronicle of the first French Revolution, the story of a people robbed of their faith, and the exercises of their religion. After the story comes the moral. With what joy the unhappy French returned to the pleasures of a humble and reverent worship of a protecting, personal God. What stronger proof can be adduced of the solace to frail mortality in the knowledge of a superior Power, our Guide in health, our Comforter in sorrow?

In a lesser degree this same feeling holds good of

the light in which men should regard the ruler of their native land.

The ruler, be he King or President, is but the embodiment of law, the temporary guardian of an imperishable trust. The respect shown and the reverence felt for the person of the Sovereign in our country, are as beneficial to ourselves, as justly due to the object of our veneration.

Liberty, undisciplined, must turn to licence, and licence is fatal to life.

The history of Republics of all ages runs much on these lines.

A lack of reverence for the high station of the chief magistrate<sup>4</sup> (within the possible reach of all), and an intimate knowledge of the early struggles, prosaic life and shortcomings of the time-being incumbent of supreme office, render it impossible for men to attach great weight to the opinion of any one person or class. There is no tribunal higher than that on which the ambitious one himself has a seat. Each thus becomes his own member, and—to quote Mr. Carlyle once more—“if every man’s selfishness, infinitely expansive, is to be hemmed-in only by the infinitely expansive selfishness of every other man, it seems as if we should have a world of mutually repulsive bodies with no centripetal force to bind them together.”

So that if we view our Royal Family solely as a “centripetal force,” and with no feelings of personal

<sup>4</sup> “The magistrate must have his reverence.”—*Burke.*

interest whatever, I cannot help thinking that in this instance of our *paying for a sentiment* we show more practical wisdom than the advocates of Republicanism are possibly aware of.

Should it appear that the writer has dwelt with too fond a touch on the virtues of the British, he would beg absolution from the charge of "Jingoism;" partly on account of the circumstances under which these lines are written, and also because in all efforts of an incentive nature, a cheerful and encouraging complacency is of more value than the captious despondency of a torpid pessimism.

If, perhaps, he has wandered from the subject of Regeneration—regarded as a new birth or remodeling of our opinions of each other, and of our relative importance in the British Commonwealth—he might urge that, in matters of introspection, it is well to determine not only our views of others, but also of ourselves.

How many there are who lead a dual life! that of necessity, the prosaic life of the bread-winner, and the other, the life of the "might-have-been," that pleasant flowery path, so dear to the heart, wherein the fancy loves to linger, building delightful castles in the air, feeding the imaginative soul with visionary dreams of its own undeveloped possibilities.

How many an embryonic hero has passed away, "unhonoured and unsung," save in the trusting heart of some poor mortal, his faithful friend in life, his resting-place in death.

Who is there that does not envy the lot of the man, who, freed from the harassing cares of daily work for daily bread, with healthy frame and healthy mind enters into the arena of British Politics, honestly determined to devote himself to his country's service? a calling as arduous as any that can be conceived. But what a prize is his of whom it may be said, "He did his duty."

Beyond all recompense, above all earthly honours, is the taking into the heart of a man's memory by his loving countrymen.

Why does the eye grow moist, the breath come short, and the blood run hot, at the story of Nelson's life and Nelson's death? Is it not because he was so human in his strength and in his weakness; because he was as obedient and unselfish as he was lion-brave; as simple and kind as he was the very pink of patriotic devotion? Lord Nelson not only did, but *lived* his duty, and for this reason his memory will be cherished for long ages after his glorious victories are forgotten. Now, each one of us has a duty to perform, each has his unit of support to give to the measure of federation, each has his unit of sound to add to the nation's voice in expressing her desire.

If for a moment we glance at the history of another nation, in many respects not unlike our own—the Kingdom of Portugal—we shall find material for serious, if not anxious thought.

The mere mention of such names as Bartolomeo

Diaz, Vasco de Gama, Fernando de Magalhaens, and Pedro Alvarez Cabral, tells us of perils by wind and sea, of pluck, of enterprise, of such romantic venture in foreign lands, as never yet has failed to rouse the British sympathy with a National spirit so like its own.

They tell of a little mother country and her giant colony-son.<sup>5</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

“In 1821 a revolution took place in Brazil, which country declared itself an independent Empire under Pedro I., October 12th, 1822.

“In 1832, Pedro I. of Brazil took Oporto ; in 1833 Lisbon ; in 1834, his brother Don Miguel submitted to him, and Maria II., the daughter of the Brazilian Emperor, came to the throne of Portugal.”

We have not to inquire into the causes that led to such a change in the relations between country and colony. Sufficient for our purposes to note that the early struggles of a colonizing Power are of little use to that Power, without the systematic cohesion that should bind the different countries in one body politic ; constructive skill, as is well known, being of a different nature to administrative ability.

The keystone to national unity is *the character of its people*. A mutual confidence and respect accompanied by national clannishness is the true

<sup>5</sup> The area of Portugal is 35,000 square miles.  
“ ” „ Brazil „ 3,200,000 „ ”

medium through which to regard one's fellow-countrymen.

Happily for England there are many millions of us whose hearts are fixed on the question of British Unity, who need no clarion cry to rouse their "salient" Patriotism; no cold review of benefit in prospect to prompt a selfish mind to interested action.

But if, perchance, Providence have blessed the reader with such clear perception of the Practical, such keen appreciation of the Material as to enshadow what trace of the Emotional may (all unsuspected) yet survive the tender glamour of his childhood days—then would I humbly beg his patience yet awhile until our argument is done.

Passing by questions of collective interest, omitting mention of co-operation as the most successful factor in modern progress, national and commercial, let us consider the subject in as directly personal a view as possible.

The problems of Home Rule for Ireland and London Socialism are of such importance in these times as to merit consideration of a personal nature. As one of a Federal Union, Ireland would have as complete local autonomy as that enjoyed by any one of the United States.

At what measure of gain might we not value a stop to the miserable wrangling in Parliament so painfully familiar to us all?



Much more should we have cause to greet the day that brings peace and contentment to a fevered, unhappy people.

Socialism, in the definite sense of "a theory advocating a more harmonious arrangement of the social relations" between man and man, is fairly well in line with what has been said in support of Federation. In its vaguer application to, but more familiar aspect of, organized discontent, may we not hope that by still readier intercourse, yet closer impact of home and colony, we shall arrive at the surest method of regulating the demand and supply of labour of all grades; and thus, by tapping the fountain-head of "un-employ," reduce to harmless proportions a stream of distress only too liable to dangerous winter flood.

It is not always easy, nor, indeed, expedient to instance cases of personal profit, directly the consequent of state action. So much depends upon circumstances. But we may confidently assure ourselves that the policy which seeks to develop the resources of a country bears in its train opportunities for profit to the capitalist, the merchant, and the artisan. We have but two great truths to consider, and our work is begun: the power of the people, and the simplicity of human affairs.

With the first of these there should be more of a quiet conviction than noisy assertion.

The *man who does* is he who hath the power; not

the orator who speaks, nor the journal that expounds, but the *man who votes*.

Princes, peers, and politicians are the people's servants, and not their governors. The height of our individual ambition is to *serve* the country. The Heir-Apparent for centuries has borne as his proud motto the words "I serve," and our beloved Queen has for the last fifty years been a living proof of a fact that the Sovereign rules to serve her people, not herself.

The briefest scrutiny of self will show us that we are all, to some extent, guilty of mystification in our several trades, professions, and callings.

The knowledge that has been so long a-coming is highly prized when gained; the skill that years of practice brings is valued in proportion to the difficulties overcome in its attainment.

But the weakness of human vanity demands a mystery-cloud, and thus, shrouding the lower slopes of that humble mount on which we stand, our eminence is the more effective by reason of the baffling shadows cast about the feet of those who seek to follow.

This mystification, we of the laity find in the obscurity of theological disputation, enveloping in chilling mist the warmest, straightest truths that ever came to man from heaven.

We see it again in the needless involvement of medical terms, an experience common enough in countries where physicians are few, and the healing

art is self-administered with written aids. Text-books on mechanical engineering are proverbially encumbered with technicalities so puzzling to those who need practical advice in simple words. In law (as in all the various callings of our fellow-men) there is the same tendency to exaggerate the severity of training and sharpness of intellect requisite to ensure success.

But they who win in the battle of life know full well that the path, though hard, is straight, that the surest weapons are perseverance and common sense, and that with practice alone man can perform well-nigh the impossible.

And (to end this dreary page of platitude), let us note what an infinitude of talk hampers our every move towards political reform: so much spoken, so little done: such "nine-pin" obstacles set up, apparently for the sole pleasure of bowling down again.

Let us remember that the realities of to-day were the chimeras of our grandfathers, that the dim surmise of 1830 has become the accomplished fact of 1887. Fortified with a sense of the simplicity of human affairs, when divested of the outer husk of sophistry, we may in conscious strength press on to that firm union of British hearts and British lands, with the conviction that, the voice of the people once upraised, difficulties will disappear as do the mists of morn before the light of day.

And so I leave a topic, the contemplation of which is very pleasant to me.

Much that I have said is not new, much is tame, much verbose; but such as it is I offer it, my best. Two familiar maxims have ever been before me, a stimulus, a guide:—

“J’ai fait un peu de bien; c’est mon meilleur ouvrage.”—*Voltaire.*

“Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.”—*Prior.*

I have tried to do good, I have tried to write sense. If I should have succeeded, then is my happiness my reward.

From this far-distant lodging the eye turns wistfully homeward.

On such a spot as this dwelt the great Camoens, large-hearted Camoens, whose sympathetic verse glows in each exile breast.

“This is my loved, my happy land so sweet,  
Whereto if Heaven concede that I repair  
In safety, . . . .  
Then may this life be ended with me there!”<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> From Mr. J. J. Aubertin’s beautiful translation of the “Lusiads of Camoens,” London, 1884. Canto III., stanza xxi., commencing, “Esta he a ditosa patria minha amada,” &c.





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