

JOHN BULL AND COMPANY.

MAX O'RELL'S LATEST.  
The Witty French Critic's Impressions of the British.

**SUGGESTIVE COMPARISONS BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH SYSTEMS OF COLONIZATION.**

The *Comopolitan* for September contains a characteristic article by "Max O'Rell" on "John Bull & Company," from which we call the following choice extracts:—

An Englishman was one day swaggering before a Frenchman about the immensity of the British Empire, and he concluded his remarks by saying: "Please to remember, my dear sir, that the sun never sets on the possessions of the English." "I am not surprised at that," replied the good Frenchman, "the sun is obliged to always keep an eye on rascals."

France is the foremost country of the world.

his is a fact which it were puerile to seek to improve, seeing that the French admit it themselves. Happy and content in their own country, which is able to support them, the French, of all the nations of the world, are the people who least bother their heads about what is happening outside it; in fact, the masses of the people are in crass ignorance about the rest of the planet. The Frenchman believes in his heart that foreigners were created and sent into the woods to mind their own business.

Belgian as a dear, good simpleton, the Italian as a noisy nobody, the German as a heavy, pompous pedant, he thinks the Americans mad, and the English eccentric and grotesque. And he goes on his way delighted. I have seen French people laugh side-sadly.

When I told them that the English drink champagne with their dinner and claret at dessert, they were sure, my own way of looking at them. How should they be sure? They were sure because it is otherwise? To after all, a Frenchman is a Frenchman to the end of the chapter. Of one thing, at all events, I am firmly convinced: one nation is not, better or worse than another. It is the same from the others, that is all. This is a deep conviction forced upon one by travel.

And I hope the reader, when he closes these pages, will be able to explain to himself how the English have become so fond of the British Empire. In India is to be seen John Bull Pacha, a Grand seigneur followed by a gaily robed servitors who do profound bows. It is the master in the room, the master of a subjected people. In the East, he conquered races have been suppressed.

IN CANADA YOU SEE JOHN BULL, a stout, fat, honest, busy, fat and flourishing, a little tip to his nose, and his head seen in a

cap: it is John Bull in a ball. It is the face of a man, with a nose and ears, a mustache, happy-go-lucky, his face sun-browned, his head crowned with a wide-brimmed straw hat, his right foot, with slow tread, in his army boots, is armed with a cane. It is John Bull drawn out. It is the face of a man. It is John Bull still, John Bull Junior, the same old John Bull, but living just as if he were still in his old coat, rating his roast-beef and plum-pudding, and his stout boots, and his top hat. Y. He is hardly changed at all.

Let us then study the English in all their phases, in the past, in the present, in the maps of the world published in England, countries that John Bull has acquired and lost, and in the legends of the good old whig, always converting the natives to Christianity, and their territory to his own uses.

Here, in Canada, as well as in other parts of the Empire, he is being struck with the fact that the English colonies are

IN THE HANDS OF THE SOOTS.

But of seven Governors, five are Scottish: the President of the Legislative Council is a

...and some three-fourths of the Councilors; the Mayor of Melbourne is of the same nationality, and the Agent-General in London is another Scotsman. England ought not to call her colonies "Greater Britain" but "Greater Scotland" and the United States

might be named "Greater Ireland." As for the south of New Zealand, it is as Scotch as Edinburgh, and more Scotch than Glasgow. Go to Broken Hill, the richest

the world, and you will see the great shafts leading to the earth: these five great shafts bear the following names: Drew, MacIntyre, MacGregor, Jamieson, and MacCulloch, five Scots. It is the same thing everywhere.

Melbourne, the intelligent, the much-alive, loses its museums on Sundays. A deputation, one day, waited upon Sir Graham, then Prime Minister of the colony, to close the taverns on Sunday. The deputation was chiefly composed of pastors belonging to all kinds of so-called non-conformist churches.

"I am very willing," said Sir Graham, "to be my influence to try and get the taverns closed on Sundays." "Compell me to try using the same influence to get the museums opened instead."

The reverend gentlemen appeared not to wish the terms, and the Prime Minister did not hear of them. The latter must be presumed that they preferred the public: the first, the second, and the third, must be people. In the afternoon, the Prime Minister is clamoring for the opening of the discussion on Sunday, and they will succeed in doing so. The other day, the Prime Minister takes time, for the combat, has to be carried against all the allied forces of bigotry and intolerance, and the Prime Minister, the most and greatest of Protestants, Martin Luther himself, who said on this very subject: "I am not a man, I am only a piece of straw." The Prime Minister, on the other day, he said, then I command you to work it, ride on it, dance on it, do anything you like, but do not encroach on Christ, an spirit and liberty.

The rapidity with which the towns grow in this country is prodigious. A commercial enterprise starts. After a while, a public-house is opened, a bank opens its doors, a newspaper is started, and population flows in from all quarters. In a few years, the town in a few years it has become a flourishing town. A soldier, not a functionary. This

poor country is crippled by bureaucracy, pushed down with red tape. A witty Frenchman, M. de Montaigne, in his "Voyage autour du Monde," a volume of travel observations and unflinching criticisms, declares:

"In our colonies the first building is a police station, the second that of the tax-collector, the third a statistic office, and you have to wait for the colonists, who are to be counted, after the fashion of the French, especially by the census-taker."

In the English colonies the population is the concentration of Government authority. With the exception of the West Indies, the population—where is it? It stays at home in France; and when our soldiers have guaranteed the independence of the colonies, the country, the English, the Germans, the Danes, the Swedes, the Chinese, etc., etc., take up their abode there, and the good French tax-collector comes to the colonies to "taxe" them on all *le fair d'ans cette calebasse*. "I warrant that out of our thirty-six millions of Frenchmen, some five hundred thousand who know just where the colonies are. I warrant that there is not, in the colonies, a single mother that (woman whose husband is supposed to be in the colonies) appears the emigration of her sons, and prefer for some situations as quill-driers, at eighteen hundred francs a year. Try and found colonies, and you will find the French Empire was founded by the spirit of independence instilled and alimented in the

If you go to Canada, you find a French  
 population that has been subject to Great  
 Britain for a hundred and fifty years back,  
 and these  
 HAVE REMAINED FRENCH IN HEART.  
 not only do they continue to speak French,  
 but they do not, and will not, speak anything  
 else. I mean the masses, of course. John  
 Smith leaves them alone. He says to them:  
 "Speak what you please, worship God as you  
 please," and those French Catholics of these

teenth century have remained French 't  
ed Catholic, so that to visit them is to visit a





