



THE

FRENCH
CANADIAN

BYRON NICHOLSON



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THE FRENCH-CANADIAN

By

BYRON NICHOLSON



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SIR HENRI JOLY DE LOTBINIÈRE, D.C.L., K.C.M.G., P.C.,
(AN EX-PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
AND EX-MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE FOR CANADA).
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE
FRENCH-CANADIAN

A SKETCH OF
HIS MORE
PROMINENT CHARACTERISTICS.

By
BYRON NICHOLSON

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DEDICATION.

To Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, P.C., K.C.M.G., formerly Premier of the Province of Quebec, and at present Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia, this sketch of the people of his own race, in whom he has ever taken a deep interest, and for whose welfare, in common with that of their fellow Canadians throughout the Dominion, he has always exerted his widely extended influence, is, by his kind permission, dedicated with every sentiment of esteem and respect, by the writer.

PREFACE.

The only apology which the author wishes to offer the public for the appearance of this little work is the earnest hope and sincere desire which he entertains that it may help to correct some misapprehensions and to soften, if not remove, some prejudices which, unhappily, prevail all too extensively amongst a certain class of English-speaking people in various parts of Canada concerning the French-speaking people of the Province of Quebec. He himself, born and educated in Ontario, once had similar misapprehensions and was subject to the same prejudices. But actual intercourse with the people of the lower province, during a residence amongst them of some eleven years, has convinced him that he was mistaken; and he is persuaded that these people are much misunderstood, and are accused of holding certain obnoxious opinions which they have never entertained, and are not given credit for many a virtue which they undoubtedly possess.

Believing that the continuance of this state of things, particularly if fomented by unprincipled partizans for unworthy purposes, must be followed by disastrous consequences in the

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not distant future, he determined to do what he could towards correcting it, thus helping to supplant feelings of racial strife and bitterness by those of national brotherhood and a common citizenship between the two great peoples to whom Providence seems to have committed the shaping of the destinies of this wide Dominion.

In so doing he has tried to avoid giving his readers an unduly favourable opinion concerning those of whom he writes, or to represent them as being in every way the most admirable and lovable people that can be imagined ; for indeed, human nature as seen in them is very much like human nature as seen in others—and, besides, the Millennium is still in the future. But he has made an honest effort to sketch the French-Canadian as he is seen to-day in the Province of Quebec, feeling assured that if the man were only better known than he is, he would be more fully trusted and more highly esteemed by a not inconsiderable portion of his English-speaking fellow-subjects.

The writer has also endeavored to ignore everything of a purely partizan character, to eschew partyism of every description ; for his desire is to obtain an unprejudiced hearing

PREFACE.

from all fair-minded people—no matter what their politics, their nationality, or their religion—who may do him the honor to read what he has written.

The account which he has attempted to give, being necessarily within very narrow limits—indeed it is but the expansion of a lecture which he delivered in Ontario during the winter of 1900-1901—must be very inadequate; but so far as it goes, it is not unfair, and whatever may be its demerits, it possesses at least the virtue of being trustworthy. Moreover, it is written from a disinterested and patriotic motive.



SIR LOUIS JETTÉ, K.C.M.G.,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, PROVINCE OF
QUEBEC.



Photo by Montminy.

HON. S. N. PARENT, K.C., M.L.A.

PRIME MINISTER OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
MINISTER OF LANDS, FORESTS AND FISHERIES,
AND MAYOR OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Certainly never since the Confederation of the British Provinces on the continent of North America in 1867, and perhaps never since the Treaty of Paris in 1763, has the newspaper press of Canada so frequently and so persistently directed public attention to the people of French origin in the Province of Quebec as during the last few years ; which would, of course, be altogether admirable if the object had invariably been to promote a better understanding and a closer friendship between these people and their fellow-citizens of British nationality than had existed before. But, unhappily, this praise-worthy object does not seem to have been always kept in view ; on the contrary, it seems to have been generally lost sight of, as is evident from certain inflammatory appeals to racial and religious feelings, as well as from the less open and violent, but more insidious and mischievous, incitements to

discontent and discord conveyed by the covert sneer and ungenerous sarcasm—or what we may call the journalistic shrugging of the shoulders and uplifting of the eyebrows.

This appears to be largely traceable, first, to the fact that ever since the federal elections of 1896 Canada has had a French-Canadian as Prime Minister, which is not very grateful to a certain class of people who are proud, and justly so, of their British origin ; and, secondly, to the position which a few prominent French-Canadians are supposed to have assumed with respect to the war which now for more than two years has been going on in South Africa between the Boers and the British. It has thus come to pass that a deplorable spirit of antagonism, which it was fondly hoped had long since passed away, has begun to re-assert itself between the two great races which are settled in Canada, and especially between those of them who form the overwhelming majorities in the most important provinces of the Dominion—Quebec and Ontario.

Unfortunately, too, this spirit of antagonism seems to have become intensified lately by the result of the last general elections for

the Commons, and still more so by the result of the yet more recent elections for the Quebec Legislative Assembly, during which contest each race appears to have set itself somewhat in direct opposition to the other. This unfortunate condition of things, so far as it has existed, it is safe to say would never have come to pass had it not been for the rabid partizan press, which, instead of trying to allay unnecessary strife and to promote a spirit of kindness and good-will, seems to have acted on the assumption that the most effectual way of gaining votes for its own party was to give to each race a false and mischievous impression of the other's sentiments and intentions. And wonderful to relate, the mischief-makers who acted in this despicable and dastardly manner would have us believe that they were inspired by patriotic motives! How true it is that patriotism, using the word in a special sense, is the last resort of a scoundrel! Such patriots, could they only be expatriated, might well apply to themselves a couplet said to have been composed by a couple of felons shortly before they were taken on board a convict ship, bound for Van Dieman's Land when that

country was used by England as a pœnal colony :

“ We are true patriots, for, be it understood,
We leave our country for our country's good.”

Surely every Canadian who has at heart the welfare of his native land must look upon such conduct on the part of the merely partizan newspaper with feelings of disgust and horror ; and those who are guilty of it he, if he be like the patriots of old Greece and Rome, will rank with the parricide ! Moreover, he will do all in his power to make the two great races in British North America understand each other better than they have ever done yet, knowing that he is thereby working for the advent of the time, so much to be desired, when the only rivalry between them will be a rivalry as to which can best appreciate the other's virtues, as to which can show the greatest confidence in the other's loyalty to the glorious Flag under which both alike enjoy the inestimable blessings that are the inseparable companions of freedom, as to which can do the most—and, if necessary, make the greatest sacrifices—for the development and progress of their common country.

The writer of this little work, an Ontario man who has spent many months of each of several consecutive years in Quebec, has no hesitation in expressing his conviction that if the French-Canadian people in general only knew the true character of the feelings entertained for them by the great mass of the inhabitants of Ontario, if they only knew how highly we esteem them and how ready—nay, how glad—we are to acknowledge their many excellent qualities both of head and heart, all efforts to stir up amongst them feelings of animosity towards ourselves would prove unavailing, and that the recent efforts in this direction—even had it been possible for them to be made—would have been at first looked upon with abhorrence, and then treated with the contempt they so justly deserve.

But upon the other hand, and perhaps still more emphatically, it may be said that if we of Ontario only knew the French-Canadian as he really is, could we but see him in his daily life and meet him in his own home on terms of intimacy, then whatever prejudices some of us may have against him would be dissipated, and whatever unfriendly feelings we may entertain

towards him would quickly be exchanged for those of a different character ; we would honestly confess we had been mistaken in our estimate of his compatriots, and we would frankly acknowledge that we could wish for no more desirable people with whom to go hand in hand working for the advancement of Canada—moral, educational, material, social, and political—until she became one of the noblest nations whose deeds have ever illuminated the page of history.

If, instead of prostituting itself to bitter and unprincipled party warfare, efforts with the above object in view had been constantly made by the journalistic press of the two great provinces for, say, the last thirty years, how much better it would have been for the people at large ; nay, how much better it would have been for the political parties themselves. Would they not have learned that so long as the affairs of the country were well administered, the mere name of the party by which they were thus administered was a matter of but very secondary consideration ? Would they not have taken an enlightened and comprehensive view of their duty as statesmen in-



Photo by Montminy, Quebec.

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR WILFRID LAURIER, G.C.M.G., P.C.
PRESIDENT KING'S CANADIAN PRIVY COUNCIL,
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.



HON. CHAS. FITZPATRICK, P.C., M.P.,
QUEBEC CITY,
MINISTER OF JUSTICE FOR CANADA.

AN "OLD COUNTRYMAN" WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED SEVERAL TIMES
IN OPPOSITION TO A FRENCH-CANADIAN IN QUEBEC COUNTY,
WHERE THE VOTE IS FOUR-FIFTHS FRENCH.

stead of trying to hurl each other from power by charges which, if proved true of a man simply as a citizen, would send him to the penitentiary? Would not the curse of mere partyism have been cast out, neutralized, rendered harmless, by earnest and conscientious efforts to promote the common welfare? The proceedings which culminated in the federal union of the provinces show us that this happy state of things would not have been impossible of attainment; and the Fathers of Confederation will be revered by posterity long after the bitter and narrow-minded partisan shall have been consigned to oblivion, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

However, it is satisfactory to know that notwithstanding the detestable attempts made by the miscreants referred to—and nefarious miscreants they are, no matter by what party name they may be called—to stir up strife and hate between ourselves and our fellow-citizens of French extraction, the relations between us are not nearly so strained as some pessimists suppose them to be, and are much more cordial than some detestable people wish them to be; for it must not be forgotten that French-

Canadian electors did, after all, return English-speaking candidates to the Commons, defeating those of their own nationality, both in 1896 and 1900, and did the same thing again at the late provincial elections. Moreover, this same good feeling has recently been shown still more plainly and impressively by something which it is too soon yet to forget—something which neither Canada nor Great Britain can ever forget—namely, that French-Canadian volunteers lately fought and died on the veldt, side by side with British-Canadian volunteers, to uphold Victoria's rights, Victoria's suzerainty, in South Africa; and even now men of the same two races are there, in that far-off land, to uphold the rights of Victoria's son and successor, our gracious King, the Seventh Edward.

Now, the writer being persuaded, as has been already implied, that whatever antagonistic feelings exist between the two nationalities here in Canada may be traced mostly to the groundless prejudices which have been caused by almost numberless misrepresentations and mutual misunderstandings, his one object in addressing himself to the work before

him is to try to depict the French-Canadian as he is, to show him to others as the writer himself has found him during an extended intercourse with him, so that those of his English-speaking fellow-countrymen who have not had the same opportunities may understand that there is no good reason for believing that he is one whit less true to Canada than they are themselves, or that he is not just as loyal to our new King—God bless him!—as are the people of any other of His Majesty's dependencies and possessions; and that, consequently, sentiments of mutual esteem, respect, and friendship should prevail between the two dominant races of this great Dominion. Once more let him state that what he shall write is no mere matter of hearsay, no panegyric pronounced by a too partial friend, but it is the result of his own observation during his residence in the Lower Province. Indeed, all that he shall say, and much more, in vindication of these people from unjust aspersions which have been cast on them, could easily be corroborated by many other English-speaking residents from Ontario whose intercourse with them has been still more extensive.

CHAPTER II.

HIS PATRIAL NAME.

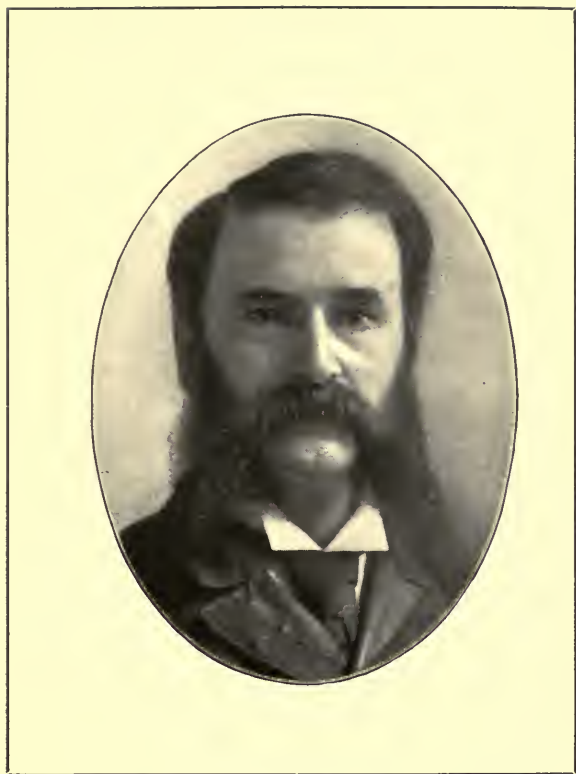
First of all, it may be observed that the name, French-Canadian, is somewhat of a misnomer ; at any rate, the people of the French race in Canada rarely if ever use it when speaking of themselves. They do not, as a rule, recognize the compound word ; they simply call themselves Canadians. In Ontario, on the contrary, one man speaks of himself as an Irish-Canadian, another calls himself a Scottish-Canadian, and a third says he is an English-Canadian — unless, indeed, that the last-named is likely to drop the word Canadian altogether, and to say proudly, if not superciliously, “ I am an Englishman.” Besides, there are societies in Canada membership in any one of which depends on one’s nationality. Thus, St. George’s Society is distinctively English, St. Patrick’s is distinctively Irish, and St. Andrew’s is distinctively Scottish ; and we have even St. David’s, redolent of leeks, which is exclusively Cymrian. It is,

indeed, quite natural, and evinces an admirable sentiment, that we should maintain and make manifest a very warm attachment to those lands from which we or our fathers have come by having in this country off-shoots of benevolent associations established in those lands, and called by the names of their patron saints ; but, after all, do not the very names themselves of these fraternal societies indicate that we, English-speaking people, are not satisfied with the common and comprehensive appellation, Canadians ?

How different it is with the French-Canadian. In this matter he is less narrow, is more cosmopolitan, than we are, and it would appear that he is more patriotic also ; for he is not only content, but proud to be known by no other name than one which is derived from the land in which he lives, and which was discovered by men of his own race ; and whilst the French-Canadian people remember that France is the land of their fore-fathers, and whilst they are proud of France's achievements in the past and of the prominent place which she holds to-day amidst the nations of the world, they are not forever flinging in

your face the fact that they are of French origin, but tell you they are Canadians. Not even by membership in a Society of St. Denys do they proclaim their French extraction and their attachment to the land of their forefathers. Possibly they think that no such adventitious aid is necessary to make them remember the race from which they have sprung, and that they best honour that race by acting in accordance with its glorious traditions, its instinctive chivalry, and its high and delicate sense of honour ; and, so, whilst they are quite willing to humour the somewhat insular prejudices of their English-speaking friends by calling them "old-country" people, they themselves wish to be known as Canadians.

True, they have their St. Jean Baptiste's Society, and they celebrate their St. Jean Baptiste's Festival enthusiastically year by year ; but, then, do not let us forget that the Baptist is a saint to whom all orthodox Christians have a common claim, and that his festival is religious rather than national. Perhaps, indeed, it would be none the worse for others if they celebrated the Feast of the



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HON. HENRI B. RAINVILLE, C.R., M.L.A.,
MONTREAL,
SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF QUEBEC.

Baptist (and, for that matter, certain other ecclesiastical festivals also) as devoutly as does the French-Canadian. It would, at any rate, tend to permeate this somewhat materialistic age with a religious element.

However, we will hardly allow our fellow-subjects of French extraction the exclusive use of this name any longer. True, they seem to have a sort of inalienable right to it, as they were the first Canadians of European origin ; so that if they have not a better claim, they have at least an older claim, to be called Canadians than we ourselves. But, you see, within the last few years the name of Canadian has come to connote so much more than it did formerly—so much more as to trade, commerce, enterprise, manufactures, public spirit, patriotism, military honour and glory, etc., etc.—that we, Anglo-Saxons that we are, step in according to our usual custom, and say to those by whom that name has been used almost exclusively hitherto : “ See here, you know, this sort of thing is not going to do, and we have let it go on long enough. The name of Canadian is not your peculiar property ; so far as we can see, you have no indefeasible right

to it ; we have just as good a right to it as you have ; and, you may just as well understand it at once, we are going to have our rights, too.

“ We did not mind it much so long as the name was of no great account ; and we were quite content to let you keep it to yourselves so long as it did not mean anything particular except a native of what the people ‘ at home ’ supposed to be a bleak and barren country, smothered in snow for some seven or eight months of the year and covered with mud for the rest of the time, a place which was very convenient for certain ‘ black sheep ’ to be sent to in order to be transformed into gentlemen farmers or to fill positions in the Civil Service, a wilderness inhabited by buffaloes, Indians, and a few unhappy Europeans. But now the case is different ; for Canada is known as a land not ‘ hard, iron-bound, and cold,’ but as a glorious country where ‘ the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthems of the free,’ a country noted for unexampled progress and prosperity in nearly every department of national life, a country which year by year is attracting to its shores thousands and

thousands of the most industrious and enterprising people from the old lands, a country which bids fair to be in the not distant future the most prosperous in the Western Hemisphere. So we are now as proud of Canada as you have ever been, and we love the land just as well as you do ; and therefore we have made up our minds that we, no less than you, shall be known as Canadians.

“ Moreover, we are somewhat particular about this little matter just at present, because, you know, the Canadian contingents who volunteered for South Africa a little while ago—and who were sent no less willingly than they went—have made Canada more widely known than ever before, more fully and correctly understood, and their bravery has made her more highly honoured. But especially are we particular at this time to be known as Canadians because we of Ontario and you of Quebec have, *as Canadians*, taught the whole civilized world that when the Mother-land needs men to defend her rights, or to repel a foe that may be daring enough—demented enough—to invade any of her possessions, or when she needs assistance in extending the blessings of civil-

ization, Christian civilization, to people who are plunged in the darkness of nature's night and in freeing them from the despotism of an avaricious and ruthless oligarchy, she can depend upon the sons of Canada, the King's loyal Canadian subjects, to flock to her standard, to enroll themselves under her banner. Ay, they are ready to come, they have already come, alike from the peaceful farm and from the great centres of trade and commerce, from lands that are laved by the waves of the Pacific, from their scattered homes on the treeless prairie, from the shores of Superior and Huron, Erie and Ontario, and all along the banks of the St. Lawrence; from the boundless forests where are heard the reverberations of the axe that is swung by the stalwart woodman, from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and lonely Labrador, those rugged lands 'that see the Atlantic wave their morn restore'—known no longer as Frenchmen or Englishmen, Irishmen or Scotchmen, Welshmen or Manxmen, but proud to be known henceforth and forever as Canadians. We know that this is the name you have long loved and honoured, we know you belong to the same race as those brave

men and women whose arduous toils and incessant labours have done so much for the civilization and development of Canada almost from the time when Cartier, of unfading memory, first 'reared the Cross and Crown on Hochelaga's height' in the presence of his faithful companions and a number of 'the Algonquin braves'; but, see here, from this time forth we also claim to be known as Canadians." And to do our French-Canadian brethren justice, they never question our not altogether disinterested claim to be called Canadians and instead of saying; "What we have we'll hold" they with their kindly spirit and uniform courtesy, open wide their arms to welcome us into the great Canadian Fraternity.

CHAPTER III.

LOVE OF CANADA AND LOYALTY TO BRITAIN.

What has been said in the last chapter about the French-Canadian's patrial name naturally leads us to speak of his love for the land of his birth, and also to show that this love for Canada does not interfere with, but helps to strengthen, his loyalty to Britain.

That he should love Canada is not a matter of surprise ; nay, considering his origin and temperament, it would be a marvel were it otherwise. Never can he forget that the land was discovered by the adventurous Commodore of St. Malo, the brave and intrepid Cartier ; and everywhere, whether in town or country, he finds something to remind him that his ancestors were its first European colonists. In the provincial capital, old Quebec, he here and there finds himself in a street so narrow and irregular, and bearing such marks of time, that it must have been laid out, one would say, before ever Scottish Kelt and Eng-



HON. H. G. CARROLL, K.C., M.P.,
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SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR CANADA.



HON. L. T. BRODEUR, LL.B., K.C., M.P.,
MONTREAL.
SPEAKER OF THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS.

lish Saxon had made their prowess felt on the Plains of Abraham. On this side and on that he sees houses of such strange construction, such pointed gables, such steep roofs, such odd-looking windows, and altogether with an appearance so quaint, that they take him back almost to the time when the city was founded by Samuel de Champlain, some seventy years or so after Francis the First of old France appointed Jean François de la Roque the first Viceroy of the territories then comprised under the names of Canada, Hochelaga, and Saguenay. All along the banks of the St. Lawrence he sees handsome villas, picturesque villages, and stately cities, almost all of which present features which tell him in no uncertain tones that the land of his sires was the first to bless the country with the religion symbolized by "the *fleur-de-lis* and Cross," with the advanced civilization of the most polite people in Europe, with their arts and sciences, their enterprise and valour. Why, the very names that daily sound in his ears, the names that are met with here and there from Fort St. John to old Frontenac, and much more frequently from Frontenac to Notre Dame

Mountains, are enough, by their associations, to make him love Canada with an intensity unknown, and perhaps impossible, to the more phlegmatic Saxon.

But it is not alone, not even chiefly, because of associations with the past that he loves the land of his nativity. No, he loves the very land itself ; nor is it any wonder, for where can one find another land of equal grandeur and beauty? Oh ! Canada possesses many a sublime feature and many a lovely scene with which her children are familiar, and which go far to justify them in their fond belief that their native country, which they love so well, is unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by any other on the continent. Leaving behind us the beauties of the Pacific coast, crossing the mighty mountains of the west and its boundless prairies ; passing by the expansive lakes towards the north, the rugged hills and the picturesque dales ; with the sound of Niagara thundering in our ears, and the prismatic colours of its beautiful bow shining in our eyes, we sail down the majestic river and find ourselves on the broad bosom of Ontario. Gliding through the Lake of a Thousand

Isles, shooting through the Rapids of Lachine, catching a sight of the historic Mount Royal, and continuing our course over the broad expanse of the splendid river we find ourselves in the very heart of the province which is peculiarly the French-Canadian's own—where his own laws prevail, his own language is spoken, his own religion is protected—and as we gaze upon its many beauties we cannot wonder that he loves it with all the ardour and devotion of his affectionate and patriotic race. Let us attempt some sort of description of one or two of those beauties, and then cease to wonder—if, indeed, ever we have wondered—at the French-Canadian's patriotism.

Only a few miles from the provincial capital we come to the Falls of Montmorenci, that beautiful cataract with its milk-white waters glistening in the sunlight as they gracefully fall over the towering precipice to find their way to the arms of the mighty St. Lawrence so that both of them together may seek a home in the ocean. Though they fall from a much greater height than those of Niagara, yet, owing to the comparative smallness of the stream, the cataract, whilst very charming,

cannot be said to be sublime. The stupendous volume of water which is ever rolling over Niagara's heights, and tossing, foaming, and seething in the river below, fills the mind with awe, almost with dread; the picturesque stream which falls over the heights of Montmorenci affords us pleasure and delight. Niagara is the Homer of waterfalls, their Ossian; Montmorenci, their Virgil, their Wordsworth. Montmorenci is their Pope; Niagara their Milton. Grandeur and sublimity are the characteristics of the one; grace and beauty, those of the other.

We roam through the delightful little park, close by the Falls of Montmorenci, where the art of the landscape gardener, supplementing the beauties so lavishly bestowed by Nature's generous hand, has called into existence a terrestrial paradise "for talking age and whispering lovers made"; and now and then we catch a glimpse of the wondrous river whose mighty current gives "its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave." The sweet music of the falling waters, the vesper hymn of the feathered songsters of the grove, and the soft sighing of the zephyrs through

“the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,” form a concert more entrancing than the tones of the harp of Orpheus. All too soon, we fancy, does the setting sun waft his good-night kiss to the beautiful Falls as they blush beneath his ardent gaze ; and as we reluctantly leave the lovely place, we feel that we are bidding farewell to a scene that will always afford us happy remembrances, for “a thing of beauty is a joy forever.” But just then another charm presents itself, and we understand something of what Longfellow must have felt when he wrote the beautiful lines,

“Silently, one by one,
In the infinite meadows of heaven blossom the lovely
stars,
The forget-me-nots of the angels.”

But delightful as are the Falls of Montmorenci and their surroundings, there is a much greater variety of scenery in the more extensive prospect which greets the vision as one stands on that commanding height known as Dufferin Terrace, just outside the citadel walls and close by Governor’s Gardens – a terrace which is named after the most clever, eloquent and popular statesman that England

ever sent out to be the Governor-General of Canada, the late Marquis of Dufferin, whose recent death is lamented wherever the English language is spoken, the greatest British diplomatist of the nineteenth century, one of a bright and glorious band of statesmen and warriors for whom England is indebted to the sister isle. The scene which presents itself to view from this magnificent promenade possesses many a feature—here a beauty and there a sublimity, here a graceful charm and there a rugged picturesqueness—perhaps unrivalled, certainly unsurpassed, by any other landscape on the continent. There, almost directly before the beholder, the delightful Island of Orleans, clad in emerald green, seems to repose in the embrace of the arms of the parted river. With its shady groves and purling brooks, its gentle undulations and romantic dells, the song of the birds amid the branches of the trees and the ripple of the waters as they gently lave its romantic shores—indented here and there with many a dear little cove—the isle is simply a land of enchantment. How happy are those citizens who here seek a calm and cool retreat, during



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QUEBEC,
SECRETARY AND REGISTRAR FOR THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



HON. HORACE ARCHAMBEAULT,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF QUEBEC
AND SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

the heat of summer, from the glare and dust of the city, and from the worries and weariness of the cares of business !

At no great distance the peaceful St. Charles slowly winds along its sinuous course through a vale of wondrous beauty and fertility ; and we think, as we gaze on the lovely scene before us, of what the poet says of another valley, not more beautiful :

“ Oh ! sweet is the vale where the Mohawk glides,
On its winding way to the sea.”

Here we catch a glimpse of some quiet hamlet, the tin-covered spire of its modest church glittering in the brilliant sunlight ; there we see the simple dwelling of the Canadian farmer peeping out from beneath the wide-spreading branches of the umbrageous maple, and we almost fancy that there comes to us, wafted on the air, the sweet perfume of the woodbine and honeysuckle with which its porch is embowered. Surely it is a very fairyland of beauty, a land which the French-Canadian loves in the very depths of his heart with a love no less passionate and absorbing than that which their fathers felt for *la belle France*, alike when defeated at Agincourt and when

victorious at Patay. In the distance the Laurentian Mountains tower towards the sky, clear and distinct in the brightness of noon-day, but impressing us with that feeling of solemnity produced by the sublime as they darken beneath the shades of evening. We almost fancy we can see the broad expanse of Lake St. John, or hear the sullen roar of the Saguenay as it madly rushes between rugged and precipitous banks of stupendous height—dashing, tumbling, struggling, tossing, foaming, roaring, raging, raving, until at length it mingles its tumultuous waters with those of the greater but less turbulent St. Lawrence.

As we still stand upon Dufferin Terrace, and feast our enraptured eyes upon the inspiring scene, we cannot wonder that the French Canadian loves his native land ; and we are convinced that throughout the whole Dominion no man of another nationality can be found who loves Canada with a deeper affection, or would defend her against invasion with a better will or greater bravery.

But it must not be supposed that his love for his country impairs his loyalty to Britain ; nay, but the contrary, for his love for Canada

binds him closely to that power from which she has received so many benefits, which has conferred upon her so many privileges, and which affords her so many advantages. Yet it is sometimes said, and oftener hinted, that he is not true to the Empire. There cannot be a doubt that many of those by whom this charge is preferred are honest and conscientious men ; but, still, they would hardly make such an accusation if they had had, and had used, opportunities of forming a deliberate and well-matured judgment upon the matter from their own experience or even from their own observation. As for the others, those who from some sinister motive or other unworthy influence scatter broadcast this accusation of disloyalty, well, they are not particularly noted for their charity, their magnanimity, their high ideals of honour, or even for their discriminating sense of the claims of common justice. But even supposing them to be right in their opinion, supposing their charge to be true, they—even such people as they—might be expected to know that constantly taunting men with being disloyal is not the best way to make them loyal. But would these accusers

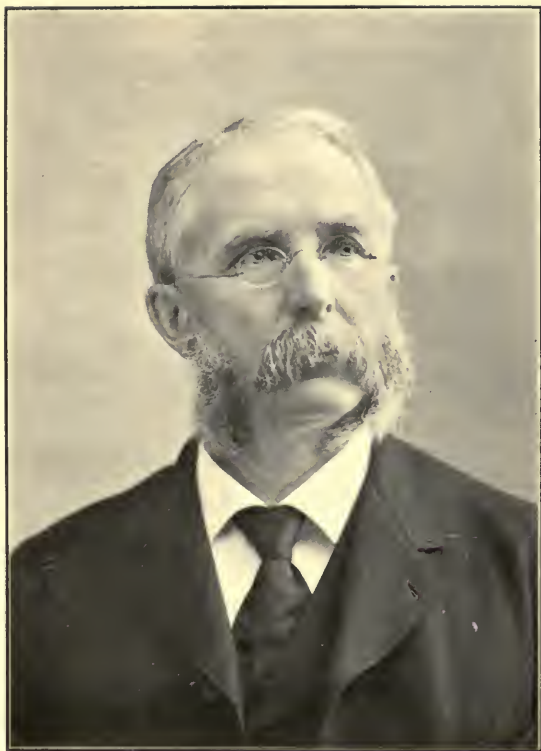
of the brethren be pleased to see the French-Canadian's loyalty proved beyond question? Would it give them any satisfaction? Nay, would they not feel chagrined and mortified? One can hardly avoid the belief that they must be under some malign influence which blinds them to other people's virtues, some influence of, let us say, antipathy to people because of their race, their creed, or their politics—an antipathy which should never be allowed to prejudice any man, which cannot prejudice any true man, who desires to take a broad and intelligent view of any class of his fellow-citizens. At any rate, the writer has no hesitation in saying that his experience warrants him in coming to the conclusion that the charge of disloyalty brought against the French-Canadian, no matter by whom, rests generally upon no better foundation than imperfect information, partial knowledge, unfortunate misapprehension, groundless suspicion, or unreasonable prejudice. He has lived amongst the people of Quebec, has met them in almost every relation of life, and has been honoured by many of them with what he may call their confidential intimacy ; and he feels

free to say—and he says it gladly—that the better he has known them, the stronger has become his conviction that no more baseless notion can be entertained by anyone than that the French-Canadian is dissatisfied with British institutions or disloyal to British connection.

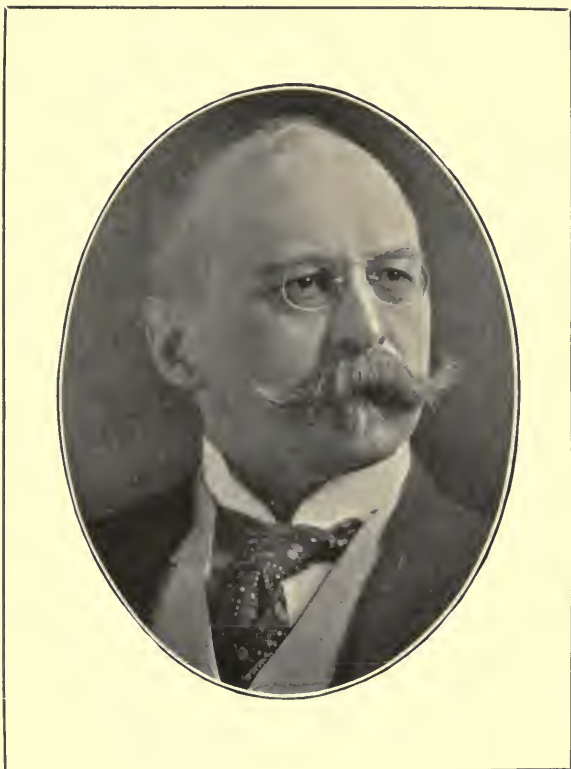
But was there not some talk about establishing a French-Canadian republic somewhere in the north-east part of the Dominion? Yes, there was some little talk of that sort; but, almost wholly, it was nothing more than the wild vapouring, the senseless swaggering, of a few noisy and irresponsible nobodies, receiving no support, no encouragement, no sympathy from any man of light and leading or from any influential business man throughout the whole province. But what about the movement, some few years ago, in favour of annexation to the United States? There was no such movement; there was nothing more than some foolish chatter which, so far from being taken seriously by any one, served but to excite the ridicule of almost every person of prominence in the country. But wait a moment, good Ontario brother; just be kind

enough to answer a question in return for the two or three you have asked. Was there not in your own loyal province quite as much talk as in Quebec about this same annexation? How many years have elapsed since it was advocated—somewhat covertly at first, but more openly afterwards—in one of the leading daily papers published in Toronto, the loyal city *par excellence*? Well, are the people of the Upper Province therefore disloyal? “Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.”

It may be relied upon that the true French-Canadian, the man that loves his creed and his language, his race and his country, will be amongst the last to advocate either the establishment of a republic in Canada or absorption into the incomparably greater republic that was set up to the south of us during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Yes, he will be the last man to do anything of that sort. He knows too well, and prizes too highly, the advantages he enjoys under England's benign sway to desire any change by which he would become the subject of another power. He has learned to appreciate his present position too



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LEADER OF THE PROVINCIAL OPPOSITION.



HON. T. CHASE CASGRAIN, LL.D., K.C., M.P.,
MONTREAL,
(EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC).

highly to wish to transfer his allegiance to another government—ay, though it were even the Republic of France. He is not oblivious of the treatment meted out to his Church after the disastrous campaign of 1870 had brought to an end the Empire of the Third Napoleon, when the unbelieving iconoclasts “ brake down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers ; ” and he remembers that the venerable head of that Church, he who claims to sit in the Chair of Peter, declared, not so many years ago, that in no non-Catholic country, and in but few that were Catholic, did his people receive such kind and magnanimous treatment as in Protestant England. Nay, was it not but yesterday that the French-Canadian saw thousands of his co-religionists, *religieux* and *religieuse*, practically expelled from France by the passing of the Associations Bill, but welcomed into British Territory, there finding an asylum, and there permitted to carry on those good works of piety and charity to which they believed themselves called, and there protected from persecution, and there receiving at least passive encouragement to carry out their vocation ; and all this, too,

when, strange to say, they would not be permitted to settle in the Isle of Jersey, which is inhabited by people of their own race, and where their own language is spoken! Time was, indeed, when no such magnanimity on the part of England seemed possible; but those old days—not good old days, but bad old days—are now, let us hope, gone by for ever. Why, remembering such generous conduct on the part of England to those poor exiles from France, to accuse the French-Canadian, the man who loves his Church as he does, of being disloyal to Britain is to accuse him of the vilest treachery and the blackest ingratitude!

True, he clings jealously and tenaciously to certain privileges peculiar to his people, privileges which he has enjoyed by right of treaty almost ever since the French monarch ceased to guide the destinies of Canada, and which, to some extent, differentiate his position from that of the other inhabitants of the Dominion, thus, one would suppose at the first blush, tending to retard what may be called the unification of the Canadian people. But why does he hold fast to those privileges? Not altogether, perhaps not even chiefly, for his own sake, and

certainly not because he has any pleasure in knowing that a line of demarcation—a line that is barely visible, almost only imaginary—is thus drawn between himself and his fellow-Canadians of other nationalities. No; but because he believes that any attempt to take those privileges away, to take them away even by constitutional methods, would be one of the surest ways of stirring up racial strife, and would thus interfere with that steady, gradual, and natural process of unification which has been going on so satisfactorily ever since the union of the several provinces into the one great confederacy of which we are all so proud to-day. Nor is he altogether blind to the fact that the abrogation of those privileges would afford an excuse to certain wicked and restless spirits—whether of French or of some other origin, with which every civilized land is cursed, those who stupidly imagine they have nothing to lose and everything to gain by upsetting the lawfully constituted authorities under which they live—for fomenting rebellion, and thus putting back indefinitely, if not making impossible for ever, the development of Canada by an enlightened and

prosperous people, under British auspices, into one of the noblest nations the world has ever beheld.

It is also true that he does not appear to take very kindly to what is called Imperial Federation. Well, the truth is that this, whether looked at from the racial or the political standpoint, is by no means a party question in the Lower Province ; and, indeed, the same thing may be said of every other province in the Dominion. Men of both races in Quebec, and men on both sides of politics from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are undoubtedly in favour of it so far as they understand what it implies, or what they suppose it implies ; and men of both races in Quebec, and men on both sides of politics from the Atlantic to the Pacific, if not positively opposed to it, look upon it rather askance. Hence a man's stand as to Imperial Federation, whether favourable to it or otherwise, has nothing whatever to do with his appreciation of British institutions or with his loyalty to the Empire. Fortunate, too, that it is so ; for up to a comparatively short time ago this question was regarded by a good many as a sort of harmless craze with

which some well-meaning people had become afflicted, or at best as being but academical, and even now it is not within the range of practical politics, but is, so to speak, only in the air, dim, shadowy, and indefinite.

Now, the French-Canadian is naturally, almost instinctively, conservative in his notions; and consequently he is very shy of trying new methods in any department of life, even the simplest. Much more shy is he, then, of trying untried methods in such an important matter as the government of the country. He is a firm believer in the wise old saw, "Let well enough alone," as well as in the doctrine of the honest, old-fashioned Tories that a change which is plainly unnecessary is of necessity a change for the worse. He is quite satisfied that Canada is doing admirably under her present autonomous system of government, and so he looks with some suspicion upon any serious modification of that system no matter by whom proposed. He is therefore quite content to leave the present satisfactory state of things just as it is, trusting (and not without reason) that should any important change in our autonomy become plainly necessary,

or even unquestionably desirable, it will be effected quietly and peaceably — without a wrench or a jar—by the good sense and the patriotism of the vast majority of the inhabitants of every nationality in the Dominion. Meantime, it may be relied upon that if such change or modification involve Imperial Federation no man will welcome it more heartily than he, or support it more loyally.

No one, then, need entertain any apprehension of the French-Canadian's appreciation of British connection or of his loyalty to the Throne of England. From the day when Canada was ceded to England up to the present year of grace he has proved his loyalty over and over again whenever the occasion presented itself. Toward the end of the eighteenth century he, a British colonial subject of foreign extraction, successfully resisted British colonial subjects of English extraction, who, having revolted from the Mother-land, tried to force Canada to cast in her lot with them; and by his loyalty then he saved half the continent to the British Crown, and regarded the American Revolution as no better than rebellion. Even were we to acknowledge—which we do not—



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REGINA,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE N. W. TERRITORIES.



THE LATE SIR ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU.

that, as "Max O'Rell" says in the *Paris Figaro*, this taking place so soon after the cession of Canada, the Canadians fought against the Revolutionists simply because they "hated the Yankees more than they did the British," the same reason cannot be assigned in explanation of their conduct when our neighbours to the south of us, men of our own kith and kin, invaded our peaceful shores towards the beginning of the last century, for did not the French-Canadians then fight as gallantly as any others to drive the enemy back across the border? Ay, and they were successful, too. Still less will "Max O'Rell's" reason explain the willing aid given by the French-Canadian in stamping out the recent rebellion in the North-West, for he then fought against a leader of his own race and his own religion. And yet he is disloyal!

True, the people of the Lower Province had their Papineau in 1837, but had not we our Mackenzie? and did we fight one whit more strenuously against the latter than they did against the former? Is it not also rather soon to forget that as they then fought for the youthful Queen in 1837, and afterwards for

the aged Queen in 1886, so also, as already intimated, have they lately fought and died, side by side with their British brothers-in-arms, to uphold the rights of that Queen's son, Edward VII., in South Africa? Then, too, look at the enthusiastic welcome given by them to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York when, in their tour around the world, their Royal Highnesses reached the French-Canadian's native province. In what part of Ontario, in what part of the whole of Canada, did the Heir Apparent and his Royal Consort meet with a more cordial and joyous reception? or where were they presented with more polished, dignified, and loyal addresses? Any man who can read the accounts of that tour through Quebec, as given in the daily press of the chief cities of Canada and yet attempt to fasten the stigma of disloyalty upon the people of that province must be either a fool or — well, something much more despicable and malignant.

The French-Canadian disloyal! Pray, is Sir Adolphe Caron disloyal? or Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, a former premier of his native province and the present Lieutenant-

Governor of British Columbia, and therefore one of His Majesty's representatives in Canada? or M. Monk, the talented and popular leader of the Quebec Conservatives in the House of Commons? Was the Hon. Antoine Dorion disloyal? or "the silver-tongued" orator Sir Adolphe Chapleau? or Sir E. P. Taché, the former eloquent Speaker of the Legislative Council? or his most reverend brother, the famous Archbishop of St. Boniface, who so cleverly and successfully mediated between the Government at Ottawa and the rebellious Metis in 1870? or Sir N. F. Belleau? or Sir George E. Cartier, the life-long friend and colleague of Sir John A. Macdonald? or any one of a host of other distinguished men whose names might readily be mentioned? One feels positively humiliated that it should be necessary to particularize in this way in order to defend his French-Canadian fellow-citizens from the preposterous, disgraceful, and insulting accusation of being disloyal to Britain—an accusation recklessly scattered here and there by people many of whom must be either thoughtless and ignorant, or mischievous and envious, or prejudiced and fanatical. But one

who has experienced so much kindness at the hands of the French-Canadians as the writer has received from them, and who knows them so well as he does, will willingly submit to much more than this humiliation if he may only succeed in convincing his readers that, of all men in Canada, none is more loyal to England's King than that same much misunderstood and cruelly vilified French-Canadian.

Unhappily, however, there are people who, having made up their minds to the contrary, will not allow themselves to be influenced by any such considerations as those above mentioned. In fact, proof of this is not far to seek ; for, over and over again, when, amongst other evidences of the loyalty of Quebec, those people have been pointed to the irrefragable proof of it to be seen in the attitude which the inhabitants of that Province assumed towards the war in South Africa—the French-Canadian volunteering, the French-Canadian going to the Transvaal, the French-Canadian wounded in the battle, the French-Canadian dying on the veldt—they coolly reply that the French-Canadians of Quebec in general, and the French-Canadian Premier of the Dominion in

particular, were not very enthusiastic in supporting the war policy of the Home Government when the brave but fanatical Boer threw down the gauntlet to England by invading Natal and Cape Colony. But were there not some of ourselves who were not very enthusiastic about the very same thing at the very same time? Tell us, now, were all the people and statesmen of England herself very enthusiastic in supporting Lord Salisbury's Government in their policy in South Africa? Did not that venerable and patriotic statesman declare, only the other day, that some of them spoke and acted as if they were in favour of the Boer and against their own countrymen? Even now are all the great newspapers of England, ay, of England's capital—those exponents of public opinion—unanimous in their support of the Government's war policy? To say the least, are not some of them quite as pro-Boer as any newspaper published in Quebec?

However, letting all this pass without comment, we are warranted in saying that as soon as ever it was made plain to Canadians, no matter what their nationality, that the war was

not for the gratification of the mere lust of conquest, that it was not a war simply for the aggrandizement of the Empire, that it was not a war for the sake of military glory or even for international influence, that it was not a war for amassing wealth by promoting the increase of British trade and commerce, and especially that it was not a war for robbing a brave and industrious people of their independence, but that, on the contrary, it was a war in defence of British territory that had been wantonly invaded, a war for the emancipation of those benighted and down-trodden natives of South Africa whom the pitiless Boer was holding in the degrading chains of a practical slavery, a war for the enforcement of the most elementary principles of common justice, a war forced on Britain by the braggart whose avowed object was to sweep the British from the continent and "drive them into the sea," a war in answer to the cries, and groans, and tears of the Kaffir and Hottentot who vainly begged for mercy at the hands of their ruthless taskmasters — ah ! then all Canada did become enthusiastic, then all Australia became enthusiastic, then all New Zealand became en-



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MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

thusiastic ; and the enthusiasm of the French-Canadian rose to as high a pitch as our own, and he was just as determined as we were to sustain VICTORIA REGINA ET IMPERATRIX, without the loss of a shred of her territory, on the throne from which for two generations she had ruled her world-wide empire with unprecedented honour to herself, with unexampled prosperity to her people, and with unnumbered benefits to humanity at large !

But what about our French-Canadian Premier ? Was he not very unwilling to send those contingents of ours to South Africa ? Did he not dilly-dally with them until compelled to take action by the force of public opinion ? Unwilling to send them, was he ? Why, then, did he not do his best to keep them at home instead of getting them off at the earliest moment possible ? Dilly-dally, did he ? How, then, did it come that the troops were embarking at Quebec in about three weeks or less after the first authoritative intimation had been received that their aid would be welcomed by the Home Government ? If this be what is meant by dilly-dallying one would like to be furnished with an example of promptness and

decision. But did not the other colonies have their contingents at the seat of war before ours? Yes, but they are not so far away from Cape Colony as we are; and, what is of much more importance, their parliaments were in session at the time, so that there was no constitutional difficulty to interfere with immediate action, whereas the Parliament of the Dominion had been prorogued but a short time before, and the members of the Ministry had gone here and there, to one place or another, in the different provinces. If Canada were suddenly and unexpectedly invaded to-day, as British South Africa was in the autumn of 1899, would the Prime Minister of England be justified in sending troops to our aid on his own individual official responsibility without consulting his Ministry, and before Parliament had voted the necessary supplies? And yet Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not a thoroughly loyal British subject because, in sending Canadian volunteers to fight England's battles—well, the Empire's battles, if you like—thousands of miles away from their homes, he was anxious to proceed in accordance with the constitution of the country where he is the First Minister of the

Crown ! Look down in pity upon our ignorance and rashness, O shade of Brougham and of Hallam ! Sir Wilfrid must surely be a man of almost infinite patience to bear so uncomplainingly as he has done with accusations so unfounded and senseless, if not malicious. Happy for him that he dwells in an atmosphere so serene, upon an eminence so high, that he can afford to treat all such accusations with the contempt they deserve.

The very worst that can be said of any French-Canadian, in connection with this matter of sending troops to South Africa, is that for a time his attitude was one of indifference. But as soon as he apprehended the real intentions of the authorities in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State his indifference was replaced by enthusiastic support of the Home Government. The electric current flashed the news, the cry went forth, that British territory had been invaded ; and as soon as the French-Canadian distinctly heard the cry, and understood its import, he, as he had often done before, buckled on his armor, and went forth to help to repel the invader.

But is there not a certain French-Canadian named Bourassa? Is he particularly noted for his attachment to British institutions and to British connection? It is enough to say here that, however impolitic some of his utterances may have appeared to his friends, no one can possibly accuse him of not being perfectly frank and honest in giving expression to his sentiments on the relation of Canada to Britain. And, after all the talk about him, what are those sentiments? Surely every fair-minded man must see that they are essentially the same, in their ultimate analysis, as those contained in the eloquent and patriotic address delivered by that other prominent French-Canadian, M. Monk, the leader of the Quebec Conservatives, at a banquet given in his honour by the Club Cartier in Montreal on November 18th, 1901. Now who has ever so much as dared to breathe a syllable against M. Monk's loyalty because of his stand as to Canadian autonomy? Why, then, accuse of disloyalty another man who occupies what is virtually the same position on the same subject? Here is a brief letter sent to the public press under his own hand, in which he very

plainly denies the charge of being anti-British ; and surely no one can know his sentiments on the subject better than himself, and it certainly shows the man to be much more broad-minded than some people suppose.

MR. BOURASSA'S POSITION.

Editor Herald :

SIR,—You have found it proper to translate and republish the article of a small country paper giving credit to the absurd charge of Anglo-phobia brought against me by the jingo press. This paper, alone amongst all French-Canadian organs, ventures the opinion that I could not “ say in all the provinces what I said in Montreal.” As long as this statement remained within the precincts of that little sheet, I paid no attention to it. But now that you have made it known, allow me to state most distinctly that I am ready to go and repeat my utterances in any of the English-speaking provinces. It might have no other result than of proving to my fellow-countrymen that our neighbours are much broader-minded than most of our political men and organs make them appear to be. But even this would be a result which seems to me worth while to be sought for. I am one of those who think it most detrimental to our national welfare that one race should be kept under the impression that the other race is so intolerant as to preclude all public discussion on national problems.

I am greatly amused at the idea of being painted all over as an Anglo-phobia of the worst type, when I

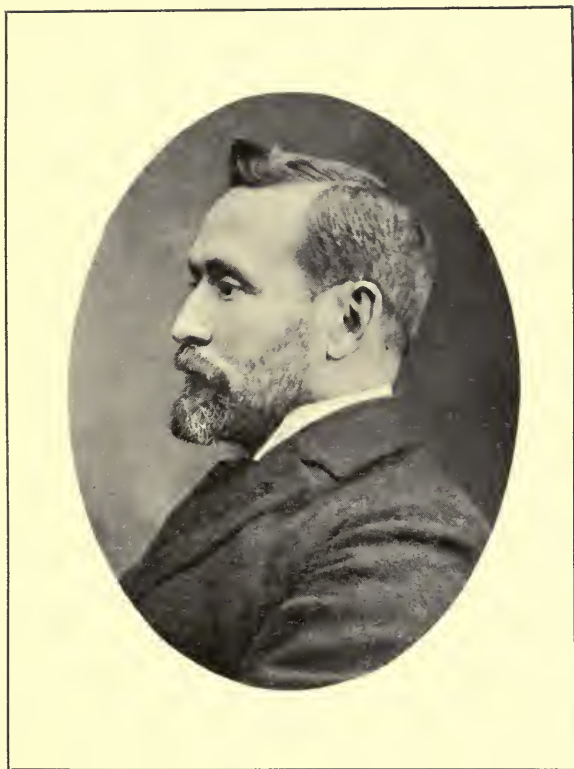
remember that for the last two years I have been discussing privately with so many politicians of both parties and fighting constantly their opinion that the public of the English provinces, of Ontario especially, is so narrow-minded that it won't even listen to any contradiction or criticism of the jingo gospel. Yours truly,

HENRI BOURASSA.

Papineauville, Oct. 29, 1901.

Some Ontario people seem to be under the impression that the frequent display of the tri-colour in the Province of Quebec is conclusive as to the French-Canadian's disloyalty toward Britain. It is safe to say that never were men more mistaken, and that they entirely misapprehend the sentiment which prompts that display is admirably shown by the following brief passage from M. Louis Frechette's address before the Royal Society of Canada at their meeting last year in the city of Ottawa :

"It may seem," says M. Frechette, "rather extraordinary to strangers, to see so many French flags unfurled at our public festivities in Montreal, Quebec, and even in Ottawa. Those who know us better, and do not judge us by hearsay or from a distance, are less astonished, since they are aware that this symbol has



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MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SENATE.



HON. F. L. BEIQUE, K.C.,
MONTREAL,
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in our minds no political meaning whatever, that it is nothing to us but the emblem of our race; and that if we are proud to see it wave over our heads, we are no less grateful to the British institutions, high-minded and liberal enough not to take any umbrage at this in-offensive display.

“ Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we love the flag of the land of our forefathers, as the English-Canadians would love the flag of England, if the positions were reversed ; but it is a loyal flag, and—I proclaim it here most emphatically—the day it became significant of disloyalty, circumstances being unchanged, you would not see one of them hoisted in the Province of Quebec ! ”

Well, then, let M. Bourassa and his compatriots enjoy their French sentiments, let them indulge their love of French classical literature, let them entertain an undying affection for the beautiful country from which their fathers came to Canada ; for is not all this quite compatible with loyalty to Britain ? And do we not claim the same liberty for ourselves ? Nor is it unlikely that either a Scottish-Canadian or an Irish-Canadian would enjoy the sight of the

flag of the land of his forefathers floating from the prow of his pleasure boat, as is the case with M. Tarte, for instance. Some of us have a very warm feeling for "Merrie England"; and others of us, apostrophizing old Scotia, exclaim with the Scottish bard :

“ O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ? ”

And, surely, there are others of us who, loving the Emerald Isle in the very core of our hearts, say :

“ Though bright are England's fountains,
And fertile are her plains ;
Though Scotia's lofty mountains
Where savage grandeur reigns ;
While 'mid their charms I wander
My thoughts I turn the while,
And seem of thee the fonder,
My own Green Isle. ”

Then, too, if we were born there, if we lived there long enough to know something of its beauties and to appreciate the warm hearts of

the people, and if we begin to realize that we shall never more look upon Erin's hills and valleys, the tear starts unbidden to the eye, and with full hearts we are ready to cry out—the memory of Erin the last to leave us, the visions of Erin the last to fade away—

“ O Sogarth aroon, sure I know life is fleeting,
 Soon, soon, in the strange earth my poor bones will
 lie ;
 I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing,
 And, if the Lord's willing, I'm ready to die ;
 But, Sogarth aroon, can I never again see
 The valleys and hills of my dear native land?
 When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of
 sorrow
 Will it pass through old Ireland to join the bless'd
 band?

.

O Sogarth aroon, I have kept through all changes
 The thrice-blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay,
 And, oh ! it has minded me often and often
 Of that bright-smiling valley, so far, far away :
 Then tell me, I pray you, will I ever again see
 The place where it grew on my own native sod?
 When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,
 Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to our
 God”?

Instead, then, of finding fault with the French-Canadian, or implying that he cannot be loyal to England, because his heart now and then prompts him to show that he loves France, let us rather honour him for the affection which he entertains for the land of the indomitable Cartier and Champlain, the land which gave birth to the saintly and scholarly François de Laval-Montmorenci, the land which, after all's said and done, sent out those brave and self-sacrificing heralds of the Cross by whose heroic lives and martyrs' deaths Canada was first led forth from the gloom and darkness of barbarism and idolatry into the sweet sunlight of civilization and Christianity.

But there are some people—at any rate, one is to be met with here and there—whom it is exceedingly difficult to convince of anything they do not wish to believe. They are not altogether unknown in this fair Dominion, and even in enlightened and liberal-minded Ontario one is now and then to be found. They are not bigoted, not even stubborn; oh! no, not at all, they are just a little firm, nothing more; and if there be one thing above another upon which they pride themselves, it is their “sweet

reasonableness." Now when it is plainly proved to those dear souls that there is not the slightest ground for assuming that the French-Canadians are not just as loyal to Britain as they are themselves, they, in their determination to minimize or otherwise disparage what they can no longer deny, declare that the French-speaking people of Quebec, if loyal at all, are loyal from self interest, just because they know they have privileges under British rule which they could never have as the subjects of another power. Now would it not be somewhat embarrassing for these good friends of ours if they were compelled to furnish a correct analysis of the motives which lie at the basis of their own much vaunted loyalty? Alas ! self, in one or other of its protean forms, seems to be the mainspring of most of our actions, even of those which seem most disinterested ; and perhaps we are not uninfluenced by it in our loyalty to the mother country, for is it not true that a great part of that loyalty may be traced to the conviction that we are incomparably safer and better off in every way under British rule than we could be under any other ?

But, over and above this, we, English-

speaking people of Canada, are full of British sentiment—no government so enlightened or so free as the British Government, no army so brave as the British Army, no navy so powerful as the British Navy, no tar so gallant as the British tar, no soldier so daring as the British soldier, and therefore no flag so glorious as the British flag. But are our French-Canadian brethren altogether devoid of all this sort of feeling? Mark this: "Under that flag was I born, and under that flag will I die," was the sentiment which the late Sir John A. Macdonald bequeathed to the whole people of Canada, that was the sentiment with which he appealed to them not long before he was taken away from us by the hand of death; and now note this particularly, the French-Canadian people showed that they appreciated the sentiment by the cordial support which they afforded to the Conservative party at the general elections which followed immediately afterwards, when the illustrious chieftain fought his last battle and won his last victory! It would appear, then, that with them as well as with ourselves, British sentiment, as well as self-interest, lies at the root of their loyalty to the British Throne.



SIR ADOLPHE CARON, K.C.M.G., M.P.,
OTTAWA.



RAYMOND PREFONTAINE, K.C., M.P.,
EX-MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

The writer hopes he may be mistaken, but he finds it difficult not to believe that the charge of disloyalty so often brought against the French-speaking inhabitants of the Province of Quebec has its *fons et origo* in the narrow though honest minds of certain ultra-Protestants who seem incapable of believing that a conscientious Roman Catholic can be a really loyal British subject—more especially since the promulgation of the Decrees of the famous Vatican Council, which was held some thirty years ago. The fanatical Moslem of India may be loyal, and so may the idolatrous Hindu; but the staunch Roman Catholic? Never, it is impossible! Well, one can hardly blame those good Protestants for holding such an opinion, somewhat uncharitable though it be, for something of the same sort is implied in a certain pamphlet published shortly after the Council had been dissolved, published, too, by one who was said to be then the greatest statesman in England, the late W. E. Gladstone. However, the unsoundness of his reasoning was shown soon after by one who was perhaps still greater than he—greater, that is, intellectually—the late J. H. Newman,

in a letter addressed to the Duke of Norfolk.

But would it not help those staunch Protestant friends of ours above referred to and make them a little more moderate, if, when passing judgment on the loyalty of their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, they would just remember that the late Sir John Thompson was a Roman Catholic ; and yet no Colonial Premier was ever more highly honoured by his sovereign than he was by Victoria, though the good Queen can hardly have helped knowing that he had been brought up in one of the strictest sects of Protestants. So are more than one, it is said, of the most successful British commanders in South Africa, Roman Catholics ; but who will dare to impugn their loyalty ? So, too, are many of the Irish Fusiliers Roman Catholics ; and yet by their bravery on the veldt, by their blood with which the African sands were reddened, they won for their countrymen in the British Army, the boon, the privilege, the right so long denied, so tardily granted—to wear “the sweet little Shamrock of Ireland” pinned on their tunics as each anniversary of their country’s Patron Saint comes in its annual round. The late

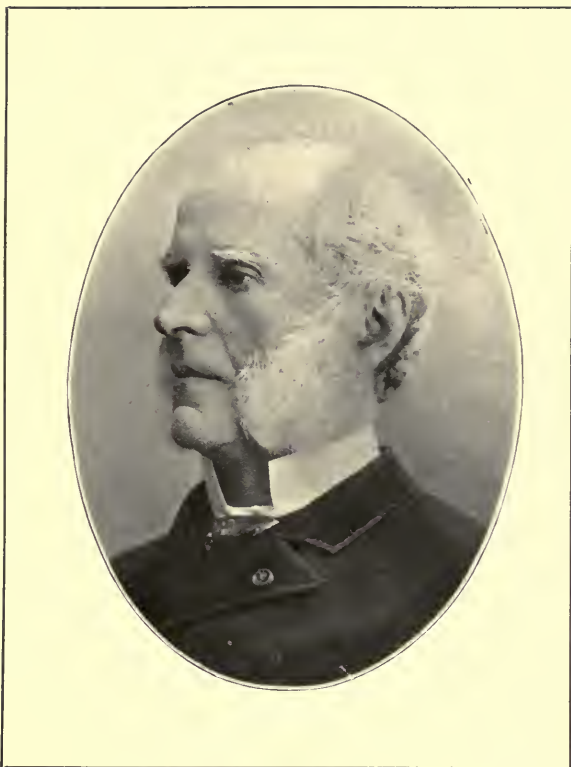
Marquis of Bute was a Roman Catholic ; and yet he was loyal enough to have a seat in the House of Lords with Anglican Bishops and Scottish Presbyterian nobles. The present Duke of Norfolk is a Roman Catholic ; but he is also hereditary Grand Marshal of England, and showed his loyalty to his Protestant sovereign by resigning his position in the Marquis of Salisbury's Government with the object of going against the Boers of the Transvaal. If one does not quite forget one's English History, many a long and noble line of loyal Roman Catholics may be traced back, generation after generation, until we come to the reign of Elizabeth, when the brave Roman Catholic, Lord Howard, successfully commanded the little fleet of Protestant England against the " Spanish Armada " of Catholic Spain. We cannot go much further back than this ; for, God help us, before the time of Elizabeth's father, there were no others in England, to be either loyal or disloyal, than Catholics. But one can almost see that gallant English Roman Catholic sailor, Lord Howard, as with Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, he plays at bowls on Plymouth Hoe, near the spot

where a monument now stands to the memory of these great men, when the news came on that July day in 1588 that the Spanish fleet was almost in sight of land. Well, Englishmen like they quietly finished their game, and then went aboard their ships, and sailed out to meet the enemy, and gained for Protestant Elizabeth one of the most glorious victories ever won by even the British Navy!

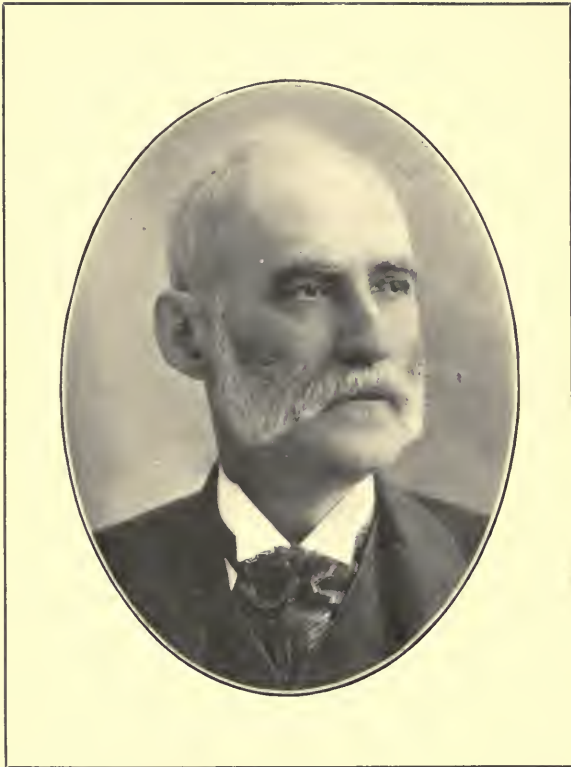
And yet, you know, the French-Canadians cannot be loyal because, besides having the misfortune to be of French extraction, they have the still greater misfortune to be devout Catholics! Positively it makes one feel indignant that any man should be heard even so much as to hint that either a subject's nationality or his religion is incompatible with the highest type of loyalty and devotion to his constitutional sovereign! Here is where the real disloyalty is to be found—it is to be found with those, whether they are French or English, Catholic or Protestant, who make incendiary appeals to racial or religious feelings in order to promote disunion and bad blood between the two nationalities, instead of joining heartily with all good men and true in earnest

efforts towards removing every misunderstanding that may exist between the people of Quebec and of Ontario, thus helping to bind the mixed population of those two great provinces in a closer union, so that both may work together harmoniously and effectively for the progress of the new nation that has arisen in North America. Yes, there is where the disloyalty lies, and not amongst those who, in 1896, sent such representatives to the Commons as would ensure that a French-Canadian Catholic should be the Prime Minister of Canada—not, be it observed, because he was either French or Catholic, but because it was plainly seen that in the ranks of the Reformers there was no other statesman so well qualified to fill the exalted and responsible position. And the writer, Ontario Protestant though he is, has every satisfaction in stating that thousands and thousands of his co-religionists, as well as he himself, are more than pleased that the Premier of the Dominion is neither of English extraction nor of the Reformed Faith; for the people of this country, by placing Sir Wilfrid Laurier where he is, have shown to the world their true Liberalism, and have de-

clared in the most emphatic manner their belief that—so far as concerns Canada, at any rate—a man's being of French extraction or of the Catholic religion should be no obstacle in the way which leads to the highest office in the gift of his lawful sovereign. Many of us have read something of the flagrant acts of injustice, of the cruel wrongs, of the horrible persecutions once perpetrated in another part of the Empire, under the sanction of the disgraceful Penal Laws; and the people of this free and prosperous Dominion would indignantly stamp out even the first incipient attempt to introduce amongst them any approach towards a state of things so dreadful and horrible. Anything like what may be called religious disabilities must never find a place on the statute book of Canada. Meantime, to promote feelings of harmony and good-will between the Protestants and the Catholics of Canada is one of the most important duties of all her patriotic people. The spirit which animates them in this matter is admirably expressed by a Catholic poet in the following stanzas :



HON. P. GARNEAU,
MEMBER LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL,
QUEBEC.



HON. JOSEPH SHEHYN.

QUEBEC CITY,
A MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SENATE.

“ Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they are filled from the same bright
bowl,
The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o’er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Truth, valour or love by a standard like this.”

No one wishes to deny that a good Catholic would refuse to obey a secular command which conflicted with his religious duties; but would not the good Protestant do the same? Would not the latter maintain, quite as strongly as the former, that if obedience to the secular powers involved doing violence to his conscience, or—what is virtually the same thing—if it involved disobedience to God, he must obey God rather than man? Taking his stand upon the Bible, the sacred volume which he professes to prize so highly, would he not feel bound to follow the example of those who, when forbidden by the authorities to do something which their consciences told

them they ought to do, replied, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Would he not make St. Peter's words his own, and say, "We ought to obey God rather than men"? Would he not remember that many a Christian in the early days refused to save his life at even so small an apparent cost as casting a single grain of incense upon a heathen altar? Surely if he were what is called a conscientious man, a God-fearing man, he would refuse to obey. But neither would he rebel; for whilst disobedience may sometimes be right, rebellion is always wrong—that is, rebellion against lawfully constituted authority. Does not every staunch Protestant esteem and honour the memory of such men as Ridley and Latimer, because they suffered death rather than obey a command which they conscientiously believed to be wrong? What Protestant, what real Protestant and not a mongrel, blames the Scottish Covenanters to-day for refusing obedience to their lawful king when they could not render that obedience with a clear con-

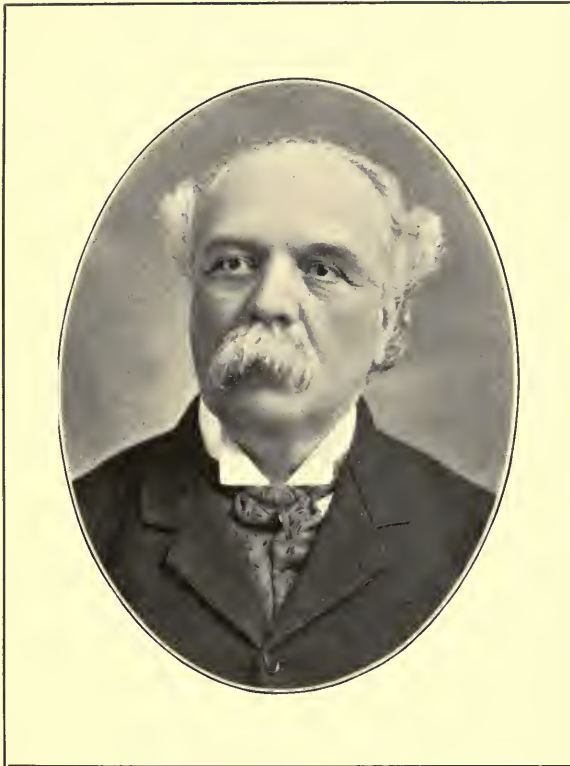
science? What Protestant to-day blames the Quaker for refusing to engage in war, when the conscience of the Quaker tells him he ought not to do so? Surely, not one. But why? Simply because the Protestant believes in liberty of conscience. Well, what he believes in and claims for himself he will hardly deny to others; and therefore he should be the last to blame Catholics if they, sooner than disobey what they believe to be the Voice of God, should refuse obedience to some command or commands of the secular power.

However, there is at present no reason to fear that the lawful authorities in any portion of the British Empire will ever try to compel any man—be he Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, or heathen—to do anything contrary to the dictates of his conscience.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXERCISE OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

An important feature of French-Canadian life, not readily seen by the English-speaking visitor, but patent to the English-speaking resident, is the rapidly increasing circulation of the magazine and especially of the newspaper. That home must be very poor indeed to which a good weekly paper does not regularly find its way, whilst a daily is much more common than it was some years ago. Now whatever may be thought of the French papers in Quebec, they are singularly and creditably free—unhappily, they are almost uniquely free—from everything immoral or irreligious; and, as a rule, they direct the attention of their readers fairly and intelligently to the public questions of the day. Hence the effect of the increased circulation has been altogether good, particularly in the interest thereby promoted in the government of the Province and of the Dominion. Now the French-Canadian has always paid much



HON. M. E. BERNIER, M.P.,
MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE FOR CANADA.



HON. J. I. TARTE, P.C., M.P.,
MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS,
OTTAWA.

attention to parochial and municipal affairs, and he has always had very good reason for believing them, in general, to be managed honestly, and with as much economy as is compatible with efficiency—which, after all, is the truest economy. Well, his newspaper has shown him that the same thing cannot invariably be said of the management of affairs by the Provincial Legislature or the Dominion Parliament. He has learned something of the meaning of such classical terms as, e.g., “rake off,” “boodle,” and so on. Now he, poor unsophisticated man that he is, cannot understand why his representatives in the Assembly and the Commons should not manage the business of the country just as uprightly and carefully as his representatives in the humbler Municipal Councils; and, so, it has come to pass, more than once or twice, that when his newspaper has shown him plainly that those whom he has sent to either of the two parliaments has been guilty of any act or acts of corruption—guilty either by suggestion or participation, by advocating or by not opposing, by word or by deed, directly or indirectly—he has made his disapprobation felt at the

polls. There may not have been any uproar, there may have been no indignation meetings, everything on the surface may have remained undisturbed ; but so surely as he once becomes convinced of the guilt of his representative in Parliament, so surely as that representative has justly forfeited the confidence of the electors, so surely does the delinquent discover, to his chagrin, at the next elections that his somewhat crooked course has not been unnoticed by his constituents. A solid French-Canadian vote may not, perhaps, be cast against him ; but a great many French-Canadian votes will be given to secure the election of his opponent—provided, that is, that the opponent has never proved himself unworthy of their confidence as an honest man, and is in other respects a suitable candidate for their suffrages.

How is it, then, that he is accused, in exercising his franchise, of being governed by racial and religious prejudices ? Well, proud of his race he certainly is, and with good reason ; and it cannot be denied that, *ceteris paribus*, the man of his race will, as a rule, be given the preference over another. But should

not English, Irish or Scotch Canadians be the last to blame him for this, seeing that the same thing is true of themselves? If he is proud of the race that has given to the world such a galaxy of men and women to adorn the firmament of Science, Art, Literature and Religion as have had their birth and breeding in the land of the adventurous Bougainville, the accomplished Bouguereau, the profound and versatile Chateaubriand, the eloquent and saintly Fenelon, the inimitable epistolist Madame de Sévigné, the celebrated Madame de Staël, the authoress of *De l'Allemagne*, and a host of others of honoured memory, are there not those who think that man to be but little better than a fool who will not acknowledge that the English are in every way the finest people the world has ever seen, the bravest, the noblest, the cleverest, the most learned, the most inventive, the most honest, and even (according to the Anglo-Israel craze) amongst the most ancient?

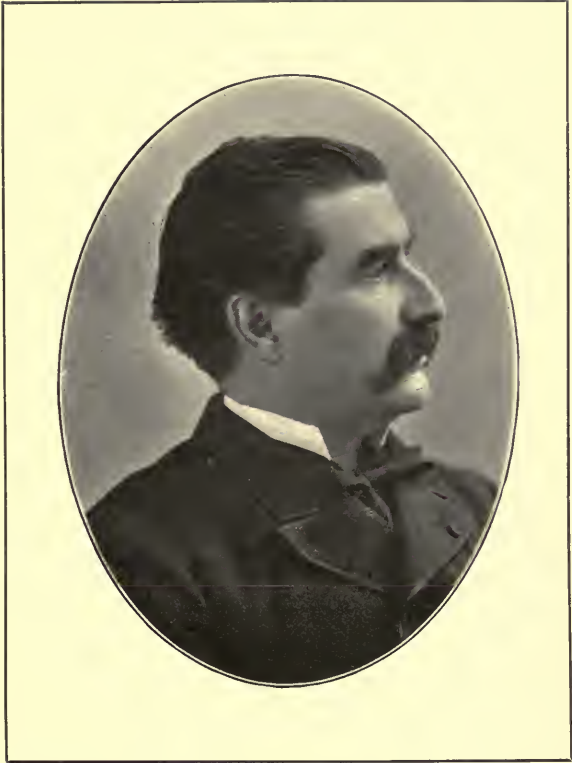
But, still, the history of the last few hundred years shows that the Englishman has a right to be proud of his race—proud because of the marvellous progress it has made in the

arts of peace no less than in the science of war, proud of what his country has done for almost every land that has been brought under her benign sway, proud because of what she is now doing for the enlightenment of those peoples who but a few years ago were sitting in dense moral darkness, through which there penetrated not a single ray of that glorious light which is ever streaming from the Cross of Calvary! Why, then, should any of us find fault with the French-Canadian, or suspect his loyalty to Britain, because he is proud of being able to trace his origin to a nation which has been England's not altogether unsuccessful rival in working for the world's welfare; a nation which some three hundred and fifty years ago drove the English out of Calais—their last possession in the land that witnessed the battles of Agincourt and Poitiers, the land where the Black Prince won his spurs at Crecy in 1347—so that no longer can any English monarch rightly call himself by the old title, "King of Great Britain, France and Ireland"? Yes indeed, the French-Canadian is proud of his race, and it would be a shame for him if he were not. But this pride

of race does not make him blind to the faults of a man of that race who may be a candidate for parliamentary honours ; and whilst he would prefer to support a man of his own original nationality, he will vote for an honest English, Irish or Scotch Canadian rather than for a French-Canadian upon whose honesty he feels that he cannot depend.

But supposing all this to be true, as to race, is it equally true as to religion? and if he is unduly influenced by religious considerations, how can he be said to exercise his elective franchise independently or to vote for candidates according to their merits? Now some people, and probably—no, certainly—the French-Canadian along with the others, are foolish enough to think that a belief in the Christian Religion ought to be an indispensable requisite in any man who aspires to a place in the legislative halls of a professedly Christian country ; for how, such people ask themselves, can Christians believe that a man will legislate—or even be able to legislate—for the highest interests of his country unless he believes in that revelation of the Divine Will which is commonly called the Christian Religion? In-

deed, the French-Canadian regards his religion as the most important subject that can claim his attention ; and why not ? After his Faith has triumphantly stood the test of the most bitter opposition and cruel persecution of the Jew, the heathen, and the infidel, for some nineteen centuries, after it has raised him up to a plane immeasurably higher than was ever occupied by his heathen ancestors, after it has done what it has done where its tenets have been sincerely received and where honest efforts have been made to obey its commands, who is to blame him, for loving that Creed with all the fervour and devotion of his warm and impassioned heart ? or for regarding the profession of it as a *sine qua non* in any man who seeks his suffrages ? Nay, would it not be an inestimable blessing for Canada if all her people had the same firm belief in and the same glowing love for the Christian Religion, and if they tried to emulate the devout French-Canadian in living according to its holy teachings ? But, mark, whilst he loves his race and his Creed, and is proud and happy to see a man belonging to that race and believing that Creed occupying the position of Canada's



LATE HON. HONORÉ MERCIÈR,
PREMIER OF QUEBEC FROM 1887 TO 1890.



HON. F. LANGELLIER,
JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Prime Minister, he looks at and discusses political questions free from racial and religious prejudices—though, fortunately, not free from religious considerations ; and, as a consequence, he sends to the legislative halls, to represent him there, those men whom he believes to be best fitted for the task—not indeed irrespective of Creed, but irrespective of ecclesiastical antecedents and proclivities. How few of those who so glibly accuse him of being governed by religious prejudices in his exercise of the elective franchise ever ask themselves how many agnostics or other unbelievers are to be found amongst the men whom he has sent to Parliament? Are there half a dozen? Is there one?

Nor does he ask himself what candidate would, if elected, be most likely to advance French-Canadian interests alone, but who will do the best that can be done for the whole people ; for he knows that under a system of government like that of Canada, whilst each Province has certain rights of its own which must be regarded as sacred, one class of the inhabitants cannot really prosper at the expense of another. Hence it is that though a parlia-

mentary candidate may have French as his vernacular, and may kneel at the Catholic Altar, these considerations will not necessarily secure his election over an opponent who knows little of the French language and who holds to a somewhat different form of the Christian Faith, if that opponent be in other respects the better man of the two. This was the principal reason why at the last General Elections for the Dominion the Province of Quebec gave the present government an overwhelming majority. It was not because the members of the government were French or Catholic ; for they were not, but because the people of that Province believed the policy of the government to be the best for the whole of Canada. Moreover, at those same elections the French-Canadian voted, in many instances, against men of his own race and of his own religion, and supported men of another creed and another national origin. Similar remarks apply to the still more recent elections for the Quebec Assembly.

It is, however, often said, and indeed somewhat flippantly, that the French-Canadian cannot vote independently because he has to

do exactly as his "spiritual pastors and masters" order him. Well, it is not for the writer, an Ontario Protestant, to pretend to be familiar with the relations existing between the Roman Catholic clergy and their flocks in Quebec, or, for that matter, anywhere else; but he is persuaded that no opinion could be farther astray or rest upon a more flimsy foundation than that the clergy exercise an *undue* influence over their flocks as to what political party they shall support. There are many mortal sins, but to be identified with either of the two great political parties of Canada is not included amongst the number; it is not even a venial sin, so what have the clergy to do with it?

Those who make the above charge seem to be impaled on the horns of a dilemma, at any rate, if we judge from the results of the last General Elections for the Dominion; for these results plainly show that either the members of the clergy were divided in their counsels, or that a large proportion of the laity proved contumacious. The proof is that out of the whole total vote cast the Liberals, the victorious party, obtained a majority of only

27,873; so that if the clergy gave uniform directions about voting, a great part of the laity refused to obey. The return of the Liberals to power with a very large majority as they had, whilst the majority of the total vote cast was so comparatively small, is, of course, to be accounted for by the fact that this majority of votes was divided amongst many constituencies.

Look also at the federal elections of 1896, and it will be seen to a moral certainty that the French-Canadian is just as free as any man can be to vote as he thinks best—free, that is, so far as concerns clerical influence; otherwise the result of those elections, how that result was brought about, is veiled in impenetrable mystery. We all know that the leader of the Conservatives at that time, the then Prime Minister, quite believed that the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba were suffering under a very serious grievance on account of the Education Act passed by the Greenway Administration. We know also that the minority brought their case before the courts, and that it was at length decided by the Imperial Privy Council that the min-



F. D. MONK, K.C., M.P.,
MONTREAL.



N. A. BELCOURT, K.C., M.P.,
OTTAWA.

ority had just cause of complaint, that they really had a grievance, and that it lay with the Dominion Parliament to see that the grievance was removed. Now to carry out the decision thus given, to grant to the Roman Catholics in Manitoba the relief for which they prayed, was a part of the policy upon which Sir Charles Tupper appealed to the country. It was what is known as a burning question, and provoked the most decided and bitter opposition from some of Sir Charles' own supporters ; nevertheless, he insisted on making it a plank in his political platform. We know also, or at least we believe, that the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Quebec thoroughly approved of and endorsed Sir Charles' determination to remove the aforesaid grievance. Is it not plain, then, that if the French-Canadian electors are compelled to vote according to the will of their clergy, Sir Charles should have been sustained ? But what was the result ? Why, simply that, in spite of the alleged clerical despotism, in spite of the fact that the Roman Catholics of Manitoba—the French-Canadian's own brethren—were groaning under a burden which Sir Charles

had pledged himself to remove if he 'were returned to power, that renowned statesman met with his Waterloo in the Province of Quebec, and his illustrious opponent won a brilliant victory. Strange anomaly, too, does it seem, Roman Catholics of Quebec voting with the Orange element of Ontario to defeat a Prime Minister who had pledged himself to grant relief from a grievance to the Roman Catholics of Manitoba ! Certainly their motives were very different, the Orangemen being determined that Sir Charles should be defeated rather than that the Manitoba School Act should be disallowed, and the French-Canadians being equally determined that Sir Wilfrid should be sustained because they believed his policy to be for " the greatest good to the greatest number " ; but none the less, during the memorable campaign of 1896, did the *fleur-de lis* and the Orange lily shine side by side on the same banner ! And yet there are those who would have us believe that the French-Canadian votes according to certain instructions which are supposed to be issued to him by the Hierarchy of Quebec !

Supposing, however, that the clergy of the lower province do exercise a very great influence over the laity in parliamentary elections—provided it be a legitimate, and not an undue influence, is it necessarily an unmixed evil? is it an evil at all? Nay, is it not a positive good? Surely the French-Canadian clergy, noted for their piety and learning, their self-denial and self-sacrifice for the sake of their flocks, their devotion to their sacred duties, their unremitting care and almost jealous vigilance for the safety and welfare of their people, are not to be censured if they do sometimes warn those placed under their supervision against the dishonest designs of the scheming demagogue, and point out to them the qualities which should characterize the men who seek their suffrages. If, whenever elections are held, bold and ignorant empirics are at work proclaiming political panaceas for the imaginary ills of the State, and if unprincipled scoundrels are likely to be plying their nefarious trade of bribery and corruption, are the French-Canadian clergy (or, for that matter, any other clergy) to be blamed for warning their people against the

dangers that threaten them, or for giving them the best advice in their power? That the Catholic clergy of Quebec do exercise their *legitimate* influence in this as in other matters is hardly open to question; but that they attempt to drive their people to the polls, and there make them vote for one party or another upon pain of ecclesiastical censures or spiritual penalties, we may rest assured there is not the slightest reason to imagine.

But there are those who profess to believe that the French-Canadian voted as he did in 1896 in opposition to the mandate of his spiritual advisers and directors because if Sir Charles were defeated, Sir Wilfrid (a French-Canadian) would become Prime Minister, and that he voted as he did in 1900 in order that Sir Wilfrid might remain Prime Minister. Well, what is the unfortunate man to say? First, he is accused of voting in slavish obedience to the mandate of his clergy, and then he is credited with voting in direct opposition to such mandate! Now would it not be just as well to remember that, from the political standpoint, he voted exactly the other way in 1878, and many a time before and after, from



HON. H. T. DUFFY, K.C., M.L.A.,
PROVINCIAL TREASURER,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



HON. J. J. E. GUÉRIN, M.D., M.L.A.,
MEMBER QUEBEC PROVINCIAL CABINET.

the way in which he voted at the last two General Elections for the Commons; and that, too, when a man who was neither French-Canadian nor Catholic, but a Scotchman and a Protestant, was Prime Minister. Surely, then, justice alone, without any admixture of charity, should lead us to the conclusion that the man voted as he did in days gone by because he believed the then Conservative policy to be the best for Canada; and that in the more recent elections he voted differently because he had come to realize that, the times being changed, the conditions of the country being no longer the same, the welfare of the Dominion would be better promoted by a somewhat different policy, and that this policy was presented to the electorate by the Liberal party. By the way, was not this policy, too, almost the same, practically, as that advocated by the late Dalton McCarthy—a man whom many people believed to be a clever statesman, and who certainly was an uncompromising Protestant, and could never be accused of being under the influence of the Quebec Hierarchy or of the present Premier? We may also call to mind that Sir Wilfrid's policy was endorsed

by almost every province in the Dominion except Ontario ; and we may pertinently ask if all those provinces supported that policy either because they were subject to the French Canadian clergy or because the Prime Minister, whose policy it was, happened to be a French-Canadian and a Catholic.

It would be very interesting to enter here upon some discussion as to the probable result of the campaign of 1896 if that successful veteran, the late Sir John A. Macdonald, had then been the Conservative leader. But it would be useless to attempt such a speculation, however attractive it may be, within the limits to which this little work is necessarily confined. However, we cannot help feeling persuaded that such a wise and sagacious statesman as he undoubtedly was would have seen the desirability of making such changes in the National Policy as were demanded by the changed conditions of the country ; and, with the assistance of his French-Canadian Ministers, would also have devised some means of settling the difficulty in Manitoba, which, whilst satisfactory to the Roman Catholics of that province, would not have

alienated from him any considerable number of his supporters throughout the Dominion. The Jesuits' Estates Question was hardly a less burning one than the Manitoba School Act, and it produced as many and as deep "searchings of heart" amongst a certain class of Protestants ; but Sir John A. Macdonald managed somehow to have it settled in such a manner that, whilst satisfactory to those directly concerned, it left him with a firm grasp of the helm of the Ship of State. Moreover, it was settled so happily as to leave little or no sore feeling behind, and so effectually as to preclude its ever coming up for future consideration. The same can hardly be said about the settlement of the Manitoba Schools difficulty. At any rate, the following dispatch from Ottawa appeared in the *Toronto Daily Mail and Empire* of November 27th, 1901 :

" Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, denies that he has come east to secure Government aid for Catholic schools in Manitoba. He could not say that the school question had been settled. He remarked : ' When I state that in the city of Winnipeg the Catholics support their own schools without receiving a cent of assistance from the Government, and in addi-

tion have to pay \$8,000 annually for the support of the Public schools, to which they do not send their children, you will understand how unsatisfactory is the system.

“ ‘ There was some talk of the Public School Board taking over our schools, but that body objected to any religious garb for the nuns, and the arrangement fell through. Our people in Winnipeg are rather hard pressed financially, because they have to support not only their own schools, churches and charitable works, but the Public schools as well. They are a hopeful, energetic people, however, and the attendance at the Separate schools which they maintain was never so large, nor has the instruction ever been so perfect. They certainly merit the sympathy and support of Canadian Catholics. In the country districts the situation is not embarrassing, and the arrangements are more satisfactory.’ ”

Some further settlement, it would therefore seem, must be made before it can be said that justice has been done to the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba. The old aphorism, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, would lose none of its truth if *veritas* were replaced by *justitia*.

CHAPTER V.

THE USE OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN QUEBEC.

There are few things which any patriotic Canadian should desire more earnestly for his country than the fusion into one homogeneous people of the two great races which form the overwhelming majority of its inhabitants—if such fusion were at all possible. But of nothing should he be more careful than to avoid attempting what perhaps cannot be done, for he may thus put back indefinitely the nearest possible approach to what he may have most at heart.

The French and the British in Canada may indeed be *united into one people* who shall work together zealously and harmoniously for the welfare of their common country; but can they ever become *amalgamated into one homogeneous people*? Does not the fact that they belong to different races render complete homogeneity impossible? Universal intermarriage between them might, after many generations,

produce a people who would be neither French nor British ; but would they be really homogeneous ? And, at any rate, such general intermarrying seems to be altogether out of the question ; so improbable is it, that it may be regarded as morally impossible.

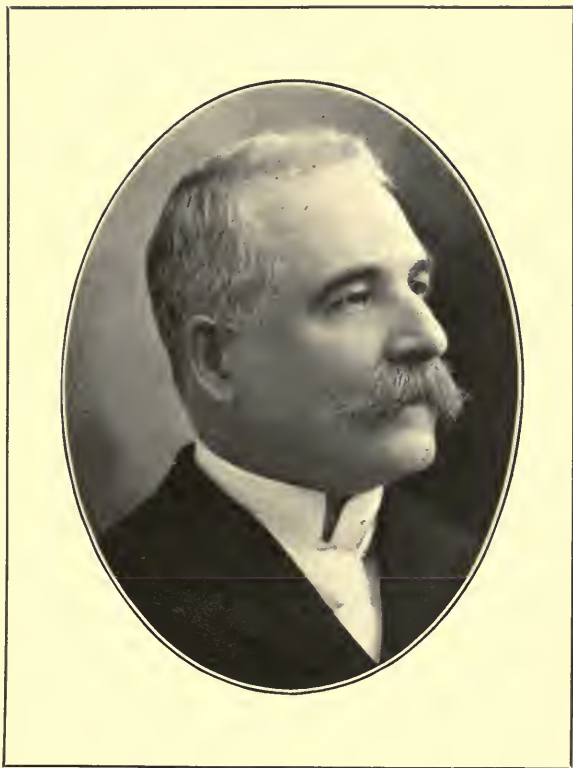
Nor is it likely that either race will ever gain a very decided predominance over the other ; for, even were it possible, neither of them is ungenerous enough to attempt it. Happily, too, is this the case ; and if anyone should dispute this statement, a sufficient answer might be given him in one word, Ireland. Attempts at this sort of thing have been made—perhaps we had better say, *were* made—in that land for many centuries ; and the whole civilized world knows the deplorable and disastrous result. True, there are instances of the English Saxon in Ireland becoming more Irish than the Irish Kelt, and *vice versa* ; but from the day that Strongbow sailed into Dublin Bay up to the present (except when the Irish were goaded into insurrection) has there ever been a time when the two races (speaking in general terms) were more bitterly opposed to each other than they

are to-day? What is called "the old spite" is still as bitter as ever.

Now certain of the conditions existing in Canada are not unlike those existing in Ireland many years ago, and still existing there to a great extent ; that is to say, in each land there are two races, and each race has its own form of the Christian Faith. Moreover, the Irish language has not yet become obsolete ; and recent efforts which may not be devoid of the germs of success, have been made for its revival. It would indeed be a disagreeable and a humiliating task to write of the means adopted to make the Irishman forsake the Faith which he believes to be that of his fathers and to substitute the English Language for the Irish. The latter has been partly successful, and the former has proved a dismal failure. The law would not allow Erse to be used officially, and drove it out of the courts; but the law that drove it out of the courts gave it a deeper and warmer place in the Irishman's heart and thus intensified the strife between the two races.

What would be a humiliating task has just been mentioned ; but, in view of the state of

Ireland for many years, it would be a sad task to speculate on what might be the condition of that land to-day if England had treated the people as she treated the French-Canadians when the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1763, and had left them in the undisturbed enjoyment of their own religion and language and in the uninterrupted use of their own customs. Now ought not such considerations as these be a lesson to those who say that the official use of the French language in the Province of Quebec tends to keep the two races apart, and that therefore English alone should be recognized? If this were done would there be a closer union between ourselves and our French-Canadian fellow-subjects? No, but there might be disruption! Does any one say, "Let the trouble come; ay, let us even precipitate it; and the sooner the better, for then we'll settle the whole matter over again; and we'll settle it for good and all by sweeping away every special privilege which England once guaranteed to the French people in Canada"? There can hardly be anyone so unfair, so lost to all sense of honour, so unjust, so wicked, nay, so down-right stupid, as to



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suggest anything of the sort ; but if, peradventure, there are any such vile and brutal people in Canada, they may as well be told that every honest man throughout the world would look upon such a proposition with detestation and horror ! Let us remove the bad taste which such a supposition leaves upon the palate of our morals and of our honour by considering something of a different character.

There cannot be a doubt that the use of the same language—the language which was heard re-echoing around the walls of doomed Troy when the besiegers shouted their fierce battle-cries, the language of Homer and Hesiod, Thucydides and Herodotus, Demosthenes and Æschines, Sophocles and Æschylus—was one of the great bonds which bound together the people of ancient Greece, a people of marvellous enterprise, indomitable courage, transcendent genius, and undying patriotism. Wherever they went they were still Hellenes, and wherever they dwelt they called the country Hellas. As the late Prof. Freeman says in one of his admirable historical sketches, “Thus there were patches, so to speak, of Hellas anywhere ; and there were such patches of Hellas round

a great part of the Mediterranean Sea, wherever Greek settlers had planted colonies." But, mark, besides having a common language, these people had a common ancestry and a common religion, so that, they consisted of different tribes rather than of different races, and they worshipped the same deities. Now supposing they had been of two different races, one of which had one form of religion and spoke one language, and the other of which had a different form of religion and spoke another language, would the enforced use of one of those languages—enforced by the race that happened to be dominant at the time—have tended to the unification of the whole people? Would it not rather have driven them apart and made them antagonistic to each other? On the other hand, supposing that instead of the forcible suppression of one of the languages, each race had learned to use both languages—had become bi-lingual—would not this, though it could never make them homogeneous, have united them more closely than would otherwise have been possible?

Now, does not this suggest to us that the common use of both French and English by all the people is the ideal to be aimed at in Canada? Well, this is what is aimed at in at least some parts of Quebec, for English, as well as French, is taught in many of the schools; and from a social and business point of view, even from a comprehensively and inclusively Canadian point of view, would it not be well if the same could be said of the schools in all the other provinces? Does it not seem that the use of the two languages in common, and not the suppression of one of them, is the true policy to pursue if we would see the two races more closely united than ever they had been before? Nor would we, English-speaking people, find it nearly so difficult to learn the soft pellucid tongue of old France as our French-speaking neighbors find it to learn

“ Our rude, harsh, northern, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter
all,”

with its (seemingly) anarchical orthography, its bewildering orthoepy; and its many syntactical idioms. The difficulties which a Frenchman has to overcome in learning to speak

English have had almost numberless laughable exemplifications ; and one which appeared in a Canadian journal is well worth repeating. A French gentleman was, it seems, chatting with a young Englishwoman who, he had been given to understand, had ascended to the summit of Mount Blanc. In the course of conversation he said to her, " Oh, mademoiselle, dey do tell me you climb to ze top of Mt. Blanc." " Yes, sir," was the reply, " and the magnificent view more than repaid me for all the labour." " Ah ! yes truly ; but, all ze same, you do one great foot." " One great feat, Monsieur," quietly corrected the young lady. " Vat ! you mean you do him two time ! By gar, zat was one more greater foot still."

But some sturdy Britishers, such as those who used to boast in the days of Wellington's military glory that one Englishman could thrash half a dozen Frenchmen, and eat them afterwards if necessary, tell us that England won Canada from France in fair fight, that Canada belongs to England by right of conquest, and that therefore English should be the only language recognized by law throughout the whole Dominion. Wait a minute, my



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WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SENATE,
AND A LEADING MERCHANT OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC.



HON. V. W. LARUE, M.L.C.,
QUEBEC.

honest and outspoken friends. Are you quite certain that England really won—conquered—Canada from France? True indeed it is that our own gallant Wolfe, as his eyes were closing in their last long sleep, heard the cry of victory shouted by his troops, the stalwart Highlanders and others who had scaled the towering heights, and fought and won on the Plains of Abraham; and it is also true that the no less gallant Montcalm there met a soldier's death, and that his troops were defeated in spite of all their bravery. But this battle, no matter how magnificent it may have been, this victory, no matter how great its glory, can hardly be said to have decided the conquest of Canada. What about the *cession* of Canada to England by the treaty which has been already referred to? Cession and conquest are hardly the samething. Well, one of the conditions upon which Canada was ceded to England was that the French-Canadians should have, amongst other privileges, the use of their own language, not merely in all ordinary business, but also in all judicial and legislative proceedings. Now would you have Englishmen break their word? repudiate this

condition of the treaty? be so ungenerous, and even unjust, to a brave people who had been placed under British protection? If such a breach of faith were committed Limerick would not be the only "City of the Violated Treaty."

The way some people talk about the dual language system of Quebec would almost lead one to suppose they were afraid that English could not hold its own unless it were given certain extraordinary helps, and that in the near future it would be supplanted by the French even in the Province of Ontario. How much disputing, and hard feeling, and unkind words, and unpleasant friction would be avoided if both languages were taught in all our schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What better way could be devised to keep both languages in strong and vigorous life throughout the Dominion, so that those who prefer the one need not fear any encroachment by the other?

It will be readily recalled that in 1867 all Canada, from ocean to ocean, and from the Arctic to the Great Lakes, was united into one great confederation of provinces and terri-

tories. Now, amongst the illustrious men by whom this stupendous and far-reaching triumph of statesmanship was consummated—all of them men who loved Canada, men who felt that any sacrifice they could make for her prosperity would be well made, men who numbered amongst them one who was struck down by the cowardly and treacherous assassin because he would not be disloyal to the Empire—were Sir John A. Macdonald, the ideal English-speaking Conservative ; his esteemed and honoured colleague, Sir Geo. E. Cartier, the ideal French-speaking Conservative ; the Hon. Geo. Brown, the sturdy Scottish Reformer ; Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the Irish patriot, poet, orator and historian ; and others as well, all of whose names will ever adorn the pages of Canadian history. For the time being they ceased their party strife, they forgot their former antagonism, and they joined together heartily to legislate for the future greatness and glory of their common country. Now at that time, the very time when the Fathers of Confederation, both French and British, were doing all that could be done to ensure the safety and prosperity of that Dominion which

they were then calling into existence, and for that purpose legislated with a special view to the friendly union and co-operation of the two great peoples upon whom the welfare of Canada must ever depend, and were laying the foundations of their country's greatness both broad and deep, so that in days to come she might take her place—and that no inferior place—amongst the nations of the earth as well equipped as she could be for doing her part in the great work of the world's regeneration, the world's constant elevation to a plane ever higher than before,—at that time, let us ask ourselves, how many of those wise and patriotic men thought it necessary, or even desirable, to deprive the people of Lower Canada of the official use of their own language? Not one. How many of them thought that the integrity of Canada would be threatened, or the union of her somewhat heterogeneous inhabitants retarded by the continued legal and constitutional recognition of the French language as the official language in the Province of Quebec? So far as we know, not one. Well, are we more astute than Macdonald? more chivalrous than Cartier? more



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A LEADING MERCHANT OF QUEBEC CITY.



G. E. AMYOT,
A LEADING MANUFACTURER OF QUÉBEC CITY.

prudent than Brown? more patriotic than McGee? These men and the others who worked with them well knew that to recognize but one language would cause danger indeed; and they knew also that by the recognition of both languages as official—the one in Quebec, the other beyond Quebec—that danger would be avoided; and so both are recognized to-day.

They were indeed too wise to attempt the impossible task of fusing two distinct races into one homogeneous people; but they seem to have looked forward to a time when all Canadians would be familiar with both French and English, and would thus, by the common use of the two predominating languages of the civilized world, become a people unique among the peoples of the earth, more closely bound together than any two races had ever been before, and doing more to promote the welfare of mankind. They seem to have hoped also, and that not without reason, that the country they loved so well would in time become an honour to the land of St. Denys and of St. George, the land of St. Andrew and of St. Patrick, and would rival those dear old Mother-lands by setting the nations of the

earth an example of national righteousness, national education, national enlightenment, national unselfishness and national philanthropy – all of a much higher type than had ever been known before. But, remember, for the accomplishment of these glorious results they did not think it necessary to abolish the official use of the French language, but the contrary.



I. O. DAVID,
CITY CLERK, MONTREAL.



LIEUT-COLONEL OSCAR C. PELLETIER, D.S.O.,
DISTRICT OFFICER COMMANDING, R.C.A.,
QUÉBEC,
A MEMBER OF THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT TO
SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER VI.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

To those who have but little knowledge of the people of Quebec, who imagine that the French-Canadians are quite content to go on in the way of their fathers a hundred years ago, that they placidly look forward to the next generation pursuing the same monotonous course, that they are devoid of everything like public enterprise, that they do not allow themselves to be duly influenced by the spirit of modern progress, being but little better than human fossils—to those it will seem strange and almost incredible when they are told that in all Canada there are no people who take a greater interest in the education of their children than these same French-Canadians. As to those who are known as the higher classes, this, of course, is not surprising; but, *mutatis mutandis*, it is equally true of the humblest *habitant* who is the father of a family. In this respect he reminds us of the

peasantry of certain parts of Ireland in the old days, who, so anxious were they that their children should not grow up without at least some of the rudiments of an education, sent them in summer to be taught beneath the shadow of a hedge for want of better accommodation, and in winter to con their tasks in some dilapidated old barn where the rain came down through the worn-out thatch, and where the fire at which they warmed their shoeless feet was made of the turf which they carried from their homes in the morning. And, oh! what efforts some of those poor people cheerfully made, what privations they uncomplainingly endured, to send to the college a son of more than ordinary promise so that in due time they might see him "wearing the robes"—that is, celebrating mass after his admission to the priesthood. It is remarkable, too, what dignitaries of the Church some of those poor peasants' sons afterwards became, and how worthily they filled their positions.

Well, the *habitant* of Quebec seems to be as anxious for the education of his children as the Irish peasant. Does he himself suffer from not having been able to obtain a good schooling

in his youth? Then he is determined that his children shall labour under no such disadvantage. In his love for them—and the depth of his paternal affection can be doubted by no one who has seen him in the midst of his family—he is ready to deny himself many a comfort, almost many a necessary, so that they may commence the business of life upon a higher level than that upon which he himself started. He fully recognizes that if his children are to keep pace with those of other nationalities, in the country's onward march, they must at least be equally well educated. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the French-Canadian youth, as is evident from the results of the Civil Service Examinations and from other statistics, are not behind those of any other people in Canada; and, for the same reason, it is no longer a matter of surprise that so many of them are displaying such excellent business qualities—activity, diligence, prudence, integrity—that they are competing not unsuccessfully with their English-speaking neighbours, and that a good proportion of them bid fair to be numbered in due time with Canada's merchant princes.

Nor should it be forgotten that in this matter of education the French-Canadian has been, and still is, encouraged in every way by those who occupy influential positions in the Church and in the State. Indeed, as might have been expected, the educational movement in Quebec province was, in the first place, from the top downward ; and too much credit cannot be given to the Hierarchy or the Civil Government for what has been already accomplished. There is now an admirable system of public or common schools, from which even Ontario might learn a lesson or two with advantage to herself ; and indeed of no part of the whole scheme, from the elementary school up to the university, has Quebec any reason to be ashamed when it is compared with the corresponding part of the scheme of any other province in the Dominion. Still it must not be supposed that the French-Canadian claims perfection for it ; on the contrary, he quite realizes that there is room for improvement, and he lives with the hope that such modifications may yet be effected as will place it on a level at least with the systems of older and wealthier countries. Nay, he does not despair of a day



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CLERK LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

arriving when the several educational systems of the whole Dominion will be so advanced that a French-Canadian Lavoisier, a French-Canadian Doré, and a French-Canadian Le Brun will compete in honourable rivalry with an Irish-Canadian Boyle, an English-Canadian Millais, and a Scotch-Canadian Burns, respectively, in science, painting and poetry.

But perhaps no trait in the French-Canadian's character is more decided—decided rather than prominent—than his devotion to his religion, reasons for which have been alluded to in a former chapter. The casual visitor may indeed be more struck with other characteristics, but those who become intimately acquainted with the man are most impressed by his religiousness—not, bear in mind, his religionism, but his religiousness. It does not stand out aggressively, or even ostentatiously, but it makes itself felt intensely. In your close personal intercourse with him you cannot but become profoundly impressed with the man's unquestioning and implicit faith in the awful Mysteries of the Christian Religion, with his simple trust in *Le bon Dieu*, with his

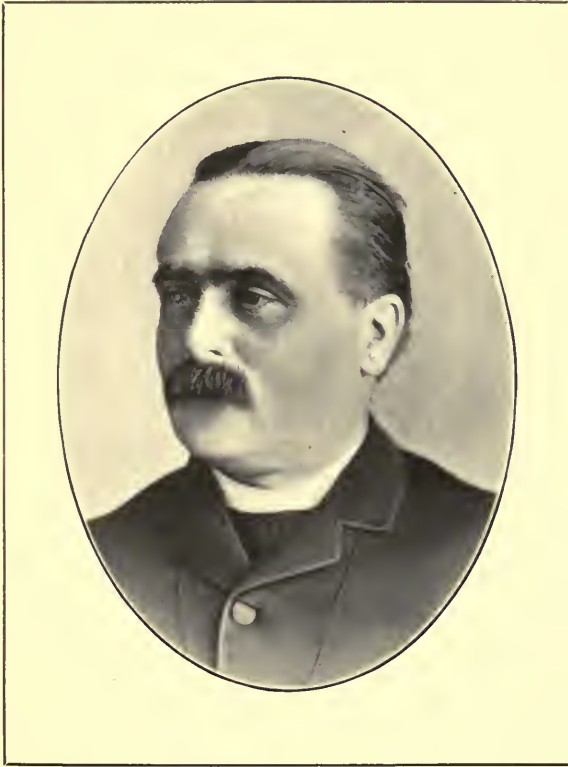
unhesitating acceptance of all that is taught him by that Church which he unfeignedly believes to be infallible. He does not care particularly to discuss these sacred subjects, but he tries to perform the duties which a belief of them implies. Moreover, he avoids religious controversy, unless he is compelled to strike out in his own defence ; and it is but fair to him to say that whilst he conscientiously believes that the Creed he has been taught contains the unmutilated Gospel, "the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth," he is perfectly willing that others should believe the same thing as to the teaching of their own Communion. You may be intimate with him for years, and you will never find him to be the first to introduce the *odium theologicum*. You may be "spilin' for a fight" about religion, but he is not the man to "tread on the tail" of your polemical coat ; and even if you drag that unseemly garment in front of him he will carefully avoid stepping on it, unless in guarding against the Scylla of controversy he would have to fall into the Charybdis of moral cowardice. But though not controversial, he is intensely religious.

Nay, may it not be, to some extent at least, that he is the latter because he is not the former? At any rate, it is his religion which seems to lie at the foundation of his many virtues, giving them a stability which they could not otherwise possess, and why should it not be his religion which lies at the foundation of his virtue of peacableness amongst the others?

Now the average Irish Catholic, for reasons not far to seek, takes much more kindly to controversy than his French-Canadian co-religionist, and he may also be more decidedly Ultramontane ; but is he more religious? No man indeed will go to more trouble to attend Mass on Sunday and every other Holy Day of Obligation, and his behaviour during the service is as devout, and in every way as exemplary as the most exacting celebrant could desire. But immediately afterwards, almost as soon as he has passed out from the vestibule of the sacred edifice, he is ready for an encounter with any unfortunate heretic that may come in his way. He may not indeed be the first to make the attack, but the way he looks out from "the tail of his eye" at any poor Protestant he may

chance to meet, shows that nothing would please him better at the moment than some good excuse for having "a bit of an argument" about religion. However, it is not unlikely that this arises quite as much from racial antipathy to the Saxon himself as from religious antipathy to the Saxon's Creed. On the other hand, the French-Canadian, when Mass is over, prefers to go quietly home to breakfast or dinner, as the case may be, and spend the remainder of the day in innocent recreation. Perhaps no better type of the Irish Catholic, taken from the clergy, can be found than the late Father Tom Burk, the eloquent Dominican, or better yet, Father Tom Maguire, of controversial fame; and it would be difficult to give a finer type of the French-Canadian Catholic than Father Laurent who died last year at Lindsay, Ontario, regretted by all who knew him, and at whose funeral every token of respect for him that was gone was manifested by the townspeople of all denominations.

The French-Canadian is singularly free from all taint of any form of infidelity. From the time of Voltaire down to that of Renan unbelief has been making more or less head-



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way in France—and more's the pity ; from the time of Hobbes and Hume down to that of Bradlaugh it has been gaining ground in England—and, again, more's the pity ; from the time of Volney down to that of Ingersoll it has been spreading to a greater or less extent in some parts of North America—and, for the third time, more's the pity. But the French-Canadian has escaped its terrible blight ; his religion has saved him. Quite as the result of the writer's own observation, he feels warranted in saying that outside the Province of Quebec you will find more open and avowed Agnosticism, as well as more real though covert infidelity, amongst the people of any one large North-American city than you will find amongst all the Quebec French-Canadians put together ; and he is convinced also that in this statement he might safely include those of them who have moved into other parts of the Dominion and into the neighbouring republic.

The stately and solemn worship offered to the adorable Trinity in their magnificent cathedrals ; the ornate and impressive services held in their parish churches ; the quiet and decent devotions in their modest chapels ; the

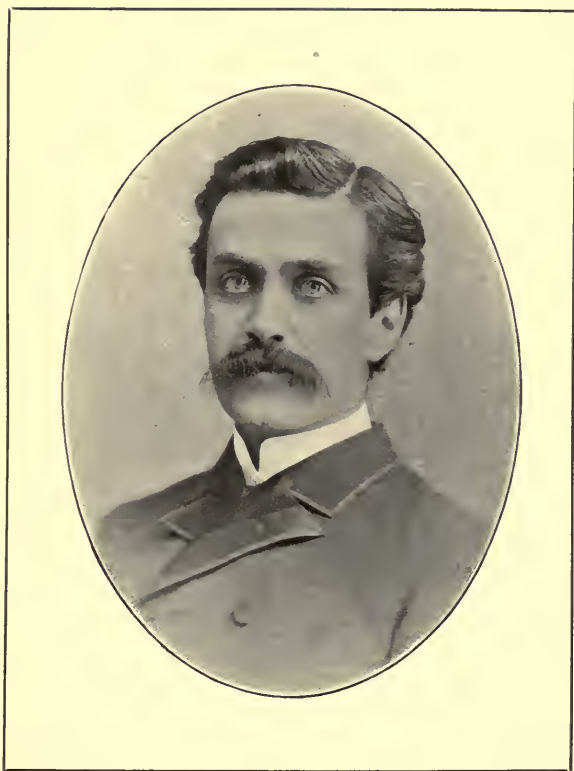
religious instruction which forms a regular part of the daily exercises in their colleges, academies and primary schools ; the Christ-like works of piety and charity carried on so unobtrusively by their many sodalities ; and the number of men, women and children that may be seen almost any time engaged at their own individual devotions in oratory, chapel, church or basilica—some kneeling at one holy shrine, and some at another ; here one praying for the safe return of an absent father or mother, husband or wife, son or daughter, friend or neighbour, and there another praying for Divine light to be shed on a dark pathway, or for some other blessing ; here one asking for a heavy cross to be lightened or for grace to bear it patiently, and there one returning thanks for blessings received in answer to prayers formerly offered before the same altar ; here petitions going up for the happy consummation of some pious work, and there a bereaved one absorbed in the most earnest and pathetic intercession that rest eternal and light perpetual may be granted to some beloved one but recently taken away and to all the faithful departed—these, all these, are to

the writer indubitable signs and incontrovertible proofs of the genuineness of the religiousness of the French-Canadian. Can you wonder, then, that the man is proud of his race, or that he loves his religion? Can you be surprised if he is ready to resent any insult that may be offered to the one, or any slur that may be cast on the other?

But there are those who tell us that such pious practices as have just been mentioned spring from ignorance of the Truth and from fear of the Unknown; and that, therefore, so far from showing that they who make use of them are really religious, they simply prove them to be superstitious; and then, by way of further proof of what they say, they point contemptuously to such devotions as those offered at, say, the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes or that of Ste. Anne de Beaupré in Quebec. This is not the place, nor is the author the person, to enter into a discussion of the differences between what such people call religion and what they pronounce to be superstition; but he must say a few words about the wonders said to be performed at Beaupré, for more than once has he visited

the famous shrine. He may observe, *par parenthèse*, that as thousands of worshippers come there who are not French-Canadians, whatever force may be in the charge of superstition which, on the ground of such devotions, is brought against the latter applies equally to the former, seeing that all, so far as the devotions at the shrine are concerned, must be placed in the same category.

Is there, then anything to justify belief in the reality of the miracles which, we are told, have been wrought at Beaupré? Well, when one sees large collections of artificial aids to locomotion which were left behind them by cripples who, when they came there, could not move about without such appliances, and when one listens to the testimony of witnesses whose truthfulness seems to be quite unimpeachable, what can one say? And, after all, why may we not believe that He who wrought miracles of healing in the early days through the instrumentality of His saints—even by a workman's apron belonging to St. Paul and by the mere shadow of St. Peter—works similar miracles to-day by means of His saints' relics? All being wrought by the same Divine Power,



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THE SIR JOHN MACDONALD MEMORIAL,
MONTREAL.

would the latter be more marvellous than the former? If we should believe the one, why may we not believe the other?

To be sure, the sceptic may turn away in scorn, dogmatically declaring in the most positive manner—and swearing by the God in whom he refuses to believe—that all such works are absolutely impossible, that they are contrary to what men call the laws of nature, and that no miracle has ever been performed at the Shrine of St. Anne or anywhere else. But may there not be “more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of” in even the philosophy of a sceptic, aye, though he be so much wiser than others as to feel himself warranted in setting down as a fool the man who believes in Revealed Religion? At any rate, it is hardly in keeping with the meek but investigating spirit of the true philosopher to sneeringly say that prayers and vows made to the saints, and to Him whom the saints adore, for some miraculous work of healing to be performed, are nothing better than the outcome of a degrading superstition.

The wonders said to be done in our own day at Beaupré and other places may not

indeed seem to us to be in accordance with the working of laws in any department of that domain which we, with our limited powers of vision, look upon as comprising the whole realm of nature. But may there not be another realm, a spiritual realm—none the less natural because it is spiritual, and all the more real for the same reason—governed by other laws than those which are known to mortals? and if so, may not what are commonly called miracles be just as much in accordance with those laws as the fall of the apple which is said to have led Newton to his great discovery was in accordance with the then unknown law of attraction of gravitation? But be all this as it may, even the most inveterate agnostic will hardly deny that the faith and hope which have led people, suffering from various diseases, to come long distances to the sacred Shrine at Beaupré, and there make holy vows, and offer almost unceasing prayers in unison with many other humble believers, may, in some mysterious manner, have enabled them to throw off certain diseases and infirmities which had baffled the best efforts of the most skilful physicians.

But we must not here discuss the subject of miracles, for our theme is the French-Canadian. So we bid good-by to the old chapel, and the beautiful church, and the venerable *Scala Sancta*, and the holy Shrine, and the sacred Relics ; and, as we do so, we pray that many miracles may yet be there performed for the relief of those who suffer. God knows there is sorrow enough in the world, and little faith enough, without our trying to increase the former and lessen the latter by saying a single word to weaken the simple trust of those who still believe that the day of miracles has not passed away forever, and that there is One who still continues to say to the believing suppliant, " Be of good comfort : thy faith hath made thee whole ; go in peace."

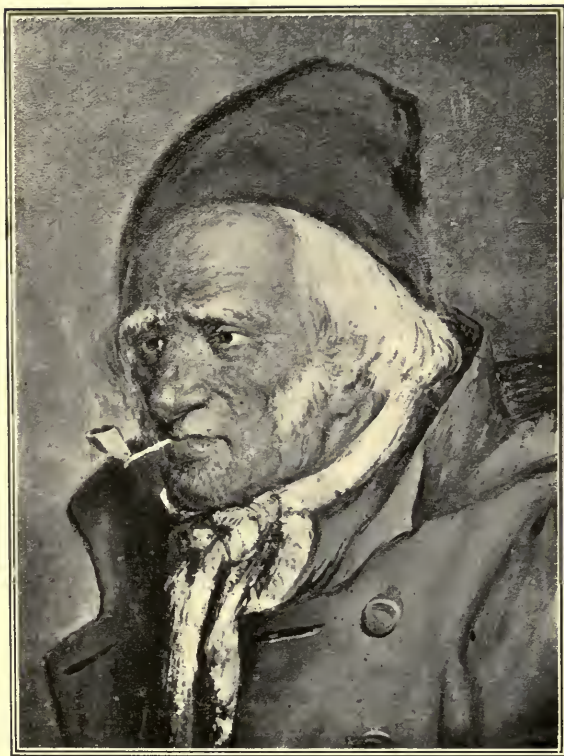
It would seem, then, that the French-Canadian may be a very religious man, and need not necessarily be superstitious, even though he practise certain devotions sanctioned by his Church, and believe in the performance of miracles at some of the shrines of the saints.

CHAPTER VII.

OTHER CHARACTERISTICS.

HIS FRUGALITY.

Incomplete as this little treatise must necessarily be, it would be still more so if something were not said about the frugality of the French-Canadian, his courtesy, and his hospitality. Indeed the *habitant* has to be frugal, for his means of supporting a family—usually no small family—are somewhat meagre. Nor is frugality unknown amongst those who are in what are called easy circumstances ; no bad thing either, seeing that this virtue is the opposite of the vices, wastefulness and extravagance. But though frugal, the French-Canadian is not miserly ; he may be impecunious, but he is not parsimonious. Fortunately, too, his domestic wants, though many, are simple, and easily satisfied. It is said that a Scotchman could live where an Englishman would starve ; but a French-Canadian could live where a Scotchman would find it difficult to supply himself with the simple but nourishing



Livernois—Photo.

Kreigoff—Pxr.

A HABITANT.



Photo. by Livernois, Quebec.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN FARM SCENE,
NEAR QUEBEC.

water-brose. In this respect he reminds us of those two delightful characters, Dr. Riccabocca and his servant Giacomo, depicted with such consummate skill by the inimitable Lytton.

In the keen competition, and maddening hurry, and heartless strife of the present day, the peaceful and contented French-Canadian of this generation, especially if he belong to the humbler classes, may not be well adapted to play a leading part. His natural inclination not to be grasping, his quiet life, his domestic disposition, his conservative tendency, all predispose him against wildly struggling in that mad rush for worldly pelf which is so distinctive of this plutocratic age. Long ago he learned the salutary lesson—indeed he seems never to have learned it, but always to have known it intuitively—“Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.” Is he any the worse for it? Is he not all the better? Is it really a hindrance to his true and permanent success in life? And is it altogether a disadvantage to us, restless and dissatisfied Anglo-Saxons as we are, to have for our neighbours a race of people, who, by

their comparative indifference to Mammon, are constantly reminding us that this life, with its many false ambitions, evanescent honours, and ephemeral glories, is not everything? Yes the French-Canadian is frugal, and his domestic economy is one of charming simplicity ; but in spite of this—or is it not *because* of this?—one would have to travel a long way before coming across a people amongst whom domestic happiness prevailed more generally.

HIS COURTESY.

But it is his courtesy which strikes the tourist more than his frugality, for it is more easily seen. One must be somewhat acquainted with his household arrangements, with his actual home life, to appreciate the latter ; one has only to meet with him in ordinary intercourse to notice the former. He evidently belongs to the same race as those old French Guards who, when they had come face to face with their British opponents in deadly warfare, politely removed their helmets, and, bowing to their saddle-bows, begged the gentlemen of the English Guards to do them the honour to fire the first round ! and, to do the Englishmen

justice, they refused to take advantage of the Frenchmen's excessive politeness ; and so both commenced firing at the same time. Whether you are visiting in the mansions of the seigneurs, the descendants of the *noblesse* of the old *regime*, or in the comfortable dwellings of the skilled artizans ; whether you find yourself in one of the great centres of trade and commerce, where " men most do congregate," or amongst the picturesque cottages of the humble *habitants*, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" the universal courtesy of the people is what first strikes the visitor from any of the sister provinces. To some this matter may seem too trifling to deserve notice ; but the English-speaking people of Quebec, those who reside there permanently, are quite aware that it is a very effective element in the maintenance of those cordial and harmonious relations which so happily prevail between the two races in their social and business intercourse with each other. If for no other reason than this—and many people know there are other reasons—French-Canadian courtesy is not to be lightly esteemed.

But it should, perhaps, be called politeness rather than courtesy, and it has not of necessity anything to do with what is known as etiquette—though, of course, from no people does this last receive more punctilious attention than from the French or those who are of French extraction. The courtesy which has been spoken of proceeds not so much from any anxiety to avoid making a *faux pas* in social intercourse as from the wish to please others—or, as we say, to make them feel at home—even at the cost of some sacrifice of one's own convenience or comfort. This makes your intercourse with the French-Canadian, however transient it may be or of how little importance, a pleasant remembrance; and so obliging do you find him, and withal so unobtrusive, that when you are forced to bid him good-bye you regret that it is not merely *au revoir*.

Having so much delicacy of feeling, he cannot but be very sensitive—something which seems to be too often forgotten by certain thoughtless people who are in the habit of passing reflections on him which, though not intentionally unkind, are unjustly disparaging, and must therefore be irritating.



T. A. Cregor, P.xtr.

THE "NATURAL STEPS,"
NEAR QUEBEC CITY.



THE CALECHE.



A CORNER OF THE GOVERNOR'S GARDENS,
QUEBEC,
SHOWING THE WOLFE-MONTCALM MONUMENT.

In this matter of politeness the French-Canadian recalls to our memories the old-time Highlander, a character familiar to the readers of Scott's bewitching romances, and described with such wondrous skill and picturesque charm by that delightful author as almost make us wish we had lived in the days of the Stuarts. No matter what his position in life, be his fortunes what they may, the true Highlander is always essentially a gentleman. Nor is this similarity between him and the French-Canadian very surprising, for both of them (so we are told) belong to the Keltic branch of the great Aryan family of nations. Indeed, a white blackbird (and some naturalists tell us of such an ornithological paradox) is not more rare than either a rude French-Canadian or a boorish Highlander. By the way, would it not be interesting to trace whatever similarity there may be, if any, between the root of the word Kelt and that of the name of a certain part of the Highlander's national costume? and also to examine into the ultimate etymology of the two words, Keltic and Gallic? Is not the common origin of the two peoples (with a trace of the Romans) assumed in the couplet,

“ With the garb of old Gaul and the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains, from Scotia we
come ” ?

We cannot, however, account in this way for the singular fact that several French-Canadian families are the happy possessors of Highland surnames, such, *e g.*, as Macdonald and Macintosh. No indeed, but it is explained in a way quite as interesting ; for the truth is that some of those brave fellows who, on the Plains of Abraham, would never yield to the valour of the French soldiers, confessed themselves vanquished at once by the charms of those soldiers' sisters and daughters ; and that they quite understood the art of courting is evident from the numerous marriages between them. In the same way we may account for several French-Canadian families being blessed with old Irish names, such, *e g.*, as O'Brien and O'Donahue. It would not be a more difficult thing to give those names a French form than it was to give such a form to the name Pat O'Reilly, which belonged to an Irish labourer who came several years ago to New York, married an American girl, identified himself with the Tammany gentle-

men, made an immense fortune, took his family to spend a year in France, and came back to the New World rejoicing in the new name of Monsieur Patrique O-re-lay accent the last syllable, please. But, mark, all you good people who believe that the two races may be fused into one homogeneous people, the families just referred to as having Scottish or Irish names are *themselves distinctively French-Canadian*. Now one fancies that some honest old John Bull can be heard saying, "Well, what else could you expect when the fathers of these families were only Irishmen and Scotchmen, men who, as you have just implied, were of the same race as the 'frog-eaters' themselves? I tell you, though, if the fathers had been English, the families would have been English too. Make no mistake about that!" Wait a moment, my honest friend. Some English soldiers, men bearing such names as Talbot and Harvey, followed the example of their Scottish and Irish comrades, and fell before the glances that shot from the eyes of those Frenchwomen—and small blame to them, for how could they help it?—and (now, keep your temper) the fami-

lies of these men are just as French-Canadian as the others. Well, then, supposing the two races to become amalgamated, which of them would be likely to have the predominance, the French or the British? which class of characteristics would be the more prominent?

What memories are brought back by this little episode as to the common origin of the French and the Highland Scotch! It reminds us that in France the ill-fated Stuarts found an asylum after the Parliamentary murder of England's royal martyr; that the Highlanders were then, as some of them are still, uncompromising Jacobites; and that both Frenchman and Highlander are said to have played their part in effecting the restoration of the once unfortunate exile, Charles the Second, to the throne of his ancestors. But Jacobitism (though on the death of Victoria somebody, we are told, had the temerity to post a public notice claiming the crown for a descendant of the Stuart line) is now no more than an idle dream; for all practical purposes it is dead and buried. And indeed after the long and blessed reign which began in 1837, and which so recently came to an end; and considering



MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT,
MONTREAL.



CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT.
QUEBEC.

the happy omens which we have seen already that our present gracious King Edward is a man worthy to be the chief and the father of his people ; which of us, no matter how deep our sympathy for the Stuarts in their sufferings or what may be our opinion of their legitimate rights, would care to see the House of Hanover replaced on the throne by that which goes back to the Bruces, and which numbers amongst its members the beautiful but unfortunate Queen of Scots and the sagacious monarch under whom England and Scotland became united in the sweet bonds of peace after centuries of devastating warfare and reckless bloodshed? Nor need we forget that, after all, the blood of the Stuarts flows in the veins of England's Seventh Edward ; and perhaps, too—who can tell?—the blood of Jesse's youngest son, the royal Psalmist, the sweet singer of Israel.

HIS HOSPITALITY.

Closely connected with the French-Canadian's courtesy in his hospitality. Do they not indeed come from the same source? What are they but different varieties of fruit borne

by the same tree? No matter how poor he may be, he is ready to share his last glass of wine, his last wing of a chicken, his last crust of bread with another, especially if that other be still poorer than himself. He does this, too, in such a kind spirit, with such a modest manner, and withal so heartily and cheerfully—not as if he were conferring a favour, but as if the recipient were paying him a compliment by partaking of his fare—that one is inclined to soliloquize something in this way: “Well, this man may or may not be familiar with Holy Scripture; but he certainly seems to be imbued with the spirit of the Apostolic injunctions, ‘Let every man do as he is disposed in his heart, not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.’ ‘To do good and to distribute forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.’” Irish hospitality is, as every one knows, proverbial; and here again, as before in the case of the Highlander, the French-Canadian shows his racial origin, for, as historians tell us, the true Irishman is a Kelt as well as the French-Canadian.

“ By *Mac* and *O* you’ll surely know
True Irishmen, they say :
But if they lack both *O* and *Mac*,
No Irishmen are they.”

Whatever faults the Kelt may have, even his worst enemy will not venture to accuse him of being inhospitable. Go into the shealing of the poorest Highlander or into the cabin of the most destitute Irish peasant ; and there, as in the dwelling of the French-Canadian, you are sure to meet with genuine hospitality. Go amongst the labourers who live beside the Bog of Allen or amidst the wilds of Commemara, and though the fare may be no less rude than potatoes and milk, they’ll insist on the stranger having the best vessel of milk and the “ mealiest ” potatoes on the table. Well, the same warm Keltic heart beats in the bosom of the French-Canadian, and prompts his hospitality.

But, more than that, it was this community of race that helped to make the invincible Irish Brigade feel perfectly at home in the army of old France, the Brigade which on May 11th, 1745, by their memorable charge, decided the fate of the day at Fontenoy, thus

defeating the allied forces under the Duke of Cumberland. Well might the English King almost pronounce an anathema upon the policy which sent such men to fight in the ranks of England's hereditary enemy! Alas, how many mistakes have England's statesmen made in their government of the Emerald Isle! Is it now too late to undo the errors of the past? Who can tell how great the change for the better in Ireland's attitude towards England, which would take place if England even yet were to grant her privileges similar to those which she allowed to the people of Québec, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago! What a wealth of suggestion as to the policy which should have been pursued sixty or a hundred years ago in the government of Ireland lies hidden in this very brief quotation from the best work of the most philosophical and accomplished writer of English fiction produced by the last century. Alluding to the cause of a great deal of irritation and bad feeling in the parish which is the scene of much of his story, and to the first visit of the then youthful Victoria to Ireland, he says: "Who could think of the stocks at such a season? The



ABÉNAQUIS GROUP AT THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS,
QUEBEC.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT,
ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

stocks were swept out of fashion—hunted from remembrance as completely as the question of Repeal, or the thought of Rebellion from the warm Irish heart, when the fair young face of the Royal Wife beamed on the sister isle." Yes, that's it. Had Ireland been treated as Scotland has during the last reign what would now be the result? Would Home Rule ever have been asked for? Likely it would, and would have been granted too; for the fair-minded British people would so well have understood the many virtues of their Irish fellow-subjects that they would have seen that to such a people Home Rule or any other reasonable privilege could be granted with safety. How much more loyal and content the Irish would then have been, and how much better it would have been for England.

Let us now finish this chapter with a laughable story, which serves to illustrate both the antipathy of a certain class of English people towards a much humbler class of the Irish and the feeling of the latter towards the very name of England. Bidy, an Irish cook (so the story goes) was in London, and out of a situation. Fortunately she had received some

little education ; and so she was able to read the papers. She watched the advertisement columns, and was at last rewarded by seeing a notice which stated that a good female cook was wanted at such-and-such an address—*but that no application from an Irishwoman could be entertained.* Nothing daunted, however, Biddy applied for the situation. In the interview that followed between herself and the mistress of the house, the latter soon perceived that Biddy was a daughter of Erin, and consequently said to her, “ Did you not notice in the advertisement that no Irishwoman need apply ? ” “ Of coorse I did, ma’am, but shure I’m not Irish,” was the unblushing reply. The other, very much surprised, asked, “ What are you then ? Not English certainly.” But Biddy was equal to the occasion, and answered with seemingly the utmost candour and innocence, “ O no ma’am, *glory be to God, I’m not English !*” and then with a most comical glance from her laughing eye, she continued, “ But I’m Frinch, ma’am ; and, arrah, shure ye might know that be me axint ! ” It is not stated whether she obtained the situation ; but if not, the mistress certainly missed a perfect treasure.

CONCLUSION.

As implied towards the beginning, the writer holds no brief for the French-Canadian, nor has he been commissioned by anyone to write as he has done about his fellow-citizens in the Province of Quebec. But, as has been stated, having been brought up in Ontario, and spending a considerable portion of each year in this province after he had taken up his residence in Quebec, he knows how many are the misapprehensions and how unfounded are the prejudices entertained by some of the good people of Ontario against French-Canadians in general; and feeling convinced that the longer these prejudices are allowed to remain undisturbed the more inveterate they will become, and that the more inveterate they become the more likely will they be to find expression, and that the more they find expression the more mischievous will be the consequences; and having only too much reason to suppose that certain persons, for unworthy purposes, were doing what they could to increase and intensify whatever antagonistic feelings they imagined might exist between the two races; and plainly seeing, as he be-

lieves, that serious danger thereby threatens the two great provinces which lie side by side, if not the whole Dominion,—seeing and knowing these things and others of a similar character, he determined to make some effort towards helping the people of his native province, as well as any others who might do him the honour of reading what he has written, to understand the French-Canadian better than they had done before, being persuaded that the better they understand him, the more will they esteem his virtues and even respect his peculiarities.

It will be readily seen that the author has made no attempt to write a philosophical or otherwise learned treatise on the subject he has ventured to discuss—indeed he does not profess to be equal to such a task—but he has tried to write in such a manner that no fair-minded reader will have any reason to accuse him of being the advocate of either of the two great political parties which seem to be indispensable to the practical working of our present system of government. He has simply made an earnest and honest effort towards showing his readers, in a plain and



Photo. by Livernois.

DE SALABERRY LEADING THE VOLTIGEURS
AT CHATEAUGUAY.

(FROM THE STATUE AT QUEBEC.)

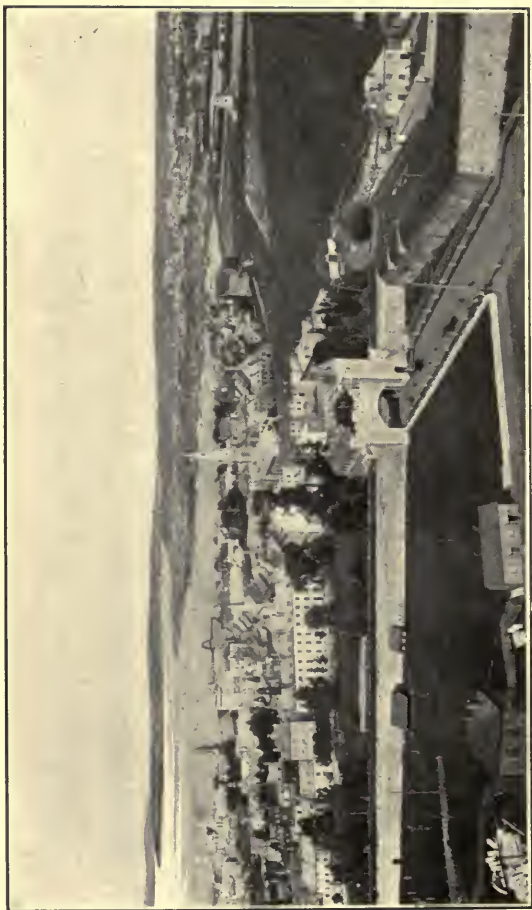


Photo. by L'ivernols.

CITY OF QUEBEC FROM THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS,

SHOWING ST. LOUIS GATE IN THE FOREGROUND, THE CITADEL TO THE RIGHT, THE TOWN OF
LEVIS ACROSS THE RIVER, THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS IN THE DISTANCE.

readable sketch, the French-Canadian people as he himself has seen them day by day, during the greater part of each year for considerably over a decade, both under the present Dominion Government and for some years of that by which it was preceded. He has made no attempt, in his allusions to history, to speak at all from what may be called the scientific stand-point; he has not even gone to the Dominion or the Provincial archives to seek for information not generally known. No, he has simply stated facts as they are recorded in any plain, fair, ordinary Canadian history, and has not tried to trace these facts to the motives by which their performance was prompted.

But what he has written he has written *con amore*, and his object in writing has already been stated in general terms. It will, however, be plain to the reader that the writer has chiefly kept in view the desirability of disabusing certain people's minds of the unworthy notion that the French-Canadian is not loyal to British institutions or to British connection; and, by implication, to warn those people that there may be a possible

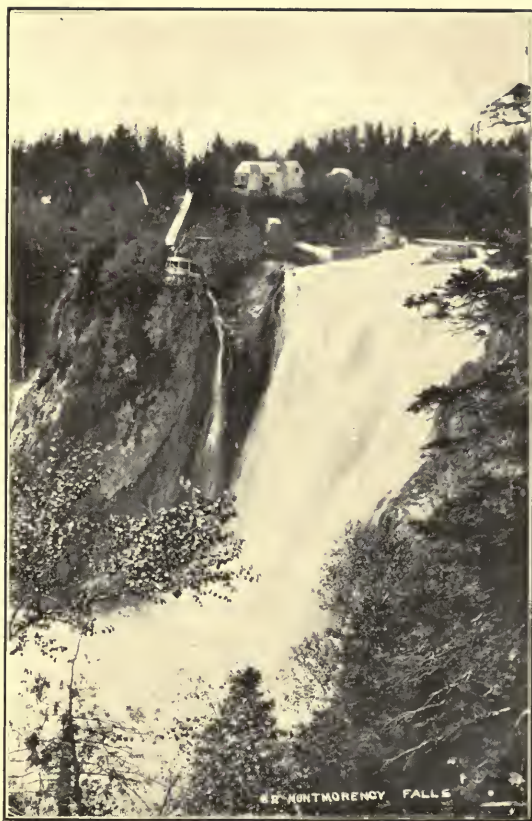
danger of impairing the French-Canadian's present high appreciation of almost everything British, and of weakening his deep attachment to British Rule, by making charges against his loyalty which are as unwarranted and unjust as they are ungenerous and undignified ; for what loyalty can be expected to maintain its integrity when buried beneath an avalanche of unworthy suspicion and unfounded accusation ?

The French-Canadian deserves our full and whole-hearted confidence not only as to his love for Canada and contentment under British Rule, but also because of his unwavering belief in British connection and unswerving devotion to the British Throne. He may not indeed love the new King as he loved that king's revered mother—which of us does ?—the young queen, the devoted wife, the wise ruler, the peaceable sovereign, the good woman, the mourning widow, the bereaved mother, the beloved Victoria, the departed Christian ! But he is true and loyal to Edward the Seventh, whom, under his less august title of Prince of Wales, he welcomed to the shores of Canada in 1859 with the same ardent affection, the same

glowing enthusiasm, as that with which he recently welcomed Edward the Seventh's son to Quebec more than forty years later in the history of the Empire. True to George III., true to George IV., true to William IV., true to Victoria, true to Edward VII., true to the Royal Prince who, if it please Providence, will be Edward's VII.'s successor, was it not much more than a mere figure of rhetoric when the late Sir E. P. Tachè exclaimed that if any attempt should ever be forcibly made to sever the union between Britain and Canada the last gun to be fired for its preservation would be fired by a French-Canadian from the Citadel of Quebec !

The one thing which the author regrets is that a work like the present should appear to be necessary, or even desirable, amongst the people of Ontario—a people by nature so generous and unsuspecting. However, mistakes will be made so long as man is mortal ; and while selfishness is permitted to rule the heart, reckless politicians will appeal to insensate passions. But the writer is convinced that such appeals, so far as concerns the two races in Canada, would soon lose all their

power to harm—if indeed they would not soon cease altogether to be made—could each race but perceive the other's virtues and know the other's sentiments. Nothing can further this so effectually as actual personal intercourse between them; and if the two languages were only spoken in common, such intercourse would be easy and delightful. Indeed he is persuaded, even as things are, that if the people of both provinces only had more direct and extensive intercourse with each other much good would be effected; and he feels quite sure that if those of his readers to whom Quebec is almost a *terra incognita* would only spend their summer vacation for three or four years in succession visiting some of the delightful places in the sister province, and mingling with the French-speaking people there, they would not only find what he has written to be more than justified, but, returning home, they would have in their minds, if not upon their lips, the words of the Queen of Sheba when she had seen the glory of Solomon, "Behold, the half had not been told me."



MONTMORENCI FALLS,
QUEBEC.

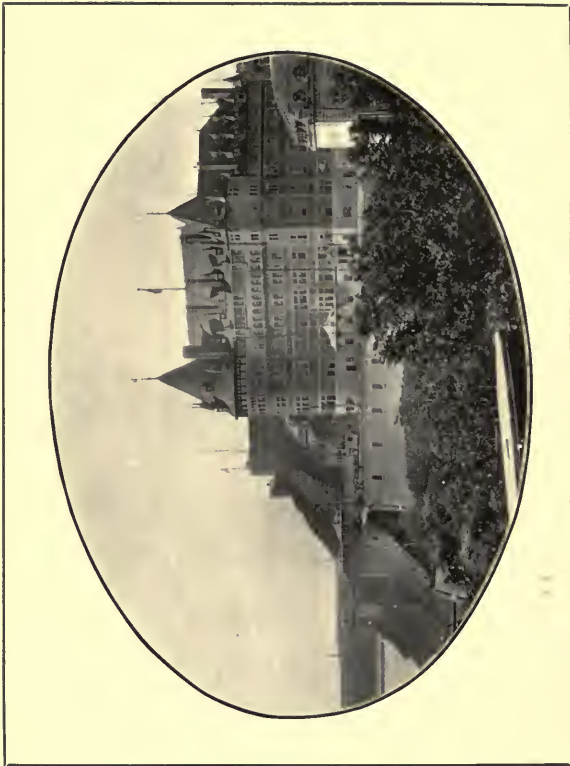


Photo. by L'ivernols.

THE CITADEL, DUFFERIN TERRACE, AND CHATEAU FRONTENAC,
CITY OF QUEBEC.



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