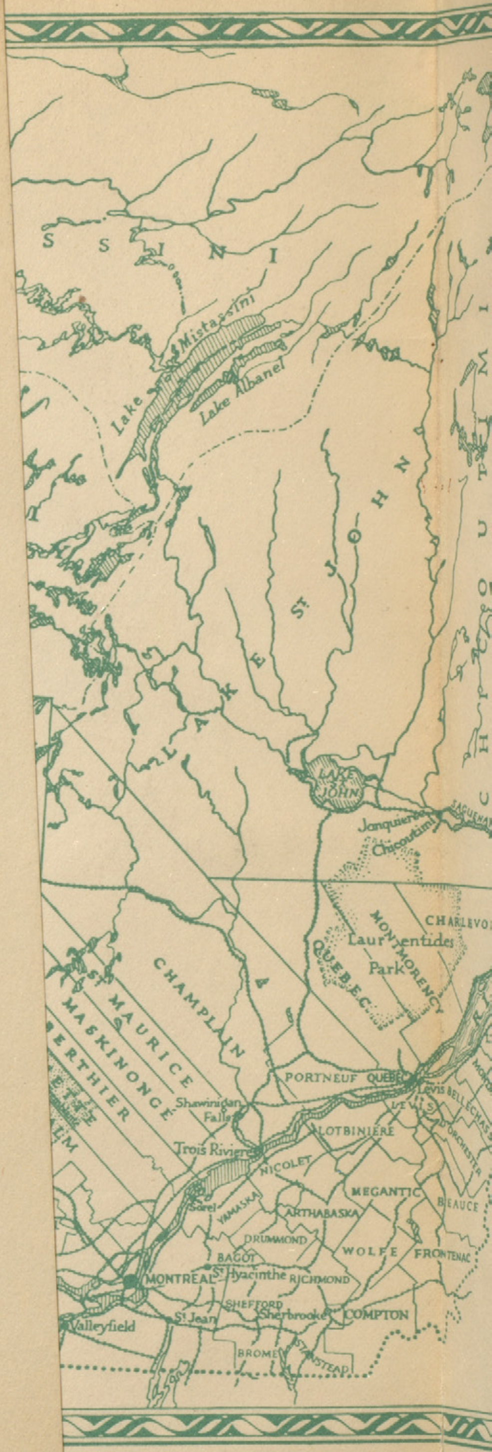
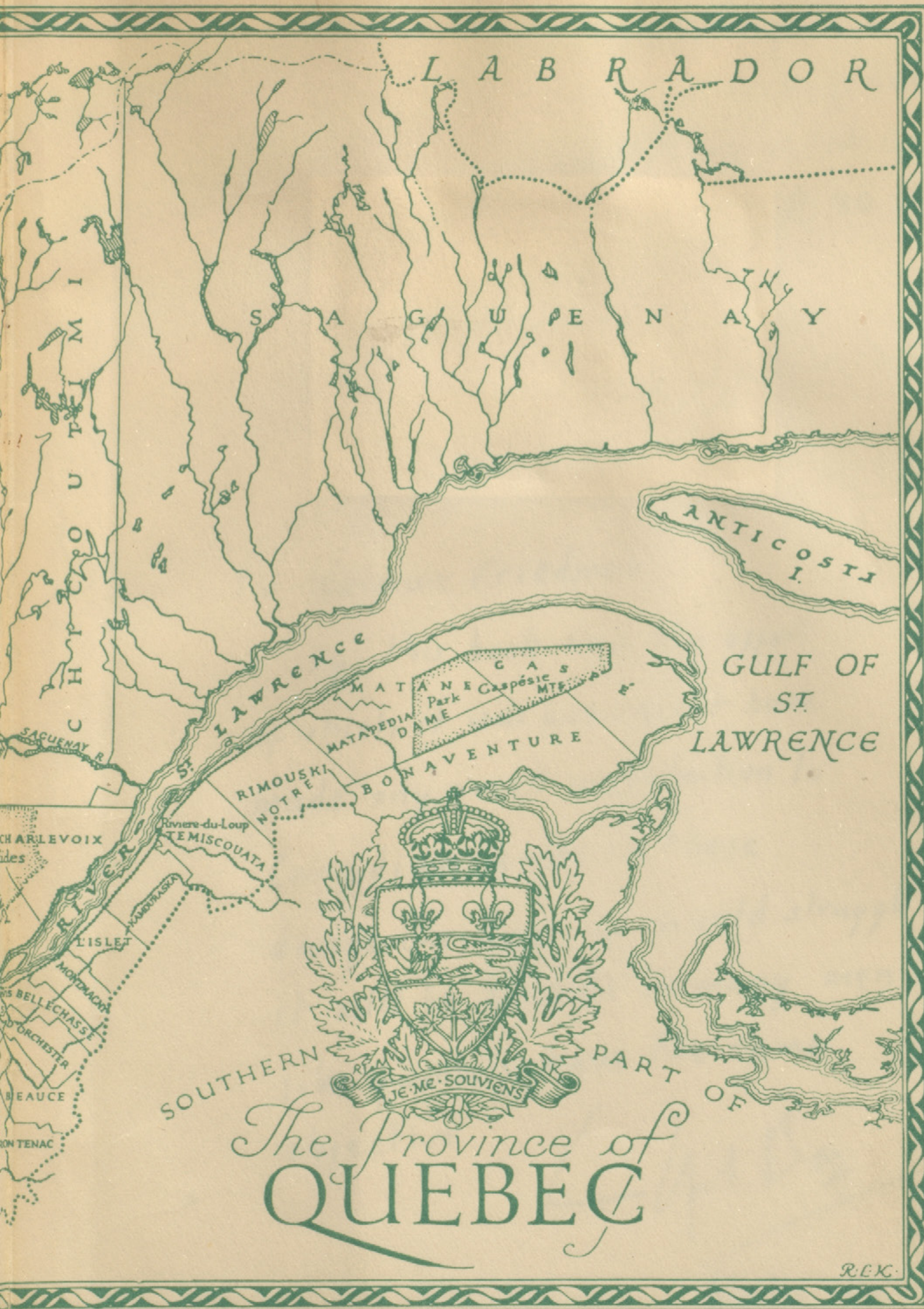
CANADIEN

QUEBEC AND ITS SETTING FROM THE WEST

A STUDY OF THE FRENCH CANADIANS by WILFRID BOVEY—with OVER 50 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

The author of this book has written, like one of the authors whom he quotes, with the heart rather than with the pen. As one who has lived with the modern French Canadians, and tried to understand them, he tells us what he knows of them. We hear of their great and beautiful province, Quebec, of the historical background that helps to explain their actions and their attitude. We see the people of to-day, not the old-fashioned *habitants,* but the business men, the teachers, the artists, the modern farmers, the astute statesmen—the present community which forms probably the most important political minority in the British Commonwealth. *Canadien* has been written for the general reader, yet no one can read it without realizing that not only research but close acquaintance, and still more, sympathy, was needed before it could be produced.

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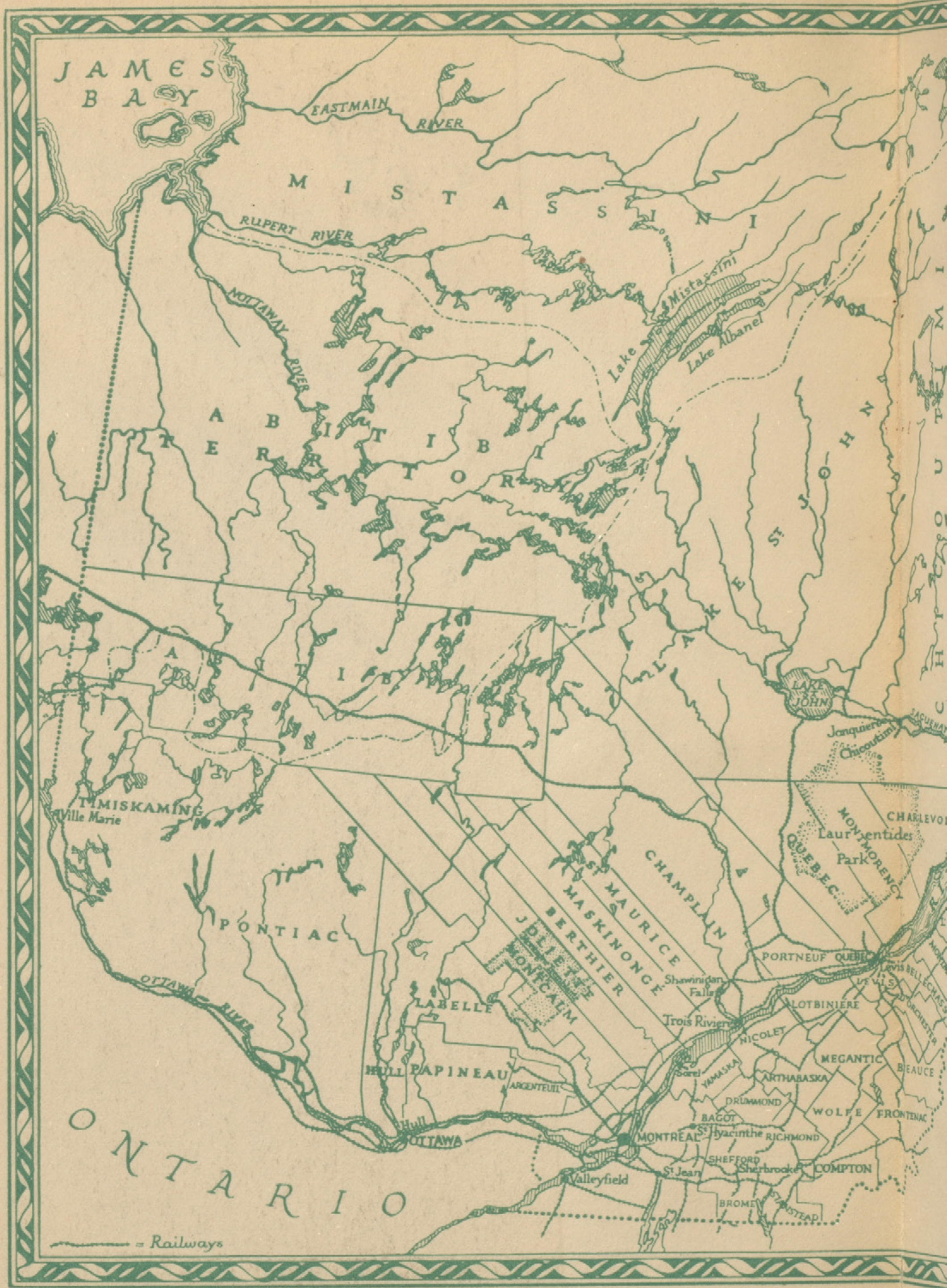

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PAPINEAU
ARGENTEUIL
PORTNEUF
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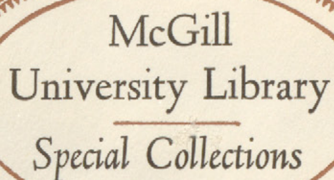

Robert Choquette
mentioned on Page 246
visited me on Feb. 16, 1936
Guest Book P. 80

CANADIEN

To Norman Friedman:

If this book and the effort of which it was one result have made any small contribution to Canadian unity in these dangerous days of world struggle it will be because so many men like yourself have the same objective.

Clifford Bowman [signature]

April 4 1941

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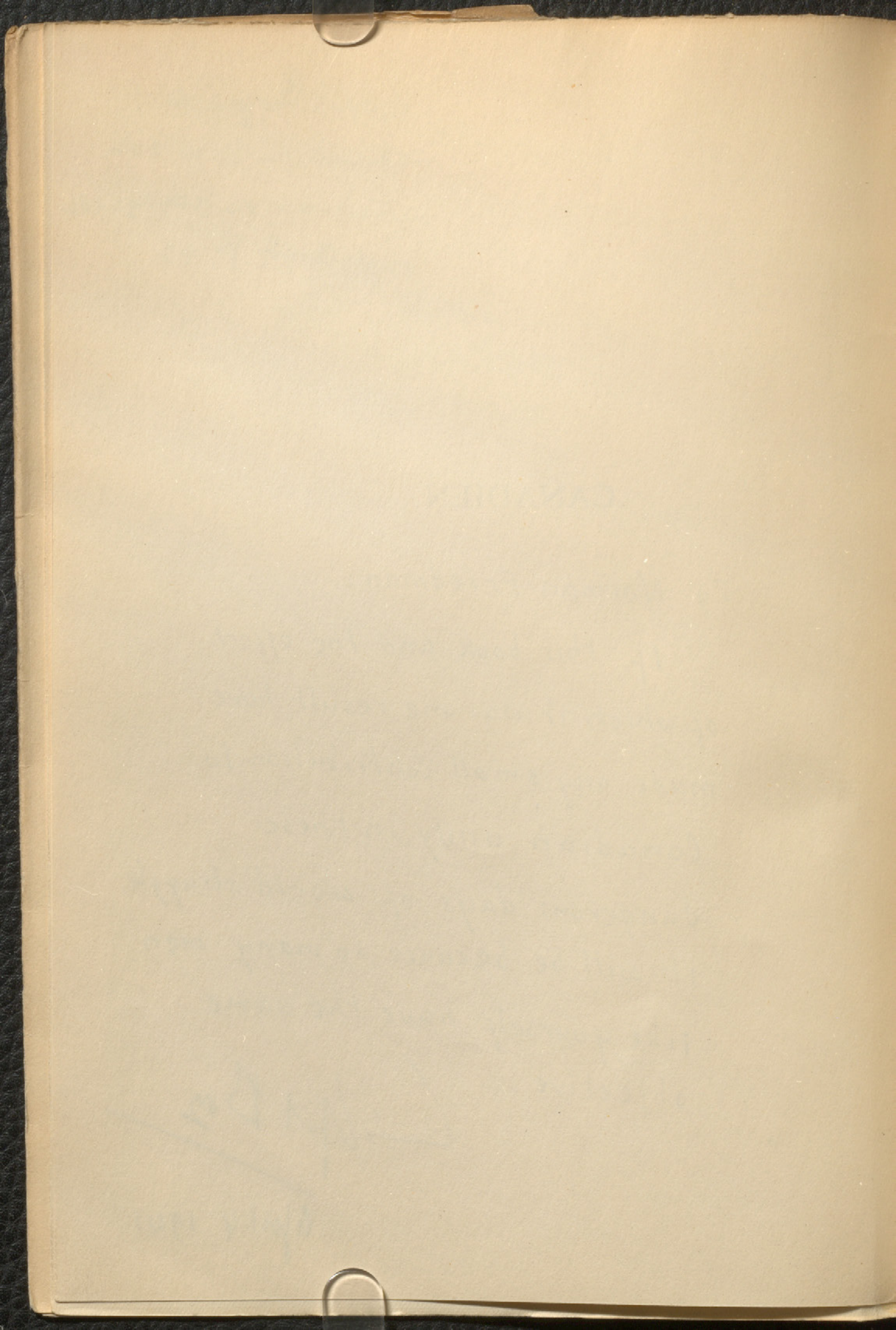

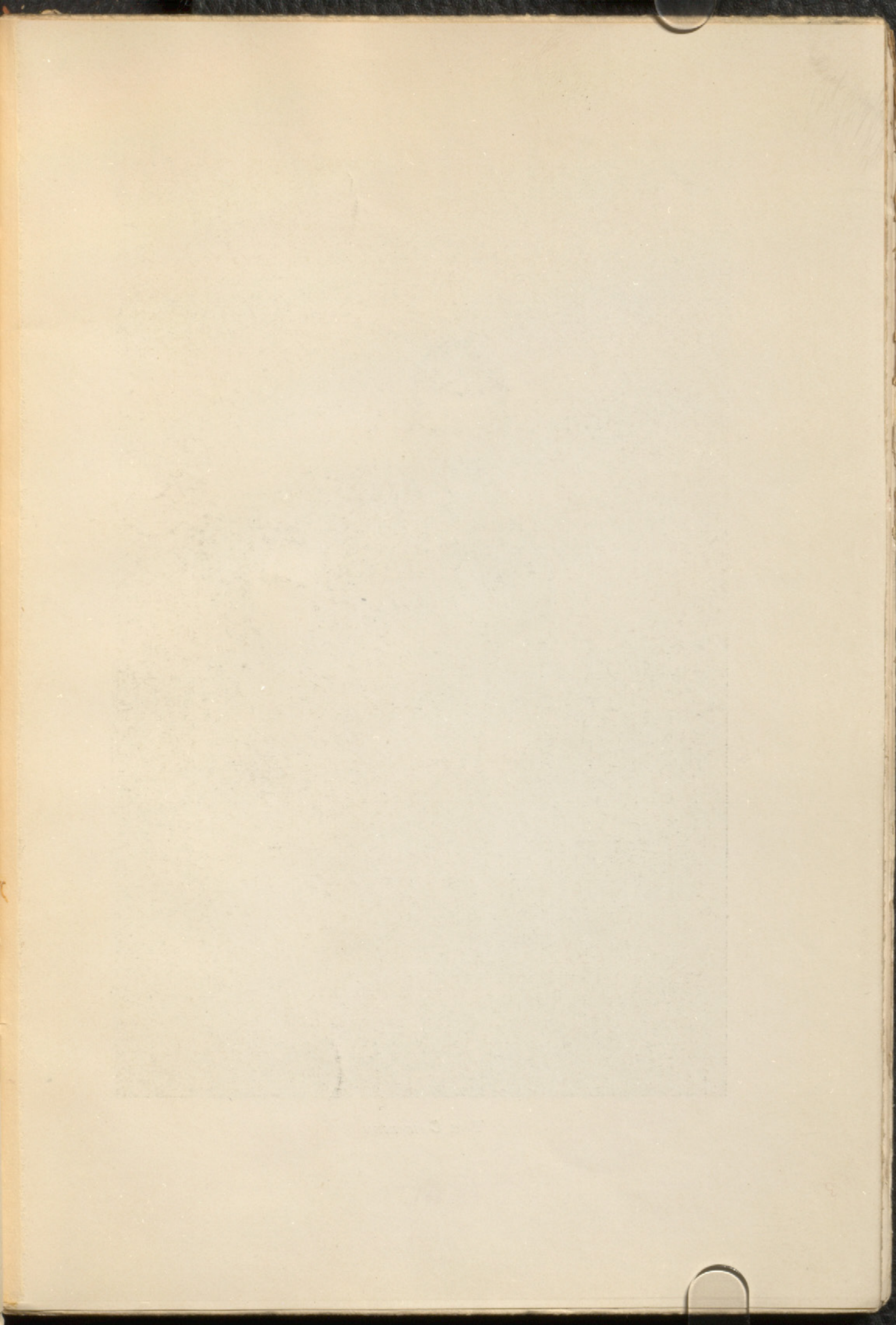

THE *CANADIEN*

CANADIEN

A STUDY
OF THE FRENCH CANADIANS

BY

WILFRID BOVEY

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TO THE MEMORY OF
TWO CANADIAN SOLDIERS
ONE OF FRENCH, ONE OF ENGLISH RACE
WHO DIED IN FLANDERS THAT CANADA MIGHT LIVE

BUT FOR THOSE DEATHS THIS BOOK WOULD NEVER
HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

Ils sont morts afin que nous vivions

PREFACE

Few people read prefaces, and an author who feels it necessary to explain anything to his readers had better do his explaining in the body of his work. But to those who are kind enough to look at these pages there are two things that I should like to say.

In the first place, this book is not intended to be exhaustive. It makes no particular mention, for instance, of the great part played by French Canadians such as Sir George Étienne Cartier and Sir Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine in bringing about the Confederation of Canada. It does not deal with the share of French Canadians in the government of Canada as a whole, or of Senator Dandurand's term as President of the Assembly of the League of Nations. It does not touch on the ordinary business of city life—the conduct of banks and law courts and hospitals, which is the same in French Canada as it is in any other part of the British Commonwealth. My aim has been to describe certain aspects of French-Canadian history and life which are less well known, but which must be understood if we are to understand the people themselves.

In the second place, I have not attempted to be critical. All that I hope for from those who would have preferred more criticism is that if they read what I have written they will see the other side of the picture a little better, and recognize that just as in our Imperial relations we must allow the English and the Australians to have ideas which differ from our own, so in our national life we must make allowances for the individualities of our fellow-Canadians.

Finally, I would beg a good deal of indulgence from the people whom I have undertaken to describe.

Four hundred years ago, or thereabouts, Sir Francis Bacon remarked that " it is the nature of the mind of man, to the extreme prejudice of knowledge, to delight in the spacious liberty of generalities." French Canadians differ from one another just as much as do English Canadians; it is just as difficult to speak of them collectively and at the same time accurately. Yet in this kind of book one must speak of people collectively, and I can only say that I have done my best to be accurate.

It has been suggested by my most sympathetic and helpful critic that I should explain the genesis of the essays which follow. Fifteen years ago a friend of French-Canadian race with whom I had over and over again discussed the future of Canada, who had succeeded in combining national pride with a broad and far-seeing loyalty, was killed at Passchendaele. Had he lived he would have done great things for Canada. This book is an inadequate effort to carry on the work to which he had set his hand. It is dedicated to him, and with him to one other—to one who died almost on the same spot, who typified the simple unquestioning heroism of the soldier of Canada; to his memory I owe a very special debt.

W. B.

December 1932.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I SHOULD like to express my sincere thanks to the many friends who have been kind enough to help me in the collection of material and by reading portions of the manuscript in which they were particularly interested. Among them I might specially mention:

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Hon. L. A. TASCHEREAU, Premier of Quebec.

M. ÉMILE VAILLANCOURT, author of *La Conquête du Canada par les Normands*, *Une Maîtrise d'Art au Canada.*

I should have entered on my task with much less confidence had I not been assured of their interest and encouragement.

W. B.

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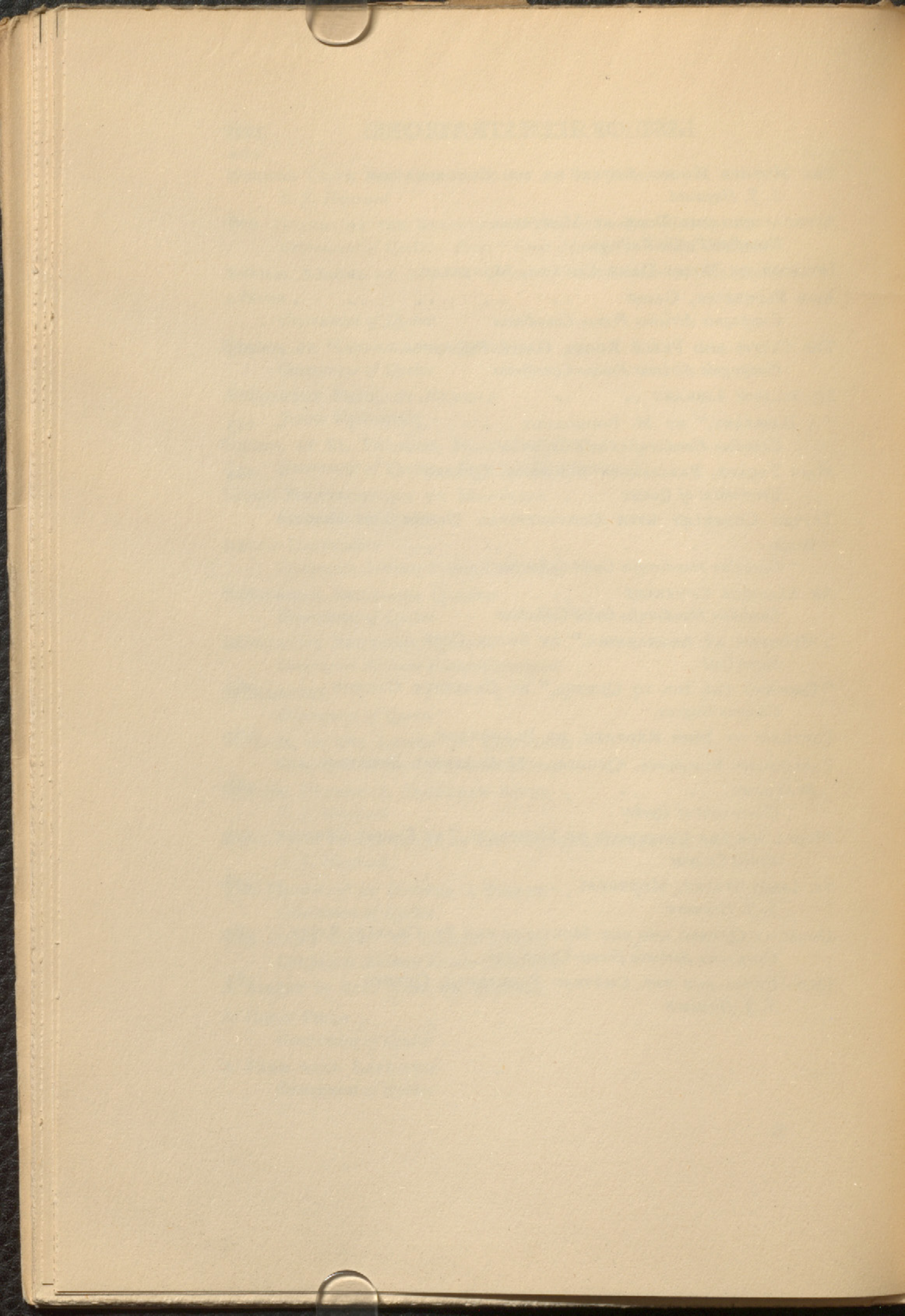


CHAPTER I

AN INTRODUCTION

La grande voix de nos montagnes
Qui vibre au milieu des sapins
Et que l'écho de nos campagnes
Repète aux rivages lointains,
La fleur de la verte prairie
Pareille à celles d'Eden
Tout chante à notre âme attendrie
Qu'il fait bon d'être Canadien!

CRÉMAZIE.

(The mighty voice of our great hills
Sounding among the pines,
Echoing through the countryside
Away to the far lines,
The shining flowers of each green field
As bright as any Eden's yield,
Each lovely thing to us will sing:
"It's good to be Canadian!")

How many people know the French Canadian?

He deserves to be known, for he has made a definite contribution to the constitution of the British Empire, and indeed to the world, by solving in a unique way the problem of combining liberty and loyalty, and he has established in Canada a culture which has a character of its own.

In any study of the French Canadian there is one fact which must always be borne in mind. His point of view long ago ceased to be European. The English-speaking peoples of North America have kept to a great extent their European ideas, the French Canadian is a North American pure and simple. A single instance of his philosophy will make the point clear.

Let us look at his theories of war and peace. Peace to the *Canadien* means something positive—peace means the development of his race and his country, the unceasing effort to live—ploughing, sowing and garnering. He has

no desire to get what some other country has, and cannot see why any other country should want what he has. To the European, on the other hand, peace is only a pale negation —the absence of war. The reason Europeans give for disarmament is that war is horrible, that it causes suffering, that it brings economic confusion. How often has any European speaker tried to preach peace as an active and energetic condition? The people who come nearest to the *Canadien* viewpoint are the English, who still have some vestiges of their old notion that war is an unmitigated nuisance.

The dominating factor in international relations up to 1918 was war. There are, it is true, a number of people who believe that wars were only the result of economic competition; but they have never proved their case. It was always a commonplace of European politics that every nation must be organized for war; there was always a professional military caste, the army being a highly honourable and decorative profession singularly easy to enter. We know better now than we knew then how a well-organized group can control public opinion, and these professional armies, consciously or unconsciously, kept every nation on tenterhooks—waiting for the next war. The *Canadien* knew nothing of all this. His interests lay in the fields and forests of his own country. His militia had been formed to resist American invasions; it never occurred to him that it might be used for anything else. Rocked in a peaceful bay, he had no notion of the currents which were sweeping other nations into a maelstrom. When the Great War came we expected him to accept the decision of our rulers with the same acquiescence as we showed ourselves—and Canada was almost torn apart.

Since the *Canadien* has not a European point of view, it is not surprising that Europeans fail in understanding him.

The Englishman, naturally enough, expects that everyone in the British Empire—everyone who is not brown, black or yellow—will have a special place in his heart for the

country which to him is still the Empire centre. Mr. Kipling makes his young Empire-builders drink—

> To the hearth of our people's people,
> To her well-ploughed windy sea,
> To the hush of our dread high altar
> Where the Abbey makes us we.

It is a fine thought—but it means nothing to the *Canadien*. Quebec, not England, is his centre. "We French Canadians," says Mr. L. A. Taschereau, "being the pioneers of Canada, rooted in our soil and traditions, identified with things Canadian for over three centuries, love every inch of this land, be it East or West, because we are *the Mother Province of Canada*" (*North-west Review*).

And a Canadian poet expresses the same thought:

> Je veux revoir le fleuve ou s'écrivit l'histoire
> d'un passé glorieux,
> Notre beau St. Laurent qui roule de la gloire
> dans ses flots orgueilleux.
>
> O. LE MYRE.

> (Let me see once again the mighty river
> Who tells his splendid story, rolling past,
> The great St. Lawrence—all our ancient glory
> Sounds and resounds while his proud stream runs fast.)

It is the St. Lawrence, not "London River," that spells history to the *Canadien*.

There are indeed some Englishmen who come nearer to an understanding of the French-Canadian attitude, yet even they do not quite reach it. We cannot, for instance, agree with that sympathetic author who declares that the *Canadien* "is individually as much cut off from his European antecedents as if he were a Chinaman. . . . There is absolutely no parallel between the links which bind the most representative classes in Ontario to Great Britain and the utter lack of connection between French Canada and France."[1]

It is true enough that the *Canadien* is rooted in the soil of Canada, yet a strong tendril of affection stretches out to the

[1] A. G. Bradley, *Canada in the Twentieth Century*.

land of his ancestors. One man may feel this sentiment strongly, another but in slight degree; that most feel it more or less is undeniable.

"Normandy was the real Alma Parens of Canada," says Ægidius Fauteux, in his introduction to the work of Émile Vaillancourt, *La Conquête du Canada par les Normands*. "It is remarkable that the passion for genealogy which inspires so many of us, and especially the sons of Normandy, has for its main—perhaps its only—objective to find that little spot of land overseas from which our ancestors set out for the New World. There is nothing that shows more clearly how, in spite of the lapse of years, a bond that will not be broken unites us to the motherland."

It is the land of France of which they think, more than they think of the people of France. And the sentiment is not very different from that which many English-speaking Canadians feel for the soil of their fathers' counties.

Where the Englishman goes wrong in one direction the Frenchman goes wrong in another. The Frenchman does not realize that the French Canadian has views of his own. Just as the Englishman expects everyone in the British Empire to look towards London as the Moslem to Mecca, so the Frenchman thinks that everyone who speaks French ought to look towards Paris. He is a little upset when he finds that the *Canadiens*' only problem is choosing between Quebec and Montreal. He thinks they might have done better. "If in their fight with the civilization of England," says André Siegfried, "they have not been completely victorious, it is perhaps because—from the very beginning and perhaps through the fault of France—they have been inadequately equipped against an enemy armed cap-à-pie. Their type of civilization, more delicate, more distinguished, more perfect, but in some respects grown antiquated and kept too little *au courant* with the profound changes in progress in our modern France, has been unable to conquer one which is commoner and more material, but incontestably

The St. Lawrence above the Quebec Bridge—Looking to South Shore

Seigneurie of Vincennes—Church at Beaumont

better adapted to the needs of a new country." With all respect to M. Siegfried, who is a great man and a great author, he seems to have failed to apprehend the *Canadien* mentality. He does not understand the attitude of the *Canadien* who says:

> Happy is he who dwells in the humble home
> His fathers built—of good gray stone—
> Among its trees hard by the church, the river flowing by,
> He knows he should be happy—and he is.
>
> ALBERT LOZEAU.

He does not appear to realize that the *Canadien* has never wanted to be victorious—he has only wanted to survive—that the *Canadien* has never had the urge to make other people like himself which marks the Englishman and the Frenchman. Professor Cramb describes the great aim of British Imperialism: " To give all men within its bounds an English mind." [1] M. Siegfried feels that the *Canadien* has failed because he has not given other people a French mind. The *Canadien* had a better philosophy than either—he had no conscientious desire to change anyone else's mind, he wanted to remain himself and not to be bothered. In that he has succeeded.

Another side of the *Canadien's* life which seems to have been difficult for M. Siegfried is the relation of Church and people. " The protection of the Church is precious," says M. Siegfried, " but the price paid for it is exorbitant. Its influence has made the French Canadians serious, virtuous and industrious, as well as prolific. Their domestic qualities are the admiration of all; their health and strength show no signs of diminution. But, on the other hand, are not the intellectual bondage in which the Church would keep them, the narrow authority she exercises, the antiquated doctrines she persists in inculcating, all calculated to hinder the evolution of the race and to handicap it in its rivalry with the Anglo-Saxons, long since freed from the outworn shackles

[1] J. E. Cramb, *Germany and England*.

of the past?" This sounds well—but what does it really mean? We gather that the *Canadien* is very much under the thumb of his Church, that he is oppressed by religious obscurantism, that for that reason he is handicapped in business rivalry with the Anglo-Saxon, who is, we are given to understand, free from similar burdens. Now in the first place the *Canadien* has never been quite so obedient to religious authority as M. Siegfried and a great many other people seem to think; this will, to a certain extent, appear as our study proceeds. The assumption that strict religious views are bad for business may be justified, but there is a good deal of doubt about it—one's mind turns to the Jew and the Scot. Finally, it seems that obscurantism is unknown among English-speaking people, who are therefore forging ahead. We cannot help thinking of those states of the American Union which prohibit the teaching of evolution as they do the consumption of alcohol.

There is one element of truth in M. Siegfried's paragraph. The classical college system, which keeps the young *Canadien*, up to the age of eighteen or nineteen, under training by clerics was rather slow in adapting itself to modern requirements. Perhaps that was not such a bad thing after all. French Canada was the only part of the world that did not suffer appreciably in the terrible depression of 1931. But the classical colleges have changed a great deal—and are changing still. And we shall see as we go along that while the evolution of French Canada was long delayed—more by material than by spiritual causes—the *Canadien* has of late years made, relatively, as much progress as the English Canadian.

M. Siegfried then goes on to speak of the results of the British connection. "A hundred and fifty years of this *régime*," he says, "have made the French Canadians too much habituated to giving way in everyday life—even if only in matters which they regard as unimportant—for British supremacy not to have become established as a hard, solid

fact. . . . Too many of them bow down quite sincerely before the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon civilization: they have no love for the English assuredly, but they admire them, sometimes imitate them, and suffer them to assume the general control and management of things in society and finance." The statement is so wide of the mark that one wonders upon whose opinions it is based.

It is hardly fair to ask M. Siegfried to furnish our only example of a Frenchman's attitude to French Canada—but he is probably the most distinguished Frenchman who has written about Canada and must pay the penalty of his importance.

The American notion of the *Canadien* is, naturally enough, distorted by moving pictures, novels and prohibition. To most citizens of the United States Quebec for a long time has been mainly a place where prohibition is unknown. Far too many of them read best-seller travesties of Canadian life and take them for gospel. They see pictures of dog-teams—and assume them to be still our main method of transportation. The New Englander, who lives in a part of the country where *Canadiens* have settled by the hundred thousand, knows from his own experience how important the *Canadien* can be in politics; but there his knowledge stops. And the New England *Canadien* himself, as soon as he begins to prosper, ceases to be a *Canadien* and forgets his own people.

There is another reason, besides their failure to grasp his general attitude, why the Englishman, the Frenchman and the American do not know the *Canadien*. They rarely or never visit him. If they think about "French Canada" at all they have a vague idea that along the banks of the St. Lawrence live a number of backward, illiterate and "priest-ridden" farmers, whose life never touches that of the outside world.

Few people outside our own country have ever met the French-Canadian upper class—savants like Mgr. Camille Roy who have headed the Royal Society of Canada;

business men who have made their marks in commerce; eminent clerics, such as the late Cardinals Taschereau and Begin; soldiers like the Panets; brilliant lawyers and jurists; statesmen such as Laurier, Lapointe and Taschereau.

Of course there are exceptions to all generalities, and they deserve credit. When Lord Bessborough and his charming lady came to Canada they set out on a good course—they began to mix in French Canadian society as well as in English, and soon learned to appreciate the people to whom Lord Bessborough represented the Crown. Dr. John H. Finley, of *The New York Times*, knows Quebec and its people better than many Canadians; Dr. John M. Clarke wrote beautifully of Gaspé; Agnes Repplier has made our early history live; Professor Réné du Roure, of McGill, has for years conducted a summer school which has enabled many hundreds of young Americans to learn what "French Canada" is like. He and his friends have made themselves as deservedly popular in French-Canadian society as they are among English Canadians. Professor Jean-Charlemagne Bracq has devoted years of study to the evolution of the people of Quebec. Louis Hémon was a Frenchman. Constantin Weyer, another Frenchman, has written a book, *Un Homme se penche sur son Passé*, which will live with *Maria Chapdelaine*, which does for the West what *Maria Chapdelaine* did for the East.

But of all the people in the world who ought to know the *Canadien*, and do not know him, the most astonishingly unacquainted are his fellow-Canadians. One does not need much study to discover this: it becomes obvious after a few minutes' conversation. There are indeed a few English Canadians who have tried to understand the *Canadien* viewpoint. Mr. William Henry Moore is one of them. In *Polly Masson* and *The Clash* he has shown more knowledge of and more sympathy with that viewpoint than has any other English-speaking writer. "Like the Englishman of England, forcing their nationality upon none," says Mr. Moore, giving the Englishman more credit than Professor Cramb, who has

just been cited, " the French Canadians are of one mind to hold fast to common traditions, and are inspired with common aspirations for the present and the future. That resolve is the stronger because of the oppression to which they believe they have been subjected, none the less oppression because it has been not of massacres as in Russia, but of slurs of inferiority, limitations in the schoolroom, the courts of justice and the halls of legislation, as in Germany."

Mr. Moore does not stand alone in his interest. Mr. Castell Hopkins has given us some charming pictures of the historic St. Lawrence Valley and its people; Mr. Murray Gibbon has wakened new interest in *Canadien* song and story; the Ontario Department of Education has sent many of its teachers to a summer school in Quebec City. But the interest of the few throws into still clearer light the ignorance of the many. The average English-speaking Montrealer never meets a French-speaking Montrealer in a social gathering and never enters a *Canadien* home. In other parts of Canada the cleavage is still more remarkable. In Winnipeg, for instance, a prominent member of the community declares that he knows only one French Canadian. In Saskatchewan and Ontario, where the *Canadien* population is scattered and poor, no one knows the *Canadiens* at all: they are regarded and treated as a subordinate race. In New Brunswick, where the Acadians [1] have come to number one-third of the population, they are still known only to their immediate neighbours.

In 1931 a writer in *MacLean's Magazine*, " Our National Weekly," undertook to make a comparison between Toronto and Montreal. In the course of this he referred to the enrolment of " 6000 at Toronto and 2000 at McGill." Both figures given were wrong—the author admitted he was uncertain of them—but the odd mistake was that Toronto was compared with the English-Canadian McGill and not with the French-

[1] The French-speaking people of the Maritime Provinces still speak of themselves by their original name, *Acadiens*, and this is their proper designation.

Canadian University of Montreal. This latter institution has about the same number of students as the University of Toronto—both are among the largest universities of the British Empire, so far as number of students is concerned—but the Toronto writer had not heard of the University of Montreal.

A series of stories dealing with life in Montreal appeared in another Toronto magazine. They were good stories, but their people were not French Canadians—they were what the *Canadien* calls " Français de France." It was not that their morals were French, or what passes for French (the French generally are quite remarkably moral)—they would never have got into the paper which published them—but their manners and their language were French. They fought duels, swore by the *nom d'une pipe*, grew imperials and did a great many other things just as unusual in Montreal as in Toronto.

We can find other curious examples, showing either lack of information or lack of interest, in more unexpected places. The *Handbook* prepared by the local committee for the visit of the British Association in 1924 contains an article on " Education." Out of eleven pages four are devoted to the history of education in Ontario, and most of the balance to a description of education in English-Canadian provinces. Here is almost all we read about Quebec: " Quebec alone has no compulsory education law. The Roman Catholic Church in that province believes that a compulsory law would undermine the rights of the parents, and the Protestant minority has failed to move it from that position." We are left to assume that a larger proportion of children go to school in Ontario, which is not the case. We are told nothing of the classical college system of Quebec, which keeps thousands of adolescents studying for two years longer than do the English-speaking high schools and one year longer than Ontario collegiates. We are told nothing of the Quebec technical school system which preceded, if it did not suggest, that of

Ontario. The article on " Immigration " never mentions the first immigrants, but begins with the arrivals from Britain and the United States. The article on "Race" does not speak of the prosperous French-speaking population of Alberta, or the numerous though less wealthy groups in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. French-Canadian literature is not mentioned, the article on "The Fine Arts" tells nothing about the remarkable French-Canadian type of architecture, the beautiful exterior design and the lovely interior carvings of old Quebec churches and houses. What kind of impression regarding a country one-third French-speaking was made on the visiting British? A little manual produced a few years ago which aims—patriotically enough—at teaching Canadian children something of their own country emphasizes the differences between the races. " The silver spire of the Roman Catholic parish church rises amid the humble dwellings of the French-Canadian habitants. . . . The people along the road are the descendants of the original Canadians—still frugal, God-fearing, French-speaking habitants. Here and there one meets a black-gowned priest, and in the distance one catches a glimpse of a monastery or a convent, the bells of which ring out in the clear air." It is very pretty—it is, as far as it goes, true—but it does not give you the impression that Quebec's country population owns as many radios as does that of Ontario.

Quotations could be multiplied *ad infinitum*—they would still give little enough evidence of the blank spaces in the English-Canadian's knowledge of his *Canadien* compatriot.

One point cannot but strike the visitor. It is doubtful whether any part of the Empire uses its national name so often as does Canada. One reason, no doubt, is a natural pride in the achievements of so young a country; another is the desire to emphasize the " Dominion status," of which we have talked for a long time, and which the Statute of Westminster has only recently acknowledged; a third reason is the wish of many American capitalists to make their

branches in Canada appear to be Canadian. (When the name of a company begins with " Canadian " one suspects at once that it is American.) Whatever be the cause, the words "Canada" and "Canadian" appear very frequently in news, in literature and in advertisement. This is interesting, but it is more interesting to question the average citizen as to the connotation of the word " Canadian."

If he is English, Scots or Irish by race you will find that he thinks of " Canadian " as meaning a Canadian who speaks English. If he thinks of our French-speaking citizens the name that occurs to him is always "French Canadian." Sometimes he goes even further, and calls them Frenchmen. Most of the *Canadiens*, for their part, cannot yet think of English-speaking people as *Canadiens*. Canadians they may be, but *Canadiens* never. A learned judge whose experience goes back for half-a-century, and whose acquaintances number thousands, told me he could not believe that I had the same attitude towards Canada that he had himself. To him I was still the English invader, looking in the last resort to England as my country—and I am afraid that I left him unconvinced.

We are not at the moment discussing the attitude of the *Canadien*—we shall have time enough for that—but the very fact that this attitude persists after so many years of insistence by English Canadians on their " Canadian nationality " and " Dominion status " proves, as eloquently as any argument can, that we have never known the French Canadian sufficiently well to let him understand our own views.

It is strange enough that the people who ought to know the *Canadien* best know him so little, but what makes it still more strange is that these very *Canadiens* have played a more important part in recent history than they themselves know. This is scarcely the place in which to trace the growth of the system of Dominion self-government which has remodelled the constitution of the British Empire. It would be wrong to attribute the origin of that theory to French-Canadian statesmen. English Canadians had even more to do with its

inception. Most of the French Canadians conceived of their race as a solid nation living among people who, while they sojourned in Canada, had not, and did not want, a Canadian nationality; Liberals and Conservatives alike had this feeling, though only the Nationalists expressed it. One of the ways in which the *Canadien's* viewpoint was evidenced was the declaration of his right to abstain from " British " wars. If only he had been able to think of his fellow-citizens as *Canadiens* he would have seen the way out of the tangle. By degrees—notably at the end of the Great War—the whole Canadian people began to regard themselves as a free nation within the Empire; the views of French- and English-speaking Canadians on Imperial international relations became identical; the unity of Canada became possible. With a united Canada accepting the theory of Dominion status the theory became a fact. And the *Canadien* comes second to none of us—indeed, he leads many of us—in his loyalty to the Crown and his hold on the British connection.

CHAPTER II

THE GEOGRAPHICAL BACKGROUND

A newer Hellas rears her mountains
From waves serener far,
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the evening star.

BYRON.

WE cannot know the *Canadien* unless we know his country—and wherever he may travel, wherever he may settle, his homeland is still Quebec.

Quebec is a vast and a beautiful province. Trace out its boundaries upon the map of Europe on the same latitude and you will find that you have included the north of Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, most of Czechoslovakia, Denmark, the south of Norway, a large part of Sweden and a good deal of sea-water. The Laurentians, Quebec's broad range of rocky, tree-clad hills, cover an area equal to that of the American Rockies. Through the southern section of the province rolls the immense St. Lawrence—here spreading into a lake, there narrowing to a mile or so across, widening again, as it approaches the gulf into which it flows, until it is fifty, sixty, a hundred miles from shore to shore. And beauty is everywhere. In the south are stretches of rolling farmland broken by wooded hills, green in summer, flaming into scarlet as winter approaches. In the east is the mountainous peninsula of Gaspé, its tremendous hills rising as high above the shore road as do the Rockies above their passes. In the north are the forests, mile upon mile of woodland, where streams and rivers drain huge, lonely lakes, to flow through earthquake-riven gorges between thousand-foot-high walls of rock.

No race could live in such a country without receiving its

impress, and to no man does the land he lives in mean more than Quebec means to the *Canadien*. Let us take a journey round this country—this Quebec—and see whether we shall not gain a new understanding of its people.

Quebec was a quiet enough province until commerce discovered that the shortest line between Europe on the one hand and the Central and Western States and the Orient on the other lay along the St. Lawrence. The projectors of the Canadian Pacific had foreseen the development long before, and placed on the Pacific Ocean its best and fastest ships. Quebec City, indeed, had a day of prosperity a hundred years ago, when the lumber and liquor trades were flourishing. In 1830 seven hundred ships plied to and from the harbour—the most important exports were baulks of timber and barrel, pipe and puncheon staves. The main imports we find classified as follows: wine (Madeira, Port, Spanish, Tenerife, Sicilian, Sherry, Fayal, Pico, Lisbon, Malaga, Mountain Rhenish, Hock, Hungarian, Greek, French), rum, brandy, gin, whisky, coffee, snuff, playing-cards, sugar and salt. The barrel, pipe and puncheon staves were evidently not long in coming back! After that, for many years, Canada was in a backwater—all the currents of trade were running through New York. But since the beginning of the nineteenth century international commerce has again found its way to these St. Lawrence harbours. Montreal has become the second port of North America, the main grain port of the world. Quebec is a transfer point on the fastest route from Europe to Chicago. The passenger to the Western States who lands at Quebec from the *Empress of Britain* reaches Chicago earlier by almost a day than he could do were he to take the swiftest ship from Europe to New York.

All this has meant activity and growth and constantly increasing contact between Quebeckers—both French- and English-speaking—and the rest of the world. The same period has seen two other changes—the progressive harnessing of Quebec's rivers until in 1931 this single province

produced one-fifth as much hydro-electric power as the whole of the United States, and the phenomenal growth of the paper industry, which looks to Quebec for so large a proportion of its raw and semi-manufactured materials.

Such remarkable developments have of necessity had an effect on the people who have taken part in them. The *Canadien* has changed. His soul is unaltered, perhaps it is unalterable, but his outlook on life is not what it was thirty years ago—the eyes and the view are both different.

We must remember this as we travel round the Quebec of to-day, we shall understand what we see a great deal better. Here is Montreal sprawled out on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, near its confluence with the Ottawa. Montreal is very large; it has well over a million people; it is very long, stretching over twenty miles of river-bank, and for most of its length only a couple of miles wide. Some of its streets are magnificently broad, some are astonishingly narrow. There are an enormous number of churches—the whole population could go to church and there would still be room for more; the parish church, built a hundred years ago, can hold, literally at a pinch, 15,000. Montreal was at first a religious settlement and it has never quite lost its character; the Cross, blazing nightly on the mountain, illuminated by hundreds of electric lamps, is not really necessary to convince the visitor—the churches, convents and colleges do that.

Most of the wealthy inhabitants live in two independent cities, Westmount and Outremont, within Montreal, and in this way manage to control their own surroundings—no very great tribute to Montreal's former civic governments. In architecture and arrangement these two residential cities are very similar, but one speaks French for the most part, the other speaks English for the most part. Outside of these two municipalities the French-speaking population lives in the north-east section of Montreal, the English-speaking people in the south-west. One cannot make too much of

Montreal—Looking East

Quebec and its Setting from the West

this. There is no boundary line—but each section has its university, McGill is in one district and the Université de Montréal in the other.

The existence of these institutions has had a great effect upon the *Canadien*, and will have a greater one yet. McGill's position among universities is secure—some of her schools are unsurpassed by any and equalled by few; if she is handicapped for money as compared with the fabulously rich American colleges she is old in experience and undaunted in spirit. McGill has trained many great Canadians. One of them, D'Arcy McGee, played a man's part in the days of Confederation; another, Sir Wilfred Laurier, the first and as yet the only son of French Canada to be Prime Minister of the Dominion, was also the first to see, and to make others see, that the *Canadien* had an unexpected importance in international politics. Of the Université de Montréal we shall have a good deal more to say; it is enough now to remark that we look forward to seeing in Montreal an academic centre unique in the world, where two great universities—one following the English tradition and one the French—will provide unique opportunities not only for education in general, but for the study of human relations, of different educational systems, of different philosophies.

Montreal differs from most American cities in that it has a definite character of its own, it has never shaken off its past. As you walk its streets you pass forts of the seventeenth century; houses of the eighteenth; the solid Georgian stuff of the nineteenth; the stretching wharves—thirty-five miles of them; the bridge of 1857 that marked the beginning of modern Montreal; the new one of 1929[1]; the strings of ocean and river vessels; the new high buildings—one, housing 10,000 people, claims to be the largest office-building in the British Empire.

In this metropolis the *Canadien* has made most of his

[1] See p. 19.

contacts with the twentieth century, but all through the western part of the province are humming towns where the "white coal" of Quebec, its almost unlimited water-power, turns the wheels of mills. Shawinigan Falls, for instance, thirty years ago did not exist; to-day it is one of the most important power-centres in the world, with huge chemical works and paper mills, miles of railway sidings, an excellent technical school, and all the subsidiary shops and business of a modern industrial city. Three Rivers, St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke,[1] Drummondville, Valleyfield and Bedford have changed from country market-towns into manufacturing centres. These places too, like Montreal, have carried their past into their present—long years will pass before they lose the air of quiet that goes with tree-lined streets, with convents and with churches. There could be no quicker transition than you may experience at Three Rivers, where a few steps will carry you from the largest paper mill in the world to the English church, with its old rectory and garden[2]—old even when the English came—or to the convent the Ursulines bought from M. de Ramezay more than two hundred years ago[3]; in the centre of busy Drummondville, in front of the parish church, is a tree-encircled square; St. Hyacinthe has its shady streets and its riverside walk. It is surely not too much to hope that we have seen the stupidity of ugliness, that we shall keep and add to our things of beauty.

If Montreal and her subsidiary towns and cities (some of them will object to the adjective) show evidence of their past, Quebec does so in a far greater degree. Even the sky-line of modern Quebec is reminiscent of two centuries ago,[4] though not one of the original buildings remain. In place of the Château St. Louis stands the Château Frontenac[5]; in place of the Jesuits' steeple stands the towering Price House,[6] named after Quebec's pioneer English family; the

[1] See p. 165. [2] and [3] See p. 92. [4] See p. 74. [5] See p. 284. [6] See p. 74.

new tower of the Basilica has replaced the old; Laval University stands on the site of the Évêché. But cross over to Levis, take de Catalogne's wonderful drawing of Quebec in 1708,[1] and you do not need much imagination to see things as they were.

In Quebec more than in any other city the story and the charm of Canada exercise their full force. Not only does the Citadel, so striking a part of the city, keep alive memories of its exciting yesterdays; not only do the odd, old, narrow streets, even their names, "Sous le Cap," "Sault au Matelot," look back into the eighteenth century; but somehow or other, however prosaic you may be, you feel the past around you.

You may not see Cartier's ships, the two *Ermynes* and the *Emerillon*, or Champlain's little *Don de Dieu*, come up the stream; you may see only the huge *Empress of Britain* on her way to the new dock at Wolfe's Cove, the Canada Steamships' boats with their tiers of decks.[2] You may not see stern old Frontenac, you may see only that equally masterful Prime Minister, Louis Alexandre Taschereau. But you will see Notre-Dame des Victoires, changed indeed since it was wrecked by Wolfe's guns, yet still there; you see the Basilica, twice ruined and twice reconstructed. You see rows of houses and warehouses that would be familiar to the men of 1800, and, next door, a huge grain elevator with all its conveyors, a hockey rink that would house the whole population of Frontenac's city, and an enormous bridge, the centre span of which was, until yesterday, unrivalled in the world. The *Canadien* of Quebec city is conservative—he is a little more tenacious of tradition, a little less twentieth-century than the Montrealer. It is strange in a way that there should be so distinct a difference between the people of the two cities, but the Quebecker's surroundings give us half of the explanation.

Cities and towns, however interesting and active and

[1] See p. 56. [2] See p. 74.

beautiful, are not everything. You may know Montreal and Three Rivers, Drummondville and St. Hyacinthe and Montmagny, but you will not know Quebec. You must travel the long highways, winding past the unending lines of farmhouses and through the villages that will remind you of Europe yet are so unlike the villages of Europe. You must learn something of the life of the country folk; you must see their farmhouses, with loom and Ford car and radio and spinning-wheel; you must see the part that the *curé* and the doctor and the notary and the agricultural expert play in their quiet lives. You must meet the fisherman and the guide, and the country blacksmith turned garage mechanic, and the country carpenter who sometimes turns wood-carver. You must visit the lonely North Country, of which we are always conscious. You must go down the shore of the St. Lawrence from the flats of Lake St. Peter to the highlands of Gaspé, watching the marvellous panorama of its capes and bays and hills unroll before your eyes; you must see the lovely Gaspé Bay, where Quebec history began.

Leave Montreal early some summer morning and make for the south shore of the St. Lawrence; it is less well known than the other side but its scenery is more varied, its historic interest just as great. We climb over the hill of the new harbour bridge, looking back for a last sight of the long line of wharves and the tall buildings that are white pillars of stone against the background of the mountain; we slide down again towards Longueil. You may still see the small stone cottage of the Grants (though you will not see the owners)—Canada's only "noble" family, whose ancestor married the widow of one of the Le Moynes, and was confirmed by the English in her former husband's title—Baron de Longueil. How one's heart goes out to those Le Moynes, the adventurous brothers who fought the English in Newfoundland and in the heart of New York State—setting out casually on thousand-mile trips through the wilderness, emerging on the shore of Hudson's Bay to capture English

forts, going off down the Mississippi to establish Louisiana; soldiers and sailors from childhood, heroes by birth. At Longueil, too, you may still see the trace of the old railway that ran from Longueil Wharf to Richmond, giving the Grand Trunk, which crossed by the bridge above, its first serious opposition. It is said that when the English subscribers failed to pay up their calls the stock was resold to Eastern Townships' farmers, who paid, as best they could, in the butter and eggs that fed the construction gangs.

By this time we are far past Longueil—we are on our way down the shore of the river, through Boucherville, where we turn a sharp corner between two beautiful old houses, through Varennes and Verchères and Contrecœur, all of them full of historic interest. Off-shore lies an archipelago of low islands, bright green grass with clumps of woodland; beyond is the north shore, rising in the hazy background towards the Laurentians. The road bends inland, and suddenly we find ourselves among the farms of the Richelieu Valley and cross to St. Ours. A few hotels, a few shops, a few garages and, in a garden almost like an English park, the manor built a century and a half ago, though changed since out of all knowledge. One might do worse than live in such a spot, looking out over the lovely stream, remembering—remembering.

We reach the St. Lawrence at Sorel, where the river widens to the broad levels of Lake St. Peter, bend inland again, and cross a pleasant countryside full of narrow farms to Nicolet, a typical country town, full of trees and schools, overlooked by its astonishingly large cathedral. All the schools are conducted by nuns or brothers, and youngsters from all the country round flock in to them. Soon we see a high steel tower, from the summit of which electric wires stretch out to the northward. There is another tower on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, more than a mile away. We cross the wide marsh of the Godefroy river, the reeds and trees reflected in its waters, run down to the

St. Lawrence, and there opposite us is Three Rivers, with its enormous piles of pulpwood and its smoking chimneys.

Below Three Rivers lies a lovely country. The ground is a heavy clay: each river that flows through it has dug itself a deep valley; we slip down a long slope, and as we cross a gorge, high above the stream itself, look into a welter of greenery. The villages are real villages now; the houses gathered themselves long ago about the parish church; even the garages are old barns made over. A mile or so below Deschaillons is a little schoolhouse. Walk round to the yard behind it and a wonderful scene will meet you. At your feet a steep clay cliff drops a hundred feet to the river, trees at its foot and bushes lining its top. Before you lies the stream, its waves flashing in the sun, nearly two miles wide and stretching east and west to invisible horizons. On the far bank, off to your left, you can see the towers of Ste. Anne de la Pérade, where Madeleine de Verchères lived after she married the Seigneur de Lanaudière. Her young son Thomas took after her as an Indian fighter. Once when his doughty mother and his father were attacked by four Indian women and two braves in their own hall Thomas arrived on the scene with the first weapon that came to hand and ended the battle. Away on the right are the long points of Grondines, finger-like promontories running out into the river. Up mid-channel there steams a ship, looking like a model in a pond, with the buff funnel of the Canadian Pacific or the red-and-black of the Cunard or the red, white and blue of the Canadian National. Behind all, the north shore fades away into the blue, and you imagine, even though you cannot see, the woods and lakes of the Laurentians. A little lower down the stream is the old Seigneury of Lotbinière, and if you are lucky you may get a glimpse at the beautiful garden above Pointe Platon, where the century-old manor looks out through its trees at the river. It is on such a trip as this that you begin to realize what this great St. Lawrence is,

how truly it is the heart of Quebec. Along its shores grew up our first settlements; the river carried their ships and canoes in summer, their dog-teams and toboggans in winter. The St. Lawrence led Jacques Cartier and Champlain and their successors to the site of Montreal, and gave France control of the Ohio and the Mississippi. To wrest that control from France, Wolfe came to Quebec, to wrest it in turn from England, America rebelled, and the St. Lawrence kept Canada British.

There it flows to-day, the highway of our commerce, the channel into which run our thousands of power-giving streams. The geologists tell us that the continent is gradually tilting, that one day our river will be dry; but to us in Quebec the St. Lawrence, as nearly as anything on earth can be, is the symbol of eternity.

. . . .

An hour or so beyond Pointe Platon we pass St. Nicholas; and we climb through lovely woods and over a hill to reach the valley of the Chaudière. We see on our left the towering cantilevers of the Quebec bridge, cross it by the road that runs between the railway tracks, high above the mastheads of the largest ships, a few minutes and we are in Quebec.

. . . .

Let us go on from Quebec to the Lower St. Lawrence —the "Bas Saint-Laurent"—and this time let us go by water, following the track marked out by generations of sailor-men. As we leave Pointe Levi on our right we think of the family of Henry de Levi, duc de Ventadour, who claimed descent from another Levi, and so relationship with the Holy Family; then we slide past the beautiful fields and woods of the Île d'Orléans—"L'Île de Bacchus" as its first explorers named it. Nowhere in the whole province, except on Île aux Coudres, will you see such a picture of other days as the Island of Orleans can show you. The island was settled before the eighteenth century began and, though the terrified inhabitants ran away from Wolfe, most of the present

population are descendants of the original farmers. They still use oxen; they still use their old-fashioned ploughs and harrows; they still believe in ghosts—some of them do—and they are quite prosperous.

Suddenly the river opens out. On the north is Mount Ste. Anne, then a coast of high irregular hills sloping down steeply to the water [1]; here and there houses cling to their feet. We pass the low-lying Île aux Coudres; behind it is the valley of Baie St. Paul, the mountains rising beyond.[2] On the south is a lower line of coast, behind is hilly country climbing south-easterly toward the American border. With a glass we can see the line of the highway, bordered by the narrow "ribbon" farms, the unbroken row of houses along the road clustering now and then into a village or town. The very names of these places have a ring of their own—Trois Saumons, Cap St. Ignace, Anse à Gilles, L'Islet, St. Jean Port Joli, St. Roch des Aulnaies, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, Rivière Ouelle, Kamouraska, Rivière du Loup. Each has its story and its legends. There the white witch drove Madame Houel into the clutches of the Iroquois; on this island Chatigny starved to death; here old Malcolm Fraser settled after the conquest, and brought up his grandson, John McLoughlin, the great Governor of Oregon.

Ninety miles below Quebec, between two capes on the north shore, we see the entrance to the River Saguenay. So vast and deep is the stream, so huge the cut between the cliffs hemming it in,[3] that our earliest explorers thought it a path to another world.

The St. Lawrence grows wider yet, and as we run along the south shore the north fades farther and farther into the distance. On our right the hills become mountains—"shickshocks," as they call them here. Now we are coasting the Gaspé Peninsula. Countless ages ago some convulsion of nature crumpled Gaspesia into great irregular folds: huge hill after huge hill runs outward to end at the shore.[4] Up

[1] See p. 136. [2] See p. 37. [3] See p. 38. [4] See pp. 181, 214.

Up the St. Lawrence—Air View above Deschambault

The Long Finger of Cape Gaspé, and Gaspé Bay

over tree-clad hilltops, down into the valleys runs the highway, climbing 2000 feet in two or three miles, dropping to a fishing village, where the split cod are laid out on frames to dry just as the Norman and Breton fishermen laid them out in the days of Cartier. Behind the coast hills rise still higher mountains, their summits nearly 5000 feet above the sea, snow-clad until June.

At last we reach the end of the peninsula; we see the steep walls of Cape Gaspé, a long stone finger pointing southeastwards into the gulf; we round it and steam up the bay. Mountains are all around us now, and the woods cut into everywhere by farms. A long sandy spit pushes out on our left; a low wooded peninsula edged by flats is on our right; there you may see the foundations of the old French settlement that Wolfe destroyed. Now before us is a high green point, the shallow flats of the Dartmouth river to the north of it, the deep York river to the south; on the southern slope is Gaspé village, where Cartier raised his cross four hundred years ago to claim this land for God and France.

. . . .

I should like to show one more picture, that of the north woods. There was a time when the journey would have taken months, to-day we can set out from Montreal by aeroplane and four hours see us across the Laurentians. As we climb we look over the rich farmland round Montreal, an irregular chequerboard of different-coloured fields, cut by the ribbons of the Rivière des Prairies and the Rivière des Mille Îles. Soon we are over the Laurentian foothills. The country looks flat enough from above; bright green woods begin to trespass on the farms; this is the hard-wood belt.

Now the farms themselves grow fewer; they lie along the roads and rivers; trees are all around them, darker trees, for we are over the pine- and spruce-forests. Now the settlements stop; except where a clearing shows the work of some pulp and paper company there are no signs of man, only miles of wood In front of us is a cut across the green, the line of the

Canadian National; here and there along it a new parish has bitten into the forests.

This is the country of the restless pioneers among our *Canadiens*, the people whom Louis Hémon describes so well, whose ambition is to make land—" faire de la terre "—to fell trees, to plough the new soil; then, perhaps, to go on to some other still newer, still wilder, spot and begin all over again. When you see what the *Canadien* has done in Northern Quebec, what he is doing in Northern Ontario, how he prospers in Alberta, you will not be very sure that English civilization is " incontestably better suited to the needs of a new country." Away off on our left is Noranda, in the Quebec mining area, where huge new smelters blacken the air and the gold and copper of which Cartier heard from his Indian friends are dragged out of the soil. At Escalana we must take a machine with floats, for there are no more landing-grounds. Then we fly on northward. Below us are woods, woods, woods, cut everywhere by rivers; thousands of blue lakes shine up at the sky. These forests of Quebec cover more than a quarter of the province, and half of them are still in the hands of the Crown. Two hours' flight north of Escalana we see the largest of all the lakes, Mistassini, eighty miles from tip to tip, and near its southern end the smoke of a Hudson Bay Company post, the little store and the cluster of buildings around it. You have probably wondered sometimes why anyone lives in this land: you must see it to know. Of course there is a floating population of miners and woodsmen and engineers (if a few people dotted here and there in a forest the size of France can be called a population)—people who come and go as their work calls them—but there are other men who do not leave, and do not want to leave. Something in the huge spaces, in the clear air, in the woods and lakes, sounds a chord deep down in their hearts, and once that chord has been struck the North is their country for ever.

CHAPTER III

MORE GEOGRAPHICAL BACKGROUND

A mari usque ad mare.
(From sea to sea.)

Dominion of Canada Motto.

THE province of Quebec, with its rivers, its hills and its fertile valleys, has had so profound an effect on the spirit and the outlook of the *Canadien* that we are sometimes apt to be oblivious of his part-interest in the whole Dominion.

The *Canadien* has earned his title by discovery and by settlement. When Jacques Cartier, after forcing his way through what other explorers thought an unbroken wall of rock, reached Stadacona, the Indians gave him a fairly accurate picture of Canadian geography. They told him of the waterway by the Ottawa and Mattawa to Lake Huron, and of the routes to the north via the Saguenay and Gatineau. In 1615 Champlain reached Lake Huron, and returned by way of the Otonabee and the Trent. In 1667 Father Albanel, the missionary, guided by Indians, to whom the way was quite well known, made his way north by the Saguenay, Lake Kenogami, Lake St. John and the Chamouchouan, finally reaching Great Lake Mistassini, the Rupert river and the shores of Hudson Bay. The Lemoynes preferred the route down the Abitibi, but they regarded overland trips to Hudson Bay as a matter of course. In 1723 the Jesuit Father Laure was making a more accurate map of Northern Quebec than any produced in the next hundred and sixty years.

Daniel Greysolon du Lhut established French influence in far-western Ontario before the seventeenth century was over. Pierre Gauthier de Varennes de la Verendrye, early in the eighteenth century, went up the Kaministiquia to the

site of Winnipeg; one of his sons made his way to the Saskatchewan and explored its lower reaches. And even though the English conquest of Canada made French leadership of later expeditions impossible it is only fair to remember that the voyagers who took Alexander Mackenzie to the Pacific, and Simon Fraser down the river that bears his name, were all *Canadiens*.

After exploration—settlement.

The *Canadien* countryman is a man of dual personality—one or the other side of his nature determines his career. Some there are who love one spot of land, who are happy enough to spend their days in the old manor where their fathers lived, tilling the same fields, stocking the same *grange*. Others feel the urge that drove du Lhut to Lake Nepigon, La Salle to the Mississippi, Iberville to Louisiana; they must find new forests to conquer, new earth to break, " faire de la terre " as their forbears did, and then perhaps go on and leave their lands for other men to sow, their harvest for other hands to reap.

Of the early days in Quebec there will be more to say later on. It is enough now to remark that by 1709 there was a continuous row of farms along the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, and up the Richelieu towards St. John.

In the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries the boundary of French settlement moved westward into Ontario. Unfortunately we have only the scantiest of information upon which to base any study of origins in that province. William H. Moore, the most interested and keenest student of the subject, has collected all the facts available. Read *The Clash* and *Polly Masson* and you will learn a good deal about the little-known story of French settlers in Ontario. " After Upper Canada and, later, Ontario had been taken from the side of Quebec, the English Canadians for many years neglected the north country—they had what seemed to them fairer fields in the western prairies—and, as a result, the

population on the Lower Ottawa was left free to move into unoccupied lands on the tributaries of the Upper Ottawa and the waters that, rising north of the divide, flow into Hudson Bay. . . . In South-Western Ontario Essex was first settled by the French. . . . In Eastern Ontario it is natural that there should have been settlement. . . . For more than three decades of British government the lands in what is now Ontario were held under the French system of tenure and the people's rights regulated by the French code of laws" (*The Clash*).

And Mr. Moore goes on to speak of the heroic self-sacrifice of the martyrs of the Jesuit Mission—the saints who died under horrible torture at the hands of the Iroquois for the sake of the religion of Christ. If the *Canadien* had no other claim than this to be remembered in Ontario's history his claim would be good.

There is another group of people who have taken a modest, an almost voiceless, part in the building of Canada, who have, as a group, been confined to one section of the country, who must yet be mentioned if our story is to be complete. A remnant of the French-speaking people of Acadia were left in what are now the Maritime Provinces and in Prince Edward Island after the ships of the "Grand Dérangement" of 1755 and the Île St. Jean expulsion had carried most of them into harried exile. Faced by an order forbidding them to move, and the promise of oppression if they stayed, a few—on foot, in canoes or in little ships—made their way to new fastnesses. There were not many of them: a few clearings in the forests along the shores of New Brunswick took most of them; little settlements in Prince Edward Island, on the Gaspé shore, in the remote Magdalen Islands, far out in the gulf, accounted for nearly all the rest.

From one point of view the Acadian does not come into our picture. Technically he is not a *Canadien.* Just as the older generation of Nova Scotians continued to talk of

"Canada" as meaning Quebec and Ontario, not Nova Scotia, long after Confederation, so the Acadian differentiates between the *Canadien* and himself. It is a narrow point of view, perhaps, but like that of the *Canadien* it has a background of geography and history.

Geographically the Acadians have always been separate. New Brunswick, where most of them live, has retained, more than any other part of Eastern Canada, its pristine beauty. Only lately, with the development of the pulp and paper business, did industrialism set its hand on the northern sections of the province, and once away from the fringe of settlement on the coast there is mile upon mile of woodland.

Two hundred miles off-shore, politically part of Quebec but until the advent of the aeroplane incredibly remote, lie the sandy islands of the Magdalens. There a little group, fishing in the neighbouring waters, tilling the scanty fields, gradually increasing in numbers, has lived its amphibious life.

A few settled on the north shore of the Bay of Chaleur, near Carleton, and for a long time the lack of any land communication kept them apart from their *Canadien* neighbours—indeed until very lately they kept even their own accent.

Another remnant held on in Prince Edward Island and although, as we shall see, they were soon allowed to become British subjects their lot was never particularly happy. The first Governor, Walter Patterson, issued an edict giving "liberty of conscience to all persons, except Roman Catholics"—a curious phrase. It was not till 1830 that the Acadians were allowed to use their own form of worship.

A few, a very few, Acadian descendants—only ten per cent. of the population—are in Nova Scotia. Most of them are descended from the returned exiles who were brought to St. Mary's Bay when the British Government repented the

North Shore of the St. Lawrence—Village of Baie St. Paul and Laurentian Mountains

Looking up the Saguenay, Cape Trinity

"Grand Dérangement." Separated from their own people, lonely among their English-speaking neighbours, they have lived on, a relic of eighteenth-century France.

This geographical isolation in regions which have never been financially prosperous gives us one explanation of the Acadians' depressed attitude. For they have a depressed attitude; they have never quite recovered from the miseries of their forefathers and, as a people, they have not had much good fortune. Contrast their case, for instance, with that of the settlers of St. Albert, in Alberta, who knew how to profit—and did profit—from prairie prosperity. For nearly two centuries the Acadian, fishing, farming and hunting, has just managed to keep body and soul together; he has no gratitude to the English Canadian, who never helped him, or to the *Canadien*, who was too busy to remember him. The Acadian felt his isolation doubly since he was conscious that he came of good stock. Those members of the clan who made their way into Quebec made their mark there. Thibaudeaus, Morins, Gaudets, Landrys and Trahans did well by their new home, and by themselves. A few went back to Poitou, and historians tell us that the proportion able to write and read was four times as high as among the surrounding population.

It is not surprising, then, that the Acadian of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia has had a sort of hard-luck complex; he has been playing in hard luck for a long time, and he has known within himself that he was capable of better things.

The last few years have seen the beginning of a change. The Acadian has come to realize that he has done something quite remarkable, that even in existing as he has, in maintaining his identity and his individuality, he has won the respect of the world. He has realized too that he has earned his footing, that like the *Canadien* he has a share in the land where he lives, and that no one will deny it to him. He is losing his feeling of defeatism. His only danger

now is that he will hold of fixed intent to the separation which was for so long forced on him.

Now we come back to the *Canadiens* of the rest of Canada and to the results of the period of accidental colonization which began early in the nineteenth century.

The reason for this development was the trade and passenger traffic between Canada on the north and the United States and the Maritime Provinces on the south, and the consequent building of highways. The Temiscouata Road replaced the old trail from Notre-Dame du Portage to Lake Temiscouata, the first stage on the way to the Maritimes; the Kempt Road from Mitis to Mann on the Bay of Chaleur was built because, at a time of unfriendliness toward the United States, the Temiscouata route, running close to the border, was rather vulnerable. The Elgin Road ran inland near St. Jean Port Joli, the Kennebec Road to the Maine coast; Craig's Road connected Levis and the Eastern Townships. No sooner were these highways built than enterprising young men moved along them to carve farms out of the forest, and the new districts became productive very quickly. About 1860 began an epoch of intensive settlement; more roads were built, this time with colonization rather than communication as their main object. Along the St. Lawrence seigneuries one " concession road " after another paralleled the shore. A new highway was built through the fertile Matapédia Valley, replacing the Kempt Road, which ran straight over rocky hills and through narrow valleys. (The Royal Engineers who built the Kempt Road had thought only of their objective; they had not been concerned with farming possibilities.) The Taché Road was projected to reach the country between Beauce and the mouth of the Restigouche, through which the southern line of the Canadian National now runs. The level valley in the centre of which lies Lake St. John was opened up. To all these new areas the young *Canadien* farmer made his way and forthwith set about his task.

The British American Land Company acquired a huge grant in the Eastern Townships, and offered it for settlement to English immigrants. The English found Quebec cold and Catholic, and so the company offered the lands to *Canadiens* and Americans on the same terms; and the *Canadiens* flocked in. This, by the way, is the true story of that "French invasion" of the Eastern Townships which is sometimes attributed to deep-laid plans for ousting the English Canadian.

During the early nineteenth century there was a slight but continuous flow into the far north-west. Young men from Quebec entered the service of the fur-trading companies, travelled up and down the portages of the Great Lakes and Rupert's Land, went down the Columbia into Oregon, acquired Indian mates in the west, took their discharge and settled down to live by trapping and elementary farming. From that stock, later mixed with Orkney blood, came the "Métis" or "Bois Brulés," who under Louis Riel resisted so wildly the first efforts of the new Dominion to widen her boundaries. Their numbers gradually increased—by 1870 there were 600 of them in the single neighbourhood of Batoche, to become notorious in Riel's second rebellion.

The lives of these early westerners and of their Métis children read like romances. François Beaulieu accompanied Sir Alexander Mackenzie on his famous journey to the Pacific. His son, also named François, "the first of the Métis," made for Sir John Franklin a map of the Coppermine and the Arctic coast and acted as guide for the explorer at Great Bear Lake. Beaulieu junior's hobby was fighting; he was a great chief among the Indians, and a Henry VIII. in the matter of wives; but when, at seventy-six, he met his first missionaries he was an easy convert—his father's tongue, one supposes, helped in the task—and he undertook forthwith to become a missionary himself. The famous Waccan, whose real name was Jean-Baptiste Boucher, accompanied Simon Fraser to Stuart Lake, in British

Columbia, and later on his exploration of the Fraser river. Waccan was a man of extraordinary courage. Once, hearing that his half-brother had been murdered by the Babine Indians, he set off alone over the intervening hundred and forty miles, killed the murderer among his friends and returned unhurt. He became chief interpreter at Fort St. James, on Stuart Lake, and after hundreds more adventures, any of which might have put an end to him, died at the age of about ninety. Joseph Larocque travelled every trail and every river of the west, lived in wild adventure, and ended his days as a boarder among the Grey Nuns at Ottawa.

Others had less luck. Samandré served as cook on Sir John Franklin's first expedition, and gave the clothes off his back to his chief when he set out on his futile trip for aid to Fort Providence. The last whom we can catalogue had the oddest adventure of all: Jean Baptiste du Bois was killed and eaten by his employer.

If there were only time to spare we could continue the list of the Métis adventurers. They were pioneers of a strange sort. They were more akin to their Indian ancestors than to their Scottish or French forbears; they made their living like Indians in the Indian land; they never intended to lead the march of civilization, indeed they obstructed it. Yet in the end they were drawn into the line, and their children have ceased to feel the stirrings of Indian blood, though they have kept much of the Indian *laissez-faire*.

There were other *Canadiens* in the west, even on the Pacific coast, who kept their strain unmixed. There was, for example, the interesting though transitory colony founded by John McLoughlin, grandson of Malcolm Fraser, of Rivière du Loup, at the mouth of the Columbia. If the British Government of the eighteen-forties had given John McLoughlin the support he deserved the small group of French-Canadian settlers might have changed the fate of the whole Pacific coast. But the United States obtained

Oregon; the French Canadians disappeared or were absorbed; to-day only such names as Les Dalles, Boisé and La Grande remain, a testimony to the courage of those early colonists.

Even though it may lead us a little away from our main subject it is interesting to inquire into the part the *Canadien* was playing in these same early days in what were then the north-west sections of the United States. Although the Mississippi towns—Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Prairie du Rocher and Vincennes—declined after the English conquest the settlements farther west were continually added to; by 1875 the little groups in Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin had increased to about 50,000 souls, still retaining their French tongue and their French traits. Pierre Ménard, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, was a *Canadien*; Crépeau, one of the early governors of Michigan, was a *Canadien*; Salomon Juneau was the first Mayor of Milwaukee; Langevins, Langlades and Grignons were among the founders of Wisconsin; Noel Levasseur set up a colony in Illinois. François Xavier Aubry, in spite of the then terrifying Apaches, established the current of trade between St. Louis and Santa-Fé. He it was who carried the famous dispatch from Fort Union to Fort Independence, 800 miles, in five days and sixteen hours. His scale of business was enormous for those days: on one occasion he purchased goods worth $300,000 in two days, and in spite of the extraordinary risks he ran, for most of his expeditions had to pass through Indian country, he prospered immensely. In 1855 he was knifed by a Major Weightman, advance agent of a railway, an unpleasant sort of presage of the victory of the iron horse.

To-day the descendants of those *Canadiens* of yesterday have been submerged in the American melting-pot; they have forgotten how to pronounce their names; but they still look back proudly to their pioneer ancestors.

One later settlement deserves a special mention, that of

St. Albert. It was in 1863 that the Oblate Father Lacombe established a mission nine miles from Edmonton and named it St. Albert after his own patron saint. Here and in the neighbourhood gathered a group of *Canadiens* of the very best type, whose descendants are to-day the most influential and the most prosperous of all the French-speaking westerners. Later Father Lacombe was successful in directing a new stream of emigrants into Manitoba; 900 went there in 1876, greatly strengthened the colony already existing, and sent many smaller streams out over the prairies.

Father Lacombe was only one of many of his order to serve the cause of civilization in the west. Religious teaching was their first object, for they are an order of missionaries, but by their example, their teaching and their tireless devotion, especially in their work among the Indians and the Métis, they have earned for themselves a very high place in Canada's roll of honour.

Even after so short a study of the part which the French Canadian has played in our task of nation-making we must admit ungrudgingly that he is entitled to a real share in our country. It is unfortunate that two factors have tended to shut our eyes to the truth.

The geographical barriers that separate one section of Canada from another have separated Canadians too. We should not have let this happen, but we did let it happen. The Rockies shut in British Columbia. The great distances of the prairies, the almost unconquered wilderness of Northern Ontario, keep West and East apart. The long strings of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific are the only ties that hold the Maritimes. Prince Edward Island is an island —at certain seasons it was long almost inaccessible. Nova Scotia is nearly an island. It was inevitable that there should be economic conflicts; it was inevitable that there should be differences of viewpoint, and the fact that geographical barriers coincided with provincial boundaries has emphasized every difference. Each province has developed a private

nationalism. The Westerner still feels very dubious as to the Easterner. He is inclined to talk about the Montrealer as a grasping profiteer, and to doubt whether Toronto has any unselfish interest in the progress of the prairies. The Montrealer regards Montreal Harbour as his own property, forgetting that Edmonton and Regina have rights in it.

When to geographical barriers we add those of race and language the difficulties become even more emphasized. If the people of Ontario and the prairies are inclined to regard other Canadians as outsiders they look on the Quebecker almost as a foreigner. I have heard a great many of my Ontario friends talk about the *Canadien* with the same stock phrases that some Englishmen and some Americans use of Frenchmen. It is not much to be wondered at that the *Canadien* returns the remarks with interest, and that his feeling of ownership in his own province is strengthened by the exclusionist attitude of other people. The Acadian in his turn, as we have noted, feels not only that the English Canadian has oppressed him but that the *Canadien* has let him down.

How much harm has been done to Canada by this mediæval provincialism is impossible to guess. The bitter quarrels over the establishment of separate schools when the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were established showed how many English Canadians not only made little of the rights which the *Canadien* believed to be vested but actively disliked the *Canadien* himself. Even in 1930 we heard the people of French-speaking districts in Saskatchewan being classified with those of Ukrainian and Finnish and other foreign settlements. There is no need at this point to embark on a discussion of the complicated constitutional questions regarding the use of the French language, or to dissect the corpse of the school problems of 1905, but it is quite time for Canadians as a whole to realize that the French Canadian has as much interest in all of Canada as any other Canadian. Only when this is established will separatism and provincialism disappear. Canada will be Canada indeed.

CHAPTER IV

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Nous sommes venus il y a trois cents ans, et nous sommes restés. Ceux qui nous ont menés ici pourront revenir parmi nous sans amertume et sans chagrin, car s'il est vrai que nous n'ayons guère appris, assurément nous n'avons rien oublié. LOUIS HÉMON, *Maria Chapdelaine.*

(We came here three hundred years ago, and we stayed. Those who brought us here may return among us without bitterness and without regret, for if it is true that we have scarcely learned anything, assuredly we have forgotten nothing.)

IT is difficult to understand any people without knowing not only something of their relation to the country where they live but something of their history. It is impossible to understand the *Canadien* without a sympathetic glance at the circumstances that have gone to making him what he is.

We could not, even if it were useful, enter upon any detailed account, but even in so brief a study as this must be we must follow some at least of the strands that make up the cord of *Canadien* history.

We pick up two of these strands without much difficulty. The first is the strong religious influence under which French Canada was settled and has always remained. The second is the attachment of the people to the land. Until comparatively recent times the *Canadien*, whether seigneur or habitant, was a man of the country rather than of the town—his sudden turn to the city, his effort to adjust himself to new conditions while the world has changed around him, must not blind us to his beginnings.

Let us in this chapter take the first strand—religious influence. We have already said a little of the part played by missionary priests in the colonization of Northern Ontario and the west; we shall come to that subject again.

Meantime we go back to earlier days to see what happened in Quebec.

The sixteenth century, which saw the birth of the Canadian colony, was one of many changes. The beliefs of centuries were being shaken; the Catholic world looked with real apprehension on the growth of Protestantism and sought to make the future more secure.

One can hardly find a better illustration of the feelings of the orthodox than is contained in the introduction to the second book of Cartier's voyages, a book which was written, not by Cartier himself, but by some well-read and studious secretary. The writer addresses the King.

" We see how the Lutherans, apostates and imitators of Mahomet from day to day try to becloud (our holy faith) and finally to extinguish it . . . and on the other hand how . . . the Christian Princes try to augment and bring growth to it. This the Catholic King of Spain has done in the lands which under his command have been discovered in the west . . . where there were found innumerable nations who have been baptized and brought into the faith. And now in this present expedition . . . you will be able to note the goodness and fertility of the land, the immense number of people who dwell there, their goodness and peacefulness, likewise the fertility brought by the great river which flows through and waters these your territories. . . . These things give to those who have seen them the certain hope of the increase of our holy faith and of your lordship and of your most Christian name."

Champlain, in his eulogy of the art of navigation, tells us that his love of it " led me to explore the coasts of New France, where I have always desired to see the lily flourish, together with the only religion, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman."

Antoinette de Guercheville, a religious and, for those days, an uncommonly pure-minded creature (she seems to have refused the royal advances of Henry IV. with some firmness),

received from Louis XIII. immediately after his accession a charter granting her all North America except Florida. She promptly appointed the Jesuits, for whom she had already bought a share in Acadia, as her emissaries. On reaching Port Royal they found Poutrincourt already established, under an earlier and quite valid charter, and there ensued a series of disputes. Almost immediately afterwards King James I., without much regard for the acts of the French monarch, gave Sir William Alexander one grant covering Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and another of the St. Lawrence, with its shores; there followed three-cornered quarrels between Huguenot French, Catholic French and New Englanders for the possession of Acadia, which went from one to another like a shuttlecock. Madame de Guercheville's charter disappeared in the confusion, but is worth remembering as an example of the way in which religion entered the Canadian adventure, and of the effect of religion's influence there.

The Montreal settlement was religious from its inception. Le Royer de la Dauversière—a mystic whose devotion led him to self-flagellation, and whose curiously inconsistent profession was tax-collecting—with the sincere and enthusiastic Abbé Olier determined to plant the banner of Christ in what they believed to be the abode of demons. There is little need to retell their accounts of the miraculous visions that inspired them; their undertaking was so fantastic that its very achievement was nothing short of a miracle. The site selected was far from the only settlements yet established, in the midst of Indian tribes; the Government of the day had no interest in the project; the colonists at Quebec and the Hundred Associates there were unfriendly; the funds available were small—yet the founders persisted in their aims. Forty-three persons, many of them ladies of the Court, joined Dauversière and Olier, and the Company of Montreal was formed. The island of Montreal was acquired from Lauzon, who had some rights in it, and from the Hundred Associates, who also had

some rights, and a new charter was granted by the King to the new company. Paul de Chomedy de Maisonneuve, a Canadian St. George, a soldier who longed to fight for his faith, was appointed military leader; Jeanne Mance undertook the care of the sick. In February 1642, at a service conducted in Notre-Dame de Paris, the new settlement, under the name of "Ville Marie de Montréal," was consecrated to the Holy Family.

As things began so they went on.

The story of the Sulpicians and of those two earlier orders, the Recollets and the Jesuits, the mission work of the Oblates, the less widespread but no less devoted labours of other orders, make up a part of our historical background to which we can hardly attribute too great importance.

The Recollets were the first to come. The Recollet Order was a reformed branch of the Franciscans which had been organized in France. Its members were sworn to poverty and chastity, as well as to obedience, and, as monks, were not permitted to mix in lay society or in temporal affairs. It may well be that Champlain, who brought them out, considered that these humble brothers would provide for the needs of religion without much expense, and would not interfere with his government. The Recollets did not make the progress they hoped for; they found the soldiers and settlers more difficult subjects than the Indians; they received less financial support than even their modest souls considered essential, and they decided to call for aid. They turned, naturally enough, to the powerful army which had been formed some eighty years before for the defence of the Catholic Church, the Company of Jesus.

The Jesuits are essentially a militant order. The Jesuit priest must go down into the lists, must meet with the layman on his own ground, play his part in affairs and, like every soldier, must make the victory of his cause his aim. The very name of his society, the Company of Jesus, tells of his militancy. The Recollets' most notable success was the

importation of these new reinforcements; having brought them, the Recollets went home, not to return for forty years. During those forty years the Jesuits dominated the religious life of Quebec, and all but dominated its civil life. Of the heroism of the Jesuit martyrs, the initiative, the courage and the skill of their explorers, an all-too-brief mention has already been made. The atmosphere of the little colony was that of a fortified monastery, the drum and the church bell divided the day. And Jesuit influence in Canadian affairs did not stop at the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Their activities extended to the mother-country, where the differences between Church and State had flamed into the controversy between Gallicans and Ultramontanes, and they succeeded, being Ultramontanes themselves, in bringing about the appointment of that most notable of Canadian clerics François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency as Vicar-Apostolic in Canada. Laval and the Jesuits made a formidable team. One Governor after the other—Argenson, Avaugour, Mézy, Courcelles—came, collided with the imperious Bishop, and found himself on his way back to France. Only when Frontenac arrived in 1672, while Laval was absent in France —before he returned, fortified by new authority as titular Bishop of Quebec—was there a leader of the civil power really worthy the steel of the great cleric. Meantime a beginning had been made with education—the Jesuit College had been opened in 1637 and Laval's Seminary in 1663. The effect of such a foundation at such a time has lasted in French Canada until this day. We shall see later how to the good Catholic—and most *Canadiens* are good Catholics—education and religion are firmly bound together. Perhaps they are right, and it is worth noting that by the application of pure mathematics instead of belief our greatest scientists are being led to the same conclusion.

In spite of all Laval's works and all his greatness, for he was great, and all his saintliness, for he lived the life of an apostle, it was given to his successor St. Vallier to leave as

deep a mark on the Province of Quebec. For when Laval resigned his charge, in 1685, St. Vallier reversed his predecessor's most essential project—to keep Canada a country of missions ministered to by missionary priests whose home was to be the Seminary of Quebec. It was St. Vallier who scattered parishes up and down the St. Lawrence. It was his hand that laid the foundation-stones of those little churches which stand along Quebec highways, and around which gradually clustered the homes of the smith and the carpenter, the trader, the notary and the parish priest himself.

The early history of Quebec tells us so much of the Jesuits that the part of the Sulpicians in our national drama has been left rather in the background. Parkman, centring a whole book on the Company of Jesus, has made sure that English-speaking people realize what a great task the Jesuits performed. But no English writer has treated in any detail the work of the Sulpicians, and one reason is that they have, with an honest humility, let not their left hand know what their right hand was doing. Never have any men been less desirous of publicity than these secular priests, the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice. As seigneurs of Montreal they have undertaken one work after another for the benefit of their huge estate, devoting the income they have received to good causes. They built, and they have maintained, the Montreal College; they gave a million dollars to the University of Montreal; they have founded and aided in the founding of many a school; they have given unostentatious help to many a country parish. A hundred years ago they built the greatest church in North America, and it is an interesting testimony to their willingness to co-operate with the English-speaking newcomers that an English Protestant was once appointed administrator of their property, and that one of their first contracts was given to the Scot, John Redpath.

In earlier days, during the century of intermittent warfare

between France and England, Sulpician priests, with some of the Recollets and missionaries drawn from the Maison des Missions Étrangères at Quebec, took an important part in the struggle for Acadia. The Recollets had been the first. The temporary English occupation of Acadia between 1654 and 1667 had ended their work; after the colony was handed back to France the priests of the Missions Étrangères succeeded to the task. Then the Recollets came back, and it was they who were in Acadia at the time of the Treaty of Utrecht which, in 1713, handed over the colonists to Britain. The French Government, in spite of the treaty, hoped to get Acadia back, and it was through the Recollets that the lost colonists in Nova Scotia were influenced to refuse the oath of allegiance to the English King. The treaty had given them the right to move out of the colony or to become subjects of Britain; as we shall see, they did neither. But the Recollets, while they annoyed England, did not satisfy France, and, on English protests, were recalled by the French Government.

The Sulpicians succeeded them, and de Breslay at Port Royal, de la Goudalie at Mines and Desenclaves at Beaubassin, undertook the cure of souls in Acadia. They had a difficult task; the English Governor, Phillips, was never able to obtain the oath of allegiance from the Acadians, and there is little doubt that he originally gained the support of the parish priests for the English Government by promising that the Acadians might remain neutral. Indeed, there exists an authentic copy of a document, witnessed by de la Goudalie and another priest, connecting the oath of allegiance with a declaration of neutrality. Armstrong, who was left in Acadia as Lieutenant-Governor when Phillips returned to England, attempted to obtain an unqualified oath of allegiance from the people of Port Royal. He was unsuccessful, for in the French copy there was a declaration of neutrality, inserted, we are told, " in order to get them over by degrees." It is no wonder that the

parish priests felt that they must be constantly on the watch. After the comparatively peaceful period which followed, when troubles began again, missionaries and priests were still involved in them. There has been much dispute concerning the actions of the missionaries at that time. Some of them marched and fought with war-parties, and did all they could to stir up the transferred colonists against their English rulers. One, Abbé Le Loutre, a priest of the Missions Étrangères, has been accused of transgressing the laws of civilized warfare and conniving at the murder of a British officer. The accusation has never been proved, and never will be, and in any case, as we shall see, warfare in those days was not civilized—even if it is so now, which is doubtful.

In all the discussion it must be remembered that it was the missionaries, not the parish priests, who took part in the politics and the fights, and that the missionaries were still French, attached to Canada, not to Acadia. The Sulpician parish priests in Acadia may have made mistakes, and mistakes which, as it turned out, were bad for the Acadians, but no one has ever questioned their personal courage or their conviction that their actions were directed to the salvation of souls and to the good of their flocks.

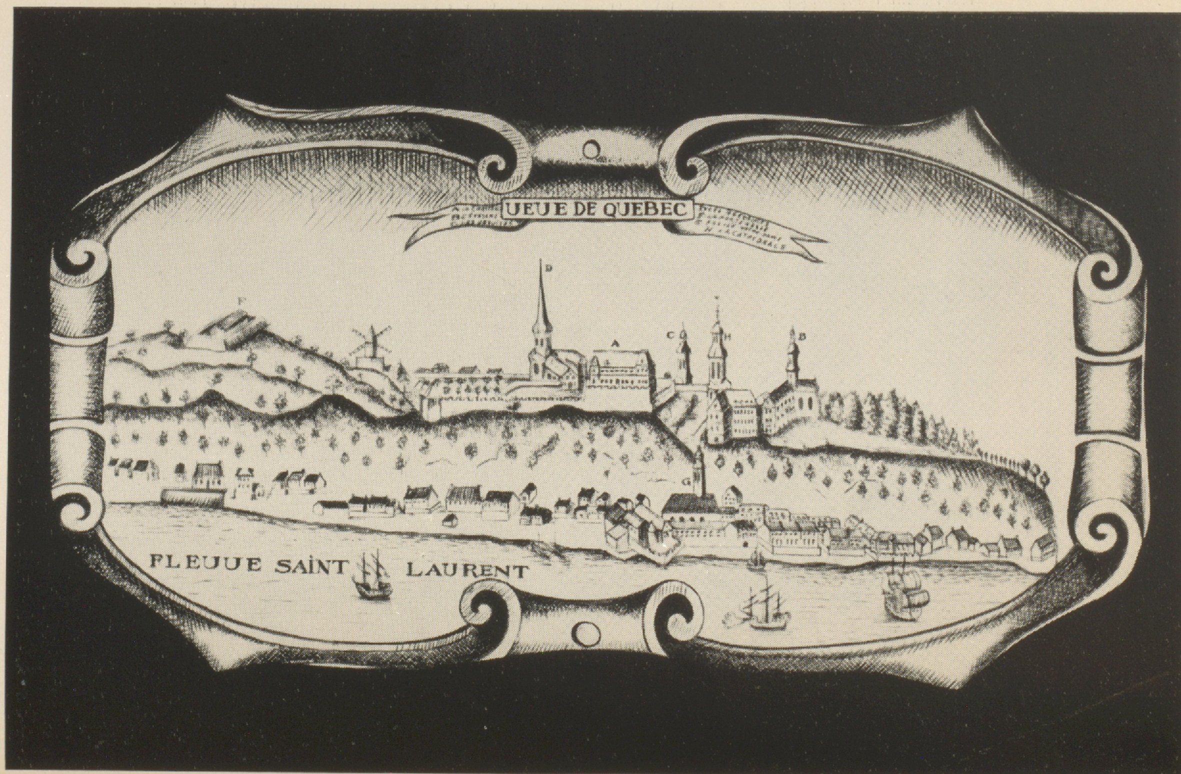
The attitude of the Catholic clergy during later periods of trouble has been even more important. The Capitulations of Quebec guaranteed to the " new subjects " of George III. the right to the practice of their religion. The Treaty of Paris followed, a little more cautiously. The Quebec Act of 1774 not only established the *Canadiens* in their religious rights but gave them the right to their own legal system, and confirmed the clergy in their dues—that is, in their right to one twenty-sixth part of the produce of the land. The English colonies to the south, already ripening for revolt and incredibly bitter, could scarcely find words to express their fury. Congress in the autumn of 1774 declared that the Quebec Act was " unjust, unconstitutional,

and most dangerous and destructive of American rights," that the British Parliament had established in Canada a religion that had deluged their land in blood and " dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world."

Within a few weeks the same body invited French Canada to join in their revolt against tyranny. The most amazing section of this address warned the *Canadiens* that since the Catholic religion had been established they might now expect the Inquisition too! The habitants were begged to revolt against the seigneurs' tenure of land, against the laws that had been established, against everything that England had done. The English-speaking people in Canada, especially in Montreal, who were largely adventurers or worse, sympathized with the colonies, and a campaign of sedition was carried on throughout the Canadian countryside. Some results were apparent. When the American forces came into Canada in 1775 the habitants were willing enough to sell them supplies—indeed a few joined the invaders. But now came the turn of the clergy. Bishop Briand issued a mandement extolling British rule and ordering the *Canadiens* to defend their country. The effect was immediate; there was never any question of the loyalty of the French-speaking people in Quebec City, and the habitants in sections which the Americans did not reach were quite unmoved by the attempt to liberate them. The efforts of Franklin, Chase and the Carrolls, the American commissioners at Montreal, were nullified by the resistance of the Sulpicians.

There was evidently a good deal of difference of opinion in the American colonies as to the gullibility of the *Canadiens*. General Washington wrote to General Sullivan: " I must caution you . . . to receive with a proper degree of caution the professions the Canadians may make. They have the character of an ingenious artful people and very capable of finesse and cunning. Therefore my advice is that you put

Cap Tourmente



Quebec and its Churches in 1708, by G. de Catalogne

not too much in their power, but seem to trust them rather than do it too far." This time, as usual when he used his head, Washington was right.

In 1793 we find the habitants again being appealed to, this time by the agents of Republican France. There was a good deal of unrest, but again the clergy upheld Britain.

In the disturbed times before the war of 1812 American emissaries once more began work, and in Upper Canada had some success. In Quebec they had none. Bishop Plessis and his clergy were far too wise to be taken in, and too faithful to their allegiance to desert it. When the invasion came the *Canadiens* under de Salaberry showed their mettle and, with a few other militiamen from Glengarry, routed many times their number of Americans.

Once more the attitude of the clergy was to be shown. In 1849 the leading men of Montreal declared for annexation to the United States. It must be remembered that, only a few years before, the rebellion of 1837 had been sternly repressed, and that there were still bitter memories among the *Canadiens*. Yet not a *Canadien* voice was heard in support of the annexation manifesto, and once more we shall find the cause in the steadying influence of the parish priests.

If the clergy were thus able to guide their people in matters political it was not only by reason of their devotion, but because the parish organization and the village church played so important a part in their lives, and because the *curé*, generally speaking, was more educated than his flock. The habitant of Quebec lived in simple fashion, his house was devoid of exterior or interior decoration, his furniture was of the plainest; but his church was beautiful.

I shall have more to say in another chapter of *Canadien* artistry. It is enough at the moment to remark that the *Canadien* owed almost every opportunity he had to make or to enjoy a beautiful thing to the leadership of his *curé*. Church after church was built, to be the centre of parish

life, and the work of construction, alteration and renewal never stopped. Take as a single example the story of the Church of St. François de Sales de L'Île d'Orléans, as recounted for us by our architect-archæologist, Ramsay Traquair. We must be satisfied with a summary, those who want the full story must turn to Professor Traquair's own work.

In 1707 the first church was built of wood, but did not last long. In 1730 Archdeacon C. De Lotbinière notes that it is in bad condition and that the parishioners have been ordered to rebuild in stone.

We hear of no architect—Thomas Alard the mason, Gabriel Gosselin the carpenter and Louis Crépeau the smith seem to have designed and executed or supervised all. The roof must have been on by 1736, for the first Mass was said then, but work went on for years after. In 1759 the English used the church for a hospital and did much damage, it was 1763 before the repairs were complete. A new reredos was built, only to be replaced almost at once by another, carved by Le Vasseur. In 1793 and 1798 some gilding and silvering was done by nuns at Quebec. In 1821 a new belfry was erected, in 1836 it was replaced. Between 1835 and 1844 the whole interior except the altars was renewed; André Paquet was responsible for most of the work. In 1871 and 1875 there were considerable repairs; in 1880 the windows were altered; in 1900 the present altar tabernacles were acquired.

It need hardly be pointed out how such continuous activity must have centred the attention of the parishioners on their church. They expended their money, which was scarce, their goods and their labour—their reward was the opportunity of doing and seeing good work, of enjoying the art which their own homes lacked, but which they could appreciate, and of serving the Divine Being in whom they so implicitly believed. This is only one example, many others could easily be found; indeed it is doubtful whether

anywhere in the world are there so many beautiful small churches with such remarkable interior decoration as stand by the St. Lawrence, whether anywhere has such constant effort been devoted to their building, their beautification and their repair.

A very striking result of French Canada's religious sentiment is the importance of the parish as a social unit. Where an English Canadian thinks of his "community" the French Canadian thinks of his parish. The country cousin who has met a friend from his own village in the city will not say "He is from my home town," but "Il est de ma paroisse" (He is from my parish)—the religious organization has proved stronger than the civil. An Act passed on the initiative of Sir George Étienne Cartier provides that the religious authorities when they desire to erect a new parish need only make a declaration before a competent Court—the parish is then legally constituted. The Provincial Government has availed itself in a remarkable way of this convenient procedure, and all its colonization activities have been carried on by the creation of parishes, each of which is colonized under the direction of a "colonizer priest." Independent societies also use the parish as a unit. The Union Catholique des Cultivateurs, which has its head office in Montreal, is organized by dioceses and parishes, each parish priest acting as aumonier, a sort of advisory secretary, with diocesan aumoniers to aid in co-ordinating the work. The St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne have also, as we shall see, a parish organization.

We have already mentioned the fact that the clergy took upon themselves the task of education in the earliest days of the colony, and for a long time they remained almost solely responsible. The Grand Seminaire, where young men studied for the priesthood, the Petit Seminaire for boys at Quebec, the Jesuit College, until it was closed in 1768, were the educational centres. Indeed they were more than that, for there

was no general system of schools in country parishes until the end of the eighteenth century. The large convents at Montreal, Quebec and Three Rivers, with a few smaller houses elsewhere, provided better for the girls.

Soon after the beginning of the nineteenth century we note a change, and again the clergy are undertaking the work. At Baie St. Antoine, for instance, the sixth *curé*, Father Fournier, in 1818 sets up a school for boys and another for girls, and pays the cost of maintenance from the sums drawn for himself from his parish. Father Joseph Asselin builds a school at Île aux Coudres, and has a resolution passed by his parishioners—after much opposition—earmarking a quarter of the church revenues for its maintenance. All over the province others were doing the same. In 1836, during the pre-rebellion troubles, no money was granted by the province for schools. The Fabriques (each church is controlled by a " Fabrique "—a corporation consisting of the *curé* and elected churchwardens) stepped into the breach and established their own schools. In 1840 came a new Education Act, and the establishment of school commissioners. These took their work very seriously, and they were expected to: the second plenary council of bishops held at Quebec declared that careless or unqualified teachers were to be refused the Sacraments, and that the commissioners who named them were to be treated likewise. A great many people believed that the new system was an effort at anglicization, perhaps at first it was, and it did not get fairly going until 1855, when Sir George Étienne Cartier opened 3000 new schools and established Normal Schools. Meantime the system of Classical Colleges conducted by clerics, of which we shall have much more to say later, had made a good beginning, and was more and more definitely establishing the influence of the religious authorities in Catholic education.

It would be giving an entirely wrong impression to say nothing of the difficulties which have faced the country *curés* of Quebec, or to leave it to be supposed that all the *curés*

themselves have been entirely perfect. M. Robin, a refugee from France, who was a *curé* of Île aux Coudres early in the last century, is reported to have said his farewells to newly married couples in a singularly forcible manner: "Donne moi six francs, prends ta bête et va-t-en!" (Give me six francs, take your creature, and get out!) M. Robin was an invalid, and we must forgive him. Others knew very well how to handle their flocks. In the days of Father Fournier there was an epidemic of garden thefts at Baie St. Antoine, so one Sunday the *curé* appeared in the pulpit with a large melon beside him. The sermon was on the thefts, then suddenly "I know the thief," he cried. "I see him! I don't know why I do not hurl this melon at his head." "Look out, Baptiste," a woman shouted; "you'll get it in the neck!" —and the pilfering family had given themselves away. The same priest had to deal with a problem of extravagance. A beautiful creature, Félicité Gibouleau, had just married a veteran of the war of 1812, Charles Lefebvre, and came to church in all her finery. When the *curé* passed through the church with the holy water he looked at her with much attention, then sprinkled her from head to foot—"as if she were a chapel," says Abbé Bellemare. This, as one may imagine, ended extravagance in his parish. But sometimes the habitant would not be persuaded. We are told that in the village of St. Michel, below Quebec, the *curé*, after the English conquest, told his parishioners to submit. One group was recalcitrant; the *curé* denied them the Sacraments; they would not give in and never did give in. When the last one came to die the *curé* gave him a last chance to repent, but his hatred of the English was still too strong. "Va-t-en!" he cried. "Tes mains sentent l'Anglais!" (Get away! Your hands smell of the English!)

One of the problems which the country *curé*, and his city brother too, for that matter, had to meet was the question of funds, and this was never more troublesome than when schools were concerned. The elected *marguilliers* (the church-

wardens) were tenacious of their rights, and jealously watched over the funds of the Fabrique whose lay members they were. When special moneys were needed either a parish meeting must be called or additional trustees appointed to co-operate with the *marguilliers* in raising money by voluntary subscription. So when a building which belonged to the Church, but was being used for a school, needed repair, and the question was whether the Fabrique or the new school commissioners should pay, the walls might crumble before either one stubborn Norman or the other gave way.

It is not surprising that some pages in the history of Quebec parishes tell of difficulties, some even of failures—it would be surprising if there were not such pages—but when all is said the rural *curé* has done well by his people, and is still doing well by them.

No story could illustrate better the regard in which the priest of other days was held by his flock than the beautiful legend of Père de la Brosse, the missionary of Tadoussac.

On the evening of 11th April 1782 Père de la Brosse was playing cards at Tadoussac with the employés of the trading post when at nine o'clock he said to them: "I wish you good-night, my good friends, for the last time, for at midnight I shall be dead. At that hour you will hear the bell of the chapel ring. I beg of you not to touch my body. You shall send to-morrow for M. Compain, at Île aux Coudres; he will await you at the lower point of the island. Have no fear of the storm, if there is one, I answer for the safety of those whom you send."

The employés, curious to know if things would turn out as the priest had said, watched until midnight. And on the hour of midnight the bell rang three times. They ran to the chapel, and they found Père de la Brosse kneeling at his *prie-Dieu*—lifeless.

The next day, Sunday, there was a violent south-west wind, foam-flakes were flying like snow. At first the men of the post refused to go aboard a canoe to begin the trip. But the

senior clerk said to those whom he knew to have the most good will: " Our *curé* never deceived you, as you know. You ought to trust his word. Is there not one of you who will fulfil his last wish? " The words had their effect. Three men decided to go, and launched the canoe. At once, to the astonishment of all, the sea around them became calm, and as they went along the coast the waves were stilled to make their passage easy. And what was no less astonishing they made the trip at an incredible speed, so quickly that about eleven in the morning they found themselves near Île aux Coudres, and could see M. Compain walking up and down the bank, a book in his hand. As soon as they were within earshot he said: " Father de la Brosse is dead. What have you been doing? I have been waiting an hour for you." And Père Compain came with them to Tadoussac to read the Burial Service over his brother priest.

Tradition tells us that the bell in the little church at Île aux Coudres had sounded thrice, like that at Tadoussac. A habitant of Île Verte, d'Ambroise by name, declared more than once that he had heard the bell of his own parish, where Père de la Brosse had also served, ringing at the same hour.

Tales like this do not grow up around the names of men who are not beloved.

F

CHAPTER V

MORE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Figurez-vous la Baie en sa forme sauvage
Que gardait sa beauté depuis les jours d'Adam
Puis le premier colon, debout sur le rivage
Contemplant la forêt d'un œil de conquérant.

Les grands bois colorés par le froid de l'automne
Vont bientôt s'endormir sous la rude saison,
Mais gare au défricheur! géant que rien n'étonne
Et qui rêve déjà labourage et moisson.

Car il va transformer l'aspect de ce domaine
Par le fer et le feu signaler ses travaux
Afin que le soleil descendu sur la plaine
Réchauffe les sillons pour des hommes nouveaux.

Notre histoire est ainsi dès la première page,
Il a fallu bâtir le pays tout entier,
Terre du Canada ta semence est courage,
Le colon s'est choisi le plus noble métier.

BENJAMIN SULTE.

(Think of the Bay in pristine loveliness
Appearing as it did when the world was young,
Then the first pioneer, standing erect by the river,
Looks with the eye of a conqueror at the trees.

The woods turned scarlet by the autumn weather
Will soon when winter comes stiffen to sleep,
Then, 'ware the axeman! strong he is and undaunted;
He sees in a dream the tilth and the harvest home.

Soon he shall change the scene that lies before him,
And steel and flame shall mark his clearing wide,
Until the sun shall reach the soil that is hidden
And warm new thresholds for new men that come.

Such is his story from its earliest pages,
His it has been to build a great new land,
Canada, surely the seed that he sowed was courage,
Surely our noblest name is the name of the pioneer.)

Now let us turn to another factor in the development of the French-speaking people of Canada—the country life which most of them led, its incidents and its social organization. In 1666 a census of the colony showed 3215 white inhabitants,

by far the most of whom lived in the country. The population of Quebec was only 547, that of Montreal much smaller.

The first official efforts to colonize New France had come to very little; up to 1632, when the temporary English occupation ended, there had been five habitant families and a total of 25 persons. Then, in accordance with the custom of those days, the French Government had begun turning over its responsibilities to commercial companies. The part taken by these concerns has been much exaggerated. They did as little as they could, and did not do that little very well. The first of them was the Company of New France, otherwise known as the Hundred Associates, which entered upon its undertaking in 1633. The Company had a complete monopoly of all trade except the cod and whale fisheries, and was empowered to grant lands.

It made about sixty grants, of which forty-five were maintained, the others being abandoned or forfeited. But progress was very slow. The grants were enormous, averaging about 60,000 acres; the grantees, the first seigneurs, were either unable or unwilling to expend much energy on them, the population grew very slowly and the Company's charter would have been revoked had it not been surrendered in 1663. A new company, the Company of the West Indies, was set up in place of the old one. This concern was not much interested in colonization either, the possibilities of trade were far more interesting, and it made in all only six grants. The result was good in the end—the Company almost at once handed back its land-granting responsibilities to the Crown, and the greatest of early Canadian officials, Jean Talon, was allowed full scope for his energies. He was appointed by the King to supervise the working of the land-settlement system, with the title of Intendant, and justified his appointment from the beginning. The Intendant was, in his own sphere, independent of the Governor; he dealt with the seigneurs and reported to the King without the Governor's intervention.

By 1712 all the land along the shores of the St. Lawrence

and in the valley of the Richelieu had been conceded; 170 new seigneuries had been established. These, with the six already granted by the Company of the West Indies, covered in all 4,000,000 acres.

The seigneur, the holder of a grant, was in some respects a feudal lord; his tenancy was known as " fief noble "; his main obligations were to render fealty, which included the duty of military service, to preserve trees for shipbuilding, to clear all other trees, to establish his home on his grant and to pay certain dues. The King retained his rights to oak-trees for his navy, to metals, to control of fisheries, to land for roads, and so forth.

A curious consequence sprang from one of the obligations contained in these early grants. The seigneur was required, as has been noted, to clear his land; he in return required the habitant to do so. *Arrêts* (Proclamations), as we shall see, provided that uncleared land should be forfeited; the sale of uncleared land was forbidden. The Canadian became thoroughly imbued with the idea that trees were a nuisance, that the tree was an enemy and should be destroyed; it is only within comparatively recent times that any other notion has been in his mind. Here is one reason for the destruction of the wonderful woods of pine and walnut that might have enabled Quebec to rival British Columbia.

The seigneur though he held his land under a " noble " tenancy was not necessarily a noble; he might be made so. A few were created counts, some barons, one a " chatelain "; three, we hear, were given marquisates, although there is no official record of this; many were merely given " letters of nobility," which entitled them and their children to be called *gentilhomme*.

The picture of a military-minded upper class which is so often painted is probably not an accurate one. The country was full of former officers and soldiers who had become seigneurs and habitants, and there was never any lack of men who were ready and willing to fight. Talon had settled many

of them in the border districts as a sort of protective cordon. But class distinction was never as important as it was in France; many impoverished seigneurs became habitants and many thrifty habitants became seigneurs.

There was another notable difference between the New World feudatories and those of Old France. The seigneur in Canada could not call upon his tenants for military service. The tenants held *en rôture*; the *rôturier* was a plebeian, and had no obligation to fight except on the King's command. That was the difference between holdings *en rôture* and noble tenancies, the man who held under a noble tenancy had the privilege of fighting when he was told to! In some districts, and in the name of the King, the habitants were often enough called on, but it is important to remember when we talk of the seigneurial system of early Canada that it differed from European feudal systems in this essential particular. And this was not all; the French feudal lords had, in virtue of their lordship alone, important judicial rights, classified we remember as the High, the Middle and the Low Justice. The Haut Justicier could hang his tenant, those less eminent had not quite such drastic powers. The Canadian seigneur had only such judicial rights as his grant conferred upon him. These were not often extensive, and the habitant could always appeal to Quebec. Many other rights possessed by feudal lords in France, exclusive rights to wine-presses, saw-mills, slaughter-houses and so forth, the Canadian seigneur never had at all.

The effect of these Canadian developments is still evident. The Canadian habitant was far from being the docile peasant of the Old World. He was an independent, often a stubborn, countryman, holding strongly to his land, his rights and to his ideas. The seigneurs sometimes admitted settlers to farms without any title; then, when they were well established, demanded, in return for a title-deed, excessively high dues. The habitant refused to be victimized. The seigneur was entitled to require the habitant to have

his flour ground in the *moulin banal*; well and good; but when the seigneur tried to establish manorial ovens as well as mills, and to make a little money in that way, the habitant objected at once, and the Intendant sustained him.

The habitants declared that the seigneurs were demanding thirty sous in money, instead of capons worth ten sous each, that dues were exacted which were contrary to custom; and generally speaking the early days of the seigneurial *régime* were not so idyllic as they are sometimes made out to have been. Finally the Intendant of 1707, M. Raudot, reported to the King that some steps must be taken to put an end to the universal litigation.

By 1712 the population of the colony had grown only to 22,000. The royal officials were not at all satisfied: the seigneurs, they thought, ought to have done better. The Home Government, acting on their suggestion, enacted the famous Arrêts of Marly, by one of which it was made compulsory for a seigneur to grant land, without any cash consideration but solely on condition of future payments, to any habitant who applied for it. If the seigneur would not do this the Government officials were to do it for him. At the same time the Arrêt declared that uncleared land was to be forfeit. There has been a great deal of debate as to the meaning of the first part of the order and a great deal of exaggeration of its results; it has been said, for instance, that after the date of its promulgation the seigneur became a mere trustee. But it is not at all certain that the Arrêt meant very much. We must remember that the only lands available for the seigneur to grant were covered with forest, so that, to begin with, the Arrêt governed only the wild lands, the lands already granted were not affected at all. Further, there is no evidence that anything ever happened. Nobody demanded lands, nobody was refused and the penalty was not applied. As a matter of fact the King, long after these orders, gave a grant which was purely for lumbering purposes and did not impose any obligation at all.

The second part of the order contained nothing new, the forfeiture of grants which were not cleared was always a well-recognized principle, and was enforced earlier as well as later.

Another Arrêt was aimed at the tenants, who it seems had not been living on their lands, and it was provided that unless they did so they were to forfeit their rights. This order did not mean much either, it provided a remedy which had been occasionally applied for years; while years afterwards we find people still acquiring from the seigneurs and still selling their concessions without settling on them. These Arrêts of Marly are in fact an example of the muddled methods of early colonial policy, and we shall see presently that Britain was not much better than France.

While the Crown was making minatory orders which it seldom enforced, its officials in Canada were everlastingly interfering with both seigneurs and censitaires. Raudot, who was not a bad Intendant as intendants went, endeavoured to persuade the Home Government to force on the seigneurs a uniform rate of rental, although rents, as we shall see, were very low. He forbade the habitants of Montreal to keep more than two horses or mares and one colt, in case they were put off keeping cows and sheep. Intendant Begon forbade the seigneurs of Beauport to concede town lots at more than a certain rental, a manifestly illegal order. Intendant Hocquart, finding a good pine-wood at Sorel, announced, without any respect to the original grant, that the wood belonged to the King. Habitants were forbidden to leave the country, and townspeople were ordered to report to the police any rooms let to persons "whom they suspect to be habitants."

It would be rather unfair to the intendants if we did not admit that their interference was occasionally desirable. In the year 1709, for example, there lived in the village of Deschambault a habitant named Péron. He was bald—but for a good reason—he had been scalped. One day a habitant

from Portneuf, the next village, called Péron a "Pélé"—"peeled head." Péron was naturally annoyed; all bald men, from Elisha down, have disliked being laughed at, and it was worse when one had been scalped. So he roused his neighbours—there must have been some old soldiers in these villages—and Deschambault declared war on Portneuf, the insult was to be wiped out in blood. Portneuf was quite agreeable, and the next Day of Pentecost was fixed for battle. But meantime Raudot found out about the impending hostilities and promptly issued an order that any soldier attending the war should be fined, while the generals were to be sent to Quebec in handcuffs. One cannot help wondering if the League of Nations will ever be able to take a leaf out of the Canadian Intendant's book.

But on the whole it is not much wonder that both seigneurs and habitants came to dislike the bureaucracy which lived comfortably in Quebec and kept the settlers' noses to the grindstone. The deep suspicion with which, until recent days, the Quebec farmer has regarded any Government proposal is partly due to the trouble of those early times.

There was another and an infinitely more important consequence of the division of interest between Quebec and the countryside. We find that by the beginning of the eighteenth century the country people were commencing to speak of themselves, and to be spoken of, as "*Canadiens*," and we find the line of demarcation between the *Canadien* and the "*Français*" becoming increasingly clear. The same thing happened to the English colonials, who some years afterwards began to be called Americans. The annoyingly superior attitude displayed in the Thirteen Colonies by the English military and official class was also displayed by their French fellows towards the Canadian colonials. While it is doubtful whether the *Canadien* would ever have rebelled as the American did, there is no doubt whatever that the growth of a Canadian mentality, as well as the very unsatisfactory nature of the later French *régime*, made the

change of Government much less unwelcome than it might have been.

Can we reconstruct, even in a somewhat sketchy fashion, the rural life of the late sixteenth and of the seventeenth century, which has left so deep an impress on modern Quebec?

By 1712, as we have already noted, most of the lands along the St. Lawrence and Richelieu have been granted to various seigneurs, a few grants have been made in back districts. The seigneuries extend anything from one mile to nine miles, or even more, along the river-front. A large section of each is retained by the seigneur as his own domain, and it is cultivated much like that of his tenants. The homes of the early gentry are, generally speaking, not much more pretentious than those of the habitants, although a few indeed are notable. At Mascouche and at Ste. Anne de la Perade we see long stone buildings with dependencies running off to the rear; at St. Antoine de Tilly is a large square manor with a high concave roof, flanked by poplars; a similar building, destined to be destroyed by fire, is to be seen at Baie St. Paul. On some part of the domain stands the seigneurial mill, a strong stone tower, available as a fort in case of Indian attacks, with its millstone brought from France. The right to grind all the local wheat is one of the prerogatives of the seigneur,[1] one which he regards as very important, and the great sails are steadily turning. In the seigneuries where the banks of the St. Lawrence are high, as they are at Vincennes,[2] below Quebec, at Lotbinière higher up, and at Rouville, on the slopes above the Richelieu,

[1] The rights and duties of seigneurs and habitants in connection with milling gave rise to frequent disputes. One seigneur wished to grind only wheat, but on petition from his habitants was ordered to grind all grain. In other cases the habitants would rather have taken their grains elsewhere, but were made to bring them to the seigneur's mill. Complaints were often made that the millers were inexperienced; the habitants of Grondines objected to their seigneur doing the milling himself, those of Beaumont declared that the seigneur's miller was no good. The flour it must be admitted was not very wonderful, the machinery was crude, and there were very few fanning mills to clean the grain before it was ground, but this was one of life's smaller hardships.

[2] See p. 6.

the mills are run by the water of the tributaries that fall into the main stream.

On either side of the seigneur's domain are the farms conceded to the habitants, each extending perhaps forty arpents (sixty acres) inland. The little houses form an unbroken row along the river, along the road when the road is made. Building we may note is not permitted on any piece of land smaller than one and one-half arpents front by thirty to forty arpents in depth.

The habitant's main room combines kitchen, dining-room and sitting-room; here the home life of the family is lived; here friends are entertained. On the wall hang the owner's gun and powder-horn; in a corner stands his wife's loom, and before her chair the spinning-wheel, at which most of her spare time is spent.

Behind the house the habitants' narrow strips of land run back towards the forest. These " ribbon " farms enable the settlers to work in a long line from one end of the parish to the other, and they are near each other in case some band of marauding Indians appears out of the forest.

The church, served by the *curé*, whom the seigneur has the right to name, stands not far away from the seigneury. In it the seigneur has his special pew; on his way to service he receives the salutes of his people; they respect him and like him although they may go to law with him.

Near by is the house of the smith. He is a farmer himself in a small way, and his neighbours pay him for his work by a *coup de main* [1] with his ploughing or his crops. He is a versatile workman—he must be—and can turn his hand with equal facility to a bolt, a window bar, a ploughshare, a horseshoe, or such decorative pieces of work as the wrought-iron church crosses of the Island of Orleans.

Church-building is naturally enough a very important business, for the church, as we have seen, is the community centre. Sometimes a parish covers more than one seigneury,

[1] " A helping hand."

Old Mill at Beaumont

Quebec in 1932

but generally the boundaries coincide. In any case, when the time comes for the church to be built, everyone has to lend a hand. Occasionally we hear of more surprising assistance. The *Canadien* was a firm believer in the Devil, and several churches, notably those of St. Augustin and Rivière Ouelle, were built, the story goes, by the aid of Satan. An unknown workman with an enormous black horse appeared in the village and offered his aid; he did more than anyone else. But one day a newcomer took hold of the bridle; it slipped off, and the horse disappeared amid smoke and flame and a smell of brimstone, leaving the print of his hoof on the church wall. This is only one of dozens of legends told around the *Canadien* firesides, while the branches without crackle in the frost and the snow lies piled up to the eaves,

> When round the lonely cottage
> Roars loud the tempest's din
> And the good logs of Algidus
> Roar louder yet within.

It is no wonder that such a huge strange country became a home of folk-lore.

Some of the stories were imported from France and localized in Canada. We hear, for instance, of the phantom priest of Île Dupas who as a punishment for carelessness in life was forced to go on saying Mass after his death, a tale which was first heard of near Rouen. The legend of the Wild Huntsman, the rider of the skies, so familiar in Europe, reappeared in Canada as the story of Chasse Galerie, the black magic which enabled the *coureurs de bois* to paddle their canoes high over the tree-tops. Werwolves haunted many a desolate spot. The Jack o' Lantern—the *feu-follet*—was a dangerous and deceitful sprite.

Other tales seem to have been purely Canadian: the White Witch of the Iroquois, who decoyed travellers into the hands of her cruel friends, the little demons which hid in stables and rode horses at night, the crying ghost of

the Madeleine river, peopled a half-world that became real enough during the long "*veillées*," the social evenings, when story-telling and drinking, punch and dancing, were the order of the night. They sang too, during those *veillées*, old songs that have come down to our own day, *À la claire Fontaine*, with its plaintive tune and simple lament, and *En roulant ma Boule boulant*, the canoeing chansons that match different rhythms of the paddle, as *Envoyons d'l'avant nos Gens nos Gens* does for the upstream struggle; catches like *Alouette* made the night merry as the village fiddler played.

Charles Robin, a young Jerseyman who came out to Canada soon after the conquest, gives us a lively picture of *Canadien* holidays. On Christmas "The French drink plenty if they have liquor but observe it strictly, they do not even dance, although they do on Sundays, nor do they amuse themselves by any other diversions." But the next day Robin and his friends "plundered the village of women and girls, as they have no musicians and we no less than four; as soon as we arrived we went to Vespers and afterwards they began to dance, and continued the best part of the night." And on New Year's day his French friends came over "to drink wine, rum and punch, plenty together, and were very merry, by the time our dinner was ready none of us were in a condition to know whether we were eating or drinking."

Apart from its occasional relaxations, agriculture in the early days was not a remunerative occupation. It was not that rents were unreasonable. For one large grant of sixteen arpents in Batiscan the censitaire paid thirty livres Tournois, one capon per twenty arpents and ten deniers (about one halfpenny), making up in all about half-a-cent per arpent. On another grant in the same place the rent was a good deal greater, almost a cent and a half per arpent! And though the rates varied a great deal everywhere, as appears from these figures they were never high. But, as we have found out in the last few years, the mere fact that costs are

low does not help the farmer who has no money at all, and for the most part the *Canadien* farmer never saw much real money. The price he received for any products of the soil over and above his own requirements was likely enough in kind or in services, and if it was paid in the depreciated currency of the colony it had to be paid out again at once for articles he urgently needed.

At the end of the seventeenth century even the seigneurs were hard up. Governors and intendants one after another comment on their poverty and ask for aid to keep them from starving. The daughter of this *gentilhomme* must hold a plough, we are told; the children of that one have each but a single shirt to wear. The habitants' condition was even worse; their houses were poorly built, their scanty clearings only just kept them alive, the Indian was a horrible and ever-present peril. Hundreds of fed-up young men became *coureurs de bois*, took to the life of the woods, hunting, trapping and fishing; trading in furs and liquor with the Indians; marrying, now and then, Indian wives. The Government did not approve of their activities in a trade which it considered its own and tried for years to suppress them, though its functionaries were often quite clever enough to see the chances of a " racket," and make some money themselves out of the illicit traffic. Indeed, if this were a history instead of the shortest of surveys we must have given some space to the story of the official graft that impoverished Canada during the last days of the French *régime.*

Up to the very day of the English conquest the *coureurs de bois* were a wild and picturesque feature of *Canadien* life. Their known influence over their friends the Indians and their frequent participation in border raids added materially to the fear and the hatred felt for the small population of Canada by the English colonists, and so indirectly helped to stir up the determined effort which ended French rule.

But the bulk of the *Canadiens* were not *coureurs de bois*; most of them were peaceable farmers. Between 1712 and 1775

the population grew from 22,000 to 90,000, and four-fifths of these were living on the land. By the middle of the seventeenth century the seigneurs, while not rich in money, had become a well-established and quite comfortable class. The habitants, if they worked hard, lived well enough; their houses and churches were now built of stone instead of wood and, once the work of clearing was done, the land was fertile. Their farms gave them plenty of food; wood was cheap; the maple-tree provided that otherwise expensive luxury sugar; spinning and weaving had reached a point of considerable excellence, and on the whole, Montcalm remarks, the habitants "live like the small gentry of France." Some of them became craftsmen. As well as the smiths there were the wood-workers, and we still wonder at the excellence of their technique and the strength and originality of their designs.

By 1815 the *Canadien* population had grown to 275,000, out of a total of 335,000 then in the country. Of the 60,000 English-speaking people a large number were congregated in Quebec and Montreal, then containing 33,000 souls between them; most of the balance were in the newly settled Eastern Townships. The proportion of *Canadiens* living on the land or in small country towns was higher than ever, and they still held solidly all the older areas of the province.

Fifty, even sixty, years later things had altered in one respect only: the upper class had almost disappeared; the Seigneurial Tenures Act had removed the last traces of mediævalism; seigneurial rights were limited to the collection of a few money dues; the old *Canadien* families had sold even these rights to the wealthier newcomers, and the seigneury of old days was nothing but a memory.

The *Canadien* was still living in the country; still practising the ancient methods of agriculture, using the same old wooden plough, the harrow with its wooden points, harnessing his ox to draw cart and plough and harrow and sledge, to haul logs from the woods in winter; still making no money.

Meantime the English-speaking population had been

adding rapidly to its wealth, and the economic development of Canada was almost exclusively under English control. Among the names of those who controlled great enterprises you can hardly find one of a *Canadien*, and even the men who were leaders of the *Canadien* people were comparatively poor.

From those days the *Canadien* has inherited a sort of complex: he has a feeling that the English somehow or other have got the best of him, that he is in danger of being overwhelmed, that he must resist, that he must struggle to remain unchanged. Louis Hémon puts the feeling into words when he makes his heroine, Marie Chapdelaine, hear the voice of her country, " half the song of a woman and half the sermon of a priest ": " Strangers have surrounded us," the voice says, " barbarians they seem to us, they have taken almost all the power, they have taken almost all the money, but in the land of Quebec nothing has changed. Nothing shall change, for we are here to bear witness. This is the only clear idea we have of ourselves and our destinies, to persist, to keep our identity. And we have kept our identity; perhaps centuries in the future the world will turn to us and say: ' These people come from a race that does not know how to die.' That is why we must remain dwellers in the province where our fathers lived, why we must live as they lived, so that we may obey the unspoken commandment they felt within their hearts, which has passed on to ours, which we must pass on in our turn to our children. In the land of Quebec nothing must die, nothing must change."

Dr. Édouard Montpetit, one of the best known of Canadian writers, declares that to appreciate the modern development of French Canada we must realize that the Treaty of Paris left the *Canadien* stripped of everything but the land, that, from the beginning of the English *régime*, " the English-speaking population received all the favours, seized on all the sources of wealth, acquired huge grants of land, exploited public services, received the support of capital and of a rapid immigration."

Times have changed since the day of Louis Hémon, a few short years ago; they have changed much more since the years when the *Canadien* was, from an economic point of view, entirely negligible, but, as Dr. Montpetit also remarks, too few people know that they have changed. There is no danger now that the *Canadien* will be overwhelmed—he is an important element not only in Quebec, not only in Canada, but in the world. And one reason why he is making himself felt is because he remembers a time when he could not do so.

The fact that the *Canadien* kept up his country life so long has, as we shall see, handicapped him considerably in one direction. He came from his farm into a world already industrialized, into a system of finance already developed, and he is only now beginning to take his place in it.

But we would be quite wrong if we were to come to the conclusion that the *Canadien's* feeling about the land was that he had been pinned to it too long or against his will. The land has grown into him, until it is part of the very fibre of his being. Patriotism has very much the same meaning for him as it had for the Roman who wrote: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"—thinking first of his father's farm and the green Sabine hills.

A young *Canadien* soldier, leaving his home for France, writes of it with a simple sentiment that is easy to understand: "I watch absentmindedly the landscapes that pass by the train window. The wheat is ripe and ready for the harvest; there on the slope of a hill the trees have taken on the sad colour of the Autumn"; and a little later, when he is at sea, he cries: "The land of Canada is only a broad blue line, its contours disappearing quickly. I look at that line becoming more and more indistinct, yet meaning so much to me. Now it is over, my eyes search the horizon in vain. All is gone. The ocean has covered it. Adieu, Canada. Adieu, dear country." [1]

The modern *Canadien* sometimes disguises his feelings under

[1] A. J. Lapointe, *Souvenirs et Impressions de ma Vie de Soldat.*

a cloak of cynicism and carelessness, but the land and its story are never far away from him. Constantin Weyer (*Un Homme se penche sur son Passé*), Frenchman though he be, has understood the spirit of the West and the spirit of Quebec. The West: "Under my very eyes I saw the birth of a magnificent land, the triumphal hymn of Canadian success sounded its strong rhythms in my ears. It was the wonderful conquest of nature by will. Human energy defeated the huge inertia of nature. Even the climate was forced to change its ways under the ceaseless pressure of man. For the first time the glory of this Dominion, one of whose grains of dust was I, was clear to me in all its splendid reality." The East: "The habitants were named Ledoux, Leblanc, Lecavalier, Laframboise, Lespérance, Laflamme, Laflèche, Lajeunesse, Belhumeur, Lajoie, Beauparlant, and it was as though some fantastic drum had summoned the veterans of the Regiment of Carignan and bidden them rise from the tomb, to review the Canada of to-day." This patriotism, this love of the very soil of Canada, is a motive that inspires the writer, the business man, the publicist, the statesman, to an extent that can hardly be overestimated. It is linked naturally enough with another force—loyalty of race. Canada, Quebec at any rate, and the *Canadiens* cannot be separated in the *Canadien's* mind; they form a single integral whole. The good of that joint entity comes before everything else. Sometimes we English Canadians, who also have some rights in Quebec, who also love her great river and her green hills, her long grey roads, her cities and her farms, feel that we are left out of the picture. Sometimes some of our French-speaking friends—not all of them, but a few of them—resent our efforts to co-operate in movements aimed at some good enough end.

There is a fairly obvious reason for most of men's actions in most cases, but for the *Canadien*, beyond the obvious reason, there is always another cause, which we must understand if we are to judge him fairly; there is a force that makes him desire to lead and to control whatever is of public interest in

his own province; that force is his extraordinary loyalty. Seldom in seeking for the motives of any *Canadien* can you quite neglect the deepest thought of all, hidden so deep perhaps that he scarcely realizes it himself, the love of the land in which he dwells.

CHAPTER VI

STILL MORE HISTORY—AND ALMOST THE END OF IT

Citius falsum producere testem
Contra paganum possis quam vera loquentem
Contra fortunam armati, contraque pudorem.

JUVENAL.

(It is easier to produce a man who will bear false witness against a peasant than to find one who will give such true evidence as will damage a soldier in his career and his credit.)

WE cannot leave even this very piecemeal survey of the historical background of Canada without a glance at three episodes, each of which has left its mark on the *Canadien's* mind. The three are the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, the English conquest, the disturbances that ended in the rebellion of 1837. In each of the three the French colonist suffered, suffered so deeply that the memory has never gone, though the grudge may have disappeared. His attitude to-day, literary, social and political, is inevitably coloured by that memory. On a fourth episode, the western troubles of 1870 and 1885, I shall touch in another chapter.

In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, Acadia, with all its people, was handed over by France to England: the French inhabitants were to move within a year to some French possession or become British subjects. The Acadians at that time numbered about 2500, very few if any moved away, and from then on they were between the upper and the nether millstones. If it were not mixing the metaphor we might say there were three millstones—England, France and America. In studying, even briefly, their pitiful story there are several things which we must remember. First of all comes the lamentable feeling that existed between Protestant and Catholic—increased as it was by the violent national

hatred of Protestant England and Catholic France. Next is the extraordinary and growing fear with which the English colonials regarded the French settlements of North America, though the English people were twenty times as numerous. France held a great circle round the colonies—Cape Breton, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi Valley—border raids were an unending nightmare, the colonials were in a constant state of disturbance. Just how disturbed they were is shown by the killing of the missionary Father Ralle at Norridgewauk, in the debatable land between Acadia and Massachusetts, where he had lived for forty years. He was accused, probably correctly enough, of fomenting the Indians' dislike of the Americans and stirring them up to trouble. A force of 200 men from Boston surprised him and his few Indian parishioners. Harmon, its commander, carried to Boston a string of scalps of men, women and children, as well as that of the aged priest, and was received at home like a victorious general.

The third matter we must bear in mind is the *laissez-faire* nature of British colonial policy in North America. The original migrants were regarded by the mother-country as a factious, stubborn lot, of whom she was glad to be rid, and they on their part regarded themselves as virtually independent, although bound by a vague loyalty to the Crown. Most of the colonies made their own laws, some of them named their own governors.

England quite accepted the situation—indeed it was only when it seemed possible to make money out of the Americans that the mother-country attempted to govern them.

As time went on the nationalist attitude of the colonies —as we should call it to-day—became more and more pronounced. Their only real tie to England was their dependence on England's ability to protect them against France, and when France's power was broken that tie was gone.

So far, then, as matters in North America were concerned the colonials must be regarded as already a separate entity.

In the ruthless treatment of the Acadians, as we shall see, it was New England that took the initiative and it was New England pressure that determined English action—or rather inaction.

The Acadians never had the opportunity to move which had been promised by the Treaty of Utrecht. Their new rulers, afraid to let them stay in case they gave France a foothold, were still more afraid to let them go in case they increased France's man-power. In 1720 Governor Philipps said that if they did move they must take nothing with them. They were given no English ships to move in, while French ships were prevented from coming to their ports. As for the oath of allegiance, for years they took none at all. Finally, in 1726, the Lieutenant-Governor, Armstrong, who was taking Philipps' place, accepted from the Acadians of Annapolis the oath of which we have already spoken, of which the French version—but only the French version—included the declaration that the Acadians were to be neutral. A similar oath was taken later at Missagwash. In 1730 Governor Philipps, who had then returned to Acadia, obtained an oath, of which written copies exist, which contained no conditions as to neutrality. But without question he promised the Acadians that they were never to be called on to bear arms. For proofs of this we have, firstly, a notarial declaration which was made by the priests of Grand Pré and Rivière aux Canards to this effect; secondly, the fact that the condition is over and over again referred to in State correspondence as a matter of common knowledge, and, thirdly, the fact that the Acadians were almost always thereafter spoken of as Neutral French.

The English Government, having done so much, shook off its responsibilities and left its new dependents to be controlled by Massachusetts.

Soon after 1740 we see the hands of the peoples who surrounded them beginning to stretch out towards the Acadian pawns. The American colonists were excessively disturbed

by the continued existence of this outpost of France, which seemed more and more dangerous as time went on. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts held very strongly the view that the Acadians must be anglicized and, more important still, converted from Catholicism. Their religion, he says, "seems to put 'em greatly under the influence of their Priests, who continually receive their Directions from the Bishop of Quebeck, and are the instruments by which the Governour of Canada makes all his Attempts for the Reduction of the Province to the French Crown" (Shirley to the Duke of Newcastle, 20th October 1747). Shirley proposed that 2000 New Englanders should be settled in Acadia as a sort of Protestant leaven. Others had a more drastic plan. The project of removing the Acadians by force had been launched by the Lords of Trade in 1720, but not much more had been heard of it. In 1746 we find Governor Knowles of Louisbourg, a crusty old sailor, advising the Duke of Newcastle that "the French inhabitants should be drove out of Nova Scotia next spring," and Shirley tells us that "his scheme for driving 'em off is publicly known and talked of at Louisbourg." Shirley stuck to his own plan of anglicization and was against deportation.

Shirley's main objection to the deportation proposal was that it would mean an addition of five or six thousand fighting men to the forces of the enemy in Canada. Even the threat of deportation, he thought, was dangerous. "What can be expected," he says, "from people in despair of preserving their Estates and Families but desperate efforts to secure themselves by joining with His Majesty's Enemies?" (Shirley to Mascarene, 19th December 1746). But it is clear that the Acadians were already facing a dilemma—they must go or become Protestant and English, Protestant first.

In 1750 England woke up again, sent out Cornwallis, and established a colony at Halifax. It must be remembered, by the way, that although England had taken over Acadia

in 1713 she had so far made no effort to settle it. Cornwallis, without regard for the promise made by Philipps, and never withdrawn, that they might remain neutral, attempted to exact a new oath of allegiance from the Acadians; the Acadians, remembering the past better than he knew it, firmly refused. But Cornwallis had no intention of letting them go over to the French as an alternative—they could not go without passports, he said, and he would not give any passports until the country was "peaceful."

The French now took a hand in the game. They claimed that Acadia did not include New Brunswick, and proceeded to establish themselves on the isthmus between the two areas. De la Jonquière, the Governor of Canada, stirred up the Indians against the English, in the hope that the new undertaking at Halifax might be ruined, endeavouring at the same time to keep his deeds secret. His actions, though supported by his own Government, were absolutely contrary to France's treaty obligations, and could not fail to get the Acadians into worse trouble with their rulers. Abbé Le Loutre insisted on trying to persuade the Acadians to move. He was reproved by the Bishop of Quebec, who told him that he ought not to meddle with temporal affairs, and would only cause disaster; but the reproof came too late. At last things reached the point when the poor Acadians declared that if they ever took an unqualified oath of allegiance all their throats would be cut by the Indian allies of France. Then Hopson succeeded Cornwallis as Governor, and gave the unfortunate "neutrals" an hour of panting peace.

At this time there were about 10,000 Acadians in Nova Scotia; they had brought a large tract of country under cultivation; they had a considerable quantity of stock; they were placid country dwellers, living an unorganized but happy life, settling their own disputes and going to heaven their own way. Never was anything more wide of the mark than Shirley's idea that these unambitious farmers

might be dangerous reinforcements for France. We have learned again since then how an idea once generated becomes fixed—and in those days, when there was little travel and no newspapers, there was no way of correcting wrong notions.

Lawrence, who hated the French, succeeded Hopson as Governor of Nova Scotia—the Acadians' hour had struck. In 1755 Shirley, representing Massachusetts, insisted on an active campaign, still fearing the ultimate success of France. "The loss of this Province (Nova Scotia)," he says, "would most probably be attended with the further immediate loss of the most Eastern parts of New England and the whole Province of New Hampshire" (Shirley to Sir T. Robinson, 24th March 1755). "If . . . the French receive a reinforcement . . . this spring they may . . . soon have a superior force upon this Continent . . . and what fatal effects all the Colonies may experience . . . is easy to Conceive" (Shirley to Horatio Sharpe, 24th April 1755).

Massachusetts at any rate was willing to do her share in ensuring her own safety. Shirley, who had been making his plans for a year, equipped and dispatched a force of 2000 men —a considerable body in those days. On 18th June 1755 this little army took the French fort of Beauséjour, at the isthmus between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the French threat to Nova Scotia disappeared. Now was the time to deal with the Acadians.

In July Phips writes from Massachusetts to Lawrence that there need be no further scruples about the deportation, and Lawrence was ready to seize his opportunity. The Acadians were ordered to give up their arms—they did. They were ordered to take an oath of allegiance—they said they had taken the only oath they would take. Lawrence informed the Lords of Trade in England that he had in mind forcing the Acadians to take the oath of allegiance or sending them to France—something quite different from the plan he was maturing—and the matter was left in

his discretion. This was the English Government's worst mistake.

On 28th July 1755 a council was held at Halifax. Here Jonathan Belcher, then Chief Justice, a native of Massachusetts, gave an *ex-parte* opinion in which law and politics were hopelessly mixed, and which is manifestly biased by the New England viewpoint. He ends with this delightful phrase: " I think myself obliged for these reasons, and from the highest necessity which is *Lex temporis* to the interests of His Majesty in the Province, humbly to advise that all the French inhabitants may be removed from the Province."

And they were. These unhappy farmers, whose only offence was that they expected England's promises to be kept, were sacrificed to the fears of the New Englanders and to the callousness of an English governor. The deportation was entrusted to the New England troops who had remained after the taking of Beauséjour. Lawrence's orders were vicious; this was to be no mere removal but the destruction of a people. He tells Handfield, the commander at Annapolis, to burn all the houses and destroy all that may afford subsistence; he tells Murray that in case of any trouble he must take " an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, life for life from the nearest neighbour." The population of each little settlement is to be split up and sent to different American colonies. In one place at least, Beauséjour, men were to be separated from their families. Winslow, the New England commander, was a willing enough instrument, at any rate until it came to the point of action. A little earlier, even before the decision for deportation had been made, he had written: " If we can accomplish this expulsion it will be one of the greatest deeds the English in America have ever achieved; for among other considerations the part of the country which they occupy is one of the best soils in the world *and in that event we might place some good farmers on their homesteads*." It must be admitted that his heart began to fail him towards the end, for he sets down in his journal his

longing to get over " this troublesome affair, which is more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in." But it was too late for regrets; hatred and fear and cupidity and tyranny had their way; the millstones of England, France and New England ground the Acadians to powder—7000 of them were shipped off and finally, worn by disease and starvation, scattered in poverty and misery up and down through the thirteen colonies. The wanderings of those who escaped have already been, in part at least, recorded.

The English Government cannot escape censure for its part in the business. The responsible department deliberately left the fate of the Acadians to be decided by the unscrupulous Lawrence and by the colonials who, all knew, detested them. France on her side had helped to get them into difficulties by interfering with them to an extent never justified by her treaty rights.

But New England, as I have already observed, must bear most of the blame. It was the New Englanders who called for action in Nova Scotia, who undertook the campaign there, who actually carried out, if they did not plan, the deportation.

It was a strange chance by which a New England poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, did more than anyone to recall the " Grand Dérangement " to a generation which had forgotten it.

Those terrible days and the sad years which followed have left a mark on the character of the Acadians—have left a bitter taste in the mouth of the other French-speaking folk of North America.

" Our brothers the Acadians," says one of these, " stricken in their flesh and in their goods, scattered like dead leaves by the October wind, chased hither and thither, driven from the shores where their little vessels grounded—these Acadians, I say, have for a long century directed all their efforts towards survival, towards reconcentrating, towards rejoining one another, never giving up the effort to collect

Portneuf

The Old Church, Three Rivers—In the distance is the Ursuline Convent

the scattered ashes of their ruined homes. . . . Is it any wonder that, bent under their daily toil, far from centres of instruction, they were deprived for a long time, far longer than we, of intellectual nourishment, of the arm of knowledge? Has not the advance which we have made beyond them, and which they certainly exaggerate, affected their attitude towards us?" "Yes, maidens of Acadie," he says elsewhere, "forgive but do not forget. Do not be ashamed of your Latin blood, of your soft Acadian accent, of your simple manners and, why not say it, of your virtues. Do not bow your head, your sweet pure eyes, before the English tourists, who waste a little time on your islands—they are the sons of the executioners—you are the daughters of the martyrs. . . . It is their place to bow their heads."[1]

It is sometimes a pity that people remember history, but we cannot reproach the Acadian for his memories, we cannot reproach the *Canadien* for his sympathy. We can only ask them to remember that within twenty years after the deportation the people mainly responsible for it had themselves rebelled against England, and hope that they will forget as well as forgive a wrong that is nearly two hundred years old.

Now let us look at the events which preceded the cession of Canada to England from the point of view of the *Canadien*. Remember that just as the American colonial believed that his very existence depended on defeating the French, so the *Canadien* believed that he must defend himself by all the means in his power. He was quite ready to take part in raids, and did so over and over again. There was no excuse for much that was done. The French had earned, as they had tried to earn, the good will of the Indians. The English colonials had earned, and deserved, the Indians' resentment and hatred—the earlier history of the northern colonies contains story after story of broken faith and wholesale murder. But there was no good reason, there could be no

[1] Fr. Marie Victorin, *Les Madelinots*.

good reason, for the Canadian Government to send party after party of their savage allies against outlying settlements. There was no excuse for the dispatching of expeditions, largely made up of French Canadians, such as that which raided Deerfield in 1704, killing about fifty men, women and children, and carrying off more than a hundred prisoners, of whom numbers were killed on the journey to Canada.

The Indian raids went on for years, the reprisals were as savage as the raids. A ballad of one fight tells us:

> Our worthy captain Lovewell among them there did die,
> They killed lieutenant Robbins and wounded good young Frye,
> Who was our English chaplain, he many Indians slew,
> And some of them he scalped, when bullets round him flew.

Chaplains were energetic folk in those days.

The use of these Indian auxiliaries was condemned by the English and the colonials in very much the same terms as the Germans in the last war complained of the Moroccan subjects of France. The French are a sadly logical people and have never had many illusions about war. We know better nowadays than to expect the civilian to get off free, and there is not much difference between raiding Indians and dropping bombs. It is hard to explain away Montcalm's failure to prevent the murder of prisoners by Indians at Ticonderoga—but again some of the events of the last war make us wonder whether other leaders have not sometimes shut their eyes.

But the French were to pay dearly both for the use of Indians and for their raiding activities. They roused the violent resentment of the brilliant young general who was to give the death-blow to French power in America. What would Wolfe have thought could he have seen in some magic mirror that the almost immediate result of his success was to be the separation from Britain of the American colonies, that a subsequent result was to be the creation of a new nation where French- and English-speaking Canadians would live side by side? But in 1758, after the capture of Louisbourg, Wolfe was straining at the leash. " I cannot

look coolly," he says to Amherst, " upon the bloody inroads of those hell-hounds the Canadians."

In September of that year he began to make himself known in Canada. He himself landed near Gaspé, burned the little French settlement on the point called the Peninsula, destroyed 6000 quintals of fish and took thirty-seven prisoners. At Grande Rivière another detachment destroyed houses, fish, and everything else. At Mont Louis, on the north shore of Gaspesia, there was similar destruction. None of this did any good; it apparently bored Wolfe, who preferred fighting against soldiers; but it was war as war was understood then.

The next spring the expedition sailed for Quebec, full of enthusiasm and confidence, and Vaudreuil, the most stupid of governors, announced to his people that the British were going to slaughter everybody.

This declaration had, without doubt, a good deal of effect; its warning must have spread through the country like wild-fire. And at this point we should remember that, apart from the levies who had helped to win Montcalm's victory at Ticonderoga, very few living *Canadiens* had ever seen an Englishman or had ever heard a shot fired in battle. But Wolfe expected the worst of them, and one or two encounters on his way up the St. Lawrence—one with some habitants who fired on a landing-party at Île aux Coudres and one with a small body of troops which was taken for a group of habitants—seemed to justify him. He issued a proclamation informing the *Canadiens* that they must abstain from any acts of war or take the consequences. The *Canadiens*, who probably never heard of the proclamation, remained for the most part quiet enough, but a few of them again sniped at the invaders. Wolfe proceeded to ravage the countryside both south and north of the St. Lawrence. It is doubtful whether the destruction was anything like as complete as some writers have made it out, or whether the inhabitants were scalped, as Montcalm declares, but there is no doubt that large districts were wasted. There is one tale of those days which may be apocryphal but

which still reminds us that even war has its spots of humour. A raiding-party landed at Montmagny, and the terrified inhabitants took to their canoes and paddled off up the river, which there joins the main stream. One was left behind. All the canoes were gone—but there on the shore was his neighbour's washtub. In he got and off he went, his gun beside him, paddling with both hands, and no soldier was able to hit him.

The St. Lawrence raids, like those on Gaspé, were quite in accordance with the principles of international law. But they did no good; and though they have been largely forgotten they left a mark that has never quite disappeared.

. . . .

The rebellion of 1837 was far more important in its causes than in itself, and more important in its effects than in its causes.

No better or shorter statement of those causes, as the Liberals of those days saw them, has ever been made than the paragraphs with which the Hon. L. O. David opens his story of *The Patriots of 1837*:

"Justice stained by every infamy, malversation protected by authority, an Assembly dominated by a council appointed by the Crown, not responsible to the people, hostile to all that was French and Catholic, appointments, honours and large salaries showered on a wretched clique to the detriment of the claims of the majority, bold declarations of the most barefaced projects of anglicization, the adoption of the principle that all that was not English and Protestant must be inferior, the constant violation of every constitutional and parliamentary law, the control of public moneys denied to the Assembly—there is one corner of the picture of three-quarters of a century that history paints for us."

It is well worth while to examine the occurrences that led up to the 1837 outbreak in a little more detail. Its effects are so widespread that even to sketch them we must portray the history of the British Empire.

The generous and sensible spirit which inspired the Quebec Act of 1774, and accepted the *Canadien* as a British subject, was soon replaced by a very different attitude. Canada became the prey of a pack of greedy officials and unscrupulous adventurers, whose efforts to exploit the conquered province for their private ends, which were mostly successful, seem almost incredible. The early proceedings of the Legislative Council, which consisted for the most part of English-speaking Government officials, are full of requests for grants. Lord Amherst had been promised the property of the Jesuits—so someone else asked for the Intendant's palace. Speculators obtained millions of acres—one Governor took 70,000—with no intention whatever of settling on or clearing them, but like other real estate profiteers hoping that the opening of near-by territory would make money for them.

Another favourite racket among the functionaries of early days was the collection of lucrative offices. Almost every member of the Government clique held several positions, and made the most of them. There was one notable exception: Lord Dorchester, who was Governor between 1774 and 1796, fought continuously against the vicious customs of the time, and tried so hard to be fair to the French Canadian that he won a good deal of abuse for himself. But he stood almost alone.

The abuses went on for years. As late as 1820 we find the Legislative Assembly complaining, very naturally, that they were paying a Lieutenant-Governor who had never been to Canada, a Governor of Gaspé who had never seen Gaspé, a Provincial Secretary who did not work, executive councillors who lived in England, and pointing out that judges who received a quite adequate salary were demanding fees as well.

And this was not all. The newcomers had firmly fixed in their minds the idea that they followed a tyrannical *régime*, and thought it would be an excellent notion to be tyrants themselves.

Prior to the cession the seigneur, for his own purposes, the

royal authorities for theirs, had utilized the militia machinery for *corvées*—" working parties," as the war taught us to call them. All the male inhabitants of the country spent a considerable portion of their time working without remuneration on roads and other public works. After the cession the system was continued, but became much more burdensome. New regulations obliged the habitant to carry on all sorts of labour, even to the tilling of his neighbours' fields, without any recompense. Sir James Craig wanted a road to the Eastern Townships—it was quite simple: call out the habitants and set them to cutting a path through the forest. Hundreds of men were taken off their farms and made to work day after day as their masters' wishes dictated.

Complaints were sternly suppressed. The Legislative Council or three of its members, on suspicion alone, might arrest anyone for sedition. At one time the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Prescott, who was Governor in 1797, ordered all Justices of the Peace and militia captains to imprison any person whose speeches seemed likely to disturb the peace.

Soon after 1800 one of the sporadic efforts to anglicize the province began. The foundation of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning was the first sign of this aim. The Royal Institution was to erect Protestant schools and colleges throughout Quebec, in the hope that the young *Canadien* might be detached from his religious connection. It never succeeded; indeed it never did anything of account until James McGill's legacy enabled it to undertake the more worthy task—the only one for which it is now responsible—of administering the property of McGill University. The Government wished to control the Catholic Church too. " We have been mad enough," says Ryland, secretary to Sir James Craig, " to allow a company of French rascals to deprive us for the moment of the means of accomplishing all this, but one prudent decisive step might rectify this absurdity."

There were plenty of other causes of complaint. The

Canadien was excluded from almost all offices. In 1834 French-speaking officials received only one-fifth of the Civil Service salaries and held only minor positions—more than three-quarters of the disbursements to the judiciary went to English-speaking judges. The English merchants attempted to transfer to the farmer taxes reasonably enough imposed on themselves.

The elective Legislative Assembly, in which the *Canadiens* were in a very large majority, was almost powerless—there was no ministry and no ministerial responsibility; while the appointive Legislative Council, of which most of the members were still English-speaking, controlled everything. In a hundred ways the *Canadien* people were made to realize that they were a conquered race.

Then came the long battle over money. The Legislative Assembly, whioh as I have observed was mostly composed of *Canadiens*, seeing a way of controlling the executive, demanded the same power of initiating and permitting expenditures as the House of Commons exercised in England. It must be admitted that they had some justification. From 1812 to 1816 alone the Government expended, without approval of the Assembly, a total of £120,000. Caldwell, the Receiver-General, used his own business as a Government bank and lost nearly £100,000. It was during this period that L. J. Papineau, "the tribune," became the main leader of the *Canadiens*, and commenced the wonderful series of orations which had such an extraordinary influence over his people.

The questions at issue soon began to be confused with those vague doctrines of the rights of man which had been the will-o'-the-wisps of revolutionary Europe and the United States. Many of the *Canadiens* and their English partisans aimed no longer at the privileges of British subjects but at complete emancipation from England. No sooner did the British Government in 1831 grant to the Legislative Assembly the much-desired right of controlling finance than the Assembly passed its famous ninety-two resolutions. This set of general

statements—we shall have more to say of it later on—produced few immediate changes in governmental methods. It failed to show the importance of the principle that government should be carried on by ministers responsible to the Legislature; its main concrete proposal was an elective council. But its psychological effect was incalculable. Feeling grew more and more bitter. Liberal or revolutionary ideas—call them by whichever name you like—were fostered by a group of little papers—the *Canadien*, the *Populaire*, the *Courrier Canadien* and the *Quotidienne*. The Rabelaisian type of political comment, which still survives, made its appearance. The *Canadien* became a violent partisan—as he has remained. Meetings were held everywhere. Papineau and his brilliant followers—Cartier, Viger, Lafontaine, Morin, Fabre, and the rest of them—stirred the province to fever-pitch. The Fils de la Liberté fought with the Doric Club in Montreal; each day fuel was added to the heaped-up pile; finally came flame—the pitched battles on the Richelieu and at St. Eustache. A few hundred habitants entered on a struggle which they fervently believed to be for freedom and the right. We may doubt their wisdom, we may condemn those who were responsible for leading them, but we can never question their heroism.

The actual armed conflicts which took place were small by contrast with modern combats. At St. Eustache some 500 men, of whom less than half had guns, fought 2000 militia. The contest could hardly be called a battle. Dr. Chenier, the brave but untrained leader of the insurgents, with half his force, and that half only half-armed, shut himself in the church. Cannon and rifles opened fire on them; then the church was set ablaze. Many of the patriots perished within the walls; some, fatally wounded or burned, crawled out to die; some were killed as they tried to escape from the windows—seventy in all were shot or burned to death. The village was sacked and pillaged like a town in a zone of war, amid scenes of appalling horror. The battles

on the Richelieu, where the patriots had a momentary success at St. Denis, ended with a defeat at St. Charles, where thirty or forty were killed.

The armed rebellion in itself accomplished nothing. But the undaunted courage, the obvious sincerity and the very futility of the effort, and the unmitigated sternness with which it was repressed—the fury for vengeance which repaid the murder of one lieutenant by the death of many farmers—opened the eyes not only of the world at large but of the English Government to what had been happening in Canada.

The results of the events which culminated in the troubles of 1837 and of the sad happenings of that year have been both political and social. In dealing with our present subject the social results are the more important to observe.

A legend has gradually grown up to the effect that all the English-speaking people were on one side and all the *Canadiens* on the other, and though this version of the story has, like most generalities, little foundation, it has resulted in a great deal of unnecessary ill-feeling and quite undeserved reproach. One is forcibly reminded of many reports of atrocities during the Great War which have no basis in fact but will not down. The very fact that the young *Canadien* is brought up to call the insurgents "patriots," while the young English Canadian is taught to call them "rebels," has strengthened the mistaken impression.

As a matter of fact the whole of French Canada was not united to rebel against the English Government, nor was the whole of English Canada at one.

It has already been noted that the patriots of 1837 who were finally stirred to active rebellion were only a few hundreds in number. Thousands who favoured the cause did nothing to forward it, and "loyal" meetings were held as well as "patriot" meetings. In a "loyal" meeting at Napierville, near Montreal, resolutions were offered and seconded by men with such names as Langevin, Robert, Lamoureux, Languedoc, Poissant, Dupuis and Gamelin. In

the first list of militia commissions published after the outbreak fifty-six names out of eighty-six are French. *Canadien* Tories had a song which blamed Papineau as the cause of cholera morbus, potato rot and earthquakes.

The Church itself strongly disapproved of armed action. Mgr. Lartigue, Archbishop of Montreal, speaks of the rebellion as "odious," and addresses a letter to the Sovereign in which he says his people have been "perniciously deceived and led astray."

On the other hand, there were Englishmen like John Neilson, the first all-round statesman of Quebec, who saw very well that the Assembly had much right on its side, who undertook with Papineau a voyage to England to explain the case, and separated from the agitators only when their agitation moved towards violence. Wolfred Nelson was the real and active leader of the insurrection, and took the dangerous and final step of proclaiming a republic. Robert Nelson, Joshua Bell, William Galt were other English Canadians who opposed the Government. Alexander Galt, later to be one of Canada's greatest men and first High Commissioner in London, seconded a resolution condemning the conduct of the Earl of Gosford, the then Governor, "as head of an Administration which had no other object than to sow division among our fellow-citizens and to succeed by means of intrigue and deception, and which has been the author of the threatened measures of coercion against the Colony," and concluding: "the sooner Lord Gosford performs his promise to quit the country . . . the better for him and for us." Charles Hunter at Quebec proposed a resolution that "the public conduct of Louis Joseph Papineau . . . is entitled to the gratitude of every generous and noble mind."

It would be a good thing for Canada, and especially for the Province of Quebec, if we could finally get rid of the groundless notions that Liberal ideas were completely confined to *Canadiens*, that—even in the district of Montreal—

Canadiens were united, and that all the English-speaking inhabitants of the country joined to oppose them.

With the political results of the struggles in Canada we have not much to do, for they concern not the *Canadiens* only, not even Canada only, but the Empire as a whole. Yet we cannot avoid mentioning them, and at the same time speaking particularly of one *Canadien* leader. For years Papineau dictated the operations of the Liberals. No man of whom he disapproved could be elected, no resolution of which he disapproved could be passed, and for the subsequent course of events he is responsible. Whether we praise or condemn his share in fomenting the armed outbreak of 1837 we must remember that the rebellion was only one incident in a long fight, and that the fight as a whole was completely justified by its outcome, as every other struggle for political freedom has been justified. When we observe that Papineau and his followers do not seem to have aimed at responsible government we must remember that, whether they aimed at it or not, it is to the agitation which they led that responsible government in Canada is due.

And responsible government in Canada has led to the Statute of Westminster and the reconstitution of the British Empire.

CHAPTER VII

PERSISTENCE

Three hundred and twenty-two years of staunch Canadianism have identified us with our soil, our institutions, our liberty and our citizenship in such a manner that we are for ever embodied in Canada. Tearing us away from our country would simply mean tearing away our very life. What is more, our racial characteristics, whether they be natural or acquired, are the safest rampart Canada can ever erect against foreign assimilation or annexation to the neighbouring republic.

L. A. Taschereau.

The last chapter has recorded so much war and political strife, and most of our school books spend so many pages on the same aspects of our history, that the reader may be forgiven if he has by this time acquired some wrong impressions.

The life of Quebec has in reality been extraordinarily continuous, the people of Quebec have experienced far fewer and far less violent disturbances than those of most other countries.

England has had a progressive revolution—a revolution which, though bloodless, has been a revolution none the less. The final evidence of the change in control came after the Great War, when the government of foreign affairs passed from the aristocracy to the people, and the management of internal affairs to the Commons and the King.

The United States of 1932 is still more different from the United States of 1832; the Civil War jolted into life a new America:

> Out of John Brown's strong sinews the tall skyscrapers grow,
> Out of his heart the chanting buildings rise,
> Rivet and girder—motor and dynamo—
> Pillar of smoke by day and fire by night,
> The steel-faced cities reaching at the skies,
> . . . the engine-handed Age,

> The genie we have raised to rule the earth
> Obsequious to our will
> But servant master still,
> The tireless serf already half a god.

And in the first quarter of the twentieth century the new America killed the old.

France—France has changed too. Over and over again since Canada passed from her has France's national life altered in direction and in spirit. Her break with tradition has been complete; when she looks backward—as she sometimes does—it is to an interesting but a strange world.

But in Quebec things have been different. The troubles of the past, though, as we have seen, and as was inevitable, they left their marks on the minds of the people, left few visible signs of their passing and few traces in the people's way of life.

The villages of the Island of Orleans were completely deserted when Wolfe's army came, yet within a short time their life was reconstituted as though that army had never been. The south-shore parishes, ravaged by Wolfe's Rangers, soon recovered, and the traveller now sees them only as haunts of ancient peace. A few dents in the stonework of the church at St. Eustache—nothing else is left to tell of the struggles and the sorrows of 1837. The stream of existence, broken by obstacles, checked by barriers, piled up till it burst over and washed the dam away. It has flowed for nearly a hundred years with increasing power.

The persistence of French Canada within the British Empire, the even progress of *Canadien* history in a changing world, is one of the strangest phenomena of modern days.

The first reason for this persistence is, one hardly needs to say, the loyalty with which the *Canadien* has clung to his own language. All over Quebec, in the eastern provinces, in many parts of Ontario, here and there over the north-west, is heard the same tongue, spoken in much the same fashion—not exactly a dialect, certainly not a patois—and

its emphasis on common origin, its recalling of tradition, its connection, strange to our English minds, with an ancestral religion, have a unifying strength which it is almost impossible for us to realize. We are inclined to think of the English language as a convenient medium of communication, just about as sacred as a telephone: to the *Canadien* his language is to national life what the Word of the Scriptures is to spiritual life.

It is no wonder that every interference, right or wrong, with the use of the French language, in schools or legislatures, has been fiercely opposed.

The tradition of domesticity had its share too in preserving the unity of the race. The foyer, the homestead, was from the beginning the primary social unit of French Canada. An Englishman's home was his castle, but the centre of his life was his office. The *Canadien's* home was the focal point of his whole existence and of the existence of his children. Perhaps the tradition is changing, we shall have more to say about that later on, but no one can fail to realize how it has contributed to the continuity of the *Canadien's* story.

Still another cause of *Canadien* survival is to be found in the strength of those elements of which we have already spoken, the elements which the *Canadien* symbolizes by the Cross and the Plough.

The home was the first unit of French-Canadian social life; the parish was the next.

"Our ancestors found in the clergy," says Monsieur G. Ouimet, "an inseparable companion in time of trouble. The clergy replaced the leaders who had fled from the conqueror's flag. It fell to the clergy to lead the people not only in religious but in civil life. . . . What would our ancestors have done without the clergy, without those devoted, energetic, enlightened men who were able to plead with such wisdom the cause of our religion, without a Plessis, for example, whom we saw cross the sea to lay before our conquerors the position of the *Canadiens*? . . .

The clergy saved the religion of our fathers, and in saving it saved our nationality as well. If the cause of Catholicism had been lost, our institutions, our language and our laws would have been lost as well" ("*St Jean Baptiste Cinquantenaire*," *L'Étendard*, 1884).

Different creeds, different systems of worship, seem particularly suited to the spirit of different peoples, and the qualities we most approve in the Catholic *Canadien* are usually best preserved when he keeps to the Church in which he was born. He depends more than most men on authority and on tradition: cut off from the Catholic Church he is cut off, to a large degree, from both; he finds himself in a kind of moral wilderness, and deteriorates forthwith.

And as to the Plough:

"Agriculture," says Charles Thibaut, "gives birth to peace, free labour ennobles man. Not so does the mercenary toil of the factory. The culture of the soil is a prayer wafted to God on the wings of the winds, by the roar of the storm, by the song of the birds, by all the harmonies of nature, by the echo of the great woods, by the mysterious voices of the night. . . . Where is liberty if not in the farmer's home? Where is contentment? Where is true happiness? Where are morals purer, faith more consoling, hope sweeter, religion kindlier? Where is respect deeper? Where is friendship more sincere? Where is charity more compassionate than in the Canadian countryside and in the home of the habitant?"

Many words like this can be found, if we look for them, words which show clearly the strength of the bond between man and soil. It is true that recent years have seen a tremendous increase in the number of French Canadians in cities. But we must not forget that there is an increase in the country too—after long years during which the population was stagnant—and in the last event it is the character of the countryside that controls the character of the nation.

Here is the spirit of both the Plough and the Cross in a paragraph of Marie Victorin's *Croix de Saint Norbert*:

"The last flame of the setting sun lit for a minute the Roadside Cross. Touched by that final finger of light the blackened wood came to life; it was endued with a violet mist; a strange yet very clear sensation filled my whole being; that figure with outstretched arms was no more the work of man but the very land of Canada, humming with its millions of invisible lives, pouring out its warm evening prayer—it was the Christian earth, which as all things sank into peace for the night, made the sign of the cross."

It would have been hard for any but a *Canadien* to have thought or written that.

Even such dull things as legal institutions have borne their part in ensuring the continuity of Canadian history. The deeds of sale of land, for instance, have been made in the same fashion and recorded in the same way ever since Quebec and Montreal were established. The vendor and the purchaser appear before a notary, who sets down the declaration of one that he has sold, of the other that he has bought. He gives the parties copies, he keeps the original, and hands it on to his son or his successor. When the succession fails the paper goes to the Archives. And in those Archives you will find a deed signed by Maisonneuve and Marguerite Bourgeoys filed in the same way, tied in a dossier on the same shelf, as a deed of John Molson or John Redpath made in 1850.

These surroundings of the *Canadien's* life, like his geographical surroundings, have had a subconscious though a strong influence; but there have been other influences taking their rise from a deliberate intent.

In 1834, while Canada was torn between liberty and loyalty, the St. Jean Baptiste Society was founded by Ludger Duvernay; a year later came the first celebration of the "Fête Nationale," under the presidency of Jacques Viger. Duvernay, according to his own statements, had as his primary object the creation of an instrument with which to

Wayside Cross and Old Cottage at St. Joachim

Old Towers of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal

back the cause of the ninety-two resolutions passed by the Quebec Assembly. Of these we have already heard, but it is worth summarizing their principal aims:

(1) The preservation for the *Canadien* of his religion, his language and his laws.

(2) An elective Legislative Council.

(3) Complete control of public moneys to be vested in the Assembly.

(4) Independence and life tenure of the judiciary and exclusion of judges from Parliament.

(5) Fair distribution of appointments.

(6) Officeholders to hold one office only.

(7) The Jesuit Estates to be devoted to education.

(8) Control of the seigneuries.

Apart from the first of these objectives there is nothing here which specifically involves the survival of the French Canadians as a people; the rights aimed at are those of British subjects. Yet the very fact that an exclusively French-Canadian society banded itself together to seek constitutional justice had, in course of time, a very considerable effect. It soon came to be felt that the rights they were demanding were claimed less for individual British subjects whose race and tongue were French, and whose Church was Catholic, than for French Canadians as a people.

We see the beginnings of that vision of a *Nation Canadienne* which filled the minds of many people in the sixty years following the founding of the Society. Duvernay himself realized the tremendous force of his idea. He envisaged the welding together of similar societies all over North America and the creation of a federation pledged to *Canadien* persistence. " With a lever like that," he said to his young friend Loranger, " I could lift the country."

Duvernay was the first prophet of the doctrine of self-determination. Eighty years before Woodrow Wilson tried to explain to an uncomprehending Europe that nations had a right to existence this young *Canadien* raised the same

standard. He did not ask for anything to which the *Canadien* was not legally entitled. He did not ask for separation from Britain or for independent nationhood: only for a short time before the 1837 outbreak was independence in the minds of any of his people. He and his followers asked for what had been guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris, the right to continued existence, but always, even in the days of violent feeling that came again later, to existence under the British flag. "I owe it to the cause of truth," says a *Canadien* orator in 1884, "to declare that the hostility towards us which we have been given to understand exists in the mother-country has never existed, at least not to the degree that has been pictured. The English people are free enough to have no fear of the comparative freedom of the colonies. The English Government has never wanted to rule slaves. Who speaks of the English people, and of every class of population connected with them, speaks of independence and constitutional liberty."[1]

Could any Englishman have said more?—would many Englishmen, sincerely, have said as much?

There had been, as we have already seen, some need for the *Canadien* to guard his constitutional position. There was no real question as to what that position was. In 1760 by the terms of the capitulation the *Canadiens* were guaranteed the free exercise of their religion. Nothing was said about the legal system that should obtain, and for the next few years (though in 1763 military courts were set up and instructed to follow the laws of England) the people settled their own troubles with the help of their *curés*. In 1774 the Quebec Act again provided for the exercise of the Catholic religion, confirmed the clergy in their accustomed dues and rights, and declared that the civil law of France was to be in force.

The question of language went by default—it was never suggested that the *Canadien* would use any language but his own.

By degrees, as the country grew, the English inhabitants

[1] Hon. M. Loranger, 27th June 1884.

saw in these privileges a grave threat to themselves, and there were men in high places who agreed with them.

At the time of the rebellion of 1837, and for long years after it, the sentiment of Protestant Canada ran high, and its effect was seen in legislative enactments. The Constitutional Act in 1791 had separated the western section of Quebec and called it Upper Canada. The rapidly increasing population there was almost all English-speaking and anti-Catholic. There too there was a rebellion, coincident although not directly connected with the uprising in Quebec: the Reformers under William Lyon Mackenzie, despairing of obtaining responsible government or of uprooting the clique of old Tory families that effectively monopolized all power, entered on an armed revolt. Like the revolt in Lower Canada the effort was futile in itself, but successful in the final issue.

Lord Durham, who was appointed Governor in 1838, made that famous report on the government of Canada which is the classic of colonial politics, and resulted, after some years of hesitation on the part of Britain, in the definite acceptance of the principles of responsible government in the colony. But Lord Durham did not support the *Canadien*. " Without," he observes, " effecting the change so rapidly or so roughly as to shock the feelings or to trample on the welfare of the existing generation, it must henceforth be the first and steady purpose of the British Government to establish an English population, with English laws and language, in this province and to trust its government to none but a decidedly English legislature."

The English newspapers, in most cases, played up to the feelings which the " rebellion " had awakened. One recommended the disfranchisement of all French Canadians as " the only infallible method of anglicizing the province at the double-quick." " The quicker the French Canadian lost his national characteristics," remarked this writer, " the happier he would be." And another paper, commenting on the extraordinary powers of taxation conferred on the Special

Council established after the struggle, observed that it did not really make any difference what the French Canadians thought about taxation without representation!

The Union Act which came into force in 1841, reuniting the two provinces, gave Upper Canada with its smaller population an equal representation in the new Parliament, and provided that the English language alone should be used in the written or printed accounts of parliamentary proceedings.

The French Canadians were naturally indignant; they agitated unceasingly, and in 1849 the clauses of the Act which eliminated the French language from the records of Parliament were abrogated. From that time forward the Union Act had exactly the reverse effect from that which had been expected. The two parties in Upper Canada, instead of uniting to control the whole colony, continued separate, and their opposition was terribly bitter. When Charles Dickens visited Toronto in the eighteen-sixties he wrote: "It is not long since guns were discharged from a window in this town at the successful candidates in an election, and the coachman of one of them was actually shot in the body, though not dangerously wounded. But one man was killed on the same occasion; and, from the very window whence he received his death, the very flag which shielded his murderer (not only in the commission of his crime but from its consequences) was displayed again on the occasion of the public ceremony performed by the Governor-General. . . . Of all the colours of the rainbow, there is but one which could be so employed: I need not say that the flag was orange." The story may not be true, Dickens may have been prejudiced, and I do not quote him as an historian, but the lesson of hatred is there to read. The internal squabbles of Upper Canada gave the control of the country as a whole to the very inhabitants of Quebec at whose final subjection the Union Act was directed.

Throughout all this period the St. Jean Baptiste Society pursued its way. Its objective was broadened. All the political

objects at which Duvernay aimed were achieved by the middle of the nineteenth century; his Society now became the machine by which French Canada could be united and vocal. In the eighties the movement attained extraordinary proportions, and the thought in the minds of its leaders began to clarify.

"We must," said Mgr. Laflèche in 1880, "form a sort of National Congress whose object will be to safeguard and to develop our nationality throughout North America. This organization must have a central authority, composed of one or two representatives of every important group of French Canadians in the provinces of the Dominion and in the different states of the Union." Enormous gatherings in Montreal and Quebec, eloquent speeches, long parades, religious ceremonies evidenced the carrying-out of that plan.

At this same period a number of singularly unpleasant happenings brought about tension between the two races. In 1870 Louis Riel, a Western Métis, had organized armed resistance to the Federal representatives who were attempting to exercise the authority of the Dominion in the territory to be taken over by the Dominion from the Hudson's Bay Company before the transfer was actually complete. All that need be said just now concerning this first rebellion is that careful study makes it difficult to condemn Riel's actions as they were condemned at a time of violent religious controversy. But one of his prisoners who gave trouble was shot, and as Riel was a rebel his action was technically a murder. In 1885 Riel, who had lived in exile in the United States and had become practically insane, led another—and this time a quite unjustifiable—rebellion among Indians and half-breeds. The rising was quickly crushed, partly indeed by the aid of French-Canadian troops, and the leader was put on trial. Throughout Ontario were heard fierce demands for his execution. The French-Canadian Press was equally violent in its objections. After a fruitless appeal to the Privy Council Riel was hanged. It is more than doubtful whether

any Court to-day would condemn a man so obviously deranged, and it is not surprising that feeling was very bitter. The sense of oppression roused the feelings of those who aimed at fostering a " Nation Canadienne " to new flame. The *Canadiens* of the United States in their Convention at Washington passed a notable resolution declaring that the aim of these national conventions was the protection of national—that is, of *Canadien*—interests, and condemning Riel's execution as a judicial murder. In Canada the St. Jean Baptiste Society became still more set on its policy of national development.

In 1886 an extensive project was put forward in Rutland, Vermont, and supported in Montreal: the formation of a National Association, to include all persons of French origin in North America, with a motto " L'Union fait la Force," the French tricolour for a flag, the maple-leaf and beaver for a crest and the national air of France as its patriotic song. The *Canadiens* were to form a distinct nationality, not indeed politically independent, but distinct none the less. Whether the *Canadien* lived in Quebec or Ontario, in the far North-West or the United States, he was to be " loyal but always French " (Hon. M. Mercier, 25th June 1888).

In all this some English-speaking folk saw terrible dangers. " Can we," said a writer in *The Toronto Mail*, " as British subjects and as Protestants . . . fail to take account of the pretensions and the arrogance of the French Canadians? . . . If they will not renounce their mediæval ideas and their anti-British nonsense we must treat them in the same way that the Germans treat the population of Alsace-Lorraine."

Opposition made the St. Jean Baptiste Society still more determined, and there now appeared the idea that Quebec should undertake the task of protecting the scattered groups of French-speaking people all over North America. On 26th June 1889 the *Electeur* of Quebec, commenting on the St. Jean Baptiste Society's meeting of that year, declared

that the French-Canadian people had never been absorbed by the English, that they were masters of one province, that they held the balance of power in Canada, that if they continued to increase as they had in the past the future would see an American France.

That future was not to come.

The next few years saw many events and many changes. Within a quarter of a century the Great War made Canada a nation among nations. A new vision of a new Canadian nationality with English- and French-speaking Canadians going side by side floated into men's minds. The vision became clearer when a *Canadien* represented this Canada that at last had found herself on the Council of the League of Nations; it gradually replaced the dream of a French nation scattered over North America. As a citizen of modern Canada the *Canadien* sees a new future before him, a future in a growing and confident and wonderful land. The St. Jean Baptiste Society stands no more as a bulwark against attacks that were always more feared than they need have been, but as a sign and a testimony to the traditions that English Canadians have learned to respect.

But if you believe that the *Canadien* has had a real contribution to make to our Dominion you must agree too, even if you do not approve of all the aims it has pursued, that the St. Jean Baptiste Society, holding as it has done to the traditions, the rights, the very existence of the *Canadien*, has played no small part in the formation of modern Canada.

CHAPTER VIII

EDUCATION

All reason and search after the marvels of nature ought to follow faith not to go before it.

For faith and love do here specially take the lead and work in hidden ways in this most holy most excellent Sacrament.

God who is eternal and incomprehensible and of infinite power doeth things great and unsearchable in heaven and in earth and there is no tracing out of his marvellous works.

If the works of God were such as that they might be easily comprehended by human reason they could not justly be called marvellous or unspeakable.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Modern scientific theory compels us to think of the creator as working outside time and space, which are part of his creation, just as the artist is outside his canvas. It accords with the conjecture of Augustine—"*non in tempore sed cum tempore finxit Deus mundum.*"[1]

SIR JAMES JEANS.

Now that we have filled in the background let us turn our attention to the *Canadiens* of to-day; let us see how they live and what they do; and since there is no more important matter for any people, and nothing by which we may judge a people better, let us begin with education.

In any consideration of the system of education which French Canada follows we must devote some study to the main principles on which it rests.

The first principle is that education and religion are a unity. This does not mean that education and religion *ought* to be linked—it means that they cannot be separated, that education is not education unless it is inspired by and filled with religion.

Others have like views. The Rev. H. Costley White, Headmaster of Westminster, one of the greatest of the old schools of England, says: "But what is education? It

[1] Not within time, but with time as part of His creation, did God establish the world.

has been defined in various terms. There is one definition of it which I think that all of us here would be ready to accept: 'To educate is to train all that are born to all that is human.' Very well, but the most human thing of all is Religion. Religion is 'man's acceptance of God's revelation.' Religion, therefore, must be, must it not, at the very base of all our conscious living, and must form the goal of all our thinking. All education, accordingly, is a study of God: and I for one hold that there can be no such thing as 'secular education.'" And Dr. E. A. Burroughs, Bishop of Ripon, goes a step further. "By all our calamitous attempts," he declares, "to work the world on any other principles we are being driven to recognize that only those of Christ are really practicable, and that things work out right when handled in His way, *because He and the universe are of a piece*. . . . And therefore," he continues later, "as the key to world-renewal is . . . the rediscovery and restoration of God, it becomes essential that this should be the view of the teacher in order that it should become that of the new generation."

You may or you may not accept the position of the Roman Catholics—but, if you disapprove, you must not limit your disapproval to them, you must remember that many who are not Roman Catholics hold firmly to the same idea.

The second principle which we must recognize is that, to the Roman Catholic, true religion cannot exist outside of the Catholic Church—that the Church is the only authorized custodian of religious principles.

From the first proposition, that education and religion are a unity, and the second, that true religion is to be found only in the Catholic Church, French Canada derives a perfectly logical conclusion that, so far as Catholics are concerned, education must be Catholic education. It is almost impossible to put this statement too strongly. To the Catholic mind an educational system which is not permeated by Catholic teaching is unsound.

We shall not enter at this point on the history of those school controversies which have disturbed some of our Canadian provinces; we are more concerned just now with the actual working out of the principles we have noted, but it is worth while pointing out, in a parenthesis, that our two propositions and their conclusion explain the resistance of so many Canadian Catholics to the establishment of non-Catholic schools for their children.

This matter is generally confused by the question of bilingual teaching—Shall public schools in other provinces than Quebec use the French language as a means of teaching French-speaking children? This is in reality a separate issue, and is one on which I shall touch later. The essential point for non-Catholics to grasp is that, for the Catholic, religion in education is a matter of conscience and faith. He holds, in consequence, that if a Protestant majority in any province establishes an educational system and excludes the Catholic religion from the teaching of Catholic children it is oppressing the Catholic minority.

"Everybody knows," says the Oblate Father Rev. A. J. Morice, "that in the eyes of the Catholic Church, the child being the father of the man, his education must of all necessity be on a religious basis, and the State's only right in the matter is to see that he does not get an education that might ulteriorly prove detrimental to the welfare of society. There is no use in controverting these principles, which Protestants are free to reject as far as they are personally concerned: they constitute the Church's position on education, and for a non-Catholic to prevent their realization among Catholics is tantamount to waging war on their Church—that is, falling into an open act of persecution."

It would be impossible, even were it desirable, to comment on the validity of these propositions, which the Catholic educator considers fundamental. Once we accept the fact that for him they are fundamental there is little more to be said. But there is one aspect of the matter which

deserves more attention than Protestants generally give to it.

Religion—in the Catholic sense of the word—includes all the body of doctrines and laws laid down by authority. The rules of the Church, once they have been enunciated, are a matter of religion, and their observance is essential. The conflict between Church law and secular law is viewed thus by Archbishop Taché: "Supposing it were Epiphany or Ascension Day: the church bell will ring for the Divine Office while the school bell will ring for the class. What will the Catholic teachers and pupils do? If they go to church they will miss class, and will be liable to incur the inconvenience of that infraction of school regulations. If they go to school they must have well-grounded scruples of conscience, as they violate a very positive law of their religion, and by so doing fail in an important obligation. This signifies nothing for our separated brethren, who may say 'The school above all.' But this signifies a great deal for the conscience of the Catholic, who answers 'Religion above all'; and 'It is better to obey God than man.'"

Established doctrines and established laws thus come to occupy a definite place in the system of education. Here there is a conflict with the average Protestant opinion. Mr. Costley White, whom we have already quoted, asks: "Are we going to insist on our pupils conforming to a strict orthodoxy?" and answers: "I do not think so"; and he mentions other writers of like views. Of course not all Protestants think as he does. It is not very long since Darwin's works were burned at a public function in the Mississippi Valley, and there is no doubt that Darwin would have been burned too if he had been there. But when we speak of established doctrines we must be sure that we know what we are talking about. A new idea may obtain a place in the Catholic system as long as it is not incompatible with faith. The theory of evolution, for instance, is not in itself

unacceptable, though we find that, like a great many other people, many Catholic educators regard it as unproved, "at best a working hypothesis" (Cardinal Mercier). The God of faith is also the God of reason, and the approved Catholic view is that "we cannot find contradiction in God and neither can truth be opposed to truth. If the vain appearance of such contradiction should arise this is either because the dogmas of the faith have not been understood and expounded according to the mind of the Church or because arbitrary opinion has been mistaken for judgment founded on reason" (*Const. Dei Filii*, Cap. IV.).

Such being the basis of French-Canadian education, let us see what sort of a structure has been erected.

The heart of the whole organization is the system of Classical Colleges. There are twenty-five of these scattered over the Province of Quebec, with almost 1000 instructors—nearly all members of religious orders—and about 10,000 students, a large part of whom are boarders. The boy enters at about thirteen—the age at which an English-speaking boy might go to high school—and at the end of eight years emerges, if successful, with a degree awarded by the University—Bachelier-ès-Arts for the first class, Bachelier-ès-Sciences for the second, Bachelier-ès-Lettres for the third. Efforts are occasionally made to establish what the educationist calls an "equivalence" between these degrees and certain grades in English-speaking universities. An assumption often made is that because the same time elapses the student has reached the same "academic standard" as the English-speaking student reaches after four years at high school and four years at a university. This neglects, for one thing alone, the obvious fact that the contents of the classical course and the spirit behind it are completely different from the contents and spirit of the English course. We might as well say that six cups of tea are the equivalent of six cups of sugar as say that six years of English teaching are equal to six years of classical teaching.

We cannot establish an equivalence and there is no use trying to do so.

In the Classical College we find the principle of unity between education and religion carried a step farther—the whole programme is inspired by and rooted in the scholastic philosophy developed by St. Thomas Aquinas from the system of Aristotle and the Christian philosophers. The chief aim of philosophy, for St. Thomas as for Aristotle, is the study of the first causes of the universe—which is, of necessity, also a study of the final objectives of the universe—that is to say, of Absolute Truth. And the pursuit of Absolute Truth is the study of God.

In such a study we may use perception and reason—we may argue from what we see that God, the First Cause, exists. But the Aquinian philosophy makes use of something else than reason—God is purely spiritual and so is beyond our finite comprehension, therefore in our study of God we must make use of faith. Here is the cardinal point of the scholastic system, the linking of reason with faith in order to complete our knowledge.

The student at the Classical College, while he is being given an introduction to physics and psychology and logic, is also being taught to combine them into a system which aims at giving him " the full understanding of the order in the universe, of man's moral duties resulting from it, and of his knowledge of reality " (Cardinal Mercier).

The educational authorities of French Canada quite logically regard this training as essential to the student who is to proceed with University work. He must, in their view, whatever career he is to follow, however he is to specialize, be well grounded by a survey of human knowledge, which will not only develop his reason but will establish his faith.

The day of the Classical College student is very different from that of his English-speaking friend. It is so different that it is worth a little thought. Here is a sample: 5.15—rise; 5.40—morning prayers; 6—study; 6.45—divine service;

7.30—breakfast; 8—class; 10—interval; 10.30—class; 11.45—self-examination (this is always included—class days, Sundays and holidays); 12—dinner; 12.30—interval; 1.30—study; 2—class; 4—interval; 4.30—study; 6—private prayer; 6.30—supper; 7—short service and recreation; 8—evening prayer; 8.15—study; 9—bedtime. A hard day, most of us will think.

On two days a week there is no work in the afternoon—these are classified as half-holidays, and are certainly deserved.

The course is divided into two sections, the first of which (called "Letters") lasts six years and the second (called "Science") two. In the first part most of the student's time is spent on Latin, Greek, French, English, history and geography, most of which subjects are given considerably more importance than they are in English institutions; chemistry and mathematics, on the other hand, receive little notice; physics, as such, none until the final year. In the last two years half of the student's time is spent on the "Philosophy" of which we have already spoken at some length, the other half is divided between mathematics, physics and chemistry.

In practice, like all Canadian educational institutions, the Classical Colleges leave something to be desired. For one thing, the scholastic system tends, it seems, to become too scholastic—to use the word in another sense. The teacher must exercise, and the student must accept, authority in religious matters, and both teacher and student are inclined to carry the same attitude into everything. The average student, in consequence, is likely to depend too much on his teacher and too little on himself.

Experience has shown that only the young man who has taken the full classical course and obtained his B.A. (as contrasted with his B.L. and B.Sc. classmates, whose standing has not been quite so high) is capable of entering at once on a difficult University course where much independent work is required—such a course, for example, as is given by the McGill law faculty. A second difficulty is lack of equipment

Normal School at Mérici, Quebec, conducted by Ursuline Nuns

School of Handicrafts, Quebec

for preliminary scientific work. This is rapidly being overcome and the last ten years have seen great changes. Finally, where so large a teaching body is required it is impossible that all should be as competent as we might wish. This trouble is not limited to the Classical Colleges, it affects the whole of Canadian secondary education, Protestant and Catholic, and we know that it will take a long time and much determination to overcome.

But in spite of everything we cannot help admiring the manner in which the people of French Canada, who are neither very numerous nor very wealthy, have been able to create a system which has such obvious and considerable advantages, and which is adequate for their rapidly increasing numbers.

For the system has always extended to meet new needs. By 1931, in addition to the twenty-five large Classical Colleges, there were in the Province of Quebec ten institutions following a like plan of teaching—such, for instance, as the Collège Brébeuf conducted by the Jesuits in Montreal. And elsewhere in Canada the young *Canadien* finds schools of the same kind—the University of Ottawa, for instance, includes a "college course" in its curriculum; St. Joseph's University at Memramcook, New Brunswick, gives a remarkable classical training; Manitoba and Alberta have excellent institutions controlled by the Jesuits. Whatever we think of scholastic philosophy as a basis of education there is no doubt as to its importance as a factor in *Canadien* life.

The peculiar value of the Classical College is evident; it provides the kind of continuation training which the Fisher Act aimed to provide in England—a homogeneous, complete course, every section connected and related to every other by the studies in philosophy. The scheme contrasts favourably enough with the somewhat scrappy system practised in many other places, where the boy collects, over a term of several years, "credits" towards his matriculation, by passing examinations in various subjects which neither his teachers nor

himself relate to each other, or to anything else. And while it is true that, as I have remarked, we cannot establish any exact comparison with English-speaking institutions, since the nature of the training given is so different, the authorities of those English-speaking institutions find the Classical College student at least as well equipped and at least as apt as the student who has passed a like period on like studies in the United States.

We have spent a good deal of time on the Classical Colleges. We have spent it of necessity, since in these institutions we see the most characteristic and the most striking development of education in French Canada, the pivot of the entire system. Let us now turn to the remainder of the organization.

When the boy goes to a Classical College, the girl, if, as comparatively few do, she wishes to continue her education, after passing through the primary and "complementary" grades, goes to a Normal School for teachers or to a convent school. In either case her training is mostly in the hands of nuns. One objection often raised is that this training is carried out on somewhat restricted lines—that the girl never learns a great many things which she might learn with advantage. On the other hand, it must be admitted that in many ways convent teaching is, and always has been, remarkably good. The only school which has succeeded in preparing girls to enter the second year at McGill University is a convent school. Some of the work in art is remarkable.[1] One of the best-equipped Normal Schools in Canada is the Institut Pédagogique conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation in Montreal. In the same building is the Collège Marguerite Bourgeoys, in which young girls are given a complete training leading to the Bachelor's degree. Another excellent Normal School is conducted by the Ursuline nuns at Mérici.[2] The convents have undertaken another effort which, while not of the same nature, is well worth note. They have established large numbers of housekeeping schools and housekeeping

[1] See p. 135.

[2] See p. 125.

classes. The statistics of these are astonishing. There are twenty-one French-speaking housekeeping schools in the Province of Quebec, with between 4000 and 5000 pupils—girls and young women—while the housekeeping classes conducted in the convents have a total of over 31,000 pupils. It is no wonder that the *Canadienne*, who is a born cook, is a good housekeeper too. The Department of Agriculture has established at Quebec a school [1] where young women and nuns are taught the traditional arts of spinning, weaving and rug-making—of which we shall have something more to say elsewhere. This is a kind of craft Normal School. The pupils go out to teach in their turn all over the province: it is said that within two years after the school was established 12,000 girls in many different places were receiving lessons.

In the Normal Schools by far the most of the students are girls; only a few boys in Montreal and Quebec take up this training. But a development peculiar to Quebec exists here too. "Scholasticates" carried on for boys by a number of religious institutions have recently been recognized as Normal Schools, and it is easy to see how the arrangement fits in with the general educational scheme, interlocked as this is with religious teaching.

These Scholasticates are grouped into "Pedagogical Institutes," attached to the universities of Montreal and Laval.

The Primary School, where the first foundations are laid, takes in children of five years and upwards, and keeps them for six years, the main group consisting of those from seven to thirteen years inclusive. The annual enumeration of this group shows that it contains something over 200,000 children in the province, and that the proportion attending school is over ninety-five per cent., a very high figure in view of the fact that attendance is not compulsory. The statistics include both French-speaking and English-speaking children,

[1] See p. 126.

but the proportion of those attending school is not raised by the addition of the latter.

For the most part the teaching in the Primary Schools is much like all other primary teaching—neither remarkably good nor remarkably bad. But the *Canadien* has taken one step ahead of most people. The following is an extract from a memorandum sent out to rural schools in 1930 by the Department of Public Instruction:

> The primary school, like every other, must be practical in one sense of the word, it must adapt itself to the special needs of each district.
>
> The rural school has its main objective to prepare the children who attend it to be good farmers—or at least to love and value agricultural life.
>
> It is therefore essential to furnish an education which will develop the love of the land.
>
> . . . .
>
> In order that education may be "ruralized" it must be permeated by ideas consonant with the social and economic needs of the country population . . . the various subjects of study must be given an agricultural twist . . . (Arithmetic)—Instead of asking the price of 4½ yards of ribbon at 30 cents a yard, ask the price of 6½ pounds of clover seed at 11½ cents a pound.

A good start has already been made. Little essays on rural subjects, the title-pages illustrated by photographs or prints and skilfully ruled in gilt, would make most teachers open their eyes.

"The home!" writes one small boy of fourteen[1]; "the word awakens in us innumerable recollections. Naturally our mind turns to one beloved roof—our own 'chez nous.' . . . Our house," he goes on, "is surrounded by trees where many small birds come to rest and by their song so sweet, so beautiful and so melodious, give a new charm to our humble dwelling," and so he continues.

Could anything be much better than this?

In these days, when we are doing all that we can to keep our rural population on their farms, how foolish it is to give country children example after example drawn from

[1] Gerard Dumais, Ste. Lucie d'Albanel.

city life! The effect is obvious—they get the impression that country life is not even worth mentioning. It is evident too that without being false to educational ideals a considerable amount of useful information may be passed on to the child in such lessons. In chemistry, for instance, he might just as well learn something about fertilizers and the chemistry of the soil; in zoology he might as well study a cow as an elephant.

There are other institutions of which a word might be said, the Complementary and Superior Schools—the first covering the seventh and eighth years, the instruction in the latter taking the student to his eleventh year. He has by then learned more mathematics than the Classical College student at the same age, but he has missed the four years of Latin which that young man has enjoyed. As a matter of fact there are only five Superior Schools, and comparatively few pupils take advantage of their facilities.

Besides these there is a new variety, an example of which is the Externat—the classical day college such as is operated by the Seminary of St. Sulpice—giving a really excellent education, including Latin, carried up to the full requirements for the Bachelor's degree. The popularity of these Externats is evidenced by the number of applicants for the privilege of attending them.

The efficiency of the Primary School depends of course on its teachers; and here there is still much to be desired, it cannot be said that the Normal School system is yet adequate. Less than a quarter of the Catholic teachers in Quebec have had a Normal School training, whereas three-quarters of the Protestant teachers are Normal School products. These proportions are changing rapidly; the number of teachers with Normal School training is increasing yearly, and with the improvement of the schools the rate of increase will become faster.

But meantime the sensible remarks of J. G. Boily, one of the Catholic school inspectors, are well worth quoting:

"The school is worth what the teacher is worth. That is a truth which we must repeat without ceasing. We ask much of the primary school. It is the school of the masses. Eighty per cent. of our children go to no other. The child who leaves such a school must have some knowledge which will help him in life. His mind must have been formed in such a way as to lead him to respect and to observe. . . . Now that the material equipment of our schools—although still imperfect—has, it seems, received the greatest thought, may we not hope that the educational and governmental authorities will unite to make teaching a career—a career which will attract by its prestige and by its emoluments?" A paragraph which will, if you are interested in the matter, give you a great deal of information.

There are three characteristics of the general educational scheme in which it differs so markedly from the average English-Canadian practice that they must have a little special notice.

In the first place we cannot help wondering how such an extensive system as exists in Quebec, with such a remarkable development as the Classical Colleges show at its centre, has been built up by a people whose financial resources are by no means large. The answer lies in the large number of clerics and nuns employed as teachers. One half of all those who are instructing *Canadien* children are members of, or attached to, religious orders; the average salary for men is less than $600, for women less than $400 per annum. Incidentally, the average salary of Catholic lay teachers is under $1700 for men and less than $400 for women—two-thirds and one-third respectively of the amounts paid to English-speaking teachers. The point of M. Boily's remarks just quoted becomes very obvious.

In the second place we cannot help observing that organized athletics are conspicuous, for the most part, by their absence. This must be discussed in another place, when we speak of youth and its activities in general. Meantime

one might remark that there are advantages as well as disadvantages in paying somewhat less attention to the worship of sport than do some of our English institutions.

Our final note is that, whatever *Canadien* education is, it is not necessarily democratic. The French-Canadian father and mother of the upper class do not send their children to "public" schools at all. For the elementary stages in the education of the child whose parents are well or comfortably off there are elementary classes conducted by nuns or brothers where the child meets only children of its own *milieu.* The next stage sees the boy attending or living at a more or less exclusive college, the girl boarding at a more or less exclusive convent. There is, indeed, no more accurate measure of social standing in Quebec than the education a man or woman has had and the education the children of a family are given. The principle, although you might not recognize it, is almost exactly that which maintains in England—where the past pupils of the great independent public schools make up the men of the upper class. But while in England social position is judged by birth too, in French Canada education is enough of an indication. And it is not a bad kind of indication either.

CHAPTER IX

EDUCATION AGAIN

If quantitatively the American achievement is impressive, qualitatively it is somewhat less satisfying. What must one think of a country, asks one of our foreign critics, whose most popular orator is W. J. Bryan, whose favourite actor is Charlie Chaplin, whose most widely read novelist is Harold Bell Wright, whose best-known evangelist is Billy Sunday, and whose representative journalist is William Randolph Hearst? What one must evidently think of such a country, even after allowing liberally for overstatement, is that it lacks standards. IRVING BABBITT.

There is no more potent antidote to the corroding influence of mammon than the presence in a community of a body of men, devoted to science, living for investigation and caring nothing for the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. WILLIAM OSLER.

UNIVERSITY education, or—as some critics would put it—what is called University education, has taken a good many hard knocks during the last few years. Canadian educational institutions had been developing along lines very like those of the United States, which, having more money and more people to serve, had gone faster in the same direction. Much of this development had no doubt much that was good in it, but most of it was haphazard. University authorities did not do a great deal of concerted planning. Schools grew to enormous size according to the ideas, inherited or acquired, of the faculties who directed them, and sometimes of benefactors who felt entitled to add conditions to their favours. A sort of casual utilitarianism added one appendage after another, until the comparatively simple curricula of 1900 had been complicated by schools of commerce, schools of physical education, schools for graduate nurses, schools of forestry, schools of cookery, schools for the study of child health and psychology, and so forth. Only in our two oldest institutions, Oxford and Cambridge, was there any real

A Convent Pupil, by Herself

School at St. François, Island of Orleans

homogeneity, and Mr. Bernard Shaw rewarded them by the remark that since their main characteristic was the effort to maintain a vanished order and a dead ideal they ought to be abolished forthwith.

Soon after 1920 men began to take stock, and the more they looked at the University system the more they questioned whether all was as it should be. A school of critics arose, and made their voices heard in the land.

We have recently heard one Canadian University head declare roundly that Canadian education has been going downhill, another thinks that all casual appendages ought to be lopped off.

Flexner has produced a criticism of American universities which should have rocked those modern structures to their mediæval foundations, though it has been curiously barren of results.[1]

What is the interested observer of the University and its critics to think? In the first place, of course, one must not take everything critics say for gospel. There are two characteristics of human nature which the critic knows very well: we are inclined to assume that he is qualified to criticize—and we rather like to hear criticism. Only on second thoughts do some of us do what all of us should do—ask what real qualification the critic possesses.

The main accusation levelled at the Universities is that they have subordinated education to vocational training. Curiously enough it never seems to be suggested that law and medicine should be kept outside in the cold, but to most of the critics engineering is still a questionable addition and commerce an unwelcome intruder. " Mining and business," says an educational leader, " have nothing to do with education, and education has nothing to do with business, specifically, or with mining."

There is very little doubt that in all these discussions we are inclined to devote too much attention to education in

[1] Abraham Flexner, *Universities: American, English, and German.*

the abstract, and considerably too little to the student with whom we are dealing. A man may be a real student—in the full sense of the word—yet may have no particular interest in, let us say, Chinese or Greek or Latin literature, or in philosophy. On the contrary, he may be very deeply interested in science, and its application to the human body or to the machine; in medicine or engineering. He may be interested in human relations and their resultant activities. The mere fact that a student has his vocation in mind has really very little to do with the matter. All students have their vocation in mind, more or less—including those who grow up to say that others should never think of such things.

But where there is smoke there is flame.

No one who looks over our University scene as a whole can fail to see that we have been affected by the spirit of materialism which permeates Western civilization. The teacher and the student alike have thought too much of vocational efficiency. Schools of commerce have accepted stenography as an entrance qualification and taught " Sales Approach." Universities have been measured mainly in terms of bricks, mortar and metal. Enormous buildings and costly equipment have been given so much importance that far too little of our attention has been focused on the men who use them. The social side of University life—including " student activities," dancing, newspapers, and most of all athletics—has taken on an enormous importance. A writer in the *McGill Daily* informs us that if it were not for athletics no university would be known at all.

To see errors like this is to begin to overcome them, and a different spirit—a turn from the materialist to the idealist viewpoint—is apparent. The most important change at McGill, initiated by Sir Arthur Currie, long before much of the recent criticism had been heard, was not the construction or reconstruction of buildings, but the organization of graduate teaching under a graduate faculty.

There is no getting over the fact that scientific advances in-

volve more expense than they did. An important experiment in physics costs as much as an observatory; development of biologic research is a costly business. But we are coming to see clearly enough now that man and mind must be put ahead of material possessions.

We see clearly enough too that a school of commerce or a school of agriculture or a school of engineering which is to be part of a university must have the University spirit and the University aim. (It is worth noting that all this discussion is only a repetition of that which took place when the McGill Faculty of Applied Science was founded,[1] and that these were the principles then laid down.) We see that education, not athletics, is our universities' main business, and it is only to be hoped that we shall live up to our recovered vision.

When we come to look at our French-Canadian institutions there is an obvious risk of making the same errors that we condemn when others make them. Let me say once for all that I speak as a friendly observer and not as one having authority. But the first thing that strikes even the friendly observer is on the right side of the ledger.

Partly thanks to their traditions, partly thanks to circumstances, the French-Canadian universities have never rendered themselves liable to the criticism which has been levelled at other institutions. When, in 1852, the Seminary of Quebec established Laval University, in that city, it set up the usual organization of European Catholic universities, with faculties of Medicine, Law and Théology. The Classical Colleges supplied its need for a Faculty of Arts. Laval organized a branch in Montreal, and this in 1921 became the University of Montreal, with Faculties of Law, Medicine, Theology, and the addition of Dentistry. The necessity for instruction in other subjects—commerce, engineering, agriculture, forestry, and so forth—has been filled for both institutions by affiliated schools. Whether this restriction of the University proper is mainly the result of different University customs derived

[1] 1877.

from French origins, or whether it is to be attributed to the small resources of the French-Canadian institutions, it has had the result of forestalling criticism of the kind to which we have been referring. Laval and Montreal have not done those things which the critics say they ought not to have done.

They have not, as Universities, taught commerce or engineering or agriculture. Nor have athletics come into the picture—to any great extent. If Universities were to be judged only by their football teams, Laval and Montreal would be at the foot of the list—for neither of them has a football team. And the comment of the writer in the *McGill Daily* is to this extent true, that there are an enormous number of people in North America — probably, as the athletic industry grows larger every year, there are a constantly increasing number—who cannot even think of a football-less University.

It is a little easier to say what Laval and Montreal are *not* than to say what they *are*—for almost anything is easier than to describe an educational institution without descending to the lowest depths of dullness. Why this should be I do not know, for there is no human activity more interesting to watch than youth equipping itself for life.

Note first that both institutions are definitely Catholic universities, under Church supervision. The Archbishop of Montreal, for example, is, *ipso facto*, the Chancellor of the University, and with a " vigilance committee " of bishops watches over all its activities.

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Dentistry are constituted, so far as the teaching staff is concerned, on a part-time basis—that is to say, practically all the teachers are professional men in active practice.

This is hardly the place for a discussion of medical education by itself, or we might study in detail the way in which various schools have gradually changed their methods.

There are two sides to medical education—the scientific and the vocational or clinical. The complete development of

the scientific side in a certain number of schools is an essential to general medical progress. The farther this development goes in any particular school the higher must the entrance requirements be. There are faculties which now require of their matriculants three years of University work, and impose on them thereafter five years of study. But the building up of a complete Science Faculty is extraordinarily costly; fees must be high, and a long course is obviously very hard on the student's pocket.

It will be some years yet before the University of Montreal can find the necessary millions to bring its scientific faculties to the highest point. It will be some years before French-Canadian students in general are able to stand the financial strain of eight University years. At present two of their pre-medical years are spent outside the University, in the Classical College, and only one in the Faculty of Science.

None of this must be taken to mean that the University of Montreal has neglected the scientific side. It has been developed to the utmost extent that the resources of the institution have allowed, and any student is fortunate who has the opportunity to study under such an authority as Dr. Pierre Masson, Professor of Pathological Anatomy, and his distinguished colleagues. The graduates of the French-Canadian universities are quite as well equipped from the scientific point of view as those of nine good schools out of ten.

But generally speaking the medical schools, both of the University of Montreal and of Laval, like most other medical schools, are of what we might call the vocational type. Faced with the imperative necessity of providing for a population increasing at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and of finding their students among their own youth, the French-Canadian institutions have concentrated on clinical work. They have attained notable results. Hospital facilities are excellent, and a number of highly efficient and distinguished surgeons and physicians—miracle workers of to-day—who

have remained in or been attracted to practise in the Province of Quebec, are at hand to instruct and inspire the student. The young *Canadien* doctor, after a year of preliminary work and five years of gruelling training, has a very thorough general knowledge of his art.

The Faculty of Philosophy in the University of Montreal and the School of Higher Philosophy at Laval are characteristic and interesting establishments, quite different from anything our English institutions possess. The instruction of the Montreal Faculty of Philosophy, for example, is, we are told, " in conformity with the doctrine and the principles of the angelic Doctor Saint Thomas Aquinas." On these we have already touched. The Faculty aims at a general conspectus of human knowledge, and the classification which it follows is given in its announcement. Beginning with the necessary qualification of Logic we pass to Ontology—what we know of Being; Cosmology—what we know of the Universe; Psychology—what we know of intellectual processes; Theodicy—the justification of the works of God; then to broad considerations of human behaviour—General Ethics, Natural Law, Social Law, the History of Philosophy.

In such a series of studies the correlation of education to religion is, as would be expected, the most notable feature. Philosophy is not studied objectively as, in theory at least, it is studied in English-speaking institutions. The professors and students are not free to follow humanism or idealism or determinism, the only ism they accept must be Thomism.[1] Yet the fact that their study must thus be subjective, and that one system is taken as definitive, does not prevent the student from learning what other systems are. M. Étienne Gilson has accustomed us to the idea that the philosophy of Aquinas, far from being dead, is a vehicle fitted to the needs of modern thought. And it has already been pointed out that the Aquinian system is sufficiently flexible to enable its physics and its chemistry to assimilate any proven

[1] The philosophical system of St. Thomas Aquinas.

discovery or to reach still farther outwards in the search for Truth.

The suggestion has been made that our French-Canadian institutions will some day make more of their facilities in this regard. Their position is potentially a very strong one, it only needs to be fortified and to be known. There seems to be no particular reason why a really great Canadian school of philosophy should not be established, a school which would become a world centre for philosophic studies. And, having in mind the survival in Montreal of the particular genius of French thought which developed the Thomistic system, it seems that Montreal would be a very suitable place for such a school.

Two points would need to be remembered. First, these higher philosophical studies, if they are to occupy a real place in an educational plan, must be *educational* and not vocational. They must not be designed for nor solely followed by candidates for the priesthood. The young man who has attained his B.A. by study in a Classical College is of the same age as his English-speaking friend who has obtained the same degree; he might well spend another three years or so in the study of philosophy—purely as an educational effort. And many other young men from all over North America might attend a school which a small expenditure coupled with determination and vision would make into a centre of French culture equal to anything France could show. The very fact that the students would learn French while completing their general education would be an incentive.

Secondly, it would be essential that the instruction be outstanding, that the teachers be worthy of the responsibilities placed upon them, that they be men who have made a name or who will make a name, who will attract many students from many places, men who will carry farther and higher the light of human progress.

Of course such a form of education as this may at first

blush seem too "useless" for this twentieth century; yet it may be that a place of honour awaits the first North American institution to uphold sincerely the theory that only by providing, for some men at least, an escape from materialism can we save the material basis on which our civilization rests.

Concerning the other activities of the University of Montreal—to deal with it alone—there is not room for all that should be said. A Faculty of Science has recently been formed, in conformity with instructions from the Vatican aiming at disseminating knowledge of modern advances, and its feet are on the right track. Any faculty that can count on its staff such men as Brother Marie Victorin—who is not only one of Canada's most notable authors but one of the world's most gifted and learned botanists—such men as his confrères, whom only space prevents my speaking of, has a great future before it. The University has moreover been enabled to bring a succession of outstanding scientific teachers from France by the help of the Institut Scientifique Franco Canadien, an organization supported jointly by the University and the French and Quebec Governments.

The Faculty of Science must look forward to a long period of growth—it must plan for several years ahead; yet it must so plan that at the end of those years the young *Canadien* man or woman may be in no way handicapped by comparison with the English Canadian.

The Faculty of Letters, teaching history, languages and literature, corresponds to part of the Faculty of Arts in English-speaking institutions. This Faculty (like the Faculty of Dentistry and the School of Pharmacy) must do without the notice it deserves. But here again we have some distinguished men—Canon Émile Chartier, Vice-Rector of the University, and Abbé Lionel Groulx, both of them lecturers known and admired in France.

The professional schools affiliated to the University of Montreal—the Institut Agricole conducted by Trappist monks

École Polytechnique de Montreal

Laval University

at Notre-Dame du Lac, the Polytechnique and the School of Higher Commercial Studies at Montreal—are excellent of their kind. The two latter are supported by the province, but are left completely free from Government control. The Polytechnique differs from most English-speaking engineering schools, and follows a French model; the students who take its five-year course do not specialize; each young engineer must learn something of each branch of engineering. The graduate has had a good deal less training in his own speciality than the graduate of McGill or Toronto, but he has more knowledge of other lines of work. As most of the graduates are later employed in public works, where they must be prepared to deal with very varied problems, there are obvious advantages for them in this type of training.

We might observe at this point that technical education in Quebec, which centres in the Polytechnique, is comparatively advanced. M. Augustin Frigon, Director of the Polytechnique, is in general charge. Two sets of courses are designed for the pupils who have completed six years of primary school work, another for the graduate of the complementary grades (eighth year). The Polytechnique takes the student who has finished the superior school (eleventh year) or the Classical College.

The School of Higher Commercial Studies is an extensive and well-equipped institution. The best-known member of its staff is Dr. Édouard Montpetit, Secretary-General of the University, an educationist who, like Abbé Groulx and Canon Chartier, is as well known in Europe as he is in Canada. The Dean, Dr. Henri Laureys, is President of the Canadian Society for Commercial Education. This school trains dozens of young men for commercial life, and most of them justify their training.

Between the universities of Montreal and Laval there is a difference much like the difference between the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The University of Montreal, though

its principles have their roots in the past, gives us the impression that it interprets the vitality of modern French Canada—that it serves a national life now burgeoning with long pent-in educative and creative and commercial energy.

Laval, on the other hand, has an Old World atmosphere unique in North America. The cloak of the Seminaire which founded it is still spread over the University, the older sister has her arm about the younger. If you were to look for the central point of the two institutions you would find it in Mgr. Briand's old chapel, with its wonderful carvings and its crusted memories, and in the quiet study of Mgr. Camille Roy, the former Rector and one of Canada's most distinguished figures. It is not that Laval looks backward only—its School of Forestry, its affiliated School of Agriculture at Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, testify to the contrary—but Laval still seems to hold, like Oxford, the lamp of ancient learning discarded by most universities for a flashlight. Laval in modern Canada bears witness to the value of the history which Mr. Ford once told us was bunk. He has lately learned better.

It will be evident enough to the reader that the unstinting aid of clerics who receive practically no remuneration has made possible a far more extensive University development than would otherwise have come about.

It is a little difficult for the Protestant to realize what varied rôles priests and monks play in *Canadien* life. Most people are inclined to think of them as a race of men apart, with distorted views on life and only moderate health and strength. It is a pity that so few visit an institution like the Trappist monastery at Oka, where the seniors, the "fathers," are hale and hearty, and highly skilled scientific farmers, the "brothers" sturdy sons of the soil, the mitred abbot, Dom Pacôme, an ecclesiastical dignitary with the carriage of an ambassador and the eye of an admiral. The four or five hundred young men to whom they are passing on the

art of farming can learn something from the men themselves as well as from the lessons they teach. And while we are speaking of clerics we are reminded that there is another institution which, even in such an unsatisfactory survey as this, must have at least a brief mention—the University of Ottawa. This is very definitely a clerical institution, conducted as it is by a group of Oblate priests with the help of a few lay teachers. Its most remarkable feature is its beautiful chapel, occupying an entire wing, and following in its design the finest traditions of Italian art. Ottawa combines under one roof College and University courses—it provides residence and board for students at an incredibly low price—and performs an inestimable service for the *Canadien* population of Ontario and Northern Quebec. Its Oblate teachers know more of Canada than most men, for it is they who are the missionaries of the North-West. Their tour of duty at the University is an interval in a hard and devoted life, which calls on a man to sleep cold, to work long, and to be true to his calling.

Perhaps this University's most remarkable achievement has been the organization of a Normal School for the instruction of bilingual teachers. When the Government of Ontario abolished that regulation XVII. against which Mr. Moore preached so earnestly and forcibly, and permitted the instruction of French-speaking children in their own language, the need of a new Normal School was at once apparent. This need Ottawa University set itself to fill; and to-day not only has it a highly efficient school, but it has housed it in the most modern and up-to-date Normal School building which Canada can boast. That school is typical of the University's principal characteristic: it claims with pride to lead in its advocacy of bilingualism. In 1931 a series of important University celebrations culminated in the granting of a degree to the Governor-General, the Earl of Bessborough, who more than any of his predecessors had made himself known to and loved by French Canada, and

throughout the whole series the note struck was that of a Canada bilingual but united.

As Mr. Graham Spry, then Secretary of the Association of Canadian Clubs, put it at one meeting:

"Une nation, deux cultures, une loyauté, deux races, deux passés glorieux, mais un seul avenir."

CHAPTER X

GOVERNMENT

"FRIDAY, *April* 27, 1849.—To the House of Commons, where an Irish debate on the Rate-in-Aid Bill which did make me drowsy. The House in Committee; the Irish Members moving all sorts of frivolous amendments, abusing the Government and quarrelling among themselves. Sir H. BARRON did accuse Mr. REYNOLDS of being ready to Vote away other People's Money because he had none of his own and Mr. REYNOLDS did say that he never saw such Misery as on Sir H. BARRON'S ESTATE; whereupon Sir H. BARRON up in a Rage and did deny the Fact with vehement gestures, flourishing his fists gallantly. Then Mr. REYNOLDS did fall foul of Mr. BATESON, one that had been a Captain, for questioning the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER concerning young REYNOLDS'S Place, and did make a joke upon Mr. BATESON'S Mustachios: whereat much laughter. But a small Joke do go a great way in the House of Commons."

PERCIVAL LEIGH.

SUCH having been the Mother of Parliaments in her Victorian middle age, it is no wonder that some of her daughters occasionally stoop to folly. But on the whole the Parliament of Quebec is a worthy representative of British legislatures.[1]

The Assembly and the Council (Quebec, unlike other provinces, still possesses two houses) contain an extraordinarily large proportion of College and University graduates, most of whom have been thoroughly trained in the art of dialectic; indeed if education were the only test this would be the best Parliament in Canada—probably the best in the Empire. Its members possess, or very quickly acquire, a remarkably thorough knowledge of their job, thrust and counter meet one another at a speed which dazzles the onlooker, humour is often Rabelaisian, and in its adherence to British Parliamentary procedure this French-speaking legislature is astonishing.

The *Canadien* loves his traditions, as we have seen, and

[1] See p. 155.

though the party in power calls itself Liberal it is more conservative than any Conservative party ever was. It is certainly conservative in holding to its authority. For almost a generation there has been no change—the same group of men or their political pupils have been in the saddle since 1905.

One effect of a tenure of power which has lasted for such a period has been to build up in Quebec a Government organization so closely interlocked with the Liberal party as to constitute with it a single, large, controlling group.

By a kind of natural attraction more than by design deputy ministers, heads of services, departmental employees, provincial police, engineers and foremen on public works throughout the province have gradually become part of an informal but recognizable organization, and, from the point of view which looks first at the efficient management of the province, the system which has existed for years in Quebec has considerable advantages.

Anyone who has any familiarity with Government procedure knows very well how the permanent head (the Deputy Minister) and the employees of a department usually act like the fly-wheel on an engine. A new minister may try to speed the engine up or reverse it, or—to mix our metaphors—make it do something new; he will be " regretfully informed " that " previous arrangements . . .", and so forth. But the Minister at Quebec is like a departmental chief in a corporation—once he makes a decision, or the Cabinet makes one for him, his word goes, and at once. In consequence, you can transact business with the Quebec Government as quickly as you can with any private company. What will happen if and when there is a change of Government is a little difficult to foresee.

What a tremendous weight its very tenure of office gives the party in power at the time of an election is something that need hardly be explained. It has been as difficult to

defeat Mr. Taschereau in Quebec as it would be to name a new board of directors at a shareholders' meeting of the Canadian Pacific or the Royal Bank of Canada. Yet in every great organization there are conflicts of interest, there are always disgruntled people and always rebels. In the 1931 elections, when the Liberal party sought a new mandate and obtained a huge majority in the Assembly, the Conservatives actually polled forty-seven per cent. of the votes: proportional representation would have given them many more seats.

In this connection perhaps a word might be said on the widespread notion that the Church exercises a great influence in Quebec politics. The time was, no doubt, when it did so, but the time has gone. The spread of at least elementary education, the newspapers and the radio have worked very considerable changes in the city and the countryside. The *Canadien* of to-day does not depend on his *curé* for advice as his grandfather used to—it would sometimes be better if he did—and where politics are concerned he decides for himself. His decision may or may not be based on the fact that he has or has not a contract for road work or for something else: but in any case his reasons are his own. As a matter of fact, neither the Church nor, with rare exceptions, its *curés* even attempt to intervene.

But one thing that does influence the *Canadien*—in the country at any rate—is his appreciation of " class." He prefers to be represented by someone whom he considers, to quote the Chinese, " a superior person." He thinks Mr. Taschereau is a " superior person," he has not been nearly so sure about some of Mr. Taschereau's opponents, and in consequence, when the elections have come round, Mr. Taschereau has had the majorities. It has not been only because he was a " superior person "—but that has been one of the reasons. And it is because they are, or have made themselves, " superior persons " that so many lawyers and doctors and notaries and College graduates in general reach the

Legislative Assembly. It may be a very old-fashioned notion, but the results are not bad.

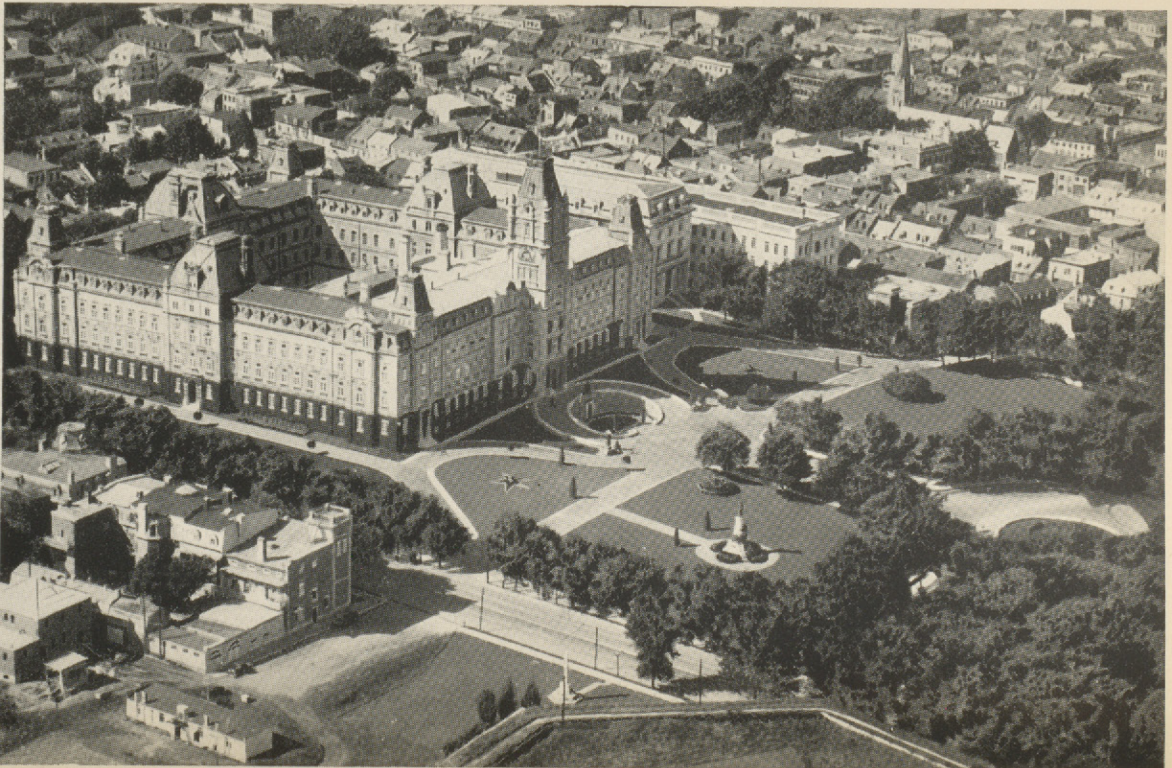
In one respect the Quebec Parliament is acknowledged to have given the Mother of Parliaments a good lead. All " public Bills "—Bills which are in the public and not in a private interest—may be discussed, and, if it is considered desirable to discover what the public thinks of them, are discussed, and all private Bills of all kinds must be discussed by committees of the Assembly and Council, before which any supporter or opponent is entitled to speak. When an important measure is coming up the Committee of the Assembly, fifteen or twenty in number, gathers about a long table at one end of a large room, the Prime Minister at the head, the leader of the Opposition on his right. Across the room at the foot of the table is a brass bar, beyond which are crowded the various parties interested in the legislation, and their counsel. Of course the best parliamentary counsel is he who is able to persuade most of the members before they have come into the room, and has also been able to get them to attend the meeting.

Then comes the fight—which is about as free of rules as boxing before the days of the Marquess of Queensberry. The supporter of a clause is not even entitled to the first word unless the Committee wants to let him have it, and business is frequently facilitated by denying it to him.

In 1931 the Bar of the Province put forward a Bill which was the result of such protracted discussions as lawyers sometimes indulge in, and which would have made some radical changes in legal education. It was supported, without much enthusiasm, by two of the universities; some clauses were not supported, one was opposed by another university. In order to cut the matter short one of the members called on the opposing party to state its case first, and the whole discussion—which might have taken days—was over in an hour.

Members of the Committee cut into the addresses freely,

Parliament Buildings, Quebec



Legislative Buildings, Quebec

and sometimes disconcertingly. In the debate last mentioned one of the speakers, who was also a law school teacher, was explaining the number of lectures students were called upon to attend. In the midst of this a young M.L.A., not very long out of college, remarked that they might be called but they did not go. In this sort of argument the *Canadien* delights; a thoroughly violent discussion before a committee rouses as much interest in the lobbies as a hockey match does out of them, and when there is a real fight on the committee-room is crowded with spectators. Never was there a much more remarkable session than that which saw the debate between the United Church of Canada (when it was joining the Congregationalists, the Methodists and some Presbyterians) on one side and the Continuing Presbyterians on the other. A large crowd of elders, trustees and black-coated ministers disputed fiercely on Protestant doctrine and Church law before a committee of which the great majority were Catholics, who having been brought up on a course of religious philosophy were quite well equipped to understand the points at issue.

Another characteristic of Government in Quebec is the deputation which calls on the Prime Minister or the Cabinet —it may be a small one or it may be a large one. You may walk into the Prime Minister's anteroom and see the head of the Canadian National with one or two of his aides-de-camp waiting to talk about a new railway line—of course this was yesterday—or you may see fifty farmers from Lake St. John protesting against the flooding of their lands as the lake is converted into a reservoir. Sir Henry Thornton, by the way, will be easier to manage than the farmers. Among them the Government, as has been noted, has not always the easiest time when it tries well-doing. One of the important undertakings of the Department of Agriculture is the fight against bovine tuberculosis. This battle is conducted by counties. Wherever the farmers agree a free area is established, all infected cattle are destroyed and healthy cattle

immunized. In one district in the north, where some of the farmers wanted action taken, others were violently opposed. The agricultural expert was hard put to it. But those in favour of the change were not easily defeated, and their next move was worthy of Machiavelli. A rumour began to spread (no one knew who started it) that the Government did not really want anything done, it was too expensive—the farmers were getting too much out of it—and the vote when it came was unanimously favourable. In another spot, in Beauce this time, the Government expert settled on one location for a maple products co-operative, the farmers fixed on another; the Government expert appealed to the *curé*, who agreed with him, came back to another meeting and told the farmers so. I should regret to record their remarks—but the co-operative was put where they had decided to put it.

We left Sir Henry Thornton waiting for Mr. Taschereau, it is quite time he had his interview.

In the top corner of the last section of the Hôtel du Gouvernement is a large and simply furnished room. From the windows, if you had time to look out of them, you would see one of the most magnificent views in the world, the pointed roofs and hilly streets of Quebec in the foreground, the St. Lawrence stretching away to the Island of Orleans and, beyond, the green fields along the shore, rising to the distant hills.[1] But you will not have time to look out of the windows. Seated in a large chair behind a large desk, his back turned to the view, since he is too busy to look at it, is a slight, grey, vital, highly energized man. He keeps much longer hours than the average. If you go to his office at nine A.M. you will find him busy with his secretary, and that is generally the best time to get to your affairs. When the session is on he is in the House till its work is over at night. And he makes the members of the Council and Assembly work, as he makes all the employees of the whole Government machine work—no captain of industry is more insistent on

[1] See p. 20.

efficiency than is this captain of politics. Opposite him is one chair; on that you sit, and tell your story—and something in this gentleman makes you tell it as clearly and in as few words as you can. If he agrees with you five minutes is usually more than enough—in any case it is enough for him to understand your point.

But when you leave your interview you know that if anything has been promised it will be done. Mr. Taschereau has a great many bitter enemies, of whom you may be one—we do not all believe in all his ideas—but he will not promise what he will not perform.

The Quebec Parliament and all its committees have two principles from which they never waver, and out of which they will not be argued—the importance of private enterprise and the maintenance of vested rights.

It is an odd development that a so-called Liberal Administration should have upheld so strongly the theory that public ownership of public utilities is bad in principle, while next door in Ontario a usually Conservative Government has gone farther on the road to State ownership than any country outside Soviet Russia. A Conservative Government in Quebec would probably have done the same thing as the Liberals.

Instead of developing her own water-powers Quebec has leased them to private companies, at a respectable rental. Instead of constructing railways Quebec has left them for railway companies to build when business warrants. The same regard for private enterprise is carried into other fields than those of commerce. Quebec has neither built nor taken over universities—the Premier does not tell the Principal of McGill or the Rector of Laval how to run his institution, or inform him—as the Premier of another province once informed a University head—that professors are "only civil servants" and must not criticize the Government. Even Government-owned institutions such as the École Polytechnique and the École des Hautes Études

Commerciales are—as has already been said—managed entirely by their own boards.

The second principle to which the Quebec Legislature holds fast is respect for property. The supporter or opponent of a Bill has only to mention "vested rights" and the committee at once pricks up its ears. Once a man has built up a business the duty of Government is to help him to keep going. Even when a modern bridge is to replace some antiquated ferry, somebody thinks of the ferryman. On a larger scale the same turn of mind appears when the city of Quebec wants to set up an electric generating plant. The Legislature declares that it has given a franchise to supply light in Quebec to a private concern; that securities have been sold on the strength of that franchise and that it must be respected. Obviously there are times when the public interest must override the private, but every case is very cautiously scrutinized.

In this regard for acquired interests and in her predilection for private enterprise Quebec is just about as old-fashioned as she is in her respect for superior people. She is likely to continue in the same track.

These two principles guide both rouge and bleu—Liberal and Conservative—but where policy rather than principle is concerned we must turn to the acts and deeds of the Liberal Government.

Its main objective has been the development of the country districts. Within a space of ten years 2,500,000 acres of the public domain were turned over for colonization, eighty-five new parishes were opened up, more than 500,000 acres of forest land were allocated to colonists as wood lots, and considerable allowances were given them for clearing trees and breaking soil. It should perhaps be repeated here that the Quebec colonist is always, or nearly always, a *Canadien*—a young man for whom there is no room on the home farm, who moves with his young wife to a new parish; or a French-speaking industrial worker from New England

whom the breakdown of prosperity has sent back to his father's province. The organization into parishes and townships of people who are so much at home, who speak one language and worship in one church, presents no particular difficulty.

The next important policy of the Government, also affecting rural areas, has been that of road-construction. Here the main objectives have been the completion of a system which will encourage tourist traffic—now the most important business of the province—the provision of better transportation facilities for the farmer, and the provision of work for the many men whom the lessened activities of the pulp and paper business left without employment. The size of the undertaking may be gauged by its cost—almost $110,000,000 were spent on road-building between 1920 and 1931. We are told that the revenue received from tourists reached $60,000,000 per annum in 1930, and if this is so, some at least of our expenditure on roads has been a good investment—$60,000,000 from tourists is as good as $60,000,000 from exports.

Finally, under the Ministry of Agriculture much has been accomplished for a population which a few years ago was admittedly rather unenterprising. What a change has come about we shall see later. Meanwhile we might note that this department depends more on organization than on expenditure—it has accomplished a great deal at very little cost.

So much for some of the more prosaic points in Quebec Government policy. We shall see later something of its results. Of course, to the stranger, none of them is as interesting as the liquor law, which provides for complete control by a Government Commission.

There is no subject which has been more discussed—and there is not much need to add to the literature concerning the desirability or otherwise of Government interference. But two points are worth a brief mention. The first is

that in ten years the total profits paid over to the Quebec Government were $54,000,000. During the same period the duties, excise and sales taxes paid to the Dominion Government on the same goods were $68,000,000. The second point is that almost one-fifth of all the sales are made in the nine stores known to be most frequented by tourists.

There is one great question, or series of questions, in which we can make no distinction between principle and policy. The Government of Quebec is out for all its rights. Mr. Taschereau is always watching for attempted inroads by the Dominion, or by anyone else. This of course annoys the people who seek for efficiency at any price, and cannot see why one Government would not be enough for all Canada. " Why not fuse all our provinces into one? " asks a writer in *Maclean's Magazine*, with a bland disregard of the British North America Act. The answer lies, of course, not in the British North America Act at all, but in the Treaty of Paris and the Quebec Act, in the fact that Canada, if we accept not the letter of the British North America Act but the spirit behind it, is not a country divided into a number of provinces, but is a number of provinces united into a country, and in the fact that one of these provinces is French-Canadian.

For hours and days the Deputy Attorney-General of Quebec and his colleagues have argued one point and another before the Privy Council in London, until that august body at last expressed the hope that these disputes could some day come to an end.

Sometimes Quebec has been successful in her effort to maintain her jurisdiction over an important activity, sometimes she has failed. The Privy Council thought that insurance was Quebec's business, but that radio was not; that Quebec had the same authority as the Dominion to create corporations; that she had very definite rights in the matter of hydro-electric power produced within her boundaries.

In one direction the *Canadiens* of Quebec have carried this watch against encroachments into an area which strictly speaking is not theirs. They have constituted themselves the " big brothers " of the *Canadien* minorities in other parts of Canada. As Mr. Taschereau puts the matter:

" Here no tradition is denied, nor is any right forsaken or surrendered; but also the traditions and rights of others are acknowledged, and we admire our English-speaking fellow-countrymen in their wish to perpetuate and their success in perpetuating them.

" Our progress is marked by social and political peace. Here is given to the world and to Canada at large a constant example of what fruit justice, strength of discipline, respect for one's neighbour, enlightened patriotism can bear. We ask nothing else for the French Canadians living in our sister-provinces, where they are a minority, than what we so gladly grant our English-speaking brothers in this province. We believe in the old saying: 'A house divided against itself shall fall.' So we confidently entrust our English fellow-Canadians from the other provinces with the destiny of our sons outside of this province. We pray that the like be done unto our own as we do unto others."

Of the effect of this Quebec attitude on public feeling in the other provinces there will be more to say. Sometimes at least it has helped those whom it was intended to help.

CHAPTER XI

"GOING MODERN"

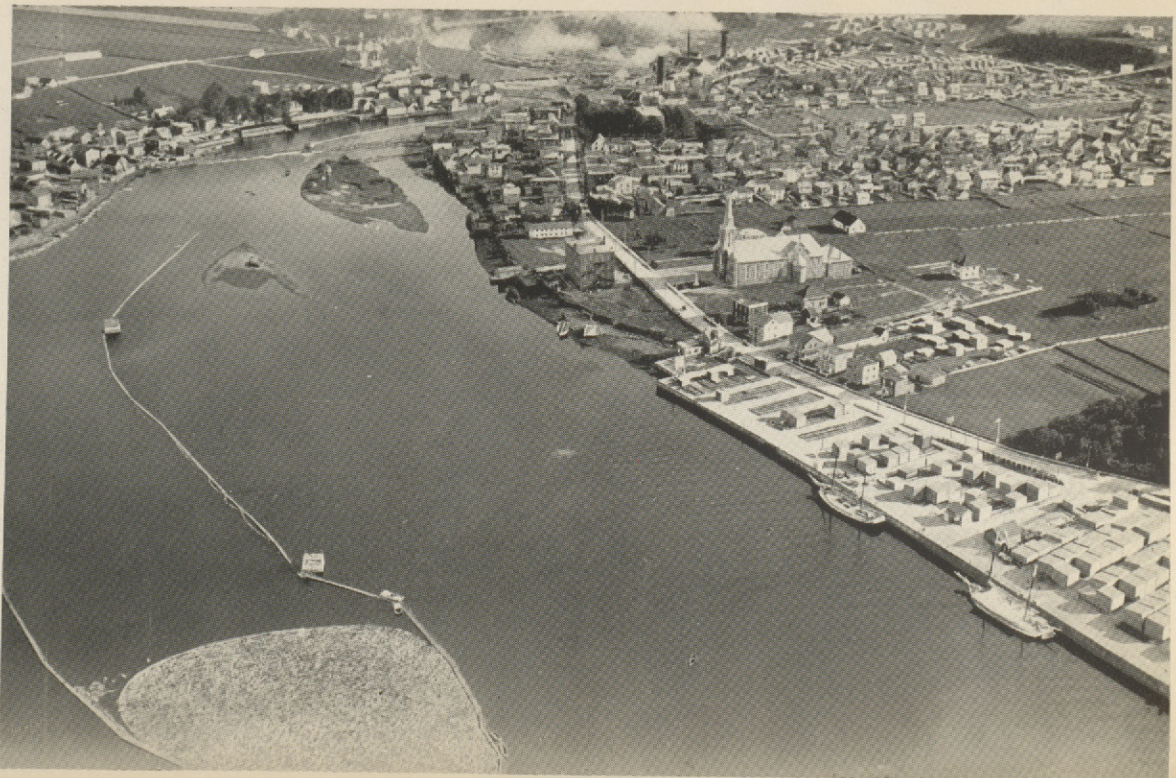
> " Romance! " the season-tickets mourn,
> " *He* never ran to catch his train,
> But passed with coach and guard and horn,
> And left the local—late again! "
> Confound Romance! . . . And all unseen
> Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.
>
> RUDYARD KIPLING.

> The village of Ste. Eulalie de Temiscouata, which is about sixteen miles from St. Alexandre, is served by a party line of number-nine iron wire, upon which are connected twelve subscribers, such number being increased to sixteen during the summer. Though the line is in good condition, its efficiency is much diminished by the fact that it is a party line and that upon each call upon such a line there are always inquisitive persons listening in, thus increasing the resistance of the line.
>
> *Report of the Quebec Public Service Commission.*

THE modernization in three decades of a people which had changed very little in two centuries and of a country half the size of Europe was a considerable task. Yet it was accomplished in Quebec. Roads were built and automobiles arrived to run on them, agricultural methods were transformed, a huge mining industry was created, forestry was systematized. During the same period the St. Lawrence became a still more important artery of trade; Montreal trebled in size and developed into the world's greatest grain port; there was set up in the province a hydro-electric system which by 1930 produced one-fifth as many horsepower as all the waterfalls of the United States. There was a simultaneous and enormous increase in industrial activity. In less than a generation the *Canadien* became accustomed to facilities and developments of which his father had never dreamed.

NOTE.—In some cases the names of persons and places which are referred to in this chapter have been altered, but the reports of cases and events are otherwise given as recorded.

Sherbrooke



Matane, on the Lower St. Lawrence

All through Quebec public utilities large and small have sprung into existence. The Public Service Commission, upon which falls the endless task of settling disputes between electric-light companies, telegraph companies, water companies, road-builders and ferrymen on the one side and the public on the other, has had questions to answer that would have puzzled Solomon.

There is, for example, the story of the two ferry-boats. In the eastern part of the province there is a narrow lake, its twenty-mile length lying north and south, hemmed in on both sides by tree-clad hills. One on each side, not far from the southern end of the lake—but too far for the journey around to be convenient—are two little towns, which we shall call St. Édouard and St. Luc du Lac. A ferry between the two was operated by Jean-Baptiste Laberge, who lived at St. Édouard. Before long the inhabitants of St. Luc were dissatisfied: the ferry was not there when they wanted it; an up-to-date place like St. Luc ought to have its own ferry. So they invited one of their townsmen, Magloire Dubeau, to run another boat. Magloire proceeded to build a ferry which looked exactly like Baptiste's. Baptiste had a subsidy from the Provincial Government for carrying milk. Magloire got a subsidy from the Dominion Government for carrying mail. The rivalry became quite warm—it was like the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National on a small scale. Then someone told Baptiste that the Public Service Commission could settle the matter, and the Commissioners sat in judgment at a near-by city. They went to St. Édouard—a pleasant trip along a beautiful highway—they saw the twin boats of Baptiste and Magloire, and looking across the lake they saw at St. Luc two wharves—north and south. They decided that Magloire should use the first and Baptiste the second. But what about the mail and the milk? Well, Baptiste, they thought, might make one trip each morning from the south wharf to the north wharf to fetch milk and one trip back in the evening with the cans. Magloire might

make one stop at the south wharf to pick up outgoing mail and one stop to make deliveries—otherwise they were to let each other's wharves severely alone. No, they could not carry lumber except to their own wharves. Yes, they might make special trips—but these trips must not interfere with their regular services. And that is only one of 1086 cases that the Public Service Commission heard in one year.

The changes which have ushered in the modern era of Quebec have for the most part been north of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, among the Laurentian Hills. The main level from which these hills rise is not very high, the summits reach a maximum of about 2000 feet. Everywhere are lakes, large and small. In the very centre of the region, 200 miles north of Montreal, the main level is at its highest and the lakes are most frequent. Streams run off in every direction, and join one another to form rivers, which flow in cataracts north to Hudson Bay, east to Lake St. John and the Saguenay, west to the Ottawa, south to the St. Maurice. The Indians who met Jacques Cartier four hundred years ago knew all about this country and its waterways. They told him that it was full of gold and red copper—and the gold-bearing copper sulphides of Rouyn bear witness to their accuracy. They told him that north of Stadacona and Hochelaga—Quebec and Montreal—the country was "as it were an island environed and encircuited by lakes and rivers"—and their description was quite correct.

Leave Montreal, travel north-eastwards down the St. Lawrence in a river-steamer, and turn westward into the Saguenay. Your ship is like a toy as it steams between the ramparts of rock, the water-filled chasm is two miles wide and nearly half-a-mile deep, the towers of Cape Eternity and Cape Trinity on its south shore rise 1900 feet into the air. Seventy miles above Tadoussac the gorge ends; you must leave your ship behind and take to a canoe.

The Saguenay river proper, a series of tremendous rapids,

leads up to Lake St. John. This is the centre of a great plain; into it rivers run from every side—one of them, the Peribonka, winding in from the north-east, flows through a rock-walled cleft as deep as that which makes the channel of the Lower Saguenay, as deep, and far more forbidding. Now you take a stream running westward, the Chamouchouan—you are on the old Indian trail through the north—and work patiently up it, carrying your canoe where the water is too swift. You turn into the Chigoubich, reach its head-waters, and portage over to Lake Chamouchouan. You work southward now, up another stream; then comes another portage and we are on the head-waters of the St. Maurice, a maze of streams and lakes. Here you go with the current awhile, then upstream again and through more lakes; finally comes another portage and we are at the head of the Lièvre—one of the great tributaries of the Ottawa. Now your way is all downstream; portaging past falls and rapids you reach the Ottawa, and so make your way back to Montreal. You have " encircuited " the " island." Of course, it is one thing to talk of these portages and another to make them. Father Albanel, the missionary who made his way up the Chamouchouan in 1667, describes his journey from the head of the Chigoubich: " One must always be in the water up to his knees, sometimes up to his waist, crossing and recrossing streams which flow through a vast plain which we must pass to reach the Nicabau river." One can well imagine the intrepid priest, his frock trussed up, his strong brown arms helping his Indians with their loads, burned by the Laurentian sun, chilled by the Laurentian nights, assailed by innumerable Laurentian mosquitoes, mapping everything as he went along, working onwards, weary but persistent, along the trail which was to lead him to Hudson Bay.

More Jesuit missionaries followed him—and, in spite of their primitive instruments, they had managed to compile enough information to enable Father Laure to make in 1723 that wonderful map of the lakes and streams north of the

St. Lawrence. Then came the conquest. Father Laure's map went into the Archives of France; it was 1895 before there was another as good. The north was forgotten; to most of the world Northern Quebec was an unknown and unexploited wilderness of woods and waters.

Soon after the beginning of the nineteenth century the lumber business had begun to develop; William Price, one of our greatest business pioneers, established his woodsmen along the St. Maurice and at the mouth of the Saguenay. He did not lack opposition—the Hudson Bay Company fought him tooth and nail, axe and fist; but even the Hudson Bay Company could not defeat William Price. Philemon Wright set up a similar business at Hull. For nearly a century young men from *Canadien* farms worked in the bush in winter, at the log-drive in summer. The ring of axes wakened the snowbound woods before the sun was well risen, the crash of falling trees, the shout of the ox-drivers as they harnessed their sturdy beasts to the trimmed logs filled the day. At night the crews gathered at the shanties, where huge stoves had been busy cooking the supper, pork and beans and bread; there was the scent of good *Canadien* tobacco, and old songs rose up to the cold stars:

> À la claire fontaine;
> M'en allant promener;
> J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle;
> Que je me suis baigné;
> Il y a longtemps que je t'aime;
> Jamais je ne t'oublierai.[1]

Summer saw them on the rivers, leaping from log to log, keeping the great mass moving down the stream until the logs reached a spot where they could be lashed together into an enormous raft—and the story of the men who took these rafts to Quebec and Montreal is another epic.

About 1860 the first colonists began to settle round Lake St. John, in a trackless forest. No one has ever described

[1] To the clear spring—as I went a-walking—I found the water so fine—that I bathed. Long have I loved thee--ne'er shall I forget thee.

the strange fervour that possesses the " colon " as has Louis Hémon. No one has ever understood better that worship of the soil which makes men give all their youth and strength for a sacrifice. No one has ever seen so clearly the patient and unending labour of the housewife in a new country.

" When we took our first land at Normandin," says Samuel Chapdelaine, " we had two cows and not much of a pasture —nearly all that lot was still in standing wood and a tough job. Well, I took my axe and said ' I'm going to make you some land, Laure! ' And from morning till night it was clear, clear, clear, without ever coming back to the house, except for dinner. And all that time she did the housework and the chores, she looked after the animals, she mended the fences, she cleaned the stable, toiling without stopping, and three or four times a day she would stand outside the door and watch me a moment at the edge of the wood where I was spanking away as hard as I could at the spruce and birch to make her land. . . . Often," he goes on, " when we had been five or six years in one place, and when everything had gone well, we began to have a nice property, pasture, some fine pieces of land made, ready to sow, a house all lined with picture papers. People began to settle round us, we had nothing to do but wait a while and work quietly and we should have been in the middle of a fine parish—where Laure could have had a happy time. . . . Suddenly my heart failed. The job annoyed me, the place annoyed me, I began to hate the faces of the people who had taken lots in the neighbourhood. . . . I heard that further along near the head of the lake in the bush there was some good land . . . and I began to hunger and thirst after it as if I had been born there."[1]

Samuel Chapdelaine moved on towards the north, and his wife went with him, and others tilled his fields—and one quiet parish after another grew up round Lake St. John.

[1] *Maria Chapdelaine.*

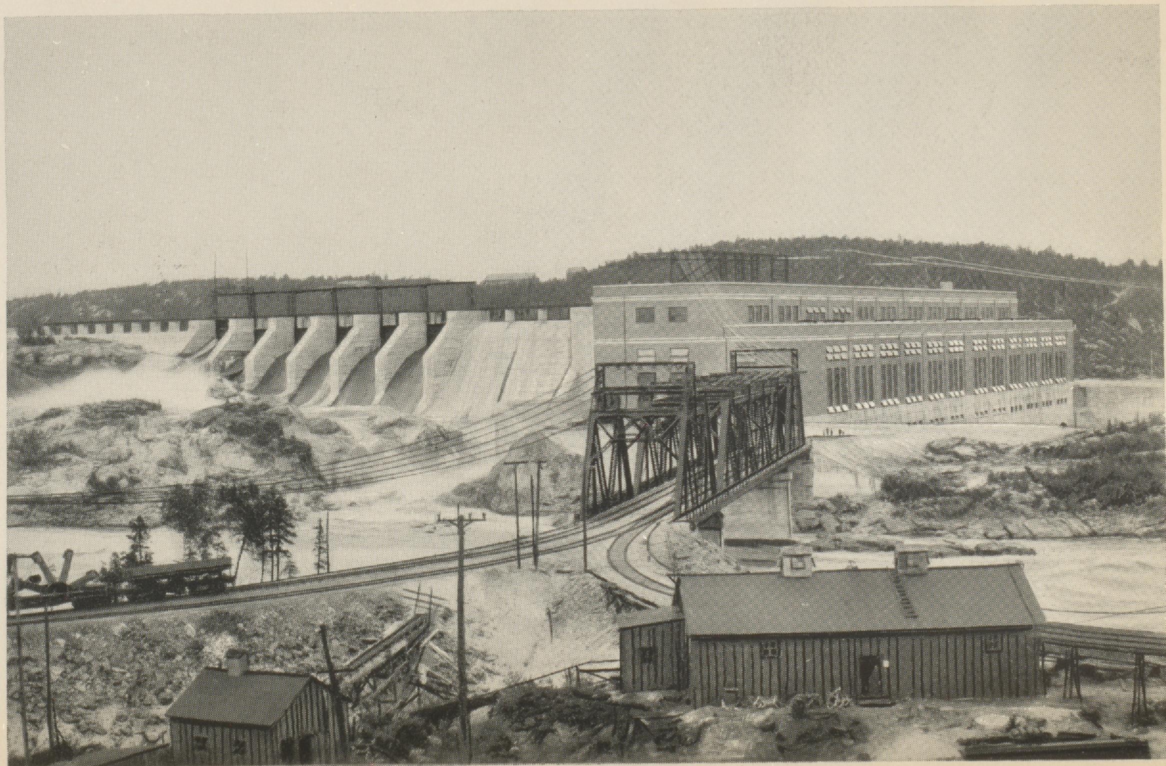
The settlements on the Upper St. Maurice, on the Lièvre and Gatineau had a story very similar to those of the Saguenay and Lake St. John.

In 1889 the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway reached Roberval—a new era was in sight. The young men went to Quebec—down to the United States. They saw much and they learned quickly, and when they came back to visit their families they told what they had seen and learned.

With the beginning of the twentieth century the hand of industrialism stretched out, and in thirty years the north country was transformed. The Falls at Shawinigan on the St. Maurice were harnessed for electric power; transmission lines brought that power to Montreal. Industries were established—a town grew up in what had been the backwoods; more farms were needed to support it. Schools and convents were built; more power was developed; huge chemical works appeared, where everyday magic worked its twentieth-century wonders; a Technical Institute was founded for the children—the *Canadien* showed that his inherited craftsmanship made him a first-class mechanic. The changes on the St. Maurice, the easily obtained and inexpensive power, turned Three Rivers from a small country town to a humming commercial city—hundreds of girls whose mothers had never seen a machine worked in mills and factories.

Then came the mushroom growth of the newsprint industry and a new use for Quebec forests. Millions of small trees which were of no use for lumber were cut and then ground by machines or reduced by chemical treatment into the pulp from which in turn was to be made paper. In 1910 nearly seventy per cent. of the manufacture was done in the United States, by 1920 over sixty per cent. was carried out in Canada. The enormous increase in newspaper and magazine circulation during the after-war boom called for more paper; more mills were built—until the percentage of Quebec pulpwood treated in the province rose from seventy to eighty-five.

Grand Décharge, Saguenay River



Duke-Price Power-house at Île Maligne, Upper Saguenay

More power was produced to meet the new requirements. It was said often enough during those years that the *Canadien* had too little control of, and too little share in, the enormous industries that were filling his province and profiting by his labour. Time was to show that in one respect at least he was lucky: if his investment was small, he did not lose so much in the crash of 1930. But though the industrialists, or most of them, were English Canadians the Government was French-Canadian, and the Government took a very important share in the work of modernization.

Sir Lomer Gouin became Prime Minister in 1905. He saw with the eye of a prophet the possibilities of enrichment that industrialization held for Quebec and got into action very quickly. First came the establishment of the technical-school system, already mentioned—the system which was to prepare the young *Canadien* to earn his living in a mill as well as on a farm. It grew quickly and it was efficient. The next piece of work was conservation—the protection of natural resources.

The Quebec Streams Commission and the Government Hydraulic Service, headed by M. Arthur Amos, undertook the creation of reservoirs. In the level central area of the Laurentians a large block of lake and river land at the head of the streams feeding the St. Maurice was selected. Remedial works were carried out, small dams built here and there, small canals constructed, so that finally all the water in the area flowed out through one channel. Across this, at Portage La Loutre, was built a control dam, and all the lakes and rivers above were thus transformed into the Gouin Reservoir—160 billion cubic feet of water. There are only two larger controlled lakes in the world: one is the Gatun Dam at Panama; the largest of all is a second Quebec reservoir created by the controlling of Lake St. John.

The importance of the Gouin Dam appeared very quickly. The high spring water was no longer wasted but retained

until it was needed—the useful power of the St. Maurice was doubled. Plant after plant was erected on the lower reaches of the river, until by 1930 the Shawinigan Company alone was producing or purchasing nearly one-sixth of all the hydro-electric power of Canada.

There were other developments on other rivers—and it was always found that as fast as power was produced it was used. The young *Canadien*, man or woman, was an excellent and contented operative; more and more industries profited by the combination of cheap power and satisfactory labour available in the same place. More reservoirs were provided —at the Mitis Lakes, at the head of the St. Francis river, at Lake Kenogami, at Lake Manouan; waters which had been known only to the hunter and the fisherman were held for service by the engineer.

The greatest and most astonishing changes of all came on the Upper Saguenay. For unknown ages the great stream had rushed downwards from Lake St. John, here cutting through a rocky gorge, there leaping down a precipice, tearing along in an almost unbroken succession of rapids. Along its banks was a good farming district, and though there were some mills, a few country towns offered the principal scenes of activity. Soon after 1920 industry entered upon the scene and in an incredibly short space of time the Upper Saguenay became a commercialized area. At the Lake St. John outlet was built the enormous Duke-Price power-plant, which before long produced fifteen per cent. of all the power sold in Canada. Next door was an equally enormous newsprint mill, with a new town destined to house its employees. Lower down is another new town, Arvida—where an immense aluminium works, two office buildings and 300 houses appeared within a year from the time the ground was broken. The Aluminum Company began a power-plant of its own at Chute à Caron, designed to produce 800,000 horse-power. Twenty-seven power-plants and dependent industries had come into existence by 1928.

The effect of all this activity on the near-by agricultural areas is easy to imagine. The farmers were paid high prices for lands flooded by the remedial works which raised the level of Lake St. John; they had a good market for their supplies and made the best of it; the automobile began to replace the buckboard and the dog-team. Maria Chapdelaine watched new cars passing on the new highway by the boarding-house where Louis Hémon had lived. The little shops at St. Félicien began to sell radios as well as spinning-wheels—and they sold 200 sets in that one village.

All over the province the same sort of thing was happening: by the end of 1930 the rivers of Quebec were giving nearly 3,000,000 horse-power—the "quaint old province" led most of the world in *per capita* hydro-electric production. It was no wonder that the *Canadien*, like his surroundings, "went modern." Everyone who could bought a radio set; everyone who could bought a car. The young habitant, if his father could afford to spare his services and a little money, went to college, learned to write grammatically and speak without an accent. The *veillées*—the simple evenings where young and old gathered round the hearth to listen to stories or dance to the violin—were suddenly out-of-date; movie stars and radio crooners became as well known in New Richmond as in New York; Chicoutimi organized one of the largest of Canadian clubs; the T. Eaton Company's catalogue found a place on every sitting-room table and the appearance of the young *Canadienne* changed accordingly. So, naturally enough, did her ideas—a spinning-wheel looks less attractive when you have been watching a Hollywood producer's version of a ball in London. Quebec would have seen the same rush to the cities as every other part of North America has seen had it not been for the strong grip of tradition and a certain innate common sense.

The next thing to be undertaken by our *Canadien*

Government was the protection of forests. This work, like that of the Streams Commission, came under the Department of Lands and Forests, and its minister, Honoré Mercier. It sounds simple enough until you remember that the woods of Quebec cover an area four times as large as England; that they mostly consist of soft wood, filled with resin, inflammable as a torch; that the long hot summers dry even the ground beneath the trees, and that the ground itself, made up of wood-debris, is ready to burn. An ember is left by some careless camper on that soil, the fire smoulders outward, some tiny dried-up twig, some dead root, catches alight, the flame climbs the resin-filled bark of a tree, spreads out, leaps to another tree—soon a wall of flame is roaring through the woods. The white smoke rises high into the air, the wind carries it along, the keen sweet scent of forest fire permeates the atmosphere for hundreds of miles; even navigation on the St. Lawrence is hindered by the haze. How many million trees have been so destroyed one hesitates to think. But within the last few years a change has been manifest. Forest Protection Associations have been formed by the companies holding limits, with 400 look-out towers and nearly 8000 miles of telephone wire. The Provincial Government has supplemented these by building more towers and stringing more wires in districts where no cutting operations are carried out. Go to the northern end of the railway, travel an hour northward by air, you will find a Provincial fire-ranger's watch-tower and cabin. The casual adventurer is no longer allowed in the woods; you must hold a permit before you can enter them. Even the youngsters are learning to share in the work of conservation. *L'Avenir du Nord*, the journal of the north country, tells us that at Lac des Écorces, " On the tenth of May we had a splendid Arbor Day. Our good nuns devoted themselves to preparing the pupils. The school-yard was well decorated. There was singing, speeches, recitations. The Reverend O. Lavergne, M. Pierre Lortie, the Member; M. E. Brosseau, Mayor of

the parish; M. J. N. Plouffe, Chairman of the School Commissioners, and Messrs. J. Cossette and A. Guérin, of Val Barrette, made speeches. Nearly all the parents of the children were in attendance. The commissioners planted small trees in the school-yard. When the celebration was over Mrs. Pierre Lortie distributed candies to the children." The children must have been impressed—but they were probably pleased when it came to the candies.

The modernizing activities of recent years have extended into every corner—we must leave some of them to be dealt with later. What is most evident to most people is the extraordinary development and improvement of highways and byways, of which a brief mention was made in the last chapter. Road-building, in spite of railways and aeroplanes, remains the most intriguing of human undertakings. The very words "the open road" touch a string in our hearts that vibrates to nothing else:

> Then follow you wherever hie
> The travelling mountains and the sky,
> Or let the streams in civil mode
> Direct your choice upon a road.
> For one and all, or high or low,
> Will lead you where you wish to go.
> And one and all go night and day
> Over the hills and far away.[1]

A few years ago Quebec was notable for its mediæval main roads—there were plenty of them, but a few hours of rain transformed them into slippery ribbons of mud, covered with brown puddles of unknown depth. Motoring was an undertaking, not a pleasure; even in fine weather the risk of broken springs was always considerable. As for the side-roads, no cars travelled on them—there were no cars to travel. A Good Roads Act was passed in 1912, but for some years only moderate progress was made. The first to visualize clearly the possibilities of improvement was J. L.

[1] R. L. Stevenson.

Perron, a country boy who became first a lawyer, then Minister of Roads, then leader of the Government in the Executive Council; a strong, masterful, clever man, who knew better than anyone else the intermingling currents of business and politics. He saw that a good roads movement would benefit the country people, and would be highly popular among them—hence politically good business. He saw that if tourists were offered easy transportation they would enjoy not only beautiful scenery but the wine and beer and whisky which the moderately minded Quebec Government was now controlling and the American Constitution now forbade. In consequence, most of the profits from the Government liquor business went to the building of roads, and met more than half the cost of the work.

A great work it has been. In 1923 there were only 3000 miles of highways—most of them poor—and some 1500 miles of other partly improved roads; in 1931 there were nearly 6000 miles of highway—most of them good—9000 miles of other permanent roads, and 20,000 miles of good earth roads. In 1923 the Government was maintaining less than 1500 miles, thirty-one per cent. of the system then improved. In 1931 over 13,000 miles were being maintained, almost the whole length of the permanently improved sections. For ten years dozens of young engineers armed with level and theodolite, crowds of skilled and unskilled journeymen, spent spring and summer and autumn surveying and widening and straightening. Hundreds of farmers were kept busy carting gravel—the list of their names is like a directory of French Canada: Allaire, Allard, Allen, Anctil, April, Arbie, Archambault, Arguin, Asselin, Aubert—and so on through the alphabet. Scores of municipalities were aided by grants—here again we have a list reading like a gazetteer: Senneterre, St. Jerusalem, St. Côme de Kennebec, St. Cajetan d'Armagh, St. Laurent de Matapedia, St. Stanislas de la Rivière des Envies, St. Antoine de Padoue de Kempt Road,

The Highway at Rivière à Pierre

The Gaspé Coast at Grand Étang

A STREET IN STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

Ste. Rose du Dégélé, Rivière au Tonnerre, Ham North, and dozens of others—almost every parish in the province has benefited. The work was not very difficult in the more level sections, but when the road-builders came to the rocky valleys of the north shore, or to the incredible ups and downs of Gaspé, they had some real problems. The only possible route to Gaspé climbs over enormous hills, swings around shoulders, drops a thousand feet to the bottom of a leafy gorge, turns quickly over a little stream to climb the other side, drops again two thousand feet or more to the shore—and stops completely. Miles of causeway must be built along the foot of the black and unscalable cliffs near Mont Louis. Here is the Grand Étang—the Great Lagoon—running far back from the shore; in front of us is a steep wall of green without a shelf on its seaward side—we must follow the curves of the lagoon inland until we find a valley to carry us up and eastward again. Down we go, a wheel on the edge of nothing, over another hill past the Fox river, past Cap des Rosiers; now we must hurdle the high saddle of Cape Gaspé between two towering castles of green, blasting off the crest of the hill which makes the last few seconds' climbing too steep to be safe, and there on the other side lies Gaspé Bay.

Road-building in such a country needs real engineers and real road-builders; but they were found, and the Gaspé highway—the "Perron Boulevard," as it was named—is one of the great scenic routes of the world. It has cost nearly $3,000,000, apart from local municipal expenditures, and it was cheap at the price—a remarkably good investment as a tourist attraction.

The Roads Department of the Quebec Government was responsible for almost one-half the total expenditures of the province during the ten years of progress from 1921 to 1930. Its activities touched every side of the people's life; it employed engineers, mechanics, chauffeurs, builders and carpenters; its purchases benefited farmers, automobile

dealers, lumbermen, bookbinders, printers, stationers, tree experts, hardware dealers, machinery dealers, contractors, lawyers, sign painters and snowshoe makers. It did its share, and more than its share, in the modernization of Quebec.

CHAPTER XII

THE FARMER

Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
Magna virum, tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Ingredior. VIRGIL.

(Hail, land of ancient days, great mother of harvests, great mother of men, for thee I venture on a theme that in old times won praise by old-time art.)

THE country life of Quebec is a combination of the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries. The twentieth century is gradually pushing the seventeenth into the background, but fortunately for the farmer the push did not come too soon, nor was it too hard. The era of over-mechanization which struck the west just on the edge of the depression of 1930 never reached Quebec at all; the *Canadien* agriculturist never hung round his neck the load of machinery debts and gasoline debts and bank loans which weighed down his western brother.

During the period of huge wheat harvests and high prices many westerners ceased to be farmers at all, in the old-fashioned sense of the word. "Do you think I'm going to spend my time pulling a cow's teats?" said one lately prosperous young man in Saskatchewan who was urged to try dairy-farming. Of course he was not.

But the Quebec farmer remained a farmer—and his wife remained a farmer's wife. The essential point of difference is that the *Canadien* thinks first of getting his own food from his own land, and only second of selling his surplus. You will not observe round Quebec farms the empty cans which decorate the farmyards of the American Middle West—or, if you do, they are cans put up at the local co-operative.

One reason for this attitude is the attachment to the soil, of which something has already been said. Miss Simone

Belanger, aged thirteen, of Ste. Lucie d'Albanel, by Lake St. John, writes an essay about it. An old farmer is moving to the city. " The day of departure came. ' Father,' said Johnny, the youngest of the boys, ' we are going to live in town—it is more *sport* than in the fields.' ' And you will be a Mister,' said Pierre. ' It hurts me to leave my fields,' said old Fabien. ' It hurts me—and it will be the death of me to do nothing.' ' You'll have plenty to do,' said Johnny, ' it's crazy to keep on living back in the concessions.' The old father regretted often that he had left his farm and his fields. He was lonely for his beautiful meadows, for his fine fields of barley and of wheat, for his good pieces of ploughland. At the end of eighteen months he slept his last sleep in the cemetery of Our Lady of the Snows—he was right when he had said: ' It will be the death of me to do nothing.' "

Little Simone knows something that many of us might very well learn.

Another cause which has kept the *Canadien* on the land is ancient habit never uprooted. The habitant is a habitant because he is one—and he thinks it quite a good thing to be. He is more likely to be educated now than he was in other days, but he is still a man of the land. There is a significance even in the name he takes for himself: the farmers' society of Quebec is called " L'Union Catholique des Cultivateurs," and there is something active about that word " cultivateur."

Georges Bouchard, Professor of Agriculture and Member of Parliament, has given us a charming view of the country-side of yesterday, of a rural life which, though it has changed in many ways, still evidences the same spirit, the same turn of mind. You must turn to his book [1] for a picture of the old *curé*, driven round the parish by one of his churchwardens, stopping here and there to give his blessing to the families he visits, for a picture of the village crier who advertised pigs and ordered work on the roads, of the blacksmith who made his own charcoal and his own tools, of the shoemaker who

[1] *Other Days and Other Ways.*

charged extra for creaking boots, for a description of the bread made in the old clay oven, preheated by poplar and hemlock, of the spinning-wheel and of the sickle. Nowadays no one builds clay ovens; the *curé* has a Chevrolet; the blacksmith, likely as not, has turned garage mechanic—and a good one he is; the village crier, since everyone can read, has not much to do. Only on the Island of Orleans and in some out-of-the-way townships you will still see a two-ox plough, a harrow such as the first settlers used—you will, that is, if you go there soon enough.

As for the spinning-wheels and looms, they never disappeared altogether, and low prices for farm products are bringing them back. The farmer's wife who gets less than ten cents a pound for her raw wool can do much better if she makes her own tweeds and serges.

There is a very general and quite mistaken idea that the Quebec countryside is backward. Mr. Moore and others have endeavoured to show that the notion was not particularly well founded, yet it still persists. It is true that the *Canadien* has rarely expended either his time or his money on fine clothes and a fine house, he does not worry about the appearance of prosperity. But he is no more backward than other farmers. The trouble is that most people take their ideas of the Quebec habitant from descriptions thirty years old and more, or from modern books and articles which are based either on these old descriptions or on the writer's imagination. The summer visitor who used to drive about with her "horse and rig," stopping here and there to buy eggs or cream, or bright aconite flowers and tiger-lilies from the garden, now dashes by in a car and calls on her farmer friends no more.

"Of modern agricultural methods," says one author, "the habitant knows nothing and cares less." And our first chapter furnishes some more examples of the fact that many people know nothing and care less about the habitant. But the change which has taken place in the last quarter of a

century, under the influence of an excellent Department of Agriculture and the colleges at Oka and Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, can scarcely be measured.

In 1897 M. Leon Gérin wrote a remarkable article—a complete and detailed description of the country life of those days. There would be no more interesting sociological study than to take it paragraph by paragraph and set beside it a modern statement. This would be far too long a task to undertake at the moment, but some comparisons may be interesting.

On the subject of hygiene, for instance, M. Gérin is critical. "The hygienic conditions," he observes, "while not being very bad, might in many respects be better. The preparation of food, particularly of bread, leaves much to desire—dishes are not very delicate. Our habitant . . . hardly ever thinks of changing the air in his house. Especially in winter, when doors and windows are kept carefully closed, when the stove is red-hot, when most of the members of the family are kept indoors most of the time (the women nearly all the time) and when numbers of visits are made during the long evenings, the air becomes vitiated. . . . There are no baths or other facilities for bodily cleanliness."

It is hardly necessary to remark that under such conditions tuberculosis and epidemic diseases were comparatively frequent.

Accidents and illnesses were generally treated without the aid of a doctor. For a broken bone the "remmancheux," the bone-setter, was called in, and it must be acknowledged that he was often highly successful. For coughs and colds and other unimportant afflictions the mother had her traditional cures—yew-tea for coughs, pine and spruce gum for constipation, gold-thread roots to stimulate appetite and for application to cuts. The men had simpler methods, and in outlying districts still use them. A fisherman who gets a cod-hook through the ball of his thumb—a common enough accident—cuts it out with his clasp-knife, claps a piece of

tobacco on the spot, ties it up with a piece of rag, goes on fishing—and the cut gets well.

But there have been many changes. Hundreds of doctors have been turned out by the medical schools and gone to country towns—the remmancheux and the home-made medicine chest have disappeared. A public hygiene service has been built up: over thirty counties have Sanitary Units, each consisting of a Health Officer, nurses and an inspector. In one year the Public Health personnel made nearly 30,000 inspections, visited more than 5000 schools, travelled over 650,000 miles and lectured to 290,000 people. The consequences of this activity are already evident, and one thing is very clear—that the information given is being accepted and applied.

Now what about the farmer's everyday job? Statistics are tricky things, and we must not put too much faith in them, but let us see what they have to say.

In 1921—the last year for which figures are, at the time of writing, available—we find that the average value of a Quebec farmer's land was higher than that of an Ontario farmer's, that he had about the same amount of machinery, a little less live stock, and spent almost as much on feed and fertilizer as did the Ontario farmer. He spent only about half as much on labour—and for this we shall see the reason later. The *Canadien's* income, while it was about twenty per cent. less than that of the Ontario man, and still smaller in comparison with that of the westerner, was greater than that of any other farmer. These figures scarcely indicate backwardness.

Of course we are playing that well-known game "averages," and the average man is very dull.

Let us take a typical farmer instead, one of the best farmers —and if he is imaginary you can find plenty like him. He lives in the county of Megantic, east of Sherbrooke. His name is Onésime Martin, and he is fifty years of age. He has distinguished himself by winning the medal for " Mérite

Agricole" conferred by the Provincial Government, and proudly wears its rosette in his buttonhole. He has a good farm, a little over 200 acres, of which 125 are cultivated; on the other section is some swampy land and a wood of sugar-maple, beech and birch.

A brook runs through the swampy ground by the sugar-bush, and Martin and his neighbours arranged last spring with the municipal council for the drainage of the land along its banks. A young engineer was sent to lay out a new watercourse. The farmers went before Maître Janin, the local notary, and made an agreement about it, and finally a large excavator belonging to the Provincial Government, and looking like a prehistoric animal, with its attendant mechanic-keeper, appeared at the railway station. For three months now it has been burrowing its dinosaur nose into the soft ground, the brook is already running in a new and straighter course, the swamp is drying into a fine field—and all that Martin has had to pay is his share of the oil and gas. Next year he will put some lime on the new ground and use it for pasture—the Megantic farmers believe in lime, even though it is expensive.

Martin's house is comparatively new, standing beside the smaller one built years ago by his grandfather. It is simple but comfortable. He lives much like other farmers anywhere in Canada—less comfortably perhaps and more simply. The only peculiarity about his diet is that he still loves pea-soup and pork-and-beans. It is still true, as M. Gérin remarked thirty-five years ago, that "On the whole food is plenty and sufficiently varied. Thus by their chemical composition peas, rich in azote, are the proper complement of the very fat pork, of which a great deal is eaten."

But there are fewer and fewer old ladies who concoct the delicious black-puddings—made of pigs' blood—that literally melt in the mouth, and more and more seldom are you offered the blueberries and *sucre du pays* [1] that once made the standard dessert.

[1] Light-coloured sugar made from maple sap.

Onésime's wife, Germaine, is three years younger than himself, and they have eight children. Families are not so large in the "Bois Francs," as this section of Quebec is called, as in the "colonization counties," such as Temiscamingue, Chicoutimi, Lake St. John or Matapedia. There the birth-rate runs up to nearly fifty per thousand people, as compared with an average of thirteen and a half per thousand for the rest of Canada.

Three of Germaine's children died in early childhood, and in this the Martin family resembles many others. The infant death-rate in Quebec was until recently very high. Most deaths are caused by intestinal trouble, not by prematurity or weakness as in the English-speaking provinces; the cause which suggests itself is the fact that the Onésimes and the Germaines marry young. The infant mortality is being gradually reduced—mainly, if we can judge from statistics, owing to the efforts of the health units of which we have spoken: in June 1932 Quebec's infant death-rate was, for the first time, lower than that of any other province.

Telesphore Joseph—thousands of boys are called Joseph, after the patron saint of French Canada—is the eldest son, and lives with his wife and small children in the old farmhouse that stands beside the new one. Charles and Ludger, the second and the youngest sons, aged twenty-four and sixteen, live at home, as do Corinne and Alice, the two younger daughters, aged eighteen and fifteen. Mathilde and Azilde, the two elder daughters, aged twenty-seven and twenty-five, are both married, and have commenced families of their own.

Johnnie, now nineteen, spends his winters at the Agricultural School at Oka; he is going to have a job as an agriculturist with the Provincial Government—if the local Member can get it for him. Meantime he is very useful along with his brothers, and you see why the *Canadien* farmer needs no hired man.

Corinne will probably be married before long. She has

taken to driving in to the movies at Megantic with Adélard Tremblay and a couple of other young people, and listening with Adélard to the radio. Telesphore, by the way, is a radio fan too, and a little more. He went both to the Classical College at Nicolet and to Oka, and he is now writing radio continuities for a friend who manages a large station—as well as occasional articles for *La Terre de Chez Nous*, the journal of the Union Catholique des Cultivateurs, of which both he and his father are members.

Charles and Ludger, of course, are members of the A.C.J.C. —Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne—and its occasional activities, added to their jobs on the farm, keep them busy. Ludger belongs to a Young Farmers' Club, too, and is expecting to win at least one prize for his turnips.

The main asset of the Martin family is their dairy herd. They keep about thirty acres in pasture, and have a herd of nineteen pure-bred Ayrshire cows, which yield about 140,000 pounds of milk during the year. In 1930 this was sold for about $3000, of which $800 was profit. The Martins are not average farmers, as has already been remarked—they are typical good farmers, and so make a profit instead of a loss. As it is, their net gains on milk had to be set against some other losses and expenses.

The calves are a special business for Alice—they still interest her more than boys—and last year, by paying great attention to their rations, she had the runner-up in the Calf-feeding Competition. This year she means to have the grand champion—and she probably will. Then there are the pigs—the Martins stick closely enough to tradition to believe in pigs, and sell about thirty a year. These are pure bacon stock, and weigh about 200 lb. when sold. Onésime has a thoroughbred boar for breeding purposes, and in consequence gets a special subsidy of twenty-five dollars from the Farmers' Club to which he belongs.

And the chickens—no farm would be a farm without both pigs and chickens—Alice looks after these as well as her

A Good Field

A Farm near Laprairie

calves, getting her brother to do the killing when one is wanted for the family. But the Martins do not make much of their chicken-run, so we shall not give it much space.

The Martins' main field crops consist of oats—to which they have twenty acres sown, yielding them 500 bushels—and clover hay, which covers fifty acres. They also grow some beans for the kitchen, some fodder corn, turnips for their stock and potatoes for the market; and they have a field of tomatoes, which are sent to the local cannery. One serious difficulty the Quebec farmer meets is that he must buy feed grain and meal for his stock, and Martin has to spend about $500 per annum on these items—a considerable amount to come out of a farmer's pocket. He is materially helped in both buying and selling by the Co-operative to which he has subscribed, one of the eighty-odd co-operatives in the province. It is not one of the largest—it does not compare, for instance, with that at Mont Joli, which in 1930 did nearly $70,000 worth of business in potatoes—but nevertheless it is very useful to its members.

Of course there are farmers, and plenty of them, not so well off as the Martins. Some of them do not deserve to be well off; some are in less fertile and less pleasant places, farther from the markets to which they must look for their incomes; some have had to start with less capital. Some have just hard luck. Many small farmers who were used to sending their sons into the woods in winter lost this additional income owing to the distressed condition of the pulp and paper industry—distant and innocent victims of Soviet Government capitalism and prison labour in Russian woods.

Sometimes a blight will sweep over the most important crop of a whole country—the potatoes of Matane or the peas in Gaspé—and a year's income will be gone. Sometimes there will be a glut of one vegetable and the farmer will find it impossible to sell the product that is his mainstay. Sometimes the ever-present parasite, or the ubiquitous germ, will take a heavier toll than usual. Macdonald College, at

Ste. Anne de Bellevue, is leading the fight against these pests.

Sometimes you read a pathetic item like this:

"SHERBROOKE, QUE., *12th April* 1932.—Two horses, 23 cows and 50 chickens were drowned early to-day when the St. Francis river overflowed its banks at L'Avenir, Que., and submerged the farmhouse and barns belonging to P. Allard. Allard was alone at the time. He was compelled to leave his house through a second-storey window and to jump from one farm-building to another until he reached a row-boat tied near by. He estimates his loss at $4000."

There is a whole tragedy in that paragraph, yet you may be sure that P. Allard will come out on top in the end.

Nature can be a bitter foe as well as a good friend—she is a two-faced goddess at best—and the man who is able to use her friendship and outface her enmity is the one who succeeds as a farmer.

The men who get into difficulties generally turn to the Government for aid, and the Government has been able to help a great many by giving them work on the roads—or odd jobs of other kinds. It is not very surprising of course that a road-building programme in any district is likely to be marked by an epidemic of hard-upness, and local members are kept just as busied in finding jobs for constituents as they are at election time in making speeches in church-yards and halls, to which the constituents get free rides in trucks.

But the Martins and the Tremblays and their like do very well, as we have seen. One way and another, in an ordinary year, Onésime and his family will be able to put away seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars after meeting all their expenses—and living for the most part on their own produce. Many city folk would be glad to say as much. And while the Martins' friends may not all make as much as they do, most of them can show at least five hundred dollars at the end of a year's work.

The Martins have a good side-line in their sugar-bush, although luck varies from year to year. One year it will take thirteen gallons of sap to make a pound of sugar, another year four will do it. But there is nothing much else to do when the sap is running: it is pleasant to be out-of-doors with the sweet spring wind blowing and the first crows cawing, and sugaring-off still has some of the pleasures it had in the old days. But not quite so many. *La tire* was a great business when Onésime and Germaine were young. All the neighbours came to the sugaring-party, all took a hand, and the sap was poured into great iron pots heated by hot fires. As the syrup stiffened to the consistency of toffee it was ladled out, thrown on the snow to cool, pulled into long strings and eaten by the sugarers, amid much amusement. But now the iron pots are replaced by modern stoves; we have no time for kissing sugar off fingers and we sell all the sugar we make—economic pressure again.

Madame has a side-line of her own—she is a great weaver; and while Corinne is there for the housework she sits at her loom and turns out material at an incredible speed. The Martins have no sheep themselves, but she gets her wool from a neighbour, cards it, spins it and makes tweed, which she sells to the Canadian Handicrafts Guild in Montreal at one dollar a yard. Sometimes she makes a carpet. Here is a piece of sacking, and there is Chien, the family dog. Chien is told to lie down on the sacking. Madame draws a line round him with a piece of chalk. Chien gets up, but his outline remains, and later appears as a white dog with large red eyes on a black hooked rug. This goes off to Montreal too, and finally Chien's picture finds its way to the nursery wall of Mrs. William X. Brown of Kenosha, Wis. How astonished Chien would be!

Madame has her club too: she belongs to the Cercle des Fermières—the Farm Housewives' Club—and her displays of weaving at the annual show give her a great deal of satisfaction. There are 137 of these clubs in the province,

with over 7000 members, and their interests are just as varied as the activities of the farmers themselves.

But life, thank heaven! is not all work. Indeed, French Canada is probably more like the Merry England of history than any other place in the world.

Sunday is a real Sunday still: the bell brings every man, woman and child in the parish to the morning service; the afternoon, according to immemorial custom, is free for amusement—a drive or a game of croquet or, at more up-to-date houses, a game of tennis. And there are any number of feast-days which must be observed almost, or quite, as strictly as Sunday—the Fête-Dieu, for instance, and the Day of St. Jean Baptiste, the national holiday for all *Canadiens*. From Christmas to "Little Christmas"—Epiphany, 6th January—the Martins and all their friends stage a more or less continuous celebration, eating, drinking and dancing in the intervals of perfectly well-conducted church services. New Year's Eve is, as it has always been, the climax. First there is the Mass at the parish church, to which the whole family goes, dressed in its best. Then after driving home, to the jingle of bells if there is enough snow, or to the honks of innumerable motor-horns if there is not, they begin the *veillée*, and friend after friend drops in for a bite of cake or to join in a drink or two:

> Boire un p'tit coup c'est agréable,
> Boire un p'tit coup c'est doux.[1]

It is six o'clock, and day is nearly breaking, when the last visitor leaves and the tired but still cheerful Martins tumble into bed. New Year's Day will be almost over before we hear of them again.

Corinne's wedding will be another great celebration, and after it is over she and Adélard, and all her family and all his family, will dash off in gaily decorated automobiles,

[1] "Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm" is a good enough translation.

hooting endlessly, to Megantic, where the train will carry off the newly-weds for a honeymoon in Montreal. Then there are other people's weddings, and annual dinners, and Sunday baseball matches to see in summer and ice-hockey games to watch in winter; and, generally speaking, the Martins manage to get quite a lot of enjoyment in the course of their busy year.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE CITY

Quicquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas
Gaudia discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.

JUVENAL.

(Whatever men do, their hopes, their fears, their wrath, their pleasure, their amusements and their pursuits, these are the stuff of our book.)

This circled cosmos, whereof man is god,
Has suns and stars of green and gold and red.[1]

G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the summer of 1931 a party of students from the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland, visited Montreal, and were shown something of French-Canadian city life.

On their first free day they had afternoon tea with M. Émile Vaillancourt at his house in Outremont. In the little cloister at the end of the garden was provided everything that a kindly hostess could think of for hungry young people to eat—indeed there were so many delicacies, and the food was so good, that none of them wanted any dinner. And to welcome them to this part of the British Empire, new to all of them, there were a number of other young people, whose native tongue was French, but who talked English as well as the Scots did, although with a different accent.

Their host's hospitality is cosmopolitan, and the St. Andrews students found, rather to their astonishment, that they were fellow-guests with the two sons of the President of Mexico. But what surprised them more was that the young *Canadiennes* were " so smart." They had rather had the idea, though most of them firmly denied it, that the people of Montreal, especially the French Canadians, wore flannel shirts and high boots. To meet, therefore, a number of debutantes,

[1] A poet writes of traffic light signals.

and sub- and super-debutantes, who looked rather like the impeccable mannequins of *Britannia and Eve* or *The Tatler*, plus the chic added by a Parisian finishing-school, was quite a revelation. The French-Canadian society girls are always well turned-out, and, as has already been noted, have had a remarkably good education before their debut. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart take most of them in charge, and the robes of the good sisters conceal so many titles—before one took the veil she was la Princesse that, another was la Comtesse this—that our young ladies grow up with all the finished manners and all the poise of Old World society added to their New World self-possession. The St. Andrews students, it is to be hoped, enjoyed themselves—although their host, who had some very special and ancient Scotch whisky laid by, was shocked at being asked whether Canada had no soda-water. Later in the evening, in company with a young lawyer and his charming wife, a young engineer and his pretty fiancée, the Scottish boys and girls went to see an indoor lacrosse match, as guests of the *Canadien* club and Mr. Leo Dandurand, its manager. Some of them had played lacrosse, in amateur fashion, and could not get used to the strenuous encounters which brightened the game as carried on by their energetic hosts. " Dreadfully unsporting " was the description one of the young ladies wrote in her diary. It was a pity that they had not been here in winter to watch the *Canadien* hockey team as well, for then they would have seen some of the greatest masters of the world's greatest game. For masters the *Canadiens* are, none will deny; they may be beaten by strength, but no team has ever played better hockey. Their feats of winning the World's Championship in 1930 and 1931 were the two peaks of an extraordinary succession of achievements. The successes of the *Canadiens* have gradually drawn more and more young French Canadians into hockey. It is a game which seems to suit them particularly well, and they are good at it; the neck-and-neck series between McGill University and St. François Xavier for the

Provincial Amateur Championship of 1931 will be long remembered. They are taking to other winter sports too. In the 1932 championships of the Intercollegiate Winter Sports Union, Ottawa University produced a *Canadien* who was by far the finest of the ski-jumpers; while as for the summer, the University of Montreal has more than one Davis Cup class tennis player, and Marcel Rainville is recognized as one of the very best.

The total number who are attracted to games, while it is still small as compared with that of the English-speaking lads, is constantly growing. The fact that it has not so far increased very quickly is due, as much as it is due to anything, to lack of funds. It costs money to play a game nowadays; it costs the player something; it costs his club a good deal. We have already observed that French-Canadian school education has reached its present stage only by conducting its institutions in the most economical way possible, using religious personnel to a large extent, and funds have never been available for " games masters " or for athletic organization. The Universities have been handicapped in the same manner. From one point of view there is nothing to regret; the over-development of sport has never done the damage it has done elsewhere. But the gradual change that is taking place to-day deserves the support of every *Canadien*. The habits of mind formed by clean sport are well worth cultivating. They will bring new strength to a people whose men and women are its main assets. And it is to be hoped that we in Canada, English-speaking as well as French-speaking, will learn to cultivate a little more attentively than we have yet done the fine principles laid down by the British Olympic Committee:

A SPORTSMAN

1. Plays the game for the game's sake.
2. Plays for his side and not for himself.
3. Is a good winner and a good loser—*i.e.* modest in victory and generous in defeat.

4. Accepts all decisions in a proper spirit.
5. Is chivalrous towards a defeated opponent.
6. Is unselfish and always ready to become proficient.
7. As a spectator applauds good play on both sides.
8. Never interferes with the judges, no matter what their decision.

There are two activities which appeal strongly to the *Canadien* who can afford it, hunting and fishing. All round Montreal and Quebec you will see parties off to the woods at the right season. Mr. Taschereau is one of the most enthusiastic of them; Mr. Lanctot, his Deputy Attorney-General, is equally notable, and plenty of other less fortunately placed people pursue the partridge and duck and decoy the trout at every opportunity.

About golf, which, as it is played in Canada, is, on the whole, more social than athletic, the *Canadien* is quickly becoming enthusiastic. Hundreds are playing, and their principal club, at Laval sur le Lac, has one of the most beautiful courses in Canada. The unwritten law of this institution, for it deserves the name by now, provides that most of the members must be French-speaking, thus forestalling any chance that they may be outnumbered by English-Canadian enthusiasts. The Laval sur le Lac Club performs one highly important task: it fills a social function which only one other club undertakes. On its links and in its pleasant rooms English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians forgather far more than they do anywhere else in or near Montreal, demonstrating that "*bonne entente*" can be something more than words. Perhaps the fact that the Laval sur le Lac cuisine cannot be surpassed by any club in the world, and is infinitely better than that of the usual golf club, has something to do with the matter.

In Quebec the same pleasant comradeship is to be seen in the Garrison Club—one of the oldest and most pleasant clubs in Canada—where either language will serve you equally well with any member, and in the Winter Club, a new and successful undertaking.

The two very excellent French-Canadian city clubs in Montreal, the St. Denis and the Cercle Universitaire, are almost exclusively French-speaking. The former is the counterpart of the English clubs; the latter is an institution of a special kind, particularly designed for University men, admitting not only full members who pay an entrance fee, but annual members—who must be re-elected each year—paying only an annual fee of thirty-five dollars, and junior members, who pay an annual fee of seventeen dollars fifty. The advantages of this plan for members of a University staff are self-evident.

The Reform Club reminds us of the English political clubs upon which it is modelled. It is operated as an ordinary club, but is definitely Liberal, and forms a comfortable and convenient headquarters for the Liberal party. Here is another place where English and French Canadians meet; for golf is not the only activity which mixes people who would otherwise never have been acquainted; politics often produces the same result. The question of woman suffrage, for instance, still lively in the Province of Quebec, where women have no vote in Provincial and seldom a vote in Municipal elections, has made many friends, as it has made many enemies. Madame Pierre Casgrain and Mademoiselle Idola St. Jean, who have been among the leaders of the fight, are well known to, and admired by, hundreds of English-speaking people; the cause they champion has allied the strictest Protestants with Catholics, and women who are strong advocates of Prohibition with others who would never approve of any such measure. And among the wrongly named " sterner " sex the same thing happens: many an informal political meeting takes place where the *Canadiens* talk English and the English Canadians talk French.

In the younger section of society things are a little different —so far at least as Montreal is concerned. The girls and their brothers do not mix as much with English-speaking people as we might have expected—and the reverse is also

The Mother House—Sisters of the Congregation

Approaching the Dock at Montreal

the case. The main reason is that young English Canadians are not nearly as proficient in French as young French Canadians are in English, and both groups tend to divide into little " sets," each of which, naturally enough, prefers to stick to its own language. There is another barrier in the way of social intermingling. Most of the young people in society circles, like those in any other walk of life, have their minds on matrimony; the French Canadians are generally Catholics, the English people are generally Protestants, and mixed marriages present several problems.

In Quebec there is much more mixing—for one thing the English-speaking people there speak French more freely, for another the city is not too large for everyone to know everyone else, and finally, if the young people were too exclusive there would not be enough dance partners to go round.

The Montreal girls have an association which ought to be mentioned. When they saw the working of the Junior League, which is mainly English, they decided, on the suggestion of Madame Pierre Casgrain, to establish a league of their own, and call it the " Ligue de la Jeunesse Feminine." They did not like the American connection of the Junior League and so they kept apart from it. As a society, nevertheless, under its clever President, Mademoiselle Jeanne Boyer, the Ligue is active and successful. It has more than 200 members, who sew clothes for under-privileged mothers and orphans, manage hospital libraries and arrange just as good dances as their English-speaking sisters; one of these dances earned 1000 pairs of shoes for small, impoverished feet.

There is one curious deficiency in the city life of Montreal, whether French or English Canadians are concerned: the theatre scarcely exists. There may be—there probably is—a reason, but it would be hard to find; one small French theatre for a population of 800,000 French-speaking people is scarcely as much as we should expect. It must nevertheless

be recorded that the "Stella" is a very good small theatre and that, if extravagant scenic effects are beyond it, good acting and excellent diction are everyday fare for its patrons.

It is not surprising, in view of the comparatively unimportant place held by the theatre, that the arts of the drama have not been cultivated to any great extent, and that Montreal has no such colony of actors and writers as is to be found in most large cities. We see a beginning. M. Henri Letondal, one of the group promoting the French talking film, is doing some very creditable dramatic writing and, with M. René du Roure and a few others, is commencing a Little Theatre effort which may lead to great things. The Montreal Repertory Theatre is giving fine support.

Music occupies a much larger field, and if it must be acknowledged that few French Canadians have reached international fame, they can yet boast at least one immortal singer, the great Albani—Emma Lajeunesse of Chambly. Beatrice La Palme, Eva Gauthier, Rodolphe Plamondon, Dufault and Saucier, while they have not climbed to such heights as Albani, have brought no discredit on their race. Alfred Laliberté is a great teacher; a number of pianists, a few violinists and 'cellists, organists such as M. Arthur Letondal, have maintained high standards in their own spheres; one-third of the members of the Montreal Orchestra are *Canadiens*. But it is popular music—in the proper sense of the words—for which French Canada is really remarkable. Choral-singing is practised with enthusiasm in every church; teachers young and old have large groups of pupils—the end of the year sees every evening taken up with their recitals; band concerts attract huge audiences to the parks, especially on evenings of Canadian music, and the personnel of most of the city bands, whose leading figure is the indefatigable and versatile J. J. Gagnier, bandmaster of the Canadian Grenadier Guards, is mostly French-Canadian.

"Society" shades quite imperceptibly into the very large group which in England would constitute the middle and lower middle class, people who are comfortably or almost comfortably off, tradesmen, clerks, mechanics, and so forth. Their life is too full for much amusement: the men work hard and long, the women are busy with their houses and their children. But the young people now and then have a "Grand Bal," or a moonlight steamer trip and dance on the river, or a picnic in a truck or a motor to the country. Their elders, when they have time for such frivolities, go off to euchres in the church hall.

The "working class," that somewhat vague body, never attained in Quebec the bubble prosperity reached in the United States; wages never reached so high a peak. In the year 1925, which was marked by no particular boom or depression, the average employee in a Quebec manufacturing industry received an appreciably smaller wage than the Ontario wage-earner—$885 per annum as compared with $1042. As the cost of living in Quebec was in that year only about ninety per cent. of the cost in Ontario the Quebec wage-earner, receiving about eighty-five per cent. of the Ontario wage, was nearly as well off. The Quebec employer of course obtained a manifest advantage, and this cheaper labour has been an important factor in attracting capital to the province.

In his relations with the State, with his employer and with his fellows, the *Canadien* working man is in a very satisfactory position. In 1909 the first Workmen's Compensation Act was passed, preceding any similar Act in Canada or the United States; the latest Act, passed in 1931, is a very careful and advanced piece of legislation. Since 1928 the law has been administered by a Commission, and up to June 1931, the end of that financial year, a total of over $8,500,000 had been distributed.

As for the relations between labour and capital, while a few *Canadiens* are members of the large international unions,

most belong to the Catholic unions, which exist in this and in no other part of the British Commonwealth. The principles upon which these unions are based are to be found in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII. Put as briefly as possible, these principles are that the Catholic Church has a deep interest in the relations between labour and capital, that capital is entitled to clearly defined rights, that labour must have such recompense that the workman may live decently, may give his children a sufficient education, and may prepare for his old age; further, that unions formed to gain these ends are lawful and advisable. The unions, like the Church to which their members belong, are thus opposed to both communism and socialism; indeed the main reason which has led the hierarchy to foster them is its earnest desire to combat the socialist tendency of the international associations. In each city there are a number of local unions, each for its own trade or branch of a trade, and a central council, while at the centre of the whole organization is the Federation of Catholic Workers of Canada. Close connection with the Church is ensured by the appointment of chaplains who act as advisers, and it will be readily understood that the Chaplain-General of the Federation plays a most important part in its activities.

The principal characteristic of these Catholic unions, one in which they differ from others, is that they do not strike; they have consistently endeavoured to attain their objects by peaceful means and, if they have sometimes been readier to accept a low wage than to go without any, they have often kept their members cheerfully at work when other associations have only wasted money and effort.

There is, of course, an unsettled class, consisting very largely of country people who have never been able to make themselves a place. The fatal attraction of the city has led too many astray, and one unfortunate result is seen in the criminal statistics.

The *Canadien* is naturally a law-abiding citizen; there are

hundreds of municipalities in Quebec without a policeman. In 1931 the rural areas of the province reported only about 1700 prison offences among upwards of 1,000,000 French Canadians. On the other hand, among 1,500,000 French Canadians in the districts of Montreal, Quebec, Hull, Three Rivers and Sherbrooke there were over 7000 prison offences. A reason which suggests itself at once is the fact that the young man who comes to the city from the country, away from the steadying influences to which he has been accustomed, is too often unable to combat city temptations.

The poor everywhere, orphans, patients in hospitals and asylums, the old and indigent, are attended by members of religious communities, and here the nuns and brothers, whose dress is so characteristic of our city streets, carry out a task which has not only a social but an economic value. These communities are active not only in Montreal, but throughout Canada, so that any remarks which may deal with them are not to be taken as limited to Quebec.

Professor Arthur St. Pierre, of the University of Montreal, who has made a very complete study of the work of the communities, after observing their value in the Province of Quebec, notes that their professional efficiency has been highly praised by independent commissions in the other provinces. He makes a special point of the fact that the number of Sisters is relatively large compared with that of the inmates. The average is one Sister to 6·6 inmates, or, if we include lay service, one attendant to 3·6 inmates.

In surveying the economic place of these institutions, Professor St. Pierre points out that the Province of Quebec saves a very large amount of money through their services. If Quebec paid for the care of its orphans, its asylum and hospital patients and its indigent old folk at the same rate as Ontario, or the United States, the added annual cost would be over $7,000,000. As it is, only thirty-nine per cent. of the money received by charitable institutions conducted by communities is derived from public sources, the balance

comes from revenue on capital (which is very small) and voluntary subscriptions. Professor St. Pierre points out, too, that without imposing any direct burden on the public, but as the result of patient effort over a long period of years, the religious communities have provided in Quebec buildings devoted to the public service valued at over $40,000,000.

One impression very generally current needs correcting. The average Protestant believes that all these institutions are free of taxes. Such is far from being the case. Here are two astonishing instances. The Little Sisters of the Poor, who support over 200 old and indigent people, have a total revenue of $23,750, all but some $2100 obtained by personal solicitation. They pay $3384 of this to the city of Montreal in taxes. The Orphanage of the Grey Nuns, in Montreal, teaches 400 children free of charge and pays $600 in school taxes.

Apart from the operations of the religious communities organized charity is for the most part in the hands of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. This, like other organizations which have been mentioned, is organized by parishes, each *curé* being largely responsible for operations in his own district. Each parish has its council, which deals both with funds collected locally and moneys allocated from the Central Office, such, for instance, as Government grants for unemployment relief. Charity is based on personal investigation carried on by members of the parish familiar with its conditions. It is no uncommon thing to see a distinguished judge, with some almost equally notable companion, visiting an impoverished family, considering the various problems involved, and doing their best to provide relief from trouble. Some professional enthusiasts assert that this method is inefficient by comparison with the usual systems of organization, but one hardly need point out that the effect of such personal contact in forestalling social unrest is almost incalculable, and that its efficiency is increased by the fact that the visitors, though they may be amateurs in social

Interior of Notre-Dame Church, Montreal

Anse Pleureuse, Gaspé

work, are generally highly qualified in their experience of life, and personally acquainted with local conditions.

A notable feature of *Canadien* life—it is to be observed both in the city and in the country—is the great interest taken in such social organizations as the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the tendency of these to have both a national and a religious aspect. We have already noted the importance of the St. Jean Baptiste Society. We might add here in addition that it is not only a "national" association, but a benefit society with large funds at its disposal. Its most picturesque function is the organization annually of a huge patriotic procession, in which any number of societies take part, dozens of bands play marches for them, and wonderfully decorated floats portray the history of Canada.

The counterpart of the St. Jean Baptiste Society among younger people is the Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne. The Association was established comparatively recently, with the object of uniting and ensuring the intellectual progress of young Catholics under the ægis of their Church.

It has grown at an extraordinary rate. Branches exist in almost every city, town and village where there is a *Canadien* population. Its close connection with the Catholic Church is maintained by its chaplains—aumoniers, as they are called; the Aumonier-General at Montreal is Father Paré, of the Society of Jesus; in a village the aumonier is the local *curé*. The headquarters at Montreal are in a fine large building, taken over from one of the athletic associations, where every possible club and indoor athletic facility is provided. The activities of the A.C.J.C. are many and various; each branch has its own president and executive, and the aumonier is scrupulously careful to leave a great deal to their initiative. Two examples of the tasks they undertake must suffice. When in 1932 the officials of the Provincial Government decided to organize an exposition of domestic arts in Montreal they turned to the active

President of the Montreal A.C.J.C., M. Dansereau. Before long the large gymnasium had been put at their disposal and they had all the support of the Association in their undertaking. And when in 1931 McGill University was arranging lectures for the people of the Gaspé coast it was, in one place at least, the A.C.J.C. that did the work.

CHAPTER XIV

EAST, NORTH AND WEST

North of the great American desert there is a broad strip of fertile country, rich in water, wood and pasturage, drained by the North Saskatchewan, and a continuation of the fertile prairies of Red and Assiniboine rivers. It is a physical fact of the highest importance to the interests of British North America that this continuous belt can be settled and cultivated from a few miles west of Lake of the Woods to the passes of Rocky Mountains, and any line of communication, whether by waggon, road or railroad, passing through it will evidently enjoy the great advantages of being fed by an agricultural population from one extremity to the other.

Professor Henry Y. Hind, *Report* (1860).

There are about 800,000 French Canadians living outside the more thickly settled areas of Quebec, scattered from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

In Quebec itself, Gaspé and the north country are the homes of many people who live laborious days, but live them in the most beautiful and healthful surroundings. In Gaspé they are for the most part fishermen, whose ancestors were making annual trips from France in the days of Cartier, and had a chapel at Percé early in the seventeenth century. In the north, besides the colonists and the lumbermen, there are guides and trappers and traders who spend their time, winter and summer, on the lakes and rivers scattered through the great forests.

The *Canadien* of the woods is a survival of former days; he can subsist by hunting or fishing where other men would starve; he knows the complicated northern waterways better than any Indian; he will carry incredible burdens for unbelievable distances, make your camp at the end of the day and sit up smoking well into the night.

On Gaspé Peninsula is a group of old settlements made up of many different elements. Most of the French fishermen in the earliest times returned to France yearly, but some

settled along the coast; they were the nucleus. Then there were Acadians who came to Carleton—quiet, peaceful people speaking a dialect of their own; near by at Bonaventure there were *Canadiens*. After the American Revolution, New Richmond, New Carlisle and Gaspé town itself took in considerable numbers of United Empire Loyalists; Gaspé town, indeed, was, until comparatively recent times, mostly English-speaking. At Gaspé, too, there was an Irish settlement, and there was another at Cap des Rosiers. Jersey fishermen established themselves at Gaspé and Percé, Guernsey men along the north shore of Gaspé Bay; there was a Scottish settlement on the Bay of Chaleur; occasionally a wrecked crew of English or Scottish seamen settled down among the north-shore fishermen and married the daughters of their new neighbours. Last, but not least, there were the "Paspyjacks," the people of Paspebiac—whom the French called "Pospillats"—a group of wild half-breeds of whom everyone else was afraid.

There were no roads along the coast, and although the whole district, by reason of its remoteness, had its own governor, and incidentally its own gaol, each village was an independent community. Visitors from one settlement were not welcomed in another; it is not so long, even now, since the people of a certain little town made a habit of breaking a stranger's head first and inquiring who he was later.

The fishing business was, for the most part, controlled by Jersey firms, such as the Robins and the Le Boutilliers, who started in the game soon after the conquest, and Robin, Jones & Whitman, the company which has succeeded Charles Robin & Company, still buys most of the cod from the Bay of Chaleur round to Gaspé, and owns a general store in every village. Apart from the managers of these prosperous firms, the people were poor; the farmers on the Bay of Chaleur had no outlet for their goods; the fishermen received little money, were hindered from purchasing and given no encouragement

to make progress. Gaspé town itself had one great period of prosperity early in the last century, when it was a free port, and its warehouses were crammed to bursting with wine, brandy and other goods on the way to the United States; though fortunes then made dwindled down considerably in the more prosaic era which followed. But the last twenty-five years have seen a considerable change throughout the entire area. The roads, which had long been used only for mail carriers, were improved, and began to serve more travellers; the railway along the shore of the Bay of Chaleur made transportation easier. By degrees the number of *Canadiens* along the peninsula increased, and at the same time constant communication wore away the differences in manners and accent between the settlements. The Channel Islanders, being Normans, began to merge with the French Canadians; the Irish Catholics learned to speak French (Gaspé is almost the only part of the province where this has happened); the families of the Scottish sailors along the north shore became completely *Canadien*. The population of the Gaspé Peninsula is now more *Canadien* than anything else, and as far as one can see is none the worse.

The difficulties once put in the way of the fishermen who wished to buy land have long disappeared; cultivation is on the increase, and a curious and fortunate chance brought it about that one parish, Cape Cove, suddenly began to produce the finest peas in North America, and now ships them by the carload. The main industry of the peninsula is still fishing. The fishermen build their own boats, which they call *barges*, well-constructed, safe little ships about twenty-five feet in length by eight feet beam, able to ride out any gale they are likely to encounter in off-shore fishing. They go out in fleets, with a great chugging of motors, early in the morning, come back in the afternoon, and usually go out again in the evening. Sometimes the cod is sold fresh to the purchasing firms, but as a general rule the actual preparation of the dried fish, like so many other industrial activities of

Quebec, is a family affair. The women split the cod, spread them on frames to dry, and throw the heads on the beach for the cats and crows; so far as can be discovered they use exactly the same methods as were used in the days of Cartier; the methods are evidently good, for there is no better dried cod. On the beach at Paspebiac you will see cylindrical piles of dried cod, each covered by a conical top of birch-bark held down by stones. Mr. Bouillon, the present general manager for Robin, Jones & Whitman, will tell you that this method of storing fish has been used ever since there were fishermen on the coast, and that it cannot be improved upon.

. . . .

Travelling east we come to the Acadians, the French-speaking people of the Maritime Provinces, of whom something has been said already; we find them farming and fishing in a small way, not yet exercising much economic or social influence.

In New Brunswick, though the Acadians constitute nearly a third of the population, and are represented by one member of the Government, they hold practically no places in Government or Court offices. A change is slowly making itself felt and, like the change that came about in Quebec, it is beginning with education. One of the main aims of their principal society, La Société l'Assomption, is to give scholarships. St. Joseph's University, a Catholic institution at Memramcook, is one of the most efficient of classical foundations; such graduates as M. Arthur Beauchesne, Clerk of the House of Commons in Ottawa, testify to the quality of its teaching. It is bilingual; the English-speaking boys study and debate in French, the French-speaking boys in English. It has a third language, though a dead one; its Latin classes are conducted in Latin. The New Brunswick Acadians are increasing, relatively to the rest of the population; they are as strongly attached to their language and their religion as are the people of Quebec; and they are united by the memory of the " Grand Dérangement "—the expulsion of 1755. That

memory is recalled daily by their newspaper *L'Évangeline*, which is published at Moncton.

In Nova Scotia the French-speaking population is very small and, so far, has been increasing very slowly. Acadians are to be found in Cape Breton, where a few were settled even before the expulsion and more found their way afterwards, on the south-west shore, to which some of the exiles were brought back by the English Government, and in Halifax County itself.

The Acadians of Prince Edward Island, though few in number, constitute an extraordinarily interesting group. Their forbears settled in Île St. Jean, as the island was then called, during the French *régime*, in the second quarter of the eighteenth century; by 1750 they numbered several thousands, and had established many pleasant and prosperous farms on the fertile soil. After the expulsion of the Acadians of Nova Scotia the Île St. Jean settlements were increased by a number of refugees, who were cheerfully welcomed and soon began to settle down. Then came trouble. The island formed an important base of supplies for the fortress of Louisbourg and its people, and thus earned the rancour of the francophobe Governor of Nova Scotia, Lawrence; there is no other explanation of the heartless actions which followed. After Louisbourg had been taken the island had no importance as a source of supplies and no particular strategic importance; no land-grabbers were waiting to settle on the Acadian farms; the people never refused to take the oath of allegiance. As a matter of fact they were ready and willing to swear fidelity to King George, but Amherst and Boscawen, to whom their submission was offered, refused to accept it; the Acadians had to go, and almost the entire population of the island was embarked on transports. It is only fair to say that the brutality which marked the "Grand Dérangement" was not shown here; families were not broken up; the exiles were sent back to France, not to the English colonies; but it was a sad business none the less, the more so since two of

the transports sank with all on board. Some of the remaining settlers escaped to Canada; only in one district, around Malpecque Bay, did a few escape the vigilance of the English. In 1768, when they were 200 in number, the survivors were allowed to take the oath of allegiance, and from that tiny remnant have descended, practically without admixture, the French-speaking people of Prince Edward Island.[1] The present Acadian population numbers about 12,000 (the total population of the province is 90,000), and their derivation from the few original families is evidenced by the fact that there is very little variety in surnames. Most of the people you will meet are called Arsenault or Gallant; if not, then their name is Poirier, or perhaps Richard. In the 105th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, partly recruited on the island, there were 44 Arsenaults and 51 Gallants.

They live, for the most part, in a few farming parishes towards the western end of the island and in one or two fishing districts, though, naturally, a fair number have gravitated to the towns. None are well off, but they are all intensely proud of being Acadians; tell an old lady that some *Canadienne* can weave ten yards of stuff per day, she will tell you at once of an *Acadienne* who can weave twelve.

Of the 12,000 only about 8000 habitually speak French. The remainder habitually speak English; for the most part they are able to speak French, though a great many young people have entirely given up their ancestral tongue. The movement towards English is accentuated by the fact that there are more Scottish and Irish than French-speaking Catholics on the island, hence English is generally the language of the parish priests. The schools, too, are English; although French is taught, all general instruction is given in English and the children quickly become accustomed to its use. In some villages, as one result, you will find the men

[1] Only at one small settlement, Rollo Bay, are there descendants of newer arrivals.

talking English to each other though they may still talk French to their wives at home.

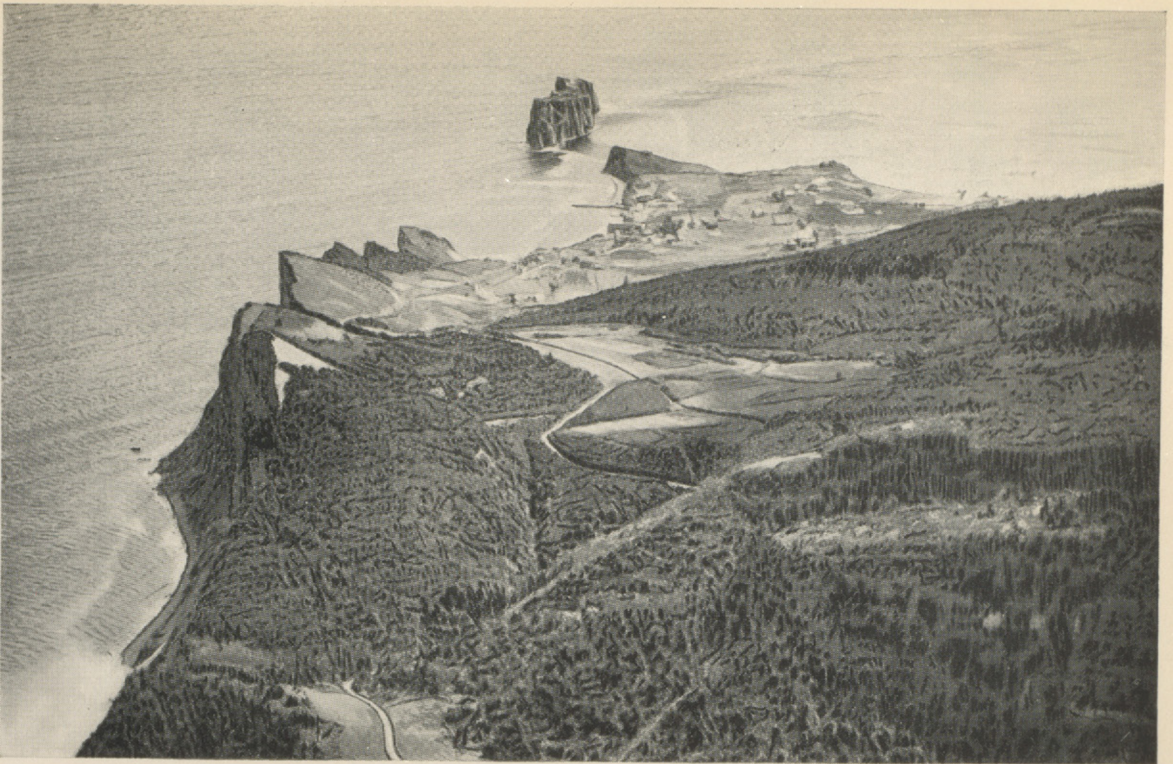
These Prince Edward Island Acadians, terribly handicapped by lack of resources, are making unremitting efforts to help their children to an education—two or three boys a year are sent, by collective effort, to St. Joseph's University, in New Brunswick. Professional education unfortunately, costing what it does, is almost beyond their reach—there is not one native Acadian doctor on the island; yet in spite of every drawback they have managed to maintain themselves on an equal footing, their numbers considered, with their neighbours. Justice A. E. Arsenault, the leading member of the Acadian community, a greatly honoured and respected gentleman, was Administrator of the Province for two years, and is a leader in many local movements. And if it should come about, as it may come about, that the Prince Edward Island Acadians become English-speaking they will still be Acadians, they will still make a considerable contribution to the island they love so well.

There is one other eastern group of which a word should be said, although, since they are no longer Canadian citizens, they are really outside our picture. Towards the end of the last century, and in the years which followed, there was a remarkable emigration to the United States, particularly to the industrial centres of New England. The American census of 1920 showed the huge total of 847,879, including Canadian-born French Canadians and their children born in the United States. The number, it is comforting to note, was considerably less than had been shown ten years before. The older generation, in spite of their voluntary exile, clung to their traditions; in a previous chapter[1] we have noted how deep was their interest in Canada. Even to-day there are many who strive towards the same end, who send their children to school in Canada and keep up their St. Jean Baptiste Society. Indeed a leading member of the American Diplomatic Corps

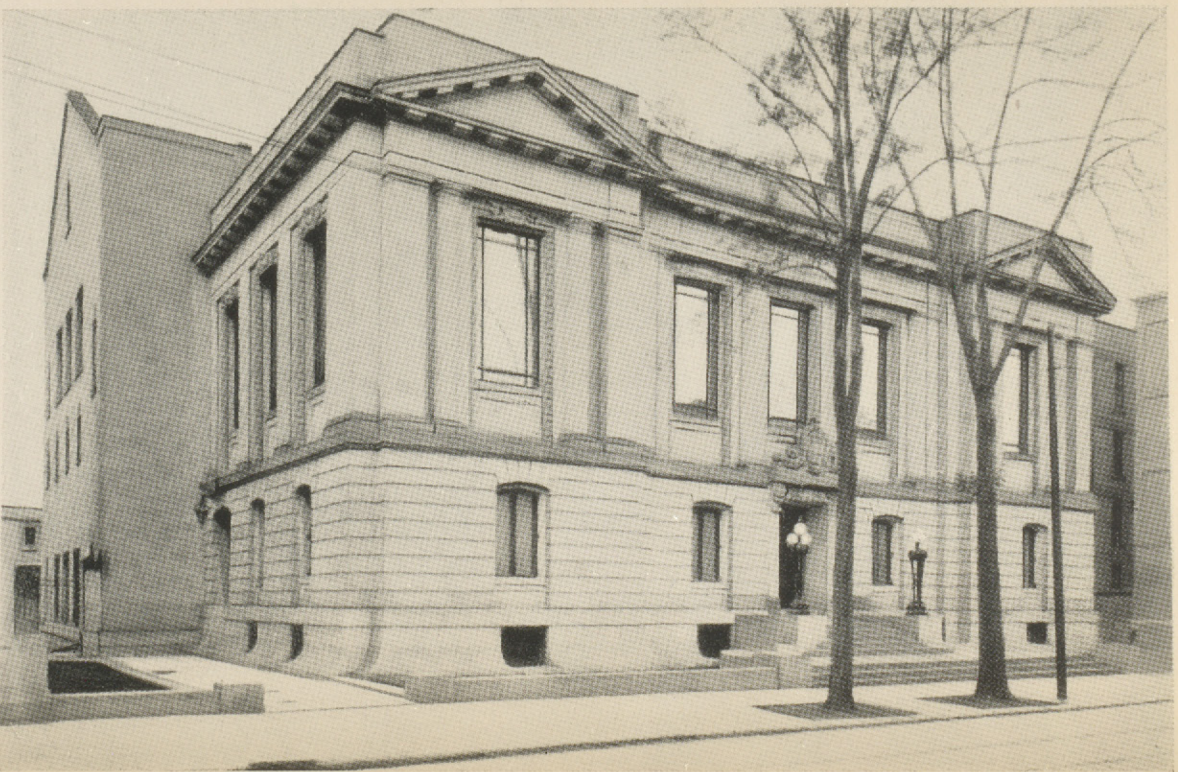
[1] "Persistence."

has been known to declare that the French Canadians are the most difficult of all the immigrant races to assimilate. The recent depression has brought some of them home, and they have been made welcome; what will happen to the remainder time will tell, but, if they remain in the United States, there is not much likelihood that they will resist for ever all the influences around them. For, in spite of all the efforts of the conservative element, they are becoming more and more separate from their brothers north of the line.

In Ontario the *Canadiens* live in what is left of old settlements along the St. Lawrence and the Detroit rivers, and are establishing new settlements along the railway lines in the north. In the southern section of this thoroughly "English-Canadian" province there is really not much place for French-speaking people, and it is an extraordinary thing that the Ontario *Canadien* has never become anglicized. But he has not become anglicized; he seems able to resist even the radio and the American newspapers; he holds to his land and to his Church with the tenacity that we have found elsewhere. In Essex County, near the Detroit river, he is even making progress, and he remains a *Canadien*. But it is in Northern Ontario that the *Canadien* is doing his most important piece of work. A colonization effort, carried on in co-operation by the railway companies, the Dominion Government and the Catholic Church, has established parish after parish of *Canadiens* along the railway lines which cross the northern part of the province, where English Canadians have shown no hurry to establish themselves. They are clearing land that would never otherwise have been cleared, tilling new soil as they were doing in Quebec three hundred years ago, building wooden chapels with tin roofs, then brick churches. The same line of settlements stretches on into Northern Quebec. These frontier people are too far away from the centre of things and too scattered to be of much importance; the English-speaking population, except in the mining areas, scarcely knows they exist; yet the string of



The Cliffs and Percé Rocks, Gaspé Peninsula



St. Sulpice Library

parishes keeps on growing, cutting into more woods, building newer churches, and now and then a school, sending boys and girls to the College du Sacré Cœur at Sudbury and to Ottawa University, gradually building up the north country.

Now cross the province line into Manitoba. There, with their centre at St. Boniface—in effect a suburb of Winnipeg—you will find a more or less isolated group. The *Canadiens* of Manitoba took a long time to recover from the Riel rebellions, and the disputes over their educational rights which caused such furious discussion not many years ago. They have kept themselves so separate that the English-speaking people know very little of them. They have not taken any very great part either in agriculture or in the new industrial developments which now equal agriculture in economic importance. Yet the French-speaking population of Manitoba is making quite perceptible progress, economically and intellectually. The troublesome educational difficulties have been smoothed over, the present situation is brighter than anyone had reason to expect.

In the neighbouring province, Saskatchewan, where the *Canadiens* are mostly wheat farmers in a small way and are very scattered, more trouble exists at present than in any other part of Canada, and the subject is a difficult one to deal with. On the face of things, the disputes are over education. The Catholic, as has been pointed out elsewhere, considers religion an integral part of education, and cannot withdraw from his position, while the Saskatchewan Department of Education insists that the secular programme be carried out at the expense, if necessary, of a certain amount of religious teaching. A few years ago reports were made that certain institutions were not complying with the instructions of the department and at once additional stress was laid on the official requirements. Politics came into the picture and the French Canadian of Saskatchewan was told by would-be leaders that he must necessarily oppose the party in power. Then more drastic steps were taken by the Government.

New enactments and regulations forbade the wearing of clerical garb by priests or ministers of any denomination, or by nuns, when instructing in or visiting schools; forbade the display of the crucifix in schools and insisted on teaching in English; while further stress was laid on the necessity of giving secular education its full time. Much violent discussion ensued. Some of the Saskatchewan French Canadians were quite willing to accept the new ruling. " What does it matter as long as it is the same for everyone? " said one of them. Some saw an opportunity for making political capital out of the trouble and did not miss the chance. Others believed sincerely that they were in duty bound to protest, and their protests were echoed in Quebec. Men high in authority in the latter province felt it necessary to voice their disapproval of the action which had been taken in Saskatchewan and to contrast the complete tolerance which the Catholic majority in Quebec had always exhibited towards the Protestant minority.

It must be noted, in order to complete the picture, that the French Canadians in Alberta did not altogether agree with those of Quebec, and were inclined to lay the blame for the difficulties in Saskatchewan on local politicians. Dr. J. L. Petitclerc, President of the Association Canadienne Française de l'Alberta, had this to say on the point: " The leaders in Saskatchewan are stubborn individuals, playing politics, and ready to sacrifice their own followers to the impossible triumph of their own ideas. I believe a wee bit of diplomacy would have been enough to prevent the unfortunate development that has taken place." His views are entitled to particular respect, for the French-Canadian minority in Alberta, of which he is a recognized leader, is the most successful and influential—though not the largest—group outside of the province of Quebec.

The Alberta *Canadiens* consist, for the most part, of the descendants of the colonists brought by Father Lacombe, and later by Father Morin, Father Leduc and Father

Végreville, to St. Albert, Lac Ste. Anne, Morinville, Végreville and neighbouring areas. This group is homogeneous, well educated, and has an excellent social and economic position. The Alberta French Canadians in the cities are almost entirely of the business and professional classes, practically none are labourers, a few are mechanics. In the country we find them mostly engaged in mixed farming, and comparatively well off; they were probably too ready to buy tractors, and other modern equipment, but proved nevertheless better able on the whole to resist hard times than their English-speaking fellows. In town and country alike they are remaining French-Canadian, remaining Catholic and talking French. This is largely the result of a definite effort, which involves the existence of the Association Canadienne Française de l'Alberta, French competitions in the schools, a French weekly paper, and continuous propaganda. They have thirty-five separate schools, a few of these with secondary standing, all as good on the average as English schools, and an excellent Jesuit college associated with Laval.

These Alberta *Canadiens* are a real asset to Canada. When Dr. Petitclerc, who has already been quoted, was told that a French-Canadian senator had stated privately that the best thing for the French Canadian in the west to do was to become English as quickly as possible he had this to say: "The French Canadians would lose all that race-memory has slowly put into them, which can be summarized in the one word 'traditions.' . . . Canadians as a whole would also lose," he continued. "Draw a line from Edmonton to Red Deer—that is, 100 miles south and 100 miles east from Edmonton—and you will make a square in which you will find 55,000 Ukrainians, with their own papers, their own schools, their own Members of Parliament. Their everyday contact with the English-speaking world is by means of magazines, newspapers, radios, detective stories, jazz, music, etc., which are all American, or rather Yankee. The English

from Ontario and the French from Quebec are the only group here to represent the Canadian spirit and ideal. It is easy to see that so long as you keep those French Canadians using their own language you protect them from American propaganda and materialism and keep them Canadian." That is a clear enough statement. Mr. E. A. Corbett, Director of the Department of Extension of the University of Alberta, agreed with him. " It would be a great pity if the French Canadians did become English," he remarked; " they add colour and spirit to the country, and have a definite contribution to make to community life. The senator's statement seems to me ridiculous. They have their schools, churches, Press, and are all grouped in such a way as to continue the traditions and customs of the race. The relations of the Alberta French Canadians to the rest of the population are excellent. They belong to and join in the festivities of the only aristocratic organization in Alberta, the Old Timers' Association." The relations between the French Canadians and the rest of the population are none the worse because they are not too firmly tied to either side of politics, but keep themselves free to bargain with either. " It is poor business," said Dr. Petitclerc, " to shout on the housetops that we are all Liberal or all Conservative. They did this in Saskatchewan and we know what the result was. Let the people who need our vote offer us something for it. . . . Until lately," he went on, " the only organization among the French Canadians was for political purposes—that is, for the interest of a small group who were using the rest as a footstool to raise themselves to a point where they could get something. That has changed now, and changed for the better."

The situation in Alberta brings us back, naturally enough, to the general questions of the use of the French language and the maintenance of French schools in provinces other than Quebec. The *Canadien* has not so much reason as he had a few years ago to complain that in these matters the

spirit of the Confederation pact was being violated. For there is no doubt that this was his view. "Only the French Canadians," said Senator Belcourt, "have suffered in the exercise of their rights and privileges as guaranteed by the spirit of the Constitution, only they can complain that the text was not more explicit." [1]

The point has given rise to so much vague discussion that a very brief explanation may be worth while. We have already observed that in the pre-Confederation period, except between 1840 and 1849, the question of language was left in abeyance. The British North America Act has two sections which may be taken to bear on the subject of language and education. The first is Section 93, which gives the provinces control of education subject to the following provision: "Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the Province at the Union," and to a provision guaranteeing to Protestants in Quebec the same consideration as was given to Catholics in Ontario. The other is Section 133, which provides for the use of the French language in the parliaments of Canada and of Quebec and in Federal and Quebec courts.

There is nothing here to ensure the use of the French language in the schools of Ontario, Manitoba or the west, there is nothing to ensure duality outside the Province of Quebec. It has been claimed that, legally, there is no more reason for tolerating French schools in Ontario than for permitting German schools, and it must be remembered that until lately there were more people of German than of French origin in that province. It is arguable that the French Canadians at the time of Confederation expected something more than this. M. Antonio Perrault, a jurist of distinction, cites, in order to prove the real intention of the Confederation agreement, the words of Sir John A. Macdonald spoken in 1865: "It was assented to by the deputation from each

[1] Reform Club, 26th March 1927.

province that the use of the French language should form one of the principles upon which Confederation should be established, and that its use as at present should be guaranteed by the Imperial Act."[1] M. Perrault reminds us also that in 1890 Sir John A. Macdonald declared: "We have a Constitution now under which all British subjects are in a position of absolute equality, having equal rights of every kind, of language, of religion, of property and of person."[2]

We cannot follow the argument further, though nothing could be much broader than these statements of the first Premier of Canada. But whatever may have been the intention of its framers the British North America Act, as we have noted, gives no such guarantees as Sir John A. Macdonald seems to have had in mind. The *Canadien* has found ever since it was passed that he has not by any means the rights which, we are told, he thought he would obtain, and he is inclined to scoff at the simplicity of his representatives among the fathers of Confederation. Most of the English-speaking provinces took action at one time or another to ensure that all Government schools should be definitely English, and M. Perrault observes that "the Federal Parliament acknowledged its impotence in the protection of minorities." There was, as a matter of fact, nothing else that it could do. Manitoba, for instance, denied the right of *Canadiens* to any separate schools at all, and the dispute led to an interminable discussion, which has finally ended in a sort of compromise. We have already referred to the difficulties in Saskatchewan, still a source of trouble. And for Ontario the Privy Council decided in 1917[3] that Section 93 of the British North America Act, while it guarantees the continuance of denominational schools, does not preclude the provincial authorities from providing that instruction should be in English.

[1] *Debates on Confederation*, p. 944.
[2] *Debates*, 1890, p. 746.
[3] *Ottawa Separate Schools*, vis. Mackell (1927), A.C., p. 62.

The French Canadian has never been satisfied to let things rest on the letter of the law, but has struggled continuously against what he considers to be a moral wrong. "Let us submit," said Mgr. Beliveau, in 1927, "and let us try to improve matters. The Act of 1867 gave to Canadians a country where two races agreed to live in equality of religious and civil rights. The majority may regret that this is so, as, in the light of the facts, we may regret that we entered into what seems to have been a fool's bargain. That does not destroy the nature of the Federal Act, and if we have any pride, our first thought will be to bring back our country to the spirit of the pact which gave it birth."[1] We might quote hundreds of other speeches, and as many editorials, which have made exactly the same point.

The past few years have brought a considerable reward for their campaigning.

The position of the *Canadiens* of Alberta shows that a way can be found out of the difficulties which beset the minority in the midst of an English-speaking population. Ontario, by rescinding the objectionable regulation forbidding the teaching of French children in their own language, has gone a long way on the same path. A broader spirit is finding its way into the minds of men; toleration is beginning to replace regulation; English Canadians see better than they once did the claim of their French-speaking fellow-citizens to a place in the sun, even though that claim is based on no law they recognize.

"This Union cannot be continued," says M. Perrault, "without the preservation of ethnic duality and provincial diversity."[2] The second requirement opens up a large question which this is no place to discuss; as to the first there is no doubt.

[1] *Action Française*, May-June, 1927.
[2] *Ibid.*

CHAPTER XV

THE PEN

History has been transformed, within a hundred years in Germany, within sixty years in France, and that by the study of their literatures. It was perceived that a literary work is not a mere individual play of imagination, the isolated caprice of an excited brain, but a transcript of contemporary manners, a manifestation of a certain kind of mind. It was concluded that we might recover, from the monuments of literature, a knowledge of the manner in which men thought and felt centuries ago. The attempt was made, and it succeeded.

H. A. TAINE, *History of English Literature.*

A YEAR or two ago a distinguished librarian, making observations on the needs of Canada, remarked that the Province of Quebec had few public libraries, suggested that some be provided, and proposed that they be stocked with books from France. In reply to a query as to how he would treat French-Canadian literature he said that he assumed French-Canadian literature to be relatively unimportant. Speaking quantitatively this is true enough, nor is there anything very surprising about it. There have been more people in France, more of them have been educated, they have had more time to write and—an important matter since, after all, writers must live—they have had a larger market. From the qualitative point of view French-Canadian literature has without any doubt suffered from the comparative isolation of the people by whom and for whom it was written. Too many French-Canadian authors have been obsessed by the particular problems which face their own compatriots; they have written of *Canadiens* as *Canadiens*, not as people; they have not sought deeply enough for the hidden springs of human thought, the mysterious sources of human action, which are the common property of all mankind. The same criticism, by the way, may very well be made of English-Canadian writing—perhaps the explanation is that

Canadians, both English and French, have been too busily at work in the realm of the material to wander far into the world of the mind. These remarks as to the limitation of *Canadien* literature, both in its quantity and its value, must not be taken to mean that French Canada has not produced any notable work—far from it. Much that has been written is well worthy a high place, even by comparison with the accomplishments of England, of France, or of America. Faucher de St. Maurice and Philippe Aubert de Gaspé wrote tales of the grotesque and thrilling sometimes worthy of Edgar Allan Poe; Fréchette, the greatest of *Canadien* poets, still well deserves his well-won crown; Jules Tremblay, to take a less-known name, has given us sketches which Kipling might have penned on one of his best days. Georges Bugnet in *Nipsya* has produced one of the most beautiful of novels; Georges Bouchard in *Autres Temps, Autres Mœurs* has drawn pictures of country life which would be hard to match.

But it is when we turn to that particular value in literature which seemed so important to Taine—its power to interpret to us the people who write and who read—that the literature of French Canada possesses an extraordinary interest. Here you will find recorded all their patriotism, here you will find their honest, uncomplicated faith, here you will find their simplicity of mind. They have put their spirit into their books, and you must read the books if you want to understand the spirit.

The writings of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, such, for instance, as the Jesuit *Relations*, Dollier de Casson's *History of Montreal*, even the entertaining works of Mère Marie de l'Incarnation and Mère Juchereau de St. Ignace, need scarcely be treated of in this place—they are French rather than Canadian. Indeed it is not until the nineteenth century has commenced that we see the real beginnings of French-Canadian literary effort. Even then there was at first very little. The prose mostly appeared in newspapers, and there was not much of it. Mezière's review,

L'Abeille Canadienne, was true to its name and culled honey from other fields—its contents were extracts from French writings. Not until 1825 was there a truly French-Canadian magazine—the *Bibliothèque Canadienne*—edited by Michel Bibaud, which, under one name or another, continued for twelve years. Here, among many other writings, we find Bibaud's *Canadian History*, the first of those historical works which are such a remarkable manifestation of Canadian patriotism. To the *Canadien* the writing of history has always been a labour of love. Fréchette, fifty years later than Bibaud, gives us an insight into the minds of those who, although not poets like himself, were stirred by the same feelings:

> O notre Histoire, écrin de perles ignorées
> Je baise avec amour tes pages venérées.
> O registre immortel! poème éblouissant
> Que la France écrivit du plus pur de son sang!
> Drame ininterrompu, bulletins pittoresques,
> De hauts faits surhumains récits chevaleresques,
> Annales de géants.[1]
>
> (History of Canada, string of pearls unknown
> I press a loving kiss upon thy venerated page.
> Immortal register, astonishing poem, written
> By France with her purest blood,
> Unbroken drama, picturesque account,
> Knightly stories of high and superhuman deeds,
> Annals of giants.)

Abbé Groulx, Professor of Canadian History at the University of Montreal, regards the story of his people as a continual combat. " The fight against the enemy without," he says, " hypnotized our fathers. It is easy to understand how in a hand-to-hand struggle in a closed ring the adversary became the chief obsession. But we have been more successful in parrying his noisy attacks and his brutalities than in avoiding his encircling tactics and the sorcery of his strength."

History to the French-Canadian historian, then, is less the

[1] Fréchette, *Légende d'un Peuple.*

scientific collocation of data than the tale of " the brave days of old." Dollard des Ormeaux, the soldier who stemmed the Iroquois tide at the Long Sault, becomes a shining example for every young *Canadien*; Madeleine de Verchères, who held her father's manor by the St. Lawrence against the Indians; Marie Anne de St. Ours, who, when Iroquois arrows prevented her from paddling her canoe with its load of smaller children to safety, swam beside it and so brought it to the fort, are heroines to every girl. The victory of Montcalm over the English and Americans at Ticonderoga, the victory of Lévis over the English at St. Foye, heroic and splendid enough, must be painted in even brighter colours, for the encouragement and the inspiration of youth. It is on this note that *Canadien* history has been written, and if we read it with sympathy and understanding it will tell us, to follow the words of Taine, how the writer, his fellows and his students think and feel.

The restless eighteen-thirties and eighteen-forties bred a group of young authors whose main inspiration was political liberty, whose secondary inspiration was religion. Perhaps the strength of these two impulses explains their apparent lack of interest in the theme of love which fills so large a place in English poetry of the same epoch. Abbé Casgrain, speaking of their writings, collected in the *Répertoire National* by J. Huston, observes: " The four volumes of the *Répertoire National* contain few pages which are really remarkable. . . . Yet this collection will always have a value in the eyes of Canadian readers because it contains the first efforts of those who were the creators of our literature. Here is the thought, floating, vaguely shaping itself, of a people beginning to turn for the first time to its own resources."

In the middle of the nineteenth century a new and an important era began. Abbé Faillon produced his monumental *Histoire de la Colonie Française*, three large volumes carrying the story of Canada down to 1675. Abbé Ferland published the material of his Laval lectures in book form, and we saw

the historical works of F. X. Garneau and of Benjamin Sulte. In 1861 there appeared at Quebec a compilation called *Soirées Canadiennes*, which contained some really good prose. *Trois Légendes de Mon Pays*, by J. C. Taché; *La Jongleuse*, by Abbé Casgrain, and his *Journal sur les Côtes de la Gaspésie* are examples. At about the same time began the *Revue Canadienne*, with stories by de Boucherville, Napoléon Bourassa, Faucher de St. Maurice, and others, and for ten years it was very successful.

Octave Crémazie was the most notable figure among the writers of poetry. Most of his work was tuned to the key of patriotism, and one song, *O Carillon, je te revois encore*, still stirs the spirit of every *Canadien*. The old soldier takes back to the field of Ticonderoga the flag he had carried in battle—" O Carillon, I see thee once again," he cries, and then, to the dead, " Awake, bearing the colours I come to die upon your tombs."

Towards the end of the period we find L. O. David, whose works on national subjects, one of which has been quoted elsewhere, are well worth note. Better, perhaps, than most others as an illustration of the author's own life and feelings is the fine play *Le Drapeau de Carillon*, in which he describes the dilemma facing the *Canadien* of 1760, deserted by France, suddenly becoming a subject of a king who had been an enemy. The two principal characters are a *Canadien* and an English officer, whose private friendship has survived the trials of war, and some of their words are worth quoting:

" De Sérigny: We shall see no more the flag of France float above our citadels, but its name shall remain, for it is carven, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, on the trees of the forest, on the rocks of the mountains; it flies above the rivers and the lakes which water the continent; it floats in the air at the summit of the Rockies.

" Murray: I admire you for your grief at being separated from your motherland, but who knows what great and splendid things may be done for this country by the spirit

and the common effort of the two great nations of the world."

And that, after all, is the spirit of Canada.

It is at the same time that we begin to be aware of the surprising genius of Fréchette. Fréchette was a devotee of France and French thought. In the dedication of his collection of beautiful poems, *La Légende d'un Peuple*, he shows his love. " This page is written rather with the heart than with the pen. I do not ask in return even a maternal embrace for a child—alas! forgotten. But let that child at least, with tenderness and pride, kiss the hem of the glorious garment that he would have loved to see stirring beside his cradle." Jules Claretie in his introduction to the same book tells how the young Member of Parliament had been given the laurels of the French Academy in 1880 and then pays tribute to the work itself. " From Columbus to Riel," he says, " M. Louis Fréchette gathers stone by stone the necklet of memories . . . that tenacious and superb war in which our forgotten soldiers fought with the regiments of Great Britain for the land discovered by sailors of St. Malo, where France had planted her sword beside the cross." Fréchette was an independent; though he loved France he was no imitator; he did not even abide by the strict French rules of versification. *La Légende d'un Peuple* is, as M. Claretie calls it, a collar of gems, a series of odes to the figures which the *Canadien* has set on pedestals: Cartier and Champlain, the Jesuit martyrs, La Salle and the Le Moynes, Dollard, Cadieux, who acted as a decoy for the Iroquois and gave his life for his friends, the brave Montcalm and the undefeated Lévis. In his poem on the battle of Chateauguay, where a few French Canadians defeated ten times their number of Americans, he voices a justifiable boast:

> Maintenant sur nos murs quand un geste ironique
> Nous montre à nous Français, l'étendard britannique
> Que le sang de Wolfe y scella
> Nous pouvons, et cela suffit pour vous confondre,
> Indiquer cette date aux railleurs et répondre:
> " Sans nous il ne serait plus là."

(And now when on our walls fortune's ironic jest
Shows us, French as we are, the English flag, sealed by the blood of Wolfe,
We can, and surely this will end your mocking,
Speak of that day and say:
" Without our aid, that flag had ceased to fly.")

His poem on Chenier, the heroic leader of St. Eustache, rises to magnificence:

> Défiguré, hagard, effroyable, splendide,
> Et pour suprême insulte à la fatalité
> Le fier mourant cria, " Vive la liberté ! "
>
> (Disfigured, haggard, fearful to see and splendid,
> And for his last defiance to his fate
> Dying in pride, cried " Liberty ! ")

But for all that he loves France, for all that he is *Canadien*, for all that he resents the sufferings and the injustices that he believes to have been the share of his people, Fréchette has the equanimity of a great soul. He ends his introduction on a note of fine conciliation:

> Car la concorde enfin a complété son œuvre.
> Consultant l'horizon, veillant à la manœuvre,
> Se prêtent tour à tour un cordial appui
> Les ennemis d'hier, les frères s'aujourd'hui.
>
> (Peace in the end has wrought her miracle.
> Watching the far horizon as they steer
> The old-time enemies who now are friends,
> Each aiding each, are standing side by side.)

With Fréchette ended the first period of *Canadien* literature, and after he had gone there was a pause. Abbé Groulx looks back with some sorrow at the next developments. " We have remained ignorant of history," he says. " After the magnificent effort of 1850 the generation of our great historians disappears. Our workers in this field lock themselves up in learning and the writing of monographs, an advance which becomes a withdrawal, since it is at such a time that general history ceases to reach the people. All that the writers do is to reduce history to little manuals, masterpieces of mnemonics,

which satisfy the requirements of secondary education, while the chair of Abbé Ferland at Laval remains dumb."[1]

One might observe, parenthetically, that while this criticism may in a general way be accurate, it is rather hard on Abbé Groulx himself, and also on Thomas Chapais, whose biographies of Montcalm and Talon and *Cours d'Histoire* should certainly be mentioned.

In the other branches of literature, too, the closing years of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries were singularly unproductive. There was, indeed, plenty of oratory—some of it has been quoted in another chapter.[2] Honoré Mercier, Wilfrid Laurier, Henri Bourassa, and many lesser lights, played on the feelings of multitudes with well-chosen and persuasive words, swayed crowds to cheering or to laughter or to tears. There was also a very considerable development of the Press, which deserves far more space than we are able to give it.

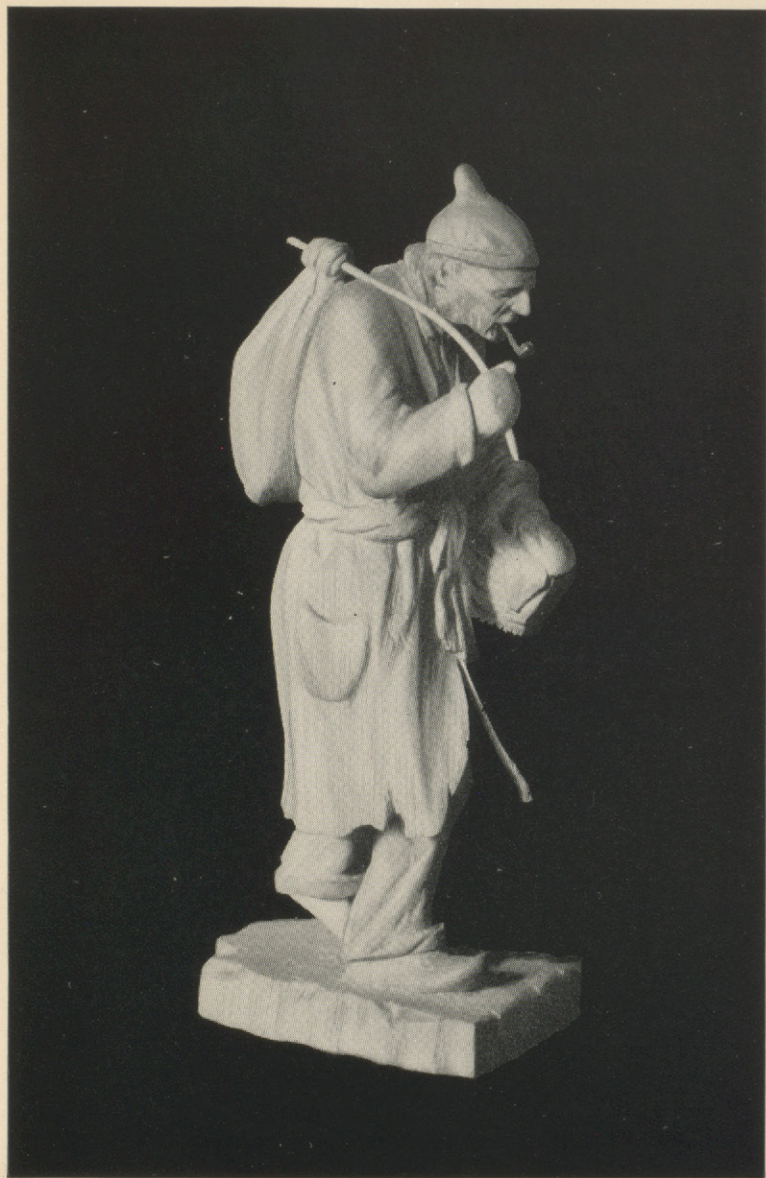
The earliest Canadian newspaper was the *Quebec Gazette* established in 1764 and published in French and English; the *Montreal Gazette* was founded in 1778 and the Quebec *Mercury* in 1805. Then the French Canadians felt that they needed a journal for themselves—only in John Neilson of the *Quebec Gazette* had they ever a friend. The result was the establishment in 1806 of the *Canadien*. " It is not long," said its prospectus, " since the *Canadiens* were made the butt of the blackest calumny, in a paper published in English, without having the freedom to reply. . . . It has been considered a crime for them to use their own language, to express their sentiments and to demand justice; such accusations affright none but the guilty, the sincere expression of loyalty is loyal in every tongue." Then came the *Minerve*, which in 1825 became the organ of Ludger Duvernay. *L'Avenir*, which commenced publication in 1847, and lasted with one interruption twenty years, was the most advanced of the Liberal

[1] *Notre Maître le Passé*, Montreal, 1924.
[2] " Persistence."

organs, preaching many political reforms. *Le Pays* was more moderate, and naturally less interesting.

There would not be much advantage in cataloguing the hundred or so journals which started up before 1880, although —as has already been mentioned—some of them played a very important part in the political developments with which they were principally concerned. It was in the next period that we saw the growth of the important French-Canadian newspapers of to-day—*La Presse*, *La Patrie*, *Le Canada*, *Le Devoir*, in Montreal, and in Quebec *L'Evénement*, *L'Action Catholique* and *Le Soleil*.

The Press of to-day is strongly characteristic, each newspaper has its own views and sometimes expresses them with a frankness which is surprising. M. Olivar Asselin, of *Le Canada*, is among its outstanding leaders, and if you read what he has to say you will generally be instructed, and will always be entertained. M. Asselin will take a motor tour through the countryside and, instead of producing a description, will submit "the notebook of Uncle Anthime," dozens of little jottings which say all the things that most travellers think but few can put into words; or he will dip his pen in vitriol and chastise whoever or whatever offends him with a truly remarkable freedom and in extremely well-turned sentences. M. Du Tremblay, the director, and M. Mayrand, the editor, of *La Presse*, have brought their paper to such a point of excellence and importance that they have received the coveted medal of the Académie Française. *La Presse* has the largest circulation of any Canadian daily: its rotogravure and other illustrated sections provide week-end entertainment for those who like it; its radio station, conducted by M. Arthur Dupont, has been, up to the establishment of the Radio Commission, nearer what a radio station ought to be than many others, giving any amount of free time to education and making a real effort to produce some good musical features. *Le Devoir* has its place, too: probably no paper is more eagerly read by certain sections of the



" A Habitant "
Rustic Wood Carving by M. Bourgault

Main Facade, Parliament Buildings, Quebec

country population—the notary, the *curé* and the doctor; it voices its own ideas and stands by them firmly. And if space lacks to speak of the other journals of city and country as they should be spoken of it is because they deserve a great deal.

The daily newspapers do not stand alone, there are plenty of weeklies—one or two of them successors of the Rabelaisian sheets of the last century—one, the *Petit Journal*, a really excellent effort; then there is *La Terre de Chez Nous*, which for the French Canadian replaces *The Farmer's Advocate*; and there is the pleasant *Revue Moderne*, edited by M. Jean Bruchési, an up-to-date and well-written monthly.

The modern French-Canadian writers are too near us for us to judge them fairly; twenty years on some of them may well take a higher place than they have to-day in a country which is notoriously prone to give no honour to its own prophets.

We still have poets. Paul Gouin in his *Vieilles Estampes* gives us original little pictures of early days in Canada. It is with an odd conceit that he writes of Madeleine Bourgeoys:

> Under the linen coif that hid your hair
> Were the locks bright as autumn leaves,
> Or were they dark as night?
> None knows, for none with tender pride has told their colour.
> Were the eyes hidden under your veiling lids
> Or blue or black, dreamy or sad or gay?
> Why ask, for no one knows, no poet lover
> Has ever sung their charm.

Blanche Lamontagne has written of an old house as a woman can write, and of the sea like the daughter of a sailor:

> These old things that saw the happiness of old folk
> Seem to await without a word
> The warm touch of a hand,
> The sweetness of a smile.
> . . . . .
> Far out, a sudden sail
> Quivers in the spring sunshine.
> Let out your foresail reefs,
> Let out your topsail reefs.
> . . . . .

It is too bad that our English words cannot be made to sound like " largue les ris de la misaine."

> What have you done, O waves! with those good sailors,
> My forbears, who went hunting the porpoise and the goose,
> Whose vessel sped, full sail, into the distance,
> Those sails like wings unmoving?

Simone Routier has a sweet and whimsical imagination:

> These warm sweet sounds,
> The mandolines
> Of spring,
> Delight my heart
> As does the flame
> Of setting suns.
>
> What a sonata!
> Joy bursts forth
> In bloom,
> And so I pluck it
> Under the shiny leaf
> Of each bright day.

Judge Gonzalve Desaulniers, in *Les Bois qui chantent*, has created a book of lyrics which the French Academy thought worthy of one of its rarely given prizes.

And we must not forget Robert Choquette's ambitious *Metropolitan Museum* or the really excellent work of Paul Morin and Alfred Desrochers.

Jean Bruchési feels for the small things—

> Father is astonished;
> Mother is enraptured;
> Baby just this morning made
> His very first step.

—but he feels for the great things too. Looking back on the story of his country he writes:

> Ah, no—I was not lost among the crowd,
> Behind me were most splendid memories,
> To aid me in the combat I had all my race,
> To conquer on the morrow I had all the future.

If, as Abbé Groulx observes, general history has no new interpreters, it would yet not be fair to forget the mono-

graphic works, which have a value of their own, the parish histories, which form very useful adjuncts to the work of the student, Ægidius Fauteux' *Introduction of Printing into Canada*, Abbé Caron's *History of Colonization* and Abbé Morice's *History of the Catholic Church in the West*. P. G. Roy, delving into the archives of Quebec, is giving us interesting sidelights on the life of other days; Gustave Lanctot is doing the same thing in Ottawa. Émile Vaillancourt in his *Conquest of Canada by the Normans* has made a highly important study of family beginnings which has proved the predominantly Norman origin of the *Canadiens* by genealogical mathematics. And the catalogue could be lengthened *ad libitum*.

Of Marie Victorin and Georges Bouchard and Jules Tremblay and their pictures of country life something has been said, and some, only too few, of Marie Victorin's charming phrases have been quoted. Georges Bouchard deserves a special word. Let his translator speak it:

> In each scene, in every picture painted in this book, there shines an ardent belief in the life of the land, fierce as the midsummer sun, a staunch faith in the peasant's destiny, constant as the full moon's light on a cloudless winter night. . . .
>
> There is poetic treatment, too. Let him who doubts this read of the ploughman who makes his way home in the twilight " when the shadows are creeping up from the dales to take the hills by storm," or of the sun " rising above the crest of the hills, its rays awakening the carol of birds in every hedge, creating a sparkle of silver in each droplet of dew, a gleam of gold in each kernel of wheat.[1]

And Jules Tremblay's pictures [2] of Père Patentane, the stout, indefatigable priest from France, who insisted on establishing a new chapel until his best relic was stolen by a heretic dog, and of Bidou, who pulled a huge carp out of the river and pulled himself in, will give you many a half-hour's entertainment.

The *Canadien* novelist can scarcely be said to have arrived, although there are plenty of stories. J. F. Simon's *L'Écrin*

[1] *Autres Temps, Autre Mœurs.*
[2] *Trouées dans les Novales.*

Disparu may be taken as an example, a tale rather in the manner of William De Morgan, travelling through two generations, full of odd occurrences but without much psychological background. The best of the novels is probably Georges Bugnet's *Nipsya*, a beautifully written tale of the west in the days of Riel. Nipsya is a Métis girl, and the struggle of the Indian and the white blood, the gradual unfolding of her intelligence as she meets with civilization, and the gentle opening of her heart at the call of her sex, are drawn with a master hand. But *Canadien* novel-writing is still in the future, although it may be in the very near future. The field is a wonderful one. Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock*, Constantin Weyer's *Un Homme se penche sur son Passé*, Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine* have shown what inspiration may be gained in Canada, what fresh views of human nature may be found in these still new surroundings —and we wait their followers.

CHAPTER XVI

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.

CICERO, *Pro Archia.*

(All the arts which belong to mankind are connected by a kind of common bond and by a sort of kinship.)

Τὸ τέχνιον πᾶσα γῆ τρέφει.—*Greek Proverb.*

(Every land fosters its own art.)

NOWHERE are these two sayings truer than they are in French Canada. Cicero's acute remark will return to you as you travel through the Province of Quebec and see how utility came to be clothed with a real beauty in the early days of the country. The same turn of mind that was responsible for the outward form of our first churches and produced their lovely interior carvings was responsible too for the bright woven patterns of rugs and coverlets, for the plaited, many-coloured *ceintures fléchées* (long, woollen belts to tie round the waist) and for the wrought-iron work that still survives.

The main activity of early days in Canada was building. The first need, of course, was protection from the weather, and the first structures were purely utilitarian. But as soon as the urgent requirements of the settlers had been met, perhaps about the time when Talon was striving to establish the colony on a sound footing, there came a real and definite architectural effort. The *Canadiens* began to build their memories of France into the stone-work and wood-work of the new land, Normandy and Poitou villages were reflected in the hamlets of Quebec.

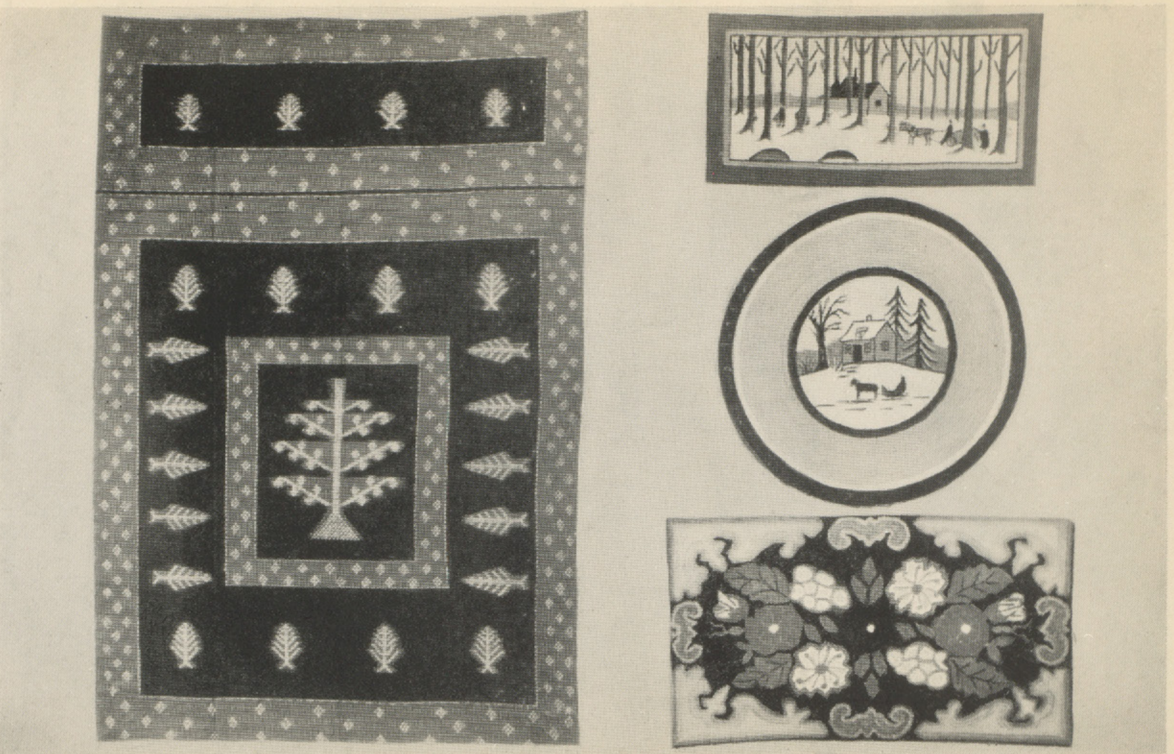
Yet though we can always trace its origin, *Canadien* architecture was never stunted—it was always growing and

always changing. Only within recent years have we begun to obtain an accurate knowledge of the older churches and houses of Quebec. Only lately have we realized that these churches and houses display a real and authentic art, which, while its roots struck deep into the soil of France, budded and blossomed freely in the air of Canada. Much of the credit for our new knowledge and appreciation is due to our architectural historian, Professor Ramsay Traquair, of McGill, and to Mr. Gordon Antoine Neilson, who has assisted in his researches. Mr. P. G. Roy too, the Provincial Archivist, in the books published by the Provincial Government, has done a great deal to spread a general knowledge of the beauties of our wood and stone. M. Émile Vaillancourt, a pioneer in the field, has reconstructed for us the life of Quévillon, a master craftsman of the district of Montreal. Mr. Marius Barbeau and Major Gustave Lanctot have both given us work that deserves mention.

One of the earliest architectural developments due to Canadian conditions was the high roof—sometimes as high as or higher than the walls below—set at so steep an angle that the snow could not fail to slide off.[1] Then this roof became concave, sweeping out with a fine flare over broad eaves.[2] A characteristic example is the manor of St. Antoine de Tilly, on the St. Lambert Levis highway, looking like a great cottage behind its lovely row of poplars. Next, in the towns, came the wide gable walls carried up outside the ends of the roofs. These were intended as a protection against fire, and were probably useful enough in the cities: they had not much *raison d'être* in the country, though they are often to be seen along country roads in the district of Montreal.

The earliest churches were of wood, like the houses. None of them is left, but many smaller buildings show a charming development of the first models. They are nearly

[1] See p. 6.
[2] See p. 109.



Tufted Coverlet with Conventional Design and Hooked Rugs

An Appliqué Coverlet

all in striking positions. As you come into Beaumont[1] or Cap St. Ignace or St. Jean Port Joli the highway brings you straight to the door of the parish church, then turns aside to pass it by.

Stop a moment at St. Jean Port Joli.

Could anything be more attractive than the church which confronts us, with its low, sturdy stone walls, its pointed turret over the west door, the concave curves of its roof rising to a high peak, the roof rounded at the east end over the rounded apse? The smaller sacristy attached repeats the same form. You can see another church very like it at Cap de la Madeleine, another at Lorette, another at Beaumont. And in their interiors craftsmen gave full play to their imagination. The *Canadien* has always had, and still has, an almost magical skill in wood-working. When in the eighteen-twenties Quebec was building the largest ships in the world, the axemen worked with broad axes—one side flat and one side convex. They had never seen a ship, but at extraordinary speed they hewed out knees and strakes—repeating perfectly on a larger scale the small models before them. The same skill appeared in the churches, though we have unfortunately few carvings which we can be certain date from before the conquest.

In Quebec you may see the superb high altar of the Hôpital Général, executed by Noel Levasseur in 1721, the magnificent reredos of the Ursuline Chapel, finished by the same artist in 1736. The carvings in the chapel of Bishop Briand, in which an olive-tree in high relief commemorates the Bishop's name, Olivier, were not completed until 1784. Cross over to the Island of Orleans and at Ste. Famille you will find a high altar made in 1749 by the Levasseur brothers, two side altars made before the end of the eighteenth century by Florent Baillargé, a reredos by Thomas Baillargé. Five niches in the west front held five pine statues, now transferred to the Provincial Museum, which give still further

[1] See p. 6.

evidence of the skill of our early carvers. It is hard to describe these things in words, they must be seen and studied —and there are many other beautiful pieces of carvings to see and study. The altars at Ange Gardien, with their rich floral tracery, their decorated Corinthian columns, their high reliefs of Scriptural scenes, Levasseur's altar at Batiscan, the broad panels of Beaumont, with their central *motif* of flowers, will well repay a visit.

The little church at Beaumont [1] is a lovely thing, although it has been altered and the front renewed.

"Yesterday," writes M. Adelard Turgeon, once Speaker of the Legislative Council—"Yesterday, on an ideal day —since it was fine and the Fête-Dieu—I passed through Vincennes, and on the way we knelt to pray in that Church of Beaumont to which you and I are attached by so many common memories. My companion was a Frenchman—a great connoisseur in art. 'What a wonderful thing,' he said to me; 'this church is a gem.'"

In the early nineteenth century there was a change in the outward appearance of the churches. We see a broad front with arched doorways and window-openings, flanking square towers topped by pointed turrets [2]—the whole design showing an acquaintance with both English and French buildings of the same period. The houses altered too, definitely following Georgian forms—fine and satisfactory no doubt, but no longer characteristic. And when the "vernacular style" was superseded architecture ceased to be an art of the countryside, it became a profession.

The skill of the early *sculpteurs sur bois* (carvers in wood) has come down to their descendants of to-day. M. Marius Barbeau tells us how, passing through St. Jean Port Joli, he found a habitant artist named Bourgault (the one carpenter in the place who was out of work) making fine wood-carving, and put him in touch with the Canadian Handicrafts Guild.

[1] See p. 6.
[2] See church on p. 92.

He had found more than a wood-carver, for Bourgault is a natural-born artist—his statuettes, with their strong design and clear lines, are worthy of considerable attention.[1] He is very much of a realist; he reproduces the things he sees around him in his own village. The worn old beggar, tall and thin, chin sunk on his breast, the light gone out of his eyes; the old woman on her way to find her sheep—you almost see the wrinkles of her canny face; the huge sow and her litter of sucking-pigs, all of them are vignettes of life.

Bourgault's rustic figures carry us naturally enough to the art of the farm-house wife. We have seen her already sitting at her wheel through the long winter evenings, spinning into yarn the wool she has carded herself—fine strong yarn she makes. Then comes the weaving and the rug-making. The designs used may be traced to different sources. The hooked rug originally showed a floral *motif*, imported, like the actual method of making the rug, from the English provinces.[2] Later were developed pictures of country scenes,[2] showing a sort of rustic impressionism—a fence, for example, lies on its side so that you may be sure that it is a fence, a duck is nearly as large as a cow so that you be certain to see it. "Catalogne" carpets, made of rags weft on a cotton warp, show brightly coloured and contrasting stripes. Where this colour scheme came from no one knows; some attribute it to the Indians, some to the Basques. Tufted bedspreads and curtains, called *boutonné*, are another favourite product. The patterns, made by tufts of wool woven in by the artist as she goes along, are highly characteristic, and very conventional; there are conventional pine-trees,[2] conventional portraits of the Virgin and conventional *fleurs-de-lys*.

Then there are plaited carpets—plaits of rags sewn together in concentric circles—and cotton hangings with horizontal and vertical bands. The *Canadienne* is beginning to use new colours and combinations of colours, and has

[1] See p. 243. [2] See p. 251.

recently added mauve, apple-green and plum to a palette which was originally much more limited, and favoured reds and yellows.

She will make " fleurie " too—double-faced work done with wool on a cotton warp in complicated and more or less conventional flower-designs; appliqué-work, where bright red " cut-outs " are sewn on a white background. It is all country stuff, it is all a very simple kind of art, yet it is a real art none the less.

" Those of you," says Georges Bouchard, " who are more intimately acquainted with rural life realize to the full the attraction created by the family workshop. Visitors in a rural home, after being made acquainted with the last-born, are shown the hooked rugs, the embroideries, the homespuns, etc., their own created work, in preference to the chesterfield, radio, or those modern things which anybody can buy with money. It shows the pride that they have in their work, their heart and soul are in it."

A more urban evidence of the natural ability exemplified in Bourgault's work appears in the architectural reliefs of the Soucy brothers—one working in stone, the other in wood. They are true craftsmen, these two, for they design their lintels and doors and decorative blocks of stone, then themselves carry out the plans they have made. And the designs are bold and good, from the fighting cocks on the front door of one house, typifying the Norman descent of its owner, to the comic little classical student, hunched over a book to fit him into a block of stone, his round glasses bent on his lesson, who decorates the passage from the St. Laurent College to its chapel.

A step more brings us to fully developed sculpture, and in this great art *Canadien* successes have been notable.

The early architectural masters, of whom we have already spoken, were the fathers of the art in Canada. Noel Levasseur, born in Quebec in 1680, was the first of whom we know and some of whose work remains. François and

Thomas Baillargé have left us four life-size statues at St. Joachim, as well as several low-reliefs.

It is a little difficult for one who is neither an artist nor a critic to comment on statues or paintings in an age which acclaims the odd productions of Mr. Epstein, although the ordinary citizen cannot help feeling pleased that the cult of the hideous has not yet attracted many worshippers among the *Canadiens*. Yet it is not hard to find the common denominator of *Canadien* achievements. You need only make a list of their monuments and you will see how one inspiration, one deep-rooted idea, informs them all. Walk through Quebec, and look at Alfred Laliberté's statues of Brébeuf, the Jesuit saint martyred by the Iroquois, of Marquette, the undaunted explorer, of de Salaberry, the victor of Chateauguay, of Talon and Dorchester, at Philippe Hébert's Lévis and Montcalm, at his famous Indians, at Bailleul's La Verendrye, at Laliberté's Baldwin and Henri Hébert's Lafontaine. Look too at Philippe Hébert's heroic figure of Madeleine de Verchères, musket in hand, standing on guard by the St. Lawrence where her father's manor stood. Then turn to the smaller things—to Suzor Coté's figures—Maria Chapdelaine, erect a moment, her fork resting on the new soil, looking away towards the far cities she was never to know; his shawled Indian women trudging along the road to Caughnawaga. Every one of these, to the uncritical at any rate, to the man in the street who looks at the productions of art in order to enjoy them, breathes of the *Terroir*—the Land; every one is somehow or other Canadian. The soldier monuments might indeed be anywhere, they are here because the deeds of their subjects were in Canada, the keen, undespairing face of Lévis gives us a key to that motto of Quebec, "*Je me souviens*." But Lafontaine is a typical *Canadien*; Madeleine de Verchères is a country-bred youngster, meeting an emergency as it ought to be met, with wide-open eyes and with no fuss; Maria Chapdelaine might be a daughter of the Magna Mater, the Earth herself, so much is she akin to

the soil on which she stands; Suzor Coté's *Reaper* tells the whole story of the farmer; Henri Hébert's strange figure, "*1914*," laying its axe to the root of the tree, takes its symbolism from the war between nature and the pioneer.

The same pervading influence has guided the painter and his fellows. Massicotte, the artist antiquarian, in his clever drawings of the life of the countryside, has given us a precious pictorial record of disappearing days; Henri Julien has drawn us sketches to illustrate *Canadien* folk-lore, you can almost hear the shouts of the lumberjacks as they drive their flying-canoe through the sky over Montreal.

Jean Chauvin in his *Ateliers* tells the story of some of our artists—he has chosen for illustrations of modern French-Canadian work more pictures of Canadian scenery and the life of the countryside than of all other subjects together. See them for yourself if you can, but if you cannot, see them through his eyes.

He sets out on his journey through a series of studios and, with a skill which shows the critic as well as the journalist, gives us thumbnail sketches of the painters and their works. You will see with him Adrien Hébert's pictures of Montreal Harbour, displaying a lively appreciation of the unexpected beauties of line and colour, of the human interest in that busy spot. You will fall in love with Suzor Coté's *Daughter of the Pioneer*, a sweet, strong flower in a garden of rocks and pines, and will learn from him something new about the Canadian scene. You will be cheered by the brilliant summer colourings of Marc Aurèle Fortin, "brighter than life and twice as natural." Clarence Gagnon will show you the hard loveliness of winter,[1] the wayside cross of which Marie Victorin wrote so well, while Georges Delfosse tells for you the story of the vanishing Canada of other days, of the old houses that are disappearing too fast.

All these men, you will see for yourself, are touched by the same spirit. They have drawn from high springs, from the

[1] See p. 260.

"Moonrise at Arthabaska," by Suzor Coté

"Crossing the Ice to Quebec," by Clarence Gagnon

clear fountains that nourish every art in every country, but they have drunk deep too of the waters of Canada—their pictures are not only works of art pure and simple, they show that kinship with lowlier effort of which Cicero and the Greek proverb speak, they are a fine expression, but none the less a real expression, of the *Art du Terroir*—the Art of the Land.

There was, indeed, an earlier school of artists who seem to have looked more to Europe than to Canada; their names have almost perished, *carent quia vate sacro*, because they lack a biographer—to take liberties with Horace, or rather because they did until Georges Bellerive told us of them. Edmund Morris, in a series of notes published in 1911, makes very brief mention of the first *Canadien* painter, de Beaucourt. Joseph Legaré, working at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was both a legislative councillor and an artist—an odd combination.

Legaré was concerned mainly with portraits, but his pupil, Plamondon, and Plamondon's pupil Hamel, executed some pictures for churches and some works illustrative of Canadian history. Plamondon, by the way, is worth more praise than he usually gets—some of his portraits are extraordinarily fine likenesses and full of character; one of them serves us as an illustration.[1] Napoléon Bourassa was a sculptor and a *littérateur* as well as a painter; Charles Gill's poetry and painting both deserve a note. Charles Huot carried historical work a step farther than his predecessors, and executed some very ambitious work in the buildings of the Quebec Parliament. In him we see the beginnings of transition, with him the older and less characteristic school comes to an end.

Of modern architectural developments there is not much to say, for there is nothing much to differentiate between the newer structures of Quebec and those of any other part of the world. Yet it must be put on record that the *Canadien* architect has done his share in building up our cities.

Mr. Philip J. Turner, a well-known architectural writer,

[1] See p. 267.

tells us that the House of Parliament at Quebec [1] by Eugène Taché is "a good specimen of the best seventeenth-century French Renaissance," that the interior of J. O. Marchand's Sulpician chapel at Montreal is "one of the most serious and attractive monuments in the city," that Eugène Payette's St. Sulpice Library is "cleverly planned, refined in detail, and a good example of the modern French School," [2] that the School of Higher Commercial Studies by Gauthier and Daoust is considered "the finest and most dignified structure devoted to that purpose in North America." And it is especially interesting to observe that while, under the influence of the McGill School of Architecture, many young English Canadians are taking their inspiration from the manor-house of Quebec, the *Canadien* is tending towards the modern and more or less revolutionary architectural ideas of Europe. A notable interpreter of this modern style is Ernest Cormier—his plan for the University of Montreal,[3] the long structure with its many wings, its two turrets and its central tower, standing on the northern slopes of Mount Royal, embodies a great conception.

The Provincial Government of Quebec, through its Secretary, the Hon. Athanase David, has recognized the value of art and of artistic expression as a factor in life. The Government buildings are filled with pictures; the Secretary's department has published beautifully illustrated books: *Historical Monuments*, *Old Churches of Quebec*, *Old Manors and Old Houses*, *The Island of Orleans*—the last an enthralling combination of reproductions, photographs and archæology. The student has his opportunity in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, an institution which, Émile Vaillancourt observes, "was founded just one hundred years after the death of Louis Quevillon, who established the first School of Art or Art Guild in the district." Jean Chauvin quotes the present

[1] See p. 244. The architect is the son of Sir E. P. Taché, who was Prime Minister, and presided over the Quebec conference on Confederation.
[2] See p. 226.
[3] See p. 275.

director, Charles Maillard (also Director of Beaux Arts for the whole province), as saying: " Our school, indeed, might as well be called the School of Applied Art. The most gifted pupils will tend towards a higher form of art, the portrait, the scene, sculpture; others will make for careers. But all, for the benefit of industrial and commercial art, will strive to create beauty about them, to give beauty to the ordinary things—furniture, wallpaper, wood, wrought iron, glass, pottery. So they will follow our oldest traditions." This is a broad and an excellent viewpoint. Cicero is once more justified.

And since, in this chapter, we are naming names, let us add one more. For thirty years Jean-Baptiste Lagacé, artist and historian, has been teaching the history of art—first in the Montreal section of Laval, then in the University of Montreal. Other institutions might well take note.

CHAPTER XVII

SOME ECONOMICS

Any undertaking that is compatible with divine justice, human nature, the trend of world affairs as well as the needs of mankind, when men of foresight determine to carry it out, is bound to succeed.

SUN YAT SEN.

AFTER the cession of Canada to Britain most of the French traders went home; their places were taken by newcomers from England and the American colonies, and for a hundred years after that there was not much room in city business for any but English-speaking people.

The *Canadien*, never a city man, had been accustomed to going to the city for his varied needs; now he stayed in the country, and the country merchant appeared on the scene to fill his requirements. M. Georges Pelletier describes him: " The country merchant was not only a dealer but a manufacturer in a small way, interested in various undertakings —mills, sawmills, tanneries, and for years he had an almost complete monopoly of transportation. He shipped his surplus purchases or the products of local farmers to Quebec or Montreal by schooners of which he was the owner. He was at the same time a banker, a shipowner, a merchant and a manufacturer; he held until the development of the railway an important place in our embryo economic development." He did at least that, for it was the commerce thus carried on that made possible the commencement of those many small fortunes which are even now the foundation of Quebec's frugal prosperity. But his receipts, by comparison with the huge figures of our day, were small; it took him a long time to make any savings. He had no adequate funds with which to begin an invasion of the cities, and the trade there remained almost entirely in English hands. Some *Canadiens*

did make the venture. The business now known as Hudon-Hébert, for instance, was established in 1839, under the name of E. & V. Hudon, commencing that group of French-Canadian wholesale groceries which are now the most important undertakings of the kind in Canada. An extraordinary example was set by the Hon. Joseph Masson, a Canadian Dick Whittington, who first came from the country to Montreal—engaged for work as an errand-boy, after a few years became partner in his employers' firm, finally built up a great business of his own, and died worth $1,500,000.

A few other traders and manufacturers followed these leaders, and as the French-Canadian city population increased so did French-Canadian commerce. The process was very slow, because the *Canadien* had almost in every case to start from nothing. The modern system of financing a business by appealing to the public had not been invented, and in any case the French-Canadian public had still only the smallest of capital resources.

Improved communications brought about some changes. The railway building of the eighteen-sixties and eighteen-seventies made the areas which the railways entered tributary to Quebec and Montreal, and the place of the country industry began to become less important. Even this process took time. Some country undertakings remained country undertakings. Along the banks of the St. Lawrence, for instance, a large number of merchants had established themselves as ship-chandlers, furnishing stores to the many foreign vessels engaged in the lumber trade, occasionally to other vessels, and this business lasted as long as the lumber trade did.

. . . .

Sixty years ago or thereabouts began another era, brought about by two factors. A small capital had at last been built up, and was available for commerce, and there was a large increase in the French-speaking population of Montreal. Then we saw the foundation of such undertakings as Dupuis

Frères, now one of Montreal's greatest departmental stores, Granger Frères' book business, Lamontagne Limited, now, alas! a casualty in the "Great Depression." There also grew up a very considerable number of small manufacturing enterprises; by 1890 there were over 23,000 in the province.

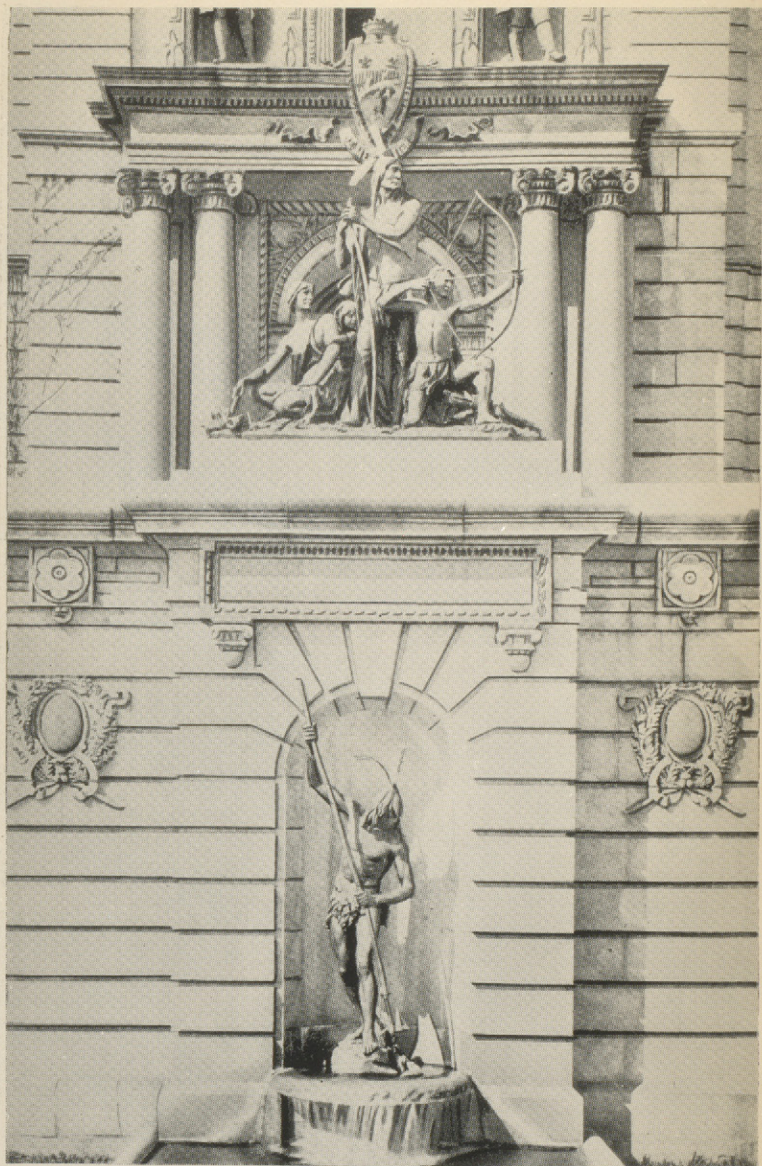
During the same period the French-Canadian banks were established: the Banque Nationale in 1860, the Banque Jacques Cartier, later the Banque Provinciale, in 1862, the Banque d'Hochelaga in 1873. At the same time other banks established branches to handle French-Canadian business. In 1868 Quebec had only one in ten of the bank branches of Canada. In 1905 Quebec had one-sixth of the total of bank branches, in 1917 one-quarter, in 1927 between a quarter and third of the total. By way of contrast, Ontario in 1868 had five-sixths of the branch banks, in 1905 about one-half, in 1917 a little over one-third, in 1927 a little less than one-third. Of course these figures can only be taken for what they are worth—not all the branch banks in Quebec are there to deal with *Canadien* money—but they are still striking.

. . . .

But now the pendulum swung in the other direction, the era of great mechanical and commercial developments was upon us, and again the *Canadien* was left behind. Between 1900 and 1920 our railway system was more than doubled in length, our railway investment was tripled. By 1920 hydro-electric-power development had grown from nothing to 2,500,000 horse-power. In the thirty years between 1870 and 1900 Canadian manufactures had only a little more than doubled, in the latter year they amounted to approximately $480,000,000. In the next twenty years the invested capital increased almost eight times, the value of the products five times.

In these tremendous changes the *Canadien* had little place. The foreign capital which poured into the country—by 1920 foreign investments had grown to nearly three billion dollars

Portrait of John Redpath, by Plamondon



Parliament Buildings, Quebec. Monumental Fountain and Statuary

—was attracted mostly to English-Canadian enterprises. Small enterprises were swallowed up by large ones. In place of the 23,000 manufacturing establishments of Quebec in 1890 there were only a little over 7500 in 1920.

In the article already quoted M. Georges Pelletier looks sadly enough at the results to the *Canadien*:

" Cotton mills which we had established, French-Canadian businesses in rubber, in oilcloth, in tarpaulins, the enterprises in electric power and traction in which some of our business men had invested money, were forced to face modern requirements, to refit, to purchase new equipment in order to replace stock which was worn out, out-of-date, or unable to stand American or English-Canadian competition. A more energetic effort was necessary in order to avoid absorption by powerful houses with plenty of capital. Harassed by competition, often almost ruined, our business men had to choose between the almost immediate loss of their investments and an appeal to English-Canadian financial institutions, since ours were only beginning to feel their feet." As a result: " In these days [he is writing in 1921] such of our industries as still have French-Canadian shareholders are almost all in reality ' anglified ' from top to bottom."

There were, it is true, a number of French-Canadian financial houses engaged in making capital placements, although they never reached the huge size of the largest English-speaking businesses. This was probably fortunate, for during the following depression there were no important failures. There were also the organizations, headed by E. R. Decary, the Title Guarantee Company and the Montreal Finance Corporation, engaged in the very useful business of guaranteeing titles to real estate and lending on second mortgage; at least one life and more than one fire insurance company of considerable size, besides organizations for the provision of pensions.

But nothing was done, nothing could be done, to compare

with the stupendous mushroom growth of English-Canadian enterprise. About all that was really heard of the *Canadien* in those times of inflation was to be found in the advertisements which announced that we had cheap and contented labour in the Province of Quebec. This was true, but in a day when money seemed everything was not very satisfying. There were many grumblings that the first conquerors of the province were becoming nothing but "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

. . . .

Yet even though, during the period of which we have been speaking, French-Canadian enterprise suffered a relative set-back, other developments were taking place which were to have a considerable influence on the future. In the first place, education received greatly increased attention and much larger sums of public money. Between 1901 and 1921 the amount expended increased about six-and-a-half times; the increase in Ontario during the same period was just under seven times. Sir Lomer Gouin, when in 1905 he became Premier of Quebec, turned a far-seeing eye on the future; in 1907 he established the School of Higher Commercial Studies, set up technical schools in Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, and brought M. Alexandre Macheras from Lille to get the system going. The result of all this was to develop a new class of trained young people much better equipped on the average to enter business than their predecessors had been.

At the same time the small fortunes of individuals scattered throughout the province continued to grow. A single column taken at random from the list of shareholders in the Banque Canadienne Nationale is illuminating. Out of thirty-one names only five are from Montreal, the remainder are from St. Alexandre, St. Jean Port Joli, Gentilly, Beauharnois, Becancour, Kamouraska, and fourteen other towns and villages; the number of shares held by people living in these country places varies from one to two hundred.

A third development was the strengthening of certain smaller businesses and industries.

We have already noted that a large part of the wholesale grocery trade of Canada is in the hands of French-Canadian houses. The shoe-manufacturing business also fell to the *Canadien*, and although one firm, Tetrault, dropped out of the race, others kept on. The Slater Shoe undertaking passed to M. Gauthier, Aird & Son to M. W. Gagnon; The Kingsbury Company is owned by M. Lanthier, the businesses of Dufresne & Lock, Daoust & Lalonde, Lefebvre, Gagnon, Lachapelle and Perkins are all French-Canadian, as are the tanneries at Quebec. Of late years imports of shoes from the United States have almost come to an end, although a number of Canadian manufacturers have been licensed to use American marks.

The influx of tourists from the United States due to the Government good roads programme and to the moderate liquor laws, contrasting so pleasantly with the abuses of prohibition, also had an effect, and the hotel business, which had been none too prosperous for many years, began to pick up. In the country its progress has not been fast, nor has its development been altogether satisfactory; too few country hotelkeepers have had the good sense to retain a rural atmosphere and a French-Canadian cuisine. Of course there are exceptions, like the pleasant little *manoir* at Anse à Gilles where you may eat sturgeon and home-grown chicken with fresh vegetables, and berries with *sucre du pays*, and sit on the balcony afterwards looking at one of the world's most wonderful views—green pastures in the foreground, then the broad St. Lawrence, and in the distance the hills of the north shore. But for the most part the meals, in a mistaken desire to please, are an imitation of the cuisine of other country hotels in Canada and the United States, with nothing interesting about them except the hospitality of the host. In Montreal, on the other hand, is to be seen the result of one remarkable *Canadien* effort. The brothers Raymond, after making a success of the

Queen's Hotel, acquired the Windsor, then, with some of their friends, took control of the Mount Royal. They are masters of their business; they deserve all the success they have had, and it would be impossible to find more unassuming men.

It would take too long to catalogue the other solid businesses which were being built up during the pre-depression period—such, for instance, as the furniture houses of the Langeliers, the Grothé tobacco factory, and others; we must pass on to a more general survey.

. . . .

In 1927 M. Olivar Asselin undertook a study with a view to ascertaining the total French-Canadian fortune then existing. His system was an interesting one, his calculations careful, and his results were probably as accurate as can be obtained. Without following his investigation in detail we may cite his conclusions. He calculated that the value of real estate owned by French Canadians in Quebec was two-and-a-quarter billion dollars. This amount was reached by adding fifty per cent. to the valuation for tax purposes. To-day of course, in view of the general shrinkage in values, we should be nearer the truth if we took the fifty per cent. off again.

The 700,000 French Canadians outside Quebec, M. Asselin calculated, owned property to the value of about $400,000,000.

The value of property other than real estate he put at $615,000,000, of which $210,000,000 represents investments. He thus arrived at a total of $3,265,000,000.

He compared this with the total wealth of the Dominion, estimated at $22,00c,000,000, and concluded that the French Canadians, with two-sevenths of the population, had only one-seventh of the national wealth.

In another paper, published a year later (1928), M. Asselin declares that " in spite of indisputable individual successes we are becoming poorer every day in comparison with English Canada." The French-Canadian share in large

undertakings, M. Asselin says, " may be taken as about *nil*," and he cites among these the railways, the pulp and paper industry and the rising business of aeroplane construction.

. . . .

In 1928 things seemed as though they would never change, except to those very few who had read the writing on the wall, but when one looked backward from 1931 the situation was filled with irony. The pulp and paper industry was in serious straits, the railways, if anything, in worse trouble, aeroplanes had almost stopped flying, and English Canada, like most of the world, was in the paralysing grip of an unexampled depression.

What in the meantime had happened to the *Canadien*?

First let us go back a little way to note the further growth of the French-Canadian financial system.

In 1918 there were three banks: the Banque Nationale, the Banque Provinciale and the Banque d'Hochelaga. Their total assets amounted to about $129,000,000, or about five per cent. of the Canadian total. Ten years later, after the post-War period of expansion, the Banque Canadienne Nationale had replaced the Banque d'Hochelaga and the Banque Nationale, and, in spite of the phenomenal growth of the Bank of Montreal and the Royal Bank, the assets of the French-Canadian banks had grown to six-and-a-half per cent. of the total.

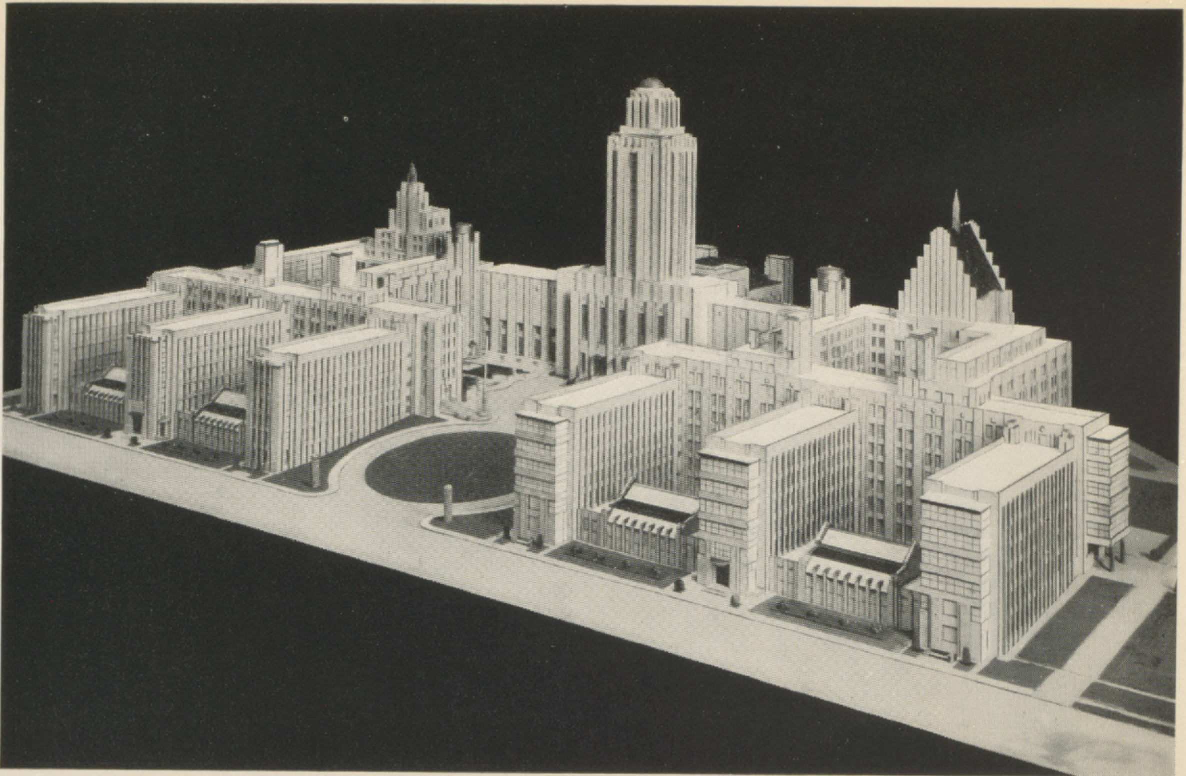
During the depression the French-Canadian banks were fortunate. They had no western business, so that they were never involved with the wheat pools. They were not involved to any extent in the pulp and paper industry. The losses of business in the St. Maurice and Saguenay areas due to the reduction of industrial operations there were more than compensated by gains in other directions.

The Banque Canadienne Nationale became one of the bankers of the city of Montreal and the Province of Quebec, and found the connection a very profitable one.

Besides the large banks there are a number of savings

institutions, of which no account is taken in these figures—the City and District Savings Bank of Montreal, the funds of which, amounting to some $55,000,000, are mostly French-Canadian; the Caisse d'Économie Notre Dame of Quebec, and a few smaller institutions. There are also the "Caisses populaires rurales," co-operative agricultural institutions whose funds are employed in short-term loans; the total of these funds is about $8,900,000.

Backed by this sturdy if not excessively large financial organization, the French Canadians and their institutions weathered the storm of 1930–1931 with astonishing success. It is true that the small investor suffered severely. During the few years which preceded the crisis the *Canadien* had changed the careful habit of limiting his investments to mortgages and municipal or provincial bonds; the high-pressure salesman had invaded the Quebec villages and his get-rich-quick schemes had proved too attractive to resist. Good bonds were "traded in" for doubtful ones, bank stocks for risky industrials. At the same time business concerns, wishing to be up-to-date, had yielded to the craze for expansion which had inflated the apparent wealth of their fellow-citizens to such huge figures, and undertaken liabilities which they could not meet. There was a series of losses which considerably diminished the total value of French-Canadian investments. The old and well-established businesses of Lamontagne, Caron and Baillargeon and the Tetrault Shoe business went by the board. The Appartement Lafontaine at Quebec had been mostly financed by farmers in the Beauce district, and they lost a large part of their savings in the venture. The Chibougamou Railway, planned to open up a section of Northern Quebec where it was hoped to discover minerals, was another loss; there were serious losses in mining ventures, in the pulp and paper industry and in fox-farming. We should not be far out if we said that the investments valued by M. Asselin in 1927 at $210,000,000 were not worth more than half that figure at the end of 1931.



Model for the University of Montreal by Ernest Cormier

St. James Street, Montreal
Banque Canadienne Nationale in left foreground

We have already noted that the figures he gives as the value of French-Canadian real estate should probably be reduced to the actual valuation—that is to say, by about thirty-three-and-a-third per cent. There is not much use attempting to complete the adjustment, for all questions of valuation were by the beginning of 1932 in almost hopeless confusion, made worse confounded by currency complications.

But when all this has been taken into account, however high we put French-Canadian losses, they were nowhere near the almost incredible drop in the value of English-Canadian properties during the same period. The division of wealth in Canada, one-seventh to the French Canadian and six-sevenths to the English Canadian, worked out by M. Asselin probably changed considerably in favour of the French Canadian.

. . . .

By the end of 1931 the fundamental soundness of the French-Canadian position became apparent. The Provincial Government had ended its year with a surplus of over $750,000, and its credit was high. The medium industries, in which, for the most part, French-Canadian capital was engaged, did not depend to any great extent on export trade, and did not lose when international commerce diminished. While the funded and unfunded debts of many of the great undertakings which seemed to M. Asselin to overshadow French Canada had become so considerable that their knock-down value was reduced to zero, the boot-and-shoe and wholesale grocery businesses, in which the *Canadiens* were leaders, readjusted themselves to new conditions and prospered. The wealthier people in the cities, depending as they did on these businesses and on income from mortgages and real estate, had never pledged their fortunes for speculation as had the English-speaking population, and having staked less, lost less.

The agricultural population, while receipts from sales had dropped very considerably, was in no real want; the habit of mixed farming ensured the farmer a good livelihood. If

he had suffered losses he had invested only his savings, he had not borrowed to make investments, so that he was not left with a burden of debt; indeed, he had some money left. He had never, as has already been observed, made any such purchases of machinery on credit as had the westerner. He had bought to a certain extent in this way, but his notes had been met. When the Banque Canadienne Nationale was constituted out of the Banque d'Hochelaga it took over farmers' notes given to the Machine Agricole of Montmagny amounting to $200,000. Within a very few years ninety-five per cent. of these had been paid off.

The country merchant still had customers. It is true that he had had to give credit, which was something new and unwelcome, but he was paid in due course, and his credit at the bank—his " paper "—was good.

Finally, the working classes, while the enormous staff reductions of deflated industries certainly affected them seriously, did not suffer as did the same classes in other countries. Few French-Canadian families, even in the cities, were reduced to starvation diet.

. . . .

The *Canadien*, less disturbed than other people by the world depression, is already preparing for the next changes. Mr. Beaudry Leman, General Manager of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, made some very apposite remarks at the annual meeting of that institution in November 1931. " The maturities due in American funds," he says, speaking of the discount of the Canadian dollar, " which are very heavy at this time, bear with them a useful lesson, that it is better, except when we are forced to do otherwise, to float our public bond issues in our own country." Then he goes on to the future. " The Dominion, the provinces and the municipalities," he says, " must think above all of adjusting their expenses to their revenues, of balancing their budgets, and of providing for their outstanding obligations without harassing the taxpayer more than is necessary. The leaders

of industry and even private citizens could do no better than practise the ancient virtue of economy and build up their reserves. . . . Canada," he goes on, " has been less touched than most other regions of the earth by the storm which has been sweeping over the world for more than two years. Let us be thankful to Providence. The equilibrium which obtains between our agricultural and industrial production has given our Canadian economy a great power of resistance. Our natural resources, immense reservoirs of actual wealth, have lost none of their intrinsic value. Our financial equipment is intact. Everything justifies the most entire confidence in the brilliant destiny of our land."

Mr. Beaudry Leman, who was then President of the Canadian Bankers' Association, referred in his remarks to the whole of Canada, but they are especially applicable to the section of Canada with which we are dealing, the attitude of the French-speaking citizens of our country could not have been more clearly explained.

M. Olivar Asselin, in the second article to which reference was made above, sought to find methods by which the *Canadien* could improve his financial position, which had at that time become relatively worse by contrast with the huge and apparently successful combinations of that day.

He pointed out the need for improvements in agricultural methods, and the addition of new agricultural products such as cider; he emphasized the economic value of rural art, and directed attention to the necessity of organized aid for the fishing industry. He declared that a means should be found by which the State after a given period should recover all its natural resources now leased to industrial concerns. He suggested too the creation of special schools for the children of farmers, and finally demanded that to the *Canadien's* acknowledged idealism should be added more realism. " Let us talk less," he said, " and act more."

It is interesting to see how many of the developments M. Asselin foresaw are now taking place. Scientific investigation

is bringing about changes in agricultural methods; in the year ending June 1931 the Government spent over $35,000 in the development of domestic art; fast-freezing stations, which freeze the fish so quickly that it keeps all its flavour, are being established on the Gaspé coast and will be combined with co-operatives for sale of the product. While the Government has not taken the steps suggested for the return of water-powers it has shown by the imposition of a moderate tax on profits that these resources are not yet out of its hands. And some at least of the special schools for the children of farmers have been set up.

. . . .

The French Canadian a few years ago set himself to reach an economic equality with his English-speaking fellow-citizens. Adjutor Savard, President of the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, recounts an interview with Sir Lomer Gouin which expresses the idea. "His eagle eye searched the horizon, he spoke of the future. . . . Faith, tradition, language, all the things that are dear to us and that we must preserve at any price; that was the theme. Intellectual development and technical training, harmony and toleration; that was the rhythm. But all in terms of riches, which must be, so to speak, the key, and which we must apply ourselves to attain. Wealth is necessary. It is essential above all for us French Canadians."

The French Canadian of 1932 is measurably nearer the objective.

CHAPTER XVIII

FROM THE PAST INTO THE FUTURE

Laurel crowns cleave to deserts
And power to him who power exerts.
Hast not thy share? On winged feet
Lo! it rushes thee to meet
And all that Nature made thy own
Floating in air or pent in stone
Will rive the hills and swim the sea
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

EMERSON, *Compensation.*

Chance and freedom of action oppose alike the fatality of nature and the fatality of historical sequence.

LAVISSE, *Political History of Europe.*

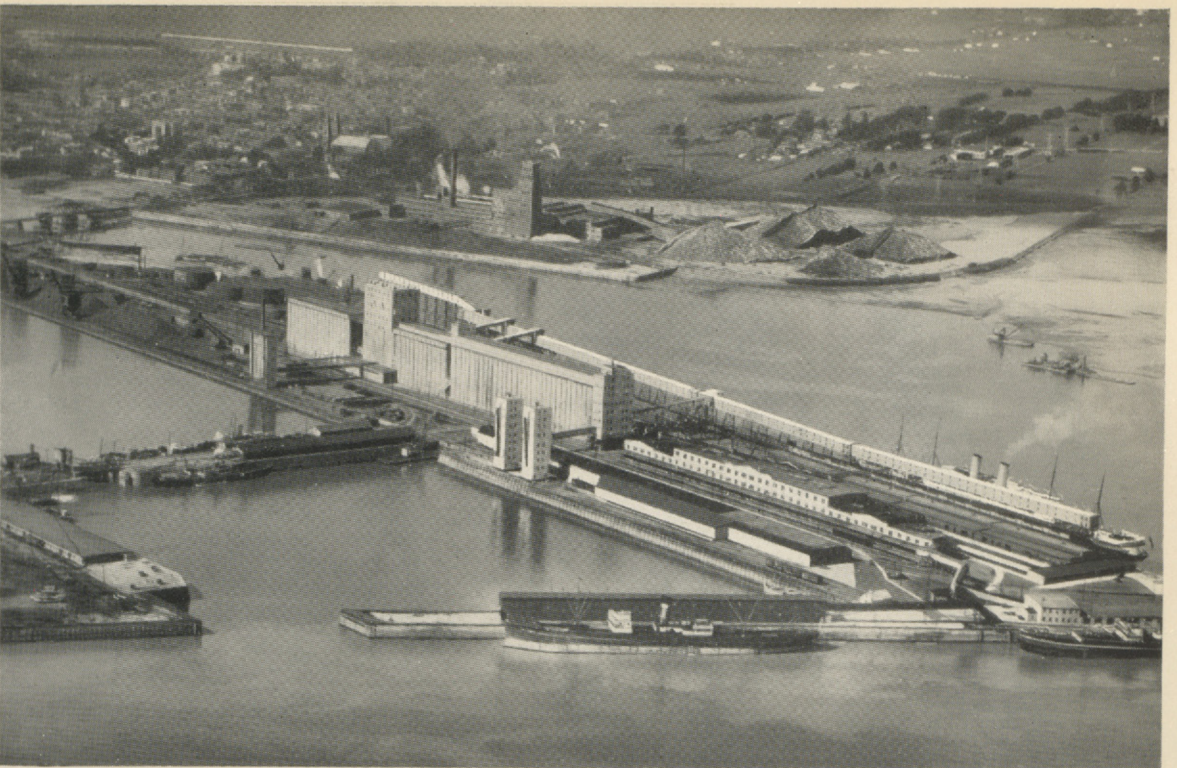
THE Great War awakened the world at large to the superiority of moral over physical forces, and obliged us, at the same time, to recognize that there is no greater moral force than race-consciousness. This fact may not always lead to the happiness of humanity, but it is a fact none the less, and in view of its discovery we have had to remodel some of our ideas.

Forty years ago Professor Lavisse gave us his definition of an historical people: "An historical people is one which has rules for the guidance of its political and social life, and which has some measure of order in its government and of justice in its society. It professes religion and morality. It is skilled in the work of the hands and of the mind. It has industries, art, and literature. It comes in contact with other nations in order to use its powers, to enrich itself, and to gratify its pride, devoting itself to commerce, or to conquest, or to both at once."

This description, which is in conformity with the orderly political plan of the last century, does not at first sight seem to apply to French Canadians. It appears to connote a

political individuality and independence which French Canadians, apart from English Canadians, do not possess, any more than English Canadians possess it apart from the French Canadians. Yet read the definition again, and more carefully, and you will find that, except for the single clause concerning government, it fits very well. We have seen that the French Canadians have certain definite political principles to which Liberals and Conservatives alike adhere, that a vast majority are members of one Church and abide by the moral rules it has established. We have seen, too, that they have a remarkable and individual development in industry, art and literature. And finally, if, as we have also noted, conquest of other peoples, moral or physical, does not enter their scheme of things, they are constantly measuring themselves against others, aiming at adding to their wealth, and endeavouring to satisfy their pride by commercial success. We may fairly say, then, that the French Canadians, while, from the political point of view, they are not a nation but citizens of a nation which includes other Canadians, constitute an ethnic group which has a definite identity; they are in every way that matters, even if we accept Professor Lavisse's careful definition, an historical people.

The political effect of their persistence in spite of their mediocre resources, their separation from French culture, and the former spasmodic efforts of the English and the English Canadians to anglicize them, has been remarkable. The political liberty of the *Canadien* within Canada is just as real and perhaps a wiser solution of racial problems than the solution which, by creating small and economically weak nations, has reduced Europe to such appalling straits. The Constitution of the Union of South Africa, accepting the Canadian plan, followed the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada, and made it possible for Boer and Briton to live side by side. And this is not all; the whole of the new constitution of the British Empire, the convenient if illogical theory of "Dominion Status," is in great part due to the



Docks at Quebec and the Mouth of the St. Charles River

Old Houses and the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec

survival of the *Canadien* and the recognition of his point of view.

Prior to the Great War there was a general movement towards strengthening the Imperial authority. Mr. McKenna, when First Lord of the Admiralty, declared that in time of war all naval forces must be under the Admiralty. Mr. Asquith, in 1911, referred to relations with Foreign Powers "necessarily of the most delicate character, which are now in the hands of the Imperial Government, subject to its responsibility to the Imperial Parliament. That authority," he said, "cannot be shared." The general trend of policy was all in the same direction. It remained for the French Canadians in the wild excitement of the early days of war to see the other side. "The radical cure," said one of their leaders, Henri Bourassa, "is the return to that healthy and ordered 'nationalism' which has been for a century the basis of colonial liberty. Each nation of the British Empire is responsible for its own defence. Great Britain alone is responsible for the general defence of the Empire; she must bear the weight of that Imperial authority which she jealously retains and exercises." [1]

Such, whether we like the word "nationalism" or not, is precisely the situation to-day. M. Bourassa and the Nationalists saw more difficulties in the way than really existed. They did not count on the curious characteristics of the English people, who proved quite ready, more ready than many Canadians, to accept the theory that the Dominions had acquired a new "status." The Great War was not over before the Canadian Government had claimed and obtained control of its own troops, and Sir Arthur Currie insisted on selecting and training a Canadian staff for the Canadian Corps. The Imperial Conference of 1923 recognized the responsibility of each nation of the Empire for its own foreign policy. Britain, assuming the responsibility for dealing with India or Ireland, for negotiating with China or Iraq, and

[1] Henri Bourassa, *Que devons-nous à l'Angleterre?*

receiving any resultant benefits, is bearing, as our *Canadien* writer said that Britain would bear, the cost in money and men. And the Statute of Westminster has put an end, so far as legislation can put an end, to the framework of legal fictions on which rested the imperialism of 1900.

That Statute, after reciting that " the Crown is the symbol of the free association of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations," provides that each Dominion shall have absolute legislative power untrammelled by any supremacy of the British Parliament, and next, that no Act of Parliament of the United Kingdom shall extend to any Dominion unless at the desire of that Dominion. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, perhaps the most eminent of all American students of foreign affairs, declares that these paragraphs " are the most important contribution to the public law of the world made since the ratification of the Constitution of the United States. They introduce into the government of mankind," he says, " a new form of federal relationship, not a federal relationship such as exists between our own states and the Federal Government, but a federal relationship which consists in loyalty and devotion to a person who is the symbol of unity."

In framing the new legislation there was one thing to be remembered, and it was not forgotten. To confer complete sovereignty on the Parliament of Canada would necessarily have given that Parliament power to enact a new Canadian Constitution, to take from Quebec, for instance, the control of natural resources, to eliminate those rights of legislating in certain fields, such as that of education, which the French Canadian regards as vital. In consequence it is specifically declared in the Statute of Westminster that the British North America Act remains in full force. The practical meaning of this provision is that all the rights which have been assured to the *Canadien* are to be maintained.

Here, then, is an historical people which, though an integral part of the Canadian nation, has maintained an

identity of its own, apparent in its art, its letters, its religion, in short, in all its life; which is equipping itself from the educational and from the economic point of view to meet the challenge of the twentieth century. We have watched the development of the *Canadien* through past years, we have surveyed his present condition, what can we conjecture of his future?

If we could be certain that no new forces would come into play our problem would become easier, and, indeed, when we seek the possible occurrences which might wrench aside the course of French-Canadian development those which come to our minds seem to be so improbable that we may almost dismiss them from our calculations.

The annexation of Canada to the United States would, without much doubt, put an end to the separate existence of the *Canadien*. He would, like the rest of us, be lost in that melting-pot which has destroyed so many identities. Forcible annexation, as the result of conquest, was very much in the mind of all Canadians in days gone by; the Rideau Canal was built to provide communication between Montreal and the west in case of war with America; the Intercolonial Railway, also in case of war, was constructed well away from the American border; the Canadian Militia was formed primarily for the defence of Canada against the United States. But in these days it seems most unlikely that the United States will undertake a deliberate war of conquest; we need scarcely take the possibility into account. A peaceful merger is even more improbable, and there is no stronger force operating against it than the desire for persistence in the mind of the French Canadian. There was a day, not so many years ago, when he was inclined to look with wondering admiration upon American culture and American success. His ambition was to go and live in "the States." To-day he has turned in the other direction. He is friendly enough to the Americans, he likes their jazz and reads their baseball news, but he has ceased to look up to them. To his natural

loyalty he has added the conviction that he is better off where he is, a citizen of a nation which leaves him freedom to remain himself.

Another world event which would without doubt affect the future of the *Canadiens* as a distinct race would be a *rapprochement* between the Church of Rome and the English Protestant churches, or a marked change in the geographical distribution of Roman Catholics. While these developments seem excessively improbable we cannot forget that the last few years have seen some astonishing things—attacks on the Catholic Church in many Latin countries coupled with a surprising increase in its strength in English-speaking areas, especially in the United States. The attitude of the French Canadians towards an American Union in which Catholicism was dominant might be an altered one.

Putting to one side the possibility of changes beyond their own control, what can we see ahead of the French Canadians? The answer is a different one in different parts of Canada. In Northern Ontario and in Saskatchewan, even if they resist the influences about them, they will be in the pioneer class for a long time. They are remote from their kin, scattered over a huge area, encircled by English Canadians who are inclined to regard the continued existence of French-Canadian individuality, even though based on sound moral principles, as rather detrimental.

Yet while what Professor Lavisse called the fatality of history is running against these western groups it is going much too far to prophesy, as our French-Canadian senator did, that they will disappear. History sometimes proceeds by jumps; changes come suddenly, and the odds are that one day, though perhaps not for a long time, a change will come.

In Alberta the whole situation is different. The *Canadiens* there constitute, as we have seen, a compact, comparatively prosperous, well-educated community, socially influential and increasing in importance, taking part in the general

activities of the population, yet enthusiastic about its own undertakings. That group is definitely on the way forward.

The little island of *Canadiens* in Kent and Essex counties in Southern Ontario is likely to prosper. It is a living community and it has strength to survive. The same future seems to lie before St. Boniface, in Manitoba. But neither of these settlements will go very far—economically or intellectually—until some more progressive leadership is given them than they have yet had. Survival, the maintenance of its language and its ancestral religion, must not be the only object of a race. It must develop or perish.

In the Maritime Provinces the Acadian is just where the French Canadian was in Quebec a hundred years ago—slowly climbing out of a subservient economic position, gradually strengthening himself intellectually. A hundred years from now the Acadian in New Brunswick may well be where the French Canadian of Quebec is to-day; his future in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island is harder to foretell.

And in Quebec? The *Canadiens* of Quebec make up, as we have seen, one of the most influential minorities in international politics, and they have absolute political command of their own province. They do not intend to become merged with the English-speaking population; they do not mean to be only Canadians speaking French; they mean to remain French Canadians. There is one handicap to progress. We seldom find French and English Canadians working in complete and equal co-operation; a group or a committee will be mostly one or mostly the other; a society predominantly English will find it a difficult task to enlist the *Canadien* population for its objectives. Both races would advance more easily if either would help the other more. The reason for the trouble is obvious—although the result is unfortunate. At one time, as we have seen, the *Canadiens* had too much English leadership in everything. Now most of them do not want English leadership in anything. But even here a change

is coming about. The *Canadien* who has gained belief in his own equality, and who believes moreover that the English Canadian has no wish to deny that equality, does not fear to take part in an English-Canadian undertaking or to invite an English Canadian to join his own efforts. We may very well look forward to a time when, not for the sake of dividing control but for the sake of ensuring efficiency, there will be more English Canadians associated with French-Canadian institutions, and more French Canadians on English-Canadian committees. The Union Catholique des Cultivateurs, a thoroughly French-Canadian and thoroughly Catholic association, is trying the experiment. The Montreal Orchestra and the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, mainly English, are getting a great deal of valuable help from their French-Canadian members. The General Manager of the Banque Canadienne Nationale was quite recently President of the Canadian Bankers' Association, one of its auditors is an English Canadian. Many of the traditionally English militia regiments have many officers and other ranks of French-Canadian race. The more this sort of co-operation develops the better it will be for both French and English Canadians.

In the Provincial Government Quebec seems to have settled down to French-Canadian control with some English-Canadian co-operation, and it is hard to see anything else in the offing. The principal difficulty of the parliamentary leaders is first to find English Canadians who are willing to make the necessary sacrifice and then to obtain the support of their own people. The Premier of Quebec, after considerable effort, discovered an English-speaking provincial treasurer, but could never get him elected. The next Mayor of Montreal might very well be an English Canadian, but there is very little chance that the political caucuses, mostly French-Canadian, could lay their hands on an English-speaking candidate whom the English population would accept. It sounds ridiculous, but it is true.

In the Government of the Dominion the last election gave proof that the French Canadian is at last feeling his feet. He no longer thinks that all his members and his ministers must, in order to protect him, be on one side of politics. He is sufficiently confident now in the security of his own position in Canada to believe that he need not give up all his efforts to maintaining it. In consequence we see, and we may well see for a long time, a considerable representation of French Canadians on both sides of the Federal House.

The past few years have been marked by an intellectual *rapprochement* between Quebec and France, partly due to the number of French-Canadian students who go to France to study, and to the French professors who visit Canadian universities. Partly, but only partly, for the average *Canadien* is inclined to feel that the student who has been to Paris comes to look down a little on his own country. A far more important influence is the spread of French literature, coupled with that persisting love which these people have for the soil of France. " Her books are found in all hands," says M. Gustave Lanctot. " To all they teach the characteristic French qualities of method, logic, lucidity and precision. They constantly renovate the flow of ideas and the art of expression, enriching the mind and the vocabulary. They broaden the horizon and liberalize the conceptions that might remain too provincial."

The organization of French talking pictures by M. Robert Hurel and his associates may easily have yet more far-reaching effects. The public which does not read French books, or any other books, goes in crowds to see French talkies, and the popularity they gained in the course of a single year indicates that before long they will replace American pictures in many city theatres and in most country places where the potential audience is mainly French-Canadian.

From one cause or another the bond between the French Canadian and his French cousins is likely to become stronger

rather than weaker. It is, as I have observed, an intellectual bond—French Canada admires and wishes to be a part of the world of French thought, without having any desire whatever to become part of the French Colonial Empire. It might have one political effect. A conflict between England and France would create a very difficult situation for Canada, and the peculiar relation of Canada to the two countries will, if ever the need arises, prove an effective guarantee against any such international crime.

Watching these *Franco-Canadien* relations, and the development of the French-Canadian universities, we feel that a bud is coming to blossom, that French Canada is on the edge of a great advance in intellectual achievement. And if, as yet, we feel this rather than see it, we still have little doubt, and little reason for doubt, as to the changes to which we may look forward.

From the economic point of view there is no question as to the future, provided that our *Canadien* appraises himself without prejudice in his own favour or in his own disfavour, provided that he faces facts as they are, provided above all that he profits by his hard lesson, shuns get-rich-quick salesmen and returns to his own sensible and frugal methods of making money. He has done much already, nothing is left that need dishearten him. His economic structure was started late and grew slowly, but he has already a building worth note and one which will be greater to-morrow.

This, so far as to-day can tell us, is the future of the *Canadien*. We look forward and see him progressing intellectually, economically and politically. In his relations with the rest of Canada, to a less marked extent in his relations with France, he will be a French Canadian. To the world at large he will stand beside his English-speaking fellow-citizens a Canadian pure and simple. In the British Commonwealth of Nations—as the Statute of Westminster has named it officially—he will be a loyal subject of the Crown, attached firmly to those traditions which are after

all as Norman as they are English. For do not the very names of our Parliament and Privy Council, the lion on our Quebec crest, come down to us from Norman days, and does not the King when he gives assent to a public Bill still write: " Le Roy le veult "?

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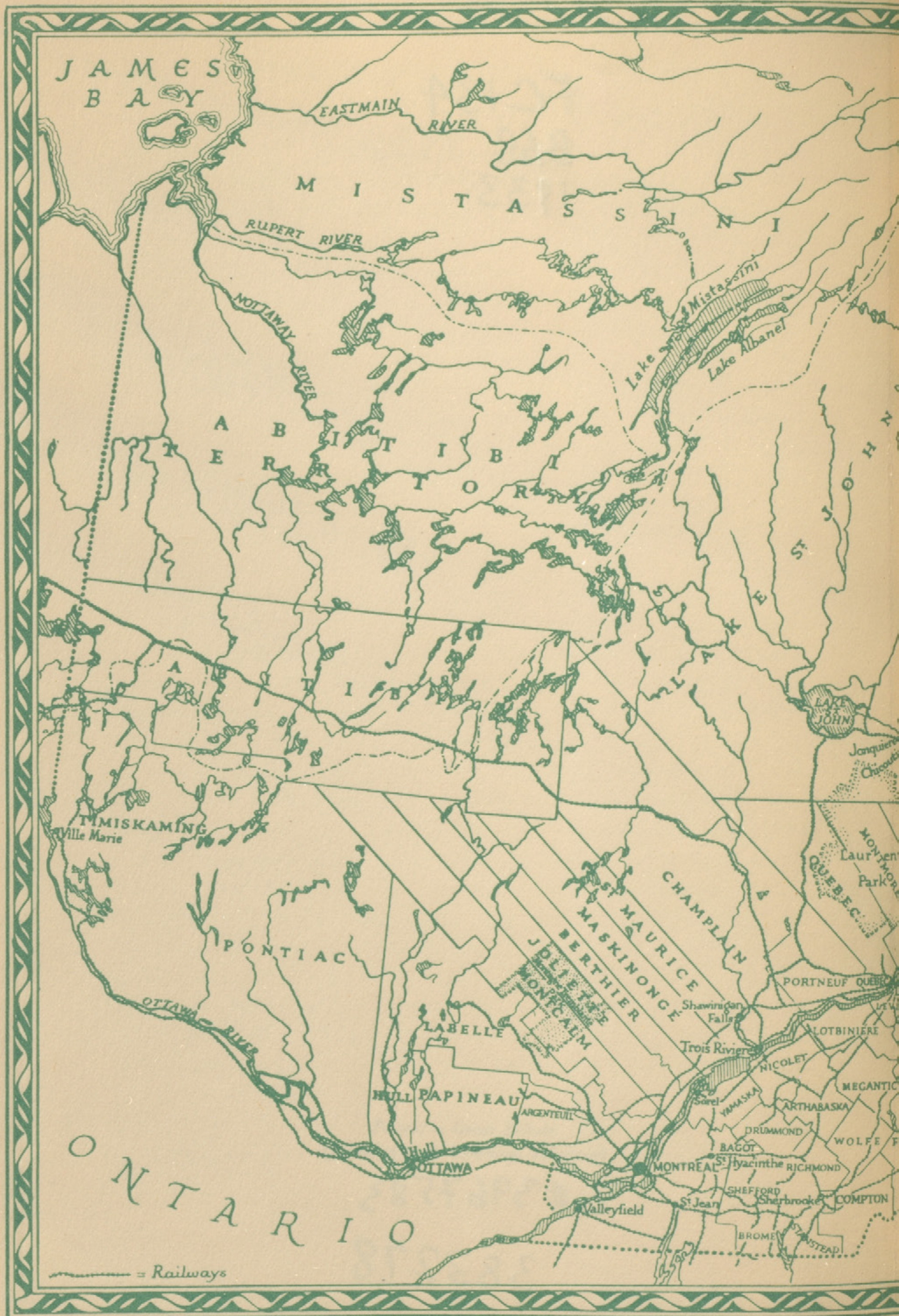
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RUPERT RIVER
NOTTAWAY RIVER
Lake Mistassini
Lake Albanel
ABITIBI TERRITORY
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Jonquière
Chicoutimi
TIMISKAMING
Ville Marie
PONTIAC
CHAMPLAIN
ST MAURICE
MASKINONGE
BERTHIER
JOLIETTE
MONTCALM
LABELLE
Laurentides Park
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LOTBINIERE
NICOLET
MEGANTIC
Sorel
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HULL
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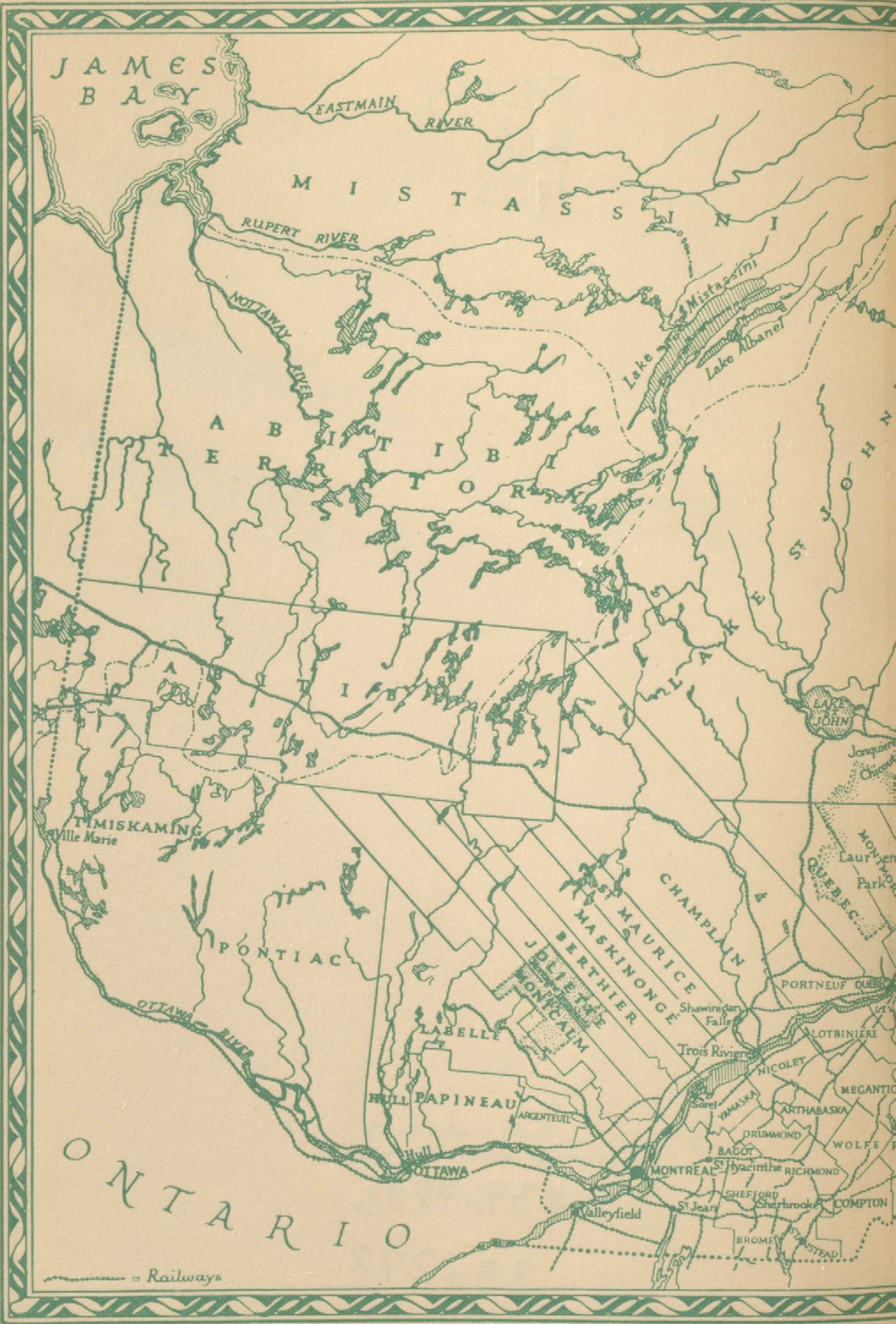

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MONTCALM
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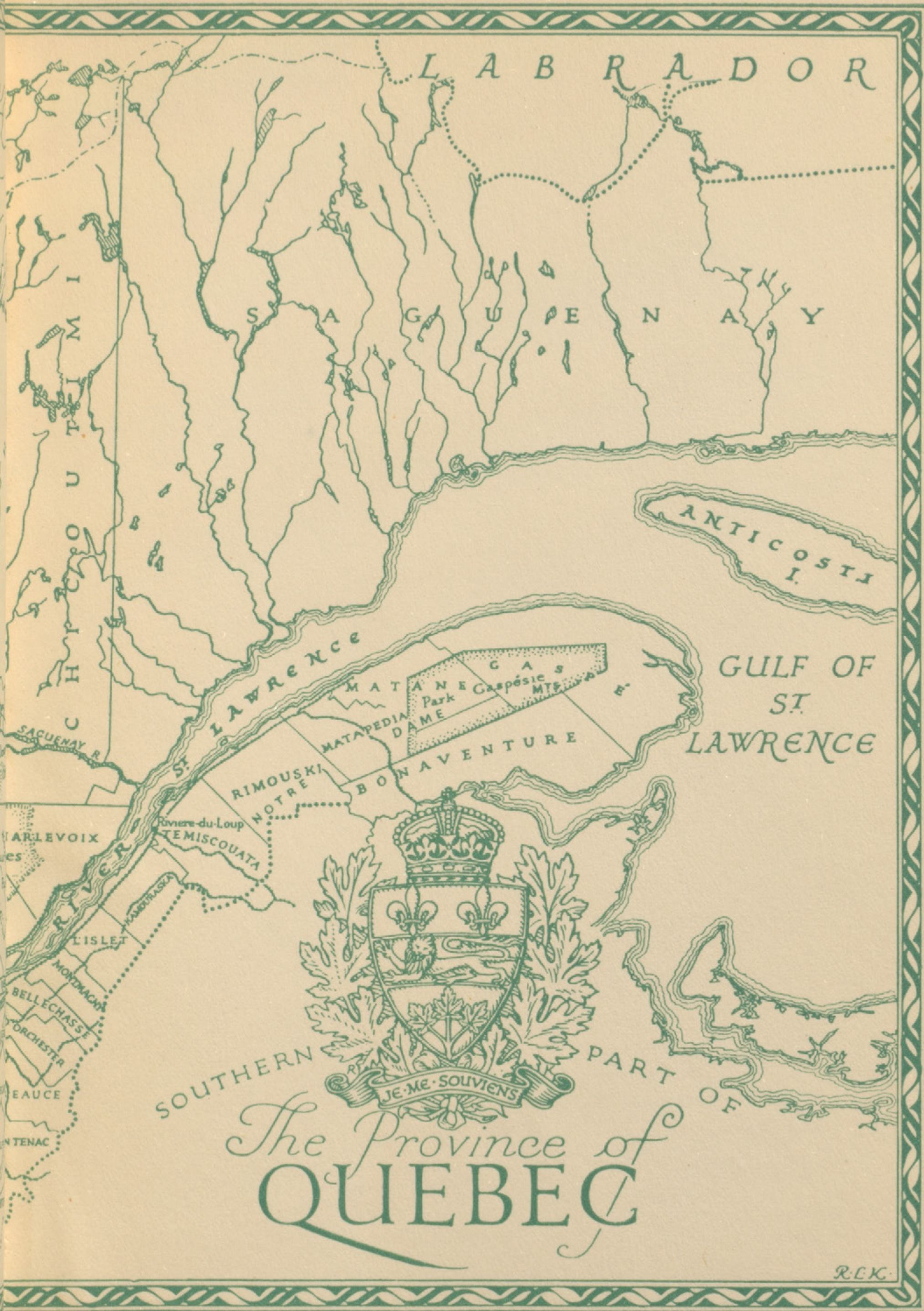
HULL
PAPINEAU
ARGENTEUIL
OTTAWA RIVER
Hull
OTTAWA
ONTARIO
Shawinigan Falls
Trois Rivières
PORTNEUF
QUEBEC
Laurentide Park
MONTMORENCY
LOTBINIÈRE
NICOLET
MEGANTIC
Sorel
YAMASKA
ARTHABASKA
DRUMMOND
BAGOT
WOLFE
MONTREAL
St Hyacinthe
RICHMOND
SHEFFORD
Sherbrooke
COMPTON
St Jean
Valleyfield
BROME
STANSTEAD
= Railways


LABRADOR
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ST. LAWRENCE RIVER
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Park
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GASPÉ
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NOTRE DAME
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RIMOUSKI
Rivière-du-Loup
TEMISCOUATA
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