

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1887.

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THE RACE MOVEMENT.

I CONTINUE my remarks from last week.

Like the Castors and the Bleus, the Rouges have little love for the English. They see in the latter a constantly opposing force, and they imagine that were Quebec solely French, between the warring Conservative wings of a great political party, they might grow numerous enough in time to wrest power, and govern the country after their own fashion. As bitter attacks on English nationality appear in their newspapers as may be found in the Castor and Bleu journals, and certainly their public speakers and orators are as defiant and insolent as the noisiest Tory demagogue in the list. Now, why is this so? Can any one answer the question? Hatred of the English must come from the cradle. Not long ago, in the city of Quebec, Louis Frechette's drama of *Papineau* was performed in a theatre. The play is full of keen allusions against English rule, and some witty speeches at the expense of the Saxon occur at intervals. In the gallery were seated three hundred boys of from ten to eighteen years of age. They could only have been connected with the revolution in the remotest way. Father or grandfather, perhaps, may have taken a part in the struggle; yet though fifty years had passed away, and all the wrongs had been redressed, whenever one of these patriotic speeches was uttered by the performers, cheer after cheer rent the building, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The youngsters were really moved; their eyes flashed fire, and their faces burned hot and red, just as if the struggle had occurred yesterday, and they had been active participants in the fray. Now, all this means much. As a sign of the times it means a very great deal, and reveals a condition of things that steady-going old English loyalists cannot tolerate. It shows that, perhaps, after all, French Canadian loyalty to Great Britain is only skin deep and not at all sincere.

The French Canadian is tenacious of his language. He insists on its use in every public department, in Parliament, and in the Courts of Justice. Litigation is rendered doubly more expensive than it is in Ontario because every step in court is made in both languages. The lawyers plead in French and in English. An interpreter translates for the benefit of the jury, which is always a mixed one, and the Judge charges in both tongues. Law is thus rendered costly and cumbersome. Next to his religion, the French Canadian values his language, and the ultra newspapers even go to the length of advising their readers to teach their children French only, lest the learning of English might corrupt the tongue. Of course, this counsel is not followed by the intelligent people of the country, but it is given all the same, and in some of the remote districts it is really acted upon.

Every French Canadian has a dream of Paris, and when he can afford it he goes to the gay city to find his fancy rudely

shaken. For the most part he is pious, never misses his mass, and reads only the books which are not prohibited by his Church. The France he treasures in his heart is the France of Louis the Fourteenth. With the France of to-day, with its treatment of sacred things and its cruelty towards the Roman Catholic clergy, he cannot have much sympathy, and when he returns to Canada after a few months sojourn in that country, he rarely wishes to cross the sea again. The vision did not come up to his expectations. But he does not love England any better. He loves French Canada more, and would live all his days a French Provincialist, narrow and circumscribed, but supremely happy in his faith, his environment and his mode of life. His priest encourages him to stay at home, and to marry young. Large families are the rule rather than the exception. Immigration from France is not desired. The Church preaches against the admission into Quebec Province of careless, half-infidel Frenchmen who are apt to bring new ideas into the close community over which he presides. As a result of this the inflow of real Frenchmen, as the natives of France are called, is very small—not a dozen a year. The local government spends very little to bring immigrants into the country, but much is expended to bring French Canadians back from the United States. Many go every year to the manufacturing towns of New England and New York, where they are better paid, better fed, and sure of more constant employment than they would be were they to remain in Canada. Often they return home; some do not venture away again, but the majority of them pass their time between the place of their birth and the place of their adoption. Their clergy do not like them to go away. They fear that they may become inoculated by intercourse with their heretical neighbours, and there is always danger that they may leave the Church. Hence every effort is made by Church and State to secure their frequent return, with a view always of eventually inducing them to permanently stay in Canada.

Socially, the French Canadian is a good neighbour. He is frugal and cheerful, and though he works hard his scale of remuneration is not high. Both sexes love showy finery, and a man and woman will often pinch their stomachs in order that their backs may be well covered. Side by side with Englishmen they have lived many years on terms of apparent friendship. There has never been real cordiality between the races, except in occasional cases. Before Confederation parties in Parliament were so evenly divided that business could not go on, and political deadlocks often checked Parliamentary progress and advancement. To kill the deadlock, leaders proposed a larger union, and Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were invited to throw in their lot with old Canada, and form one Dominion. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick did so, and later on the little Island entered the union. Matters worked with tolerable smoothness for a while, but promise of trouble comes with the extraordinary development within the last ten or a dozen years of intense race prejudice. If this spirit is not soon curbed it must, without doubt, imperil the safety of Confederation. In Montreal the feeling runs stronger than elsewhere, though in Quebec it is only less violent in degree. The Quebec newspapers can be as rabid as their *confreres* in Montreal on occasion, and when war is waged in the journals of the day, vituperation, abuse and scurrility form the principle weapons of the belligerents. The spectacle is not edifying, and such discussions only serve to widen the breach between the two nationalities, and to fan the flame to greater heat than ever.