



*A view of Quebec City.*

Analogy helps to explain the power of this defensiveness. New South Wales, like Quebec, is the original core of settlement in Australia. Imagine that after 150 years of existence as a British colony, New South Wales were suddenly, irreparably, permanently, ceded by the fortunes of war to a foreign flag, a foreign language. The New South Wales population would stay English of course, but there would come those conquerors who, though white, spoke another language, had different law, and who by virtue of conquest took over the Government and the leading commercial and financial institutions of New South Wales. If an English-speaking person wanted to get anywhere he would have to do it in Dutch, the new language. These conquerors were not wicked, but decent; still they were proud, proud of their success, their flag, their commercial and business capacity, and looked upon you, the English, as rather uncouth peasants. All their lines of communications were now with Amsterdam. The flag that flew over Government House, Sydney, was foreign; the soldiers that saluted it were foreign, and they would garrison all of New South Wales. They had a queer language, had queer stolid ways, had a different religion, and they thought and worked in different ways. Even their houses were different, their furniture was different. They were a minority, true enough, but they were an

exceptionally powerful minority, and they were reinforced. They brought out to Australia more and more of their own people, who populated Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania. In fact, they took the rest of the country over and made it their own. Australia would be Dutch except for that core English group struggling for survival in New South Wales.

In such circumstances as those, would you not, as an English inhabitant of New South Wales, cling to English, cleave to its language, its common law, and its old religion? Would not the sight of the Union Jack, perhaps on a visiting English ship in the Dutch port of "Sydnij", move you to tears? In time, you would come to accept the Dutch and their dominance, but you would not admire the way they did things; you would live with them but it would be but a *mariage de convenance*. Your heart would be, and always would be, English. You would remember its cadences, its poetry, its sweetness on the tongue.

Something like that happened to French Canada in 1763. There is no question but that French Canadians go to Paris in a way English Canadians cannot — sure of themselves, able to make their way in their mother language, rather proud both of being Quebecois and French.