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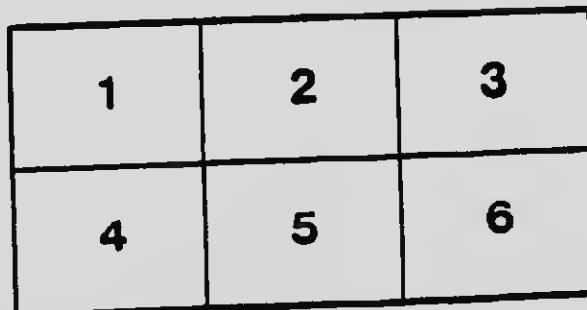
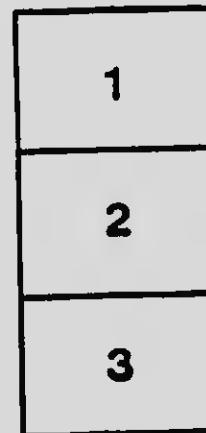
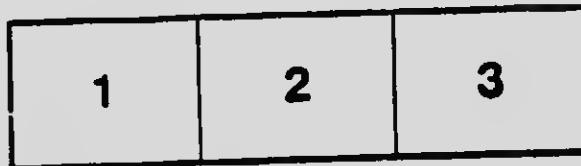
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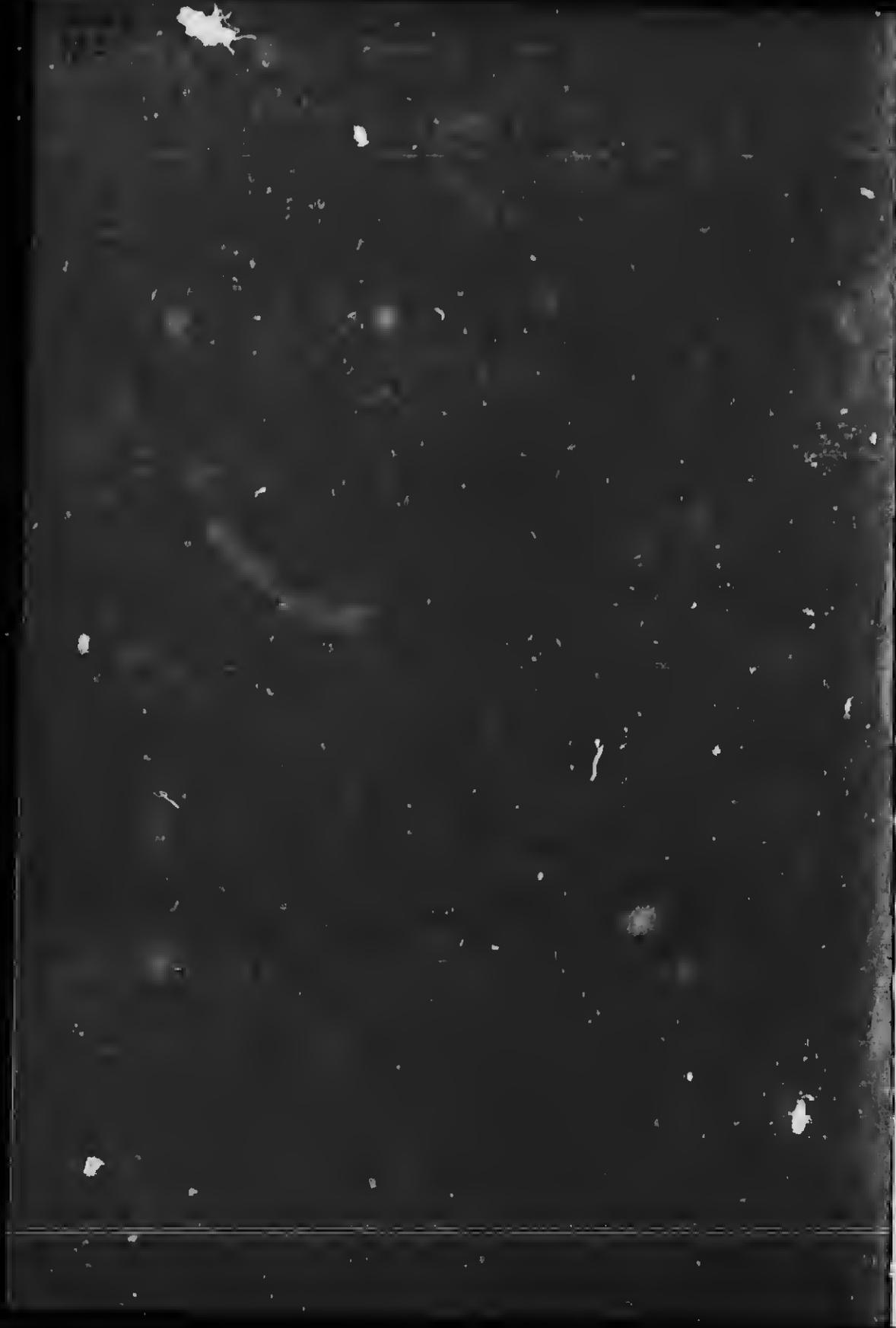
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"CANADA"

THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL, L.H.D., etc.,
Of Toronto, Justice, King's Bench Division, High Court of
Justice for Ontario.





"CANADA."

Response to the toast "Canada" at the Annual Dinner of the Lake Champlain Association at Delmonico's, New York, December 11th, 1911, by

THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL,
L.H.D., etc., OF TORONTO, JUSTICE, KING'S
BENCH DIVISION, HIGH COURT OF
JUSTICE FOR ONTARIO.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Lake Champlain Association,—I always have been proud of my country and glad that I was a Canadian, but never more so than upon the present occasion after your President's gracious words. And, as to Mr. Kingsley's trying to put me in a hole, I will say that if I am never in a more disagreeable hole than this, I shall consider myself fortunate indeed. (Laughter.)

Your Secretary has favoured me with a report of the speeches made at your dinner in February last year. I notice that one of the speakers says that he has been led to a juster view and higher conception of the merits and virtues of your neighbours to the North; and he goes on to explain that his eyes have been opened to the virtues of the French-Canadian. That statement being made by a clergyman, a professor and the president of a university, one who therefore, I presume, cannot tell a lie, I rejoice at it; and I venture to hope that the Reverend Dr. Thomas does not stand alone in this evolution of enlightenment.

My wishes, however, are more far-reaching, and they extend so wide as to include the desire that we, the Anglo-Canadians, the English-speaking Canadians, shall also have a place in the favourable regard

of the people of this great Union. (Applause.) I yield to none in my affection for and admiration of my French-Canadian fellow-subjects. I have no sympathy and no patience with that class of people who with true Anglo-Saxon arrogance and intolerance affect to pity Canada in that she has one-third of her population of French or French-Canadian descent—who say, “What are you going to do with the French-Canadians?”

The French-Canadian was the first Canadian, and he is abundantly capable of looking after himself—there will be no absorption or destruction of that race so long as “De Nice Lectle Canadienne” of Dr. Drummond (and Dr. Thomas) does her part in anything like the way she has done in the past; and I, for one, would think it nothing short of a misfortune if such a picturesque, graceful and vivile race, a credit and an honour to their origin, should disappear from Canadian life, public or private. (Applause.)

But, as has been said, it is not simply from a physiological, mechanical or hydrostatic point of view that “Blood is thicker than water.” We Anglo-Canadians look upon you upon this side of the international boundary as brethren, sprung from the same mighty loins, with a common heritage from the past, with kindred institutions, the outcome by evolution, gradual or sudden, from the same sources, with the same literature and the same literary masters, with the same aspirations for the future. (Applause.)

We, on our side of the international boundary are still under the Red Cross of St. George—(Applause)—“our glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride,” “the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze”; although we have the same red, white and blue as appear in your flag, the colours are differently arranged, and therefore from the viewpoint of international law we are aliens and foreigners to each other; but of that thousand years

WINDSOR JAVON
AGASSA

of glory and glorious history you share with us all except a century and a half; and those who have a heritage of that kind in common can never, sir, be at heart alien and foreigners to each other. (Applause.)

My French-Canadian fellow subject, as I have told you, I admire and esteem. He is a member of the same nation as I, a subject of the same King—but his language is not mine, his law is not my law, his songs are not my songs, as are your language and law and songs. And it is that very sense of Anglo-Saxon oneness that mites, as indeed it has for more than a hundred years united, the two peoples on each side of our international boundary, the longest international boundary in the world. (Applause.)

When Canada was French, there seldom was peace. From 1613, when the Virginian, Captain Samuel Argall, destroyed the French settlement at Mount Desert (thereby for the first, and I understand for the last time expelling French fashions from Bar Harbour) (laughter and applause)—“He jests at scars, that never felt a wound”—that light laughter proves to me that many a one here has not a wife who spends her summers at Bar Harbour (continued laughter and applause)—from 1613 until 1759, when Wolfe gloriously obeyed the command to capture Quebec, there was never lasting peace between New France and New England. It may be that this was to a certain extent due to the Anglo-Saxon spirit based upon the idea that the Anglo-Saxon was the greatest of all God's creatures and very little, if any, lower than the angels—a feeling which has not yet died out—(laughter)—for what right has the nigger, or the Dago, or the Greaser, or Dutchy, or Johnny Crapaud, particularly if he is also a “Dogon,” to “even himse!” with a freeborn English-speaking “white” man, and a Protestant at that? (Laughter.)

It was not due, as some have thought, entirely to the almost continual conflicts between the mother countries—for even when there was peace at home, the colonies were seldom at rest. As in volcanic countries, while the volcano may not always be belching smoke and flame, the earth ceases not from tremor of terrible import. And to Frenchman and his Indian invaded and ravaged New England, and Englishman and his Indian invaded and ravaged New France.

Most of the incursions were by way of the country which this Society is organized to honour. For while a few incursions and excursions were by the way Arnold took, by the Kennebec River and the Chaudière, and a very few by Lake Ontario—the route Lafayette desired to take—most were by one or other of the four Vermont routes: by the River St. Francis, Lake Memphramagog, and River Passumpsic into the Connecticut by the present site of St. Johnsbury; or by Lake Champlain, the Winooski, which is called Onion River with true American disregard for graceful nomenclature, like that which calls the chieftain boasting the noble Homeric name “His Face to the Storm” by the plebeian title “Rain in the Face”—one wonders indeed why “Alabama” is not translated “Good chance to loaf here,” instead of “Here we rest”—(laughter)—they went up Onion River, down White River to what is now White River Junction; or, leaving the lake further up at the Otter Creek and thence to the West River down to Brattleboro, or finally reaching the West River by way of the Pawlet (Poultney), at the head of the lake. Some, indeed, went to the head of Lake St. George, and thence to the Hudson for Fort Orange.

And it was on the shore of Lake Champlain that on that fateful 30th of July, 302 years ago, after the two bands of Indians had spent the night in dance and song, insult and taunt, that Champlain planted the seed for the enmity of the relentless and vengeful

Iroquois, which was thereafter to bear such tremendous and fatal fruit for his own people. He loaded his arquebus with four balls and, firing, struck down three chiefs at once. The rule "three out, all out," prevailed, and the battle was over. Then, for the first time, probably, the French met the Iroquois, and then, for the first time, the land which was to be the United States knew the significance of "four balls" and "three strikes." (Laughter and applause.)

I do not know that there was much to choose between the French on the one hand and the English on the other. It is interesting, however, to compare the manner in which an expedition is spoken of, according as it is from the north or the south. I find in the same author "Wolfish pack of Canadians and Indians," but no reprobation of Schuyler's attack in 1690 on La Prairie, where "Christians, as well as savages, fell on with a war-cry . . . made nineteen prisoners and six scalps, among which were four womenfolk"—nor of the incursion in 1691, when Major Schuyler, with a war party of Mohawks, went through Lake Champlain, and, attacking the settlements on each side of the Richelieu, "he slew above 300 of the enemy, a number exceeding his own force." "Fort Francis had been the point from which marauding bands of Indians had set forth, and their scarcely less ferocious white associates, on errands of rapine and murder," but no word of reprobation for Major Robert Rogers and his band, in whose attack "old and young, warrior, squaw and papoose alike suffered their vengeance till of the three hundred inhabitants two-thirds were killed, . . . the church, adorned with plate and an image of silver, and the well-furnished dwellings, were plundered and burned."

It is pleasing to note that even this history is not without its lighter shades. Mrs. Johnston was captured at Charlestown in 1754 by the Canadian Indians, the morning after the night before which had

been spent with a party of neighbours very cheerfully with watermelons and flip till midnight, a terrible "morning after the night before," in truth—(laughter)—but I do not think even my friend, Dr. Benton, could make a temperance lecture out of that, for the "flip" had certainly no more to do with the trouble next day than the watermelons. She found, too, after meeting the French "brandy was hauded around in great bowls, and we lived in high style." And, in Montreal, her friends "frequently sent us bottles of wine."

No small part of the time of the embassies to the Indians in those days was spent in the earnest endeavour to persuade them of the evil, intestine-putrefying—mark the delicacy of my adjective—(laughter) qualities of New England rum and the virtues of French brandy—or the reverse. Both liquors seem to have been good, for Mrs. Johuston, after four years of French brandy, went back to her native New England "flip" and lived to the good old age of 81 years. All of which, Doctor, bears powerful testimony to the wisdom of the maxim, "Always drink the vin du pays," the well-known rule of the Frenchman. (Laughter.) I trust Dr. Benton will teach this to his students. (Laughter.)

Well, Quebec fell at last, and there were many New Englanders who made their way to Canada, now become English. It is true that they were not highly esteemed by the early governors. Murray calls them "licentious fanatics," "men of mean education, either young and inexperienced or older men who had failed elsewhere," "the most immoral collection of men I ever knew"; and Sir Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, had not a much better opinion of them.

I have read volume after volume upon the occurrences of those first days of British Canada, and find that no words have been considered too strong or too harsh to describe the new American-Canadians—but I am thoroughly convinced that they were not a bad

sample of their countrymen. (Laughter.) "License" and "licentiousness" are but the ordinary terminology of privilege to describe independence of thought. The language used concerning these new Canadians is the same as amongst governing classes, those who conceive that they are born to govern, and that they have "the right divine to govern wrong"—has always been used to describe those who would not submit to arbitrary measures—and is no stronger than has been heard across the sea within the past five years from the "sons of their fathers." (Applause.)

And now took place the inevitable conflict—inevitable unless the governing classes could learn that an Englishman does not change his soul when he changes his continent.

"Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

It is of the very genius of our race that we must govern ourselves, whether for weal or for woe—we will not submit to be governed even by people of our own blood, and we spurn the rule of the stranger; it is self-government we demand and must and will have.

The embattled farmers of the American militia fought not alone for themselves and their progeny, but also for Canada and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa—nay, for England herself, and for all that has made England England—and the British Empire worth while. (Applause.) The lesson was learned by the Mother Country, once for all, that the colonies are not subject nations, but sister nations. And never since that time has a colony insisted upon aught that was ultimately denied her. So we are free, and not subject. We Canadians treasure beyond all price our association with our brethren across the sea, and proudly say, "British subjects we were born; British subjects we will die"; and yet we will not yield up to any demand one jot or tittle of the self-government which we have and intend to retain.

With you, the separated brethren in the United States, our relations have been, in the main, cordial—you were rebels, indeed, but yet none the less of the same stock. We were and are proud of the big brother who, revolting against parental authority, made himself great among the peoples of the earth. Little troubles arose from time to time, and sometimes big ones; but, except when 100 years ago the United States set out to conquer Canada by force of arms and failed, we have been able to live in peace. (Applause.)

At the time of the peace following the Revolutionary War there was an expectation, seeming to be well founded, by reason of the promises contained in the treaty, that those who had lost their all on account of their loyalty to their King and their flag, should be reimbursed for their losses. This expectation was not fulfilled; and much anger was felt, and some expressed, by those disappointed in their legitimate hope. But that has died away, and it now no more influences feeling on our side than the doings of the "Yorkers" in reference to the "New Hampshire Grants" now influence the "Green Mountain Boys" towards the inhabitants of this State. Ethan Allen organized a force of irregulars to resist and, if need be, slay the Yorkers—and Vermont began her life as a determined enemy of New York. But all that old feud is forgotten, and New York is now the magnet which attracts no small number of Vermont's best—while the Green Mountain boy who remains at home still makes prey of the New Yorker, he aims at the pocket and not at the heart. (Laughter.)

So, we, in Canada, are no longer mindful of any sins of the Revolutionary time. We mingle with the descendants of the foes of our predecessors—and if we aim at them at all it is by way of commerce and not by way of war. (Applause.)

Our relations commercially have had a history (as I have said already in this city) like a comedy of errors, sometimes almost grotesque. I have on another

occasion briefly sketched this history, and have shown that you and we alternately desired and refused, each taking his turn in asking and refusing. The treaty of 1854 put an end for a time to this; but that itself was put to an end in 1866—and then began again asking on our side, refusal on yours—and now at length offer on your part, refusal on ours. All that is business—mingled with politics—and I do not at all discuss it.

But—this I can and do say—all this time, while our trade relations might not have been satisfactory, the personal relations of American and Canadian have generally been all that could be desired—(applause)—and the rejection of the reciprocity pact should not be taken to indicate—and it does not indicate—lessening of the kindly regard of Canadian for American any more than the refusal for many years of the United States to accept the standing offer of reciprocity on the Canadian Statute Book indicated a want of friendly regard on the part of the American toward his Canadian brother. (Applause.)

Of course, we have those who still treasure, or imagine they treasure, ill-will toward the United States, as you have those who treasure, or imagine they treasure, ill-will against England. It is said that in some remote regions certain voters still cast their ballot for Andrew Jackson—and it is to be expected that some do not know that the United States has ceased to look upon England as an enemy. They pull the lion's tail just as some Bourbons with us tear out a feather or two from the eagle's. These persons are negligible; and our peoples are living in harmony. The United States has come to recognize that Canada is to work out her destiny in her own way. Canada has determined to remain Canadian and British—and, unless all signs fail, nothing can ever change that determination. Force

is out of the question—the people of the United States value their citizenship too highly either to force it upon a free people or to share it with a nation of slaves. (Applause.) Occasionally we hear a voice calling upon this nation to float its flag over the whole continent—a voice often half in fun and whole in earnest. It irritates, but we know it is the voice of a fool—of one out of touch with the real sentiment of the people. We are more irritated when we hear it suggested that we desire to change our allegiance. We Canadians are as sensitive to a suggestion against our loyalty to the Crown as we should be to a suggestion against the purity of our women. And if those who, in good faith and sincerity, press the advisability of the two peoples joining in one, would but consider how an inhabitant of New York would view a proposal for his state to cut her connection with the United States and cast in her lot with the Dominion of Canada, they might understand how offensive their well-meant suggestions are. (Applause.)

But, while we are apart politically and internationally, we have a close union geographically, socially, commercially, financially; and, looking upon each other as brethren, and living in peace and harmony, we, on this continent, offer an example that should have its influence upon the world at large.

I have on another occasion enumerated nineteen separate agreements for the arbitration of matters in which the two peoples were interested; of these thirteen proved highly successful—a record the like of which is not to be found in the whole history of the world. (Applause.)

And I venture to hope that before another twelve months pass by, there will be an arbitration treaty adopted by this great people with our brothers across the sea, in which we Canadians shall participate,

whereby everything must be left to arbitration. Then we shall come to an end of war; all possibility of war between you and us will cease. (Applause.) No longer will it be feared that brethren shall be called upon to stain their hands with the blood of their brethren. And that will be the death-blow of war. No nation can call itself too great, no nation can call itself too proud, to follow the example of the two greatest and proudest nations of the world. When those two nations cast aside that sword which they both can wield so well, almost necessarily will follow in their track all the other nations of the earth; and then that of which the prophet spoke and for which the whole world has been waiting for centuries will come, peace will be universal throughout the world.

The poet of war says:

“East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet”;

but already in the market-place, and in the street, and in the home, and around the campfire, the voice is heard coming up:

“Nay! but peace is peace, and rest is rest,
And love, true love, must greet;
In east and west, hearts crave for rest,
And so the twain shall meet,
The East still East and West still West,
At Love's nail-piereèd feet.”

This, my brethren of the American nation, is the greatest and proudest aspiration that the Anglo-Saxon can treasure in his soul—that his race, by their example and, if need be, command, shall effectively say to the Demon of War, “You shall be no more”;

and shall say to the Prince of Peace, "The world is at your feet; for us and our house, we will serve the Lord of Peace." (Applause.)

Gentlemen of the Lake Champlain Association, you have your part in this, as we in Canada have ours. I am sure if any one of you, as any one of us, could, by holding up his hand, bring about that reign of peace to-morrow, it would be done; and I conjure you, as you are true to your blood, and to your Christianity, to do all that is in your power to bring about that glorious reign of the most glorious of all kings, the Prince of Peace. (Applause.)



