(November 14, 1921.)

An Event Which Made Possible the Songs: "The Maple Leaf" and "The Star Spangled Banner"

By His Honor Sir Jas. A. M. Aikens,* K.C., LL.D.

Mr. Chairman,—In a telegram from your Secretary received just before leaving Winnipeg, a wish was expressed that I should refer to business conditions in the west. You are deeply concerned for no part of Canada can suffer without the other parts being affected, for we are every one members one of another. Yet I am restricted by the conventions of my office, a convention based on common sense, which prevents me from touching on any controversial subject of a public nature. Indeed I can adopt the message which Tiberius sent to his Senate—"What to write or what not to write, O conscript fathers, may the gods destroy me worse than I am being destroyed if I know." I must not speak of social problems or freight rates or tariffs or wage conditions. Indeed at this time of elections, everything is milling on the mat.

I can say, however, the crop has been disappointing, in some restricted areas a failure, in some fair, in others it will not pay the cost of harvesting or threshing, the price of grain being so low, the cost of labor and material so high. All over at best perhaps half a crop of grain. Live stock and winter fodder for them good, but prices deplorably low, expenses and taxation high, and the situation serious. But in the years ago I have seen it worse and yet the West a winner. We have unbounded hope. But there is need of business forbearance and business kindness. Harsh pressure by creditors of honest and willing-to-pay debtors is killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Let unmeaning discords of all kinds in Canada cease, whether between individuals or classes or localities.

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Four things in every one are needed to carry us safely through, cordial co-operation, cheerful courage, industry to the limit, and thrift. Ninety per cent. of failure lies in giving up.

In these times of stress and bubble
Two things stand like stone,
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in our own.

God's in his Heaven,
All's right with the world.

Let me add, as I turn to my subject, what some eminent philosophers say: that history is but an inflowing of God into the affairs of men,—a civil theology.

"The stage on which the drama of Canadian history unfolds may seem to the world an obscure one. A closer view, however, will reveal that on this stage some of the gravest problems of history have been pressed to a solution. . . . Battles were fought on the Rhine, the Elbe, the Danube; German, Austrian, Spanish thrones were shaken to their fall; navies grappled in the Caribbean, and Mahratta hordes were slaughtered on the rice-fields of India, to decide the struggle which ended only upon the Plains of Abraham. Now in these Imperial domains which Wolfe's triumph secured to British sway, a people is taking shape which bids fair to combine the power and genius of the two great races from which it springs."

The stage may have been obscure, but the Canadian history and the history of the United States still unfolding were in their beginnings held within the same calyx, though the Canadian inner petals were later in the opening. The flower and fruit of both are upon the same stem. In the process of that unfolding we need not for our purposes go further back than the middle of the 18th Century, 1750. From the discovery of continental America by the Cabots in 1497 and the St. Lawrence by the French in 1534 there was a determined race between the two for the possession of it. The French had laid the foundations of Quebec before the landing of the Pilgrims or the settlement of Boston. The French claimed and in fact held all America from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains and from Mexico to the North Pole, except the indefinite territory of the Hudson's

Bay Company. They controlled the two great rivers, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, Canada on the one, Louisiana on the other, and a chain of forts between. They commanded the Gulf of St. Lawrence for they held Cape Breton and Louisburg, its fort, which they had spent vast sums to make strong. This fort had been captured in 1745 on the instigation of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts by a force of New Englanders under Pepperwell. It is interesting to note that Whitfield, who was on an evangelistic tour in America gave the motto for the expedition "Nil desperandum Christo duce." To the chagrin of those who captured it, it was restored to the French in 1748 by the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle. The careless disregard of the English Foreign Office for its enterprising Colonists was shown to the similar disgust of the Canadians when that authority handed over through a mistake all that portion of the fertile Red River Valley which lies south of the Canadian boundary and which otherwise would have been now part of Manitoba. The French held Quebec, that Gibraltar of the St. Lawrence and the key of the great water-ways stretching westward to the centre of the continent, and their seat of Government. In 1730 to 1740 La Verandrye had explored and taken for the French what is now Manitoba, Dakota, Saskatchewan, and West to the Rockies, built forts on the Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg, Red River where Winnipeg now stands.

Then the British occupied a thousand miles of the Atlantic coast from the Gulf to the Bay of Fundy, added to which was Acadia, or Nova Scotia, including what is now New Brunswick. It was taken from the French in 1710 by Nicholson and four New England regiments accompanied by over thirty vessels which sailed from Boston. In Nova Scotia in 1749 the English had founded and fortified Halifax to protect that colony against the French forces at Louisburg. Further north was the Hudson's Bay Company's territory extending along the western shores of that Bay and westerly to the Rocky Mountains, and southerly to the watershed between the Red River and the Mississippi. Those English colonies on the Atlantic had no royal road to the vast and rich interior. They were hemmed in between the mountains and the sea, cramped into littleness, and would have so remained had not the grasp been loosened when the strength of the arm that held them was paralyzed by the British soldiers and marines a few years later on. They outnumbered the French by 12 to 1, but they were disunited and jealous of each other and divided in counsel, had each a government but were antagonistic of

the governors representing the central power, a victory over whom even in trifling matters was precious in their eyes. They were each craving a more practical independence, forgetful of that central power with greater vision which was to overcome their common enemy, break their boundaries and set them free, and give to them a younger brother—a Canada which is, and is to be, their constant friend.

At that time, 1750, strategically the French held much the better position and were the stronger for military purposes because under one government. In addition they had almost all the Indian tribes as their allies, whose leaders realized that the maintenance of the French power in Canada meant their continuance, its loss their extinction by the more aggressive English colonizers. France and England for centuries had been locked in a deadly struggle for supremacy. Already there had been three wars between them, mainly European, in which this continent took part and which ended respectively by the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697, of Utrecht, 1713, and Aix la Chapelle, 1748. This last was little more than an agreement to suspend hostilities. The combatants realized there must be another round, both were preparing when time was called by this continent. The French had busied themselves in making stronger alliances with the Indians and building more forts to connect their settlements in Louisiana and on the Mississippi with those on the St. Lawrence.

The British had purchased from the Six Nations Indians their claims to part of the Mississippi country and decided on the deportation of the Acadians as a political necessity, and carried it out under Colonel Winslow and 3,000 men of Boston. In 1750 a number of gentlemen of Virginia, among others Lawrence Washington, grandfather of George, applied for and received from the British Parliament a charter incorporating the Ohio Company and a grant of 600,000 acres on the Ohio River. Surveys were made, in which George Washington assisted. The Marquis du Quesne, Governor of Canada, wrote to the authorities of New York and Pennsylvania threatening reprisal if they did not desist, and carried out the threat by seizing traders and their merchandise and burning a friendly Indian village. The English of Virginia responded by building a fort at the junction of the Monongahela and the Alleghany, now Pittsburg, and sent Major George Washington, then a young man of 22 years, with a message to the French commander to ask explanation of their unfriendly act, and he reported the answer which

showed hostile intention. The Virginians gave George Washington command of a regiment of six hundred men who journeyed toward the Pittsburg fort. Meanwhile, the French had driven off the English builders, completed the fort and called it du Quesne, and advanced to meet the British. Washington's command surprised them, fired the first shot, and Jumonville their commander was killed in action. That shot and fight set the world aflame again and brought on the awful conflict known in America as "the French and Indian war" with all its atrocities and horrors.

The British under Washington's command built Fort Necessity near where that skirmish took place, but on the 4th of July, 1754, were compelled to capitulate to De Villers, a brother of Jumonville. In the terms of capitulation which Washington signed was an acknowledgment that Jumonville had been assassinated, and an agreement not to appear in arms against the French for 12 months. It was in French. Washington was deceived by the interpreter but Villers contended he compelled Washington to sign it, and that admission of assassination or the murder of an ambassador became a war cry among the French and Indians that incited them to act their fiercest and to commit nameless horrors, and they so acted in the slaughter of Braddock's forces on the Monogahela (1755), so acted in the Battle of Lake George, at Oswego, at Fort William Henry, and at Ticonderoga.

These and other failures in war resulted as usual in a change of government, and William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, became Prime Minister, a friend of freedom and a sympathizer with those who contended for it, the greatest war minister Britain ever had. In 1758 he acceded to settled power. He roused the English people to the highest patriotism. He enthused the oversea British as they were never touched from London before or since. He controlled war operations everywhere without interfering in them anywhere. He directed the campaign of the close of 1758 and in 1759 mainly against the French in Canada. Louisburg was the first objective and against this were sent Boscawen with 40 men-of-war and General Amherst with Wolfe as one of his brigadiers and 12,000 men. It fell, and with its fall Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island came into the hands of the British and the way to Quebec was opened.

In 1759 England was threatened with invasion by the

French. The people were in panic but trusted Pitt who with consummate genius determined to strike the French everywhere on the sea, and told off a quarter of the whole fleet under Saunders against Quebec. On board were the British troops with Wolfe in command. He was then only 32 years of age. They arrived in June. Navy and land forces co-operated well. Let me only for a moment refer to the last move. Wolfe had studied the situation of Quebec thoroughly, knew it to be practically impregnable except by surprise, and decided that should be at night and by a landing at the Foulon (now called Wolfe's Cove) 2 miles from Quebec. His genius arranged every detail, left nothing to luck. His troops were on the opposite shore further up. Silently in advance of them he floated down on the ebbing tide, and recited Gray's Elegy, with its prophetic verse:—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour,
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As they were nearing the Foulon there came the challenge of a sentry, but so deftly answered in French by a young Scotch officer that they were allowed to pass. At four the boats rounded to the Foulon and Wolfe sprang ashore and leading three companies of light infantry to the steep spur expressed his doubts about their being able to climb it, but they did and reached the post where a guard had been stationed. It was carried by the bayonet, the officer at the first noise ran for his life and a small battery was surprised and taken. Those obstacles removed, other battalions which had landed eagerly climbed to the top. The transports moved silently and with precision for the other forces on the opposite shore.

Up and up the steep ascent the procession moved and deployed like clock-work on the Plains above, all in the place assigned, and at 8 o'clock there stood that famous formation two ranked thin red lines, needed especially at this time because the 5,000 men in twelve battalions had to cover three quarters of a mile reaching from the rocky shore on his right to the marshy valley of the St. Charles on his left, the men on the right lying down behind some standing grain to deceive Montcalm. Montcalm's Canadian force was equal in number but in a six deep formation a quarter of a mile away. Montcalm, the last great French soldier of the western world, rode out before his men asking if they were tired. They replied "Never before a battle." He gave the order to advance.

Wolfe's order was to stand till the enemy were within forty paces then to fire a double-shotted volley, move forward twenty paces and fire a general, and wait for order of a bayonet charge. Montcalm's army moved forward in slow time to give chance for shooting and halting to reload. The advance and fire was irregular. They got out of touch in the centre and left a gap, became unsteady and fired wildly, yet thinned the British lines, which still stood with shouldered arms till the glittering fixed bayonets flashed to the level and like salvos of artillery each battalion fired in front and enfiladed through the open space in the centre. The first ranks were mowed down, the right and centre reeled and receded as the waves roll back from the rocks.

Montcalm's Royal Roussillons on the left opposite the British right led by Wolfe in person stood for a little against the bayonet charge but soon broke and joined the wild retreat. But as that charge began Wolfe received his third and fatal wound. Almost unconscious, he heard an officer in front exclaim "They run," at which Wolfe asked, "Who run?" "The French, everywhere." He said, "I die content," then the gentle but invincible spirit passed. His dawning glory gave but one flash of living light for him to see the pathway to his grave. That hour upon the Plains of Abraham made the British Canada of to-day a possibility. Well has Kipling written:

"Never a lotus closes,
Never a wild fowl wakes,
But a soul goes out on the east wind
That dies for Britain's sake.

"Man and woman and suckling,
Mother and wife and maid,
Because on the bones of the British
The British Flag is stayed.

Stayed it was then and ever since.

This first great British Canadian of only thirty-two years was in spirit and dauntless valor the leader of those worthy five hundred thousand sons of Canada who without any external compulsion but led by the spirit of their country leaped the ocean and in their first engagement, April 1915, threw themselves athwart the path of the Huns marching to the English Channel and baffled them; who marched steadily often as shock troops till on the morning of the Armistice they stripped from the Hun the glory of causing the Mons retreat by taking Mons itself. Sons of a free nation which cherishes

in gratitude the memory of sixty thousand fallen heroes who like Wolfe gave themselves for Canada and lifted it up to all the world as a city that cannot be hid. Then Wolfe drove home that fatal body-blow on Quebec, the heart of New France, and said, "I die content," for he knew Pitt, and patriotic and valorous Britishers on the Atlantic coast, knew that the arm that hemmed the colonies in and would have kept them there perpetually, dependent for protection on the government of Great Britain against their enemies the French and Indians, would relax in helplessness at once. Did he see that the spirit of independence which had been growing during the conflicts with French and Indians could then assert itself as it was indicated it would by the Benjamin Franklin form of Union signed by the delegates from most of the colonies on the 4th July, 1754? Did he see that the spirit of resourcefulness, of constructive enterprise and of freedom in those aggressive British colonists then freed, would roll the waves of an English civilization to the music of the English language as far as the Mississippi and beyond to the ocean; and would make a mighty nation, and re-arranging the red, white and blue in their flag would sing in the same spirit the Star Spangled Banner? Did he see that those pioneers had taken a vine out of England, had cast out the enemy and planted it, had made room before it, caused it to take deep root so that it filled and still fills the land? If so, he saw in vision the truth; the direct and remote result of his victory, and died content.

Contemplating such results in Canada and the United States, well might his spirit say concerning us to Ancestral Britain, "They got not this land in possession by their own sword neither did their own arm save them, but thy right hand and thine arm and the light of thy countenance because thou hadst a favor unto them." Do these North American nations acknowledge that favour as they should?

Great Britain never at any time thought of taking from the people of the United States or Canada its land or property, as the French did from the Colonists and the United States did from Canada. The question in dispute that caused the rupture between England and the United States, as a Canadian now sees it, was a question of politics.

Among liberty-loving peoples there always has been a party who reverence the past and wish to conserve its methods though they are unsuited to changed conditions and an aspiring spirit—the other party has a disregard for the past, are restless for radical changes—these two extremes shade off to-

ward a middle path where are the moderates. But when dispute between those parties becomes bitter and anger takes control the moderates are driven to the extremes and revolution may result. It was bitter in the Canadas when Papineau led the uprising in Lower Canada and McKenzie in Upper Canada. In the dispute between George III., then controlling the English Government of the day, and the Colonials, those in favor of the greater freedom of democracy were in the majority in America and in the minority led by Pitt, Burke and others in England, those wishing to conserve the old were in the majority in England and the minority in America. The party for ampler liberty won by force in the United States but by more peaceful means in the United Kingdom and in Canada. It was a family feud, but why continue those outward antipathies among the British-born nations? Is it because the old proverb applies, "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong City," and their contentions are like the bars of a castle?

For the peace of the family there are things which we should quickly forget. Yonder in the City of Quebec stands a monument bearing on the one side Wolfe, on the other, Montcalm and in the centre this tribute to their just and joint renown—"Mortem virtus communem, Famam historia, Monumentum posteritas dedit." In his dying hours Montcalm sent this message to the General then in command of the British (General Townsend):—"Monsieur, the humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have caused me to feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector, as I have been their father."

Such kindly treatment was not forgotten and bore fruit as is seen during the Revolutionary war. Then seductive appeals were made to the Canadian French to join the separatists. They rejected the overtures and chose to remain under the dominion of the generous power which had given such guarantees for the preservation of their civil and religious liberties. When Quebec was besieged in 1775 by the revolutionary army under Arnold and Montgomery, the French Canadians fought side by side with the British to defeat the invader and save themselves from absorption into the Republic. When the American Loyalists, fifty thousand in number, a body of leaders who would not desert Great Britain, crossed to what is now Canada bringing with them the type of colonial life of America, but bitterly hostile because

their property in the United States, contrary to the understanding, had been confiscated, they met French sympathy.

History tells us that in 1812, Henry Clay, speaking for his party and the great mass of the public too, said:—

> "It is absurd to suppose that we will not succeed. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean, and the way to conquer her on the ocean is to drive her from the land. I am not for stopping at Quebec or anywhere else; but I would take the whole continent from her and ask her no favours. I wish never to see peace till we do. God has given us the power and the means. We are to blame if we do not use them."

And Jefferson was certain of immediate victory. Writing to Monroe in the same year (1812) he said: "The acquisition of Canada this year, so far as the neighborhood of Quebec, will be a mere matter of marching." Eustis, the Secretary of War was still more optimistic in his speech— "We can take the Canadas without soldiers."

They invaded Canada forcibly to take possession of it. Not General Brock and Queenston and Stoney Creek alone were the answer, but also De Salaberry and the defeat of the Americans at Chateauguay and Chrysler's Farm, where French Voltigeurs fought side by side with United Empire Loyalists. That war taught Canadians, both French and English, self-reliance and made more firm in the soil the roots of their nationhood, the seeds of which were nourished by the blood of Wolfe and Montcalm which flowed on the heights of Abraham.

When again the English and French were locked in deadly struggle and invasion of England was threatened by Napoleon, the Canadian French were loyally British and acclaimed Nelson's Victory at Trafalgar (1805). In that fight was born the British Empire, for it made the oceans free and struck for the British a pathway to the ends of all the earth, to Australia, New Zealand, to the Cape and to Canada. That antagonisms still exist between the British-sprung nations is obvious. It is more important for us to seek cures than to probe for past causes. You remember Macbeth enquires of the doctor:—

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

to which the doctor replies:—

"Therein the patient
Must minister to himself."

and Macbeth:— "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it." What is the cure? Cleanse the old brain-sore of the germs of bitterness which make it fester; put healing ointment in and a bandage, let no one tear it off or pour more infection in, let generous nature do its work and the suffering patient forget his mental hurt, put on his coat and go about his business, forgiving and forgetting as he hopes to be forgiven and. . . remembered for his kindly disposition.

A people which is not proud of or does not appreciate the heroisms in its past history is in its nature so ungrateful or ungenerous as to disentitle itself to a glorious national record in the future. Canadians, whether French or British sprung, join cordially in doing honor to those men of valor Montcalm and Wolfe. Do not the Americans honor a Lee as well as a Grant? In both cases bitterness has been lived down, the evil buried beneath the good. Why should it not be so as between the United States and Canada? Why not between the United States and the other English-speaking nations? Why should we not all join together to honor Pitt and Washington and Burke and Jefferson and Fox and Adams and the many other worthies of that period of history when there were great national upheavals? Why should the youths in Canada be taught dislike of those things American by having emphasized in teaching the heartless and unjust treatment of the United Empire Loyalists by the United States, or their endeavor to conquer Canada by force in 1812-14. Or why should the American strive to make glow the splendid achievements of the present century by blowing on the dead embers of a family feud which occurred a second century ago? Why in every case should the false, or even worse, the half-truth, be instilled into our children, and thus a national spirit created in them having at the foundation a bogey or a false stone? Nationalism built on such a base will sometime totter to its fall. Between the United States, the United Kingdom and the English-speaking Dominions let us cherish a national faith, a national hope, but an international charity. I do not mean to suggest that there should be a puling pacifism or mawkish sentimentality which bespeaks human weakness, but such virile sincere friendship as existed between those valorous heroes David and Jonathan, which

bespeaks each other's protection and the progress of the people.

"While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts—
Between, let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun,
Yet still from every beach
The voice of blood shall reach
More audible than speech—
We are one."