

dignation soon spread over the province, which led to dissensions among the party, and finally swept them out of power.

Chapleau was intensely selfish—he was selfishness personified. It was ever himself, first, last and all the time. And as for gratitude, it was something unknown to him. When the friends to whose fidelity and cleverness he owed his advancement and success in politics became convinced of the existence of these despicable traits in their idol, an estrangement ensued, and later when he played them false in an important financial deal, they entirely deserted him. Thereafter his course was downwards. If ever the true history of his career be made public it will be found merged in the acts and deeds of a *coterie* of keen, shrewd counsellors, headed by C. N. A. Dansereau, the premier's right hand man and *fidus Achates*. Senecal, a most able promoter of clever and artful schemes, was another of Chapleau's lieutenants, and they both found in Blumhart a valuable and astute co-operator and ally.

Some time later Chapleau was called to Ottawa, but temperamentally and intellectually he did not belong to that larger parliamentary arena. Recognizing him to be a failure, Sir John A. Macdonald disposed of him in his usual way, under such circumstances, by a so-called promotion. He translated him to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Province of Quebec.

Before Chapleau's time expired in the gubernatorial chair, he set to scheming for his re-appointment and made advances to both sides of politicians to attain his aim, but unsuccessfully. Most piteously did he beg to be retained, assuring one and all that he had not been a partisan, nor fractious, that he had invariably followed

the behests of his constitutional advisers, and so forth. This was a sad and pitiable spectacle! It is an undeniable fact, however! His fall was final and complete after he returned to Montreal. There were then "none so poor as to do him reverence," and he died abandoned by most of his old friends and followers. This must have ate into his very heart, but who shall say that he did not deserve it? And this was the end of one who had worn an earthy halo for many years, in politics. A thick mantle of oblivion is now wrapped around his memory.

During the period of which I am treating there was much clashing of conflicting ambitions in the Local Legislature, and during its sittings there could be heard the exciting sword play of many political gladiators. Many were the pungent verbal encounters with partisan invective and plotting and counter-plotting and some base desertions and treacheries. There were then in the House such able men as Lynch, Loranger, Church, Joly, Flynn, François Langelier, Wurtele and others, but towering above them all were Irvine and Mercier—the latter a giant in oratory, a clear-headed political economist, and a remarkable tribune and statesman. He was also the most progressive and sagacious leader of his day in provincial politics, and an imposing, vigorous personality with a fine noble Roman head! It was my privilege to hear him deliver several ringing and masterly discourses, when at the apex of his glory. He then thrilled his audiences to a fever heat of enthusiasm by his elquence and convinced them by the force of his logic. He ever sought to urge measures large, arresting and decisive, and he generally carried them in a blaze of triumph. But to return to my theme.