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# MEN OF THE DAY

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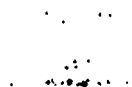
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MEN OF THE DAY



SIR RICHARD J. CARTWRIGHT

## SIR RICHARD J. CARTWRIGHT

Twenty-five years ago the confederation of the provinces of British North America was ushered into existence with what seemed to be a general fraternization of political parties. Union orators and editors, in the exuberance of their enthusiasm over the birth of a new nation, hailed the event as the dawn of a millenium in colonial affairs. Drawing upon their fervid imaginations, they pictured the Tory lion and the Reform lamb lying down together in the blissful tranquility of brotherly love. The dead past would be left to bury its dead, and for the acrimonious turmoil, the fruitless wranglings of former parties would be substituted what Dr. Tupper, with that felicity of phraseology for which he has always been famous, described as "the great Party of Union and Progress." It was a time of general rejoicing, of hand-shakings, of mutual congratulations, and when a cynical observer remarked that, as usual, when the lion and the lamb lay down together, the lamb was inside the lion, he was silenced by an universal shout of derision. Whether the event justified the imputation must be left to the decision of the candid student of Canadian history.

On the whole, the people were well disposed towards the change. They had grown weary of faction fights, which always ended in a draw, leaving their tangible grievances untouched and unredressed. Aspirations for a broader sphere and for higher ideals had begun to stir in the breasts of the rising generation. Parties at that time were led by men whose instincts were wholly controlled by their old country associations. So callow and grotesque to some among them appeared the idea of young Canada asserting itself, that they openly expressed their contempt for it, little dreaming that the Confederacy would not be ten years older before that idea, wrested somewhat from its original meaning, would dominate the struggle of parties and give

one of them a protracted lease of power with the talismanic words :  
 " Canada for Canadians."

To the first parliament of the Dominion every province sent its best men. I think it will not be denied that it was the best parliament, in every sense, that ever assembled at Ottawa. Whether it was that the old provincial legislatures formed training schools which developed the political capacities in a way that the present system fails to accomplish, or whether the objects and methods of public life were higher and better in those days than in these, the fact, nevertheless, is evident that the old school of parliamentarians were vastly superior as a body to their successors. There were giants in those days, indeed, and, looking back to a period which seems already remote, so great is the change, we may exclaim with the poet :

" We, we have seen the intellectual race  
 Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face :  
 Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea  
 Of eloquence between."

It was in that parliament of the Fathers of Confederation that Richard John Cartwright first made his mark. He had served, like most of those who sat with him, an apprenticeship in the provincial legislature. From the beginning of his career, he had been regarded as one of the most promising of the rising generation of conservatives, and held, in the estimation of those who knew him, a near place in the direct succession to the leadership of that party. Soon after the union became an accomplished fact, it was known that Sir Alexander Galt, the author of the policy of " Incidental Protection," cherished opinions seriously at variance with the policy of the government, and Mr. Cartwright, who sat beside him in the front row on the ministerial side of the House, was credited with sharing those opinions. These two may be said to have represented that more exclusive element, in the Conservative party, which recoiled from what it considered the questionable ideas, methods and associations thrust upon it in the new sphere of Dominion affairs. Principally was Mr. Cartwright offended at what he could not but regard as the somewhat extravagant opportunism of the new *régime*.

Having devoted much time and profound study to financial questions, and having had personal experience in the banking business of the country, he was well qualified for the position assigned him by

common consent as the coming Finance Minister of the Confederation. Such was the situation, as far as Mr. Cartwright was concerned, when Sir Alexander Galt made his memorable declaration of dissent from the policy of the administration and his determination to act independently of the party. This was the first break in the happy family.

Mr. Cartwright did not speak, as, indeed, it was not to have been expected that he would have spoken, on that occasion. It was known, however, that he sympathized with Sir Alexander's attitude, and from that day we may date the opening of the breach between him and Sir John Macdonald—a breach which subsequent events tended more and more to widen, till it culminated in his formal withdrawal from the conservative party and alliance with the liberals.

The records of party warfare are replete with instances of men who, from conviction, were compelled to reverse their political affiliations. With men of high principles and strong convictions, nothing could be more natural. The evolution of a public character in the disintegrating and fusing flames of political and parliamentary strife is the process by which leadership is attained. Earl Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone are familiar instances of it. Those who think it involves inconsistency have not sufficiently studied the currents of public life. Men are not always the same individually, nor are parties always guided by the same motives. Viewed in the abstract, it may, perhaps, be conceded that parties are broadly divided by opposing principles; but he need not be a very profound student of politics to arrive at the conclusion that, in these days at least, policies which dangerously undermine those principles can be made strangely interchangeable. A man may not leave his party, but his party may leave him, and it is sometimes a problem for severe personal equation to decide at what point a man must choose between his sense of what he believes to be right and his allegiance to his party.

Whether Mr. Cartwright ever faced this crucial epoch or not, I am not in a position to say; but of his consistency there can be no doubt. As I have already intimated, his career was a development. Born, as I may say, a conservative, brought up in an atmosphere of conservatism, taught to cherish lofty ideals of government, yet endowed with a mind of robust originality and profound analytical power, what could be more natural than that he should work out his

own political destiny? And, if, in thus working his way, he should have refused to follow a leader in whom he had ceased to repose his confidence, and declined to be counted a cypher in a row of cyphers, smothering the voice of his conscience, we must applaud his honesty, leaving others to deplore his lack of that quality of pliability by which some men, not so highly endowed, achieve that measure of success of which they are capable.

Sir Richard entered parliament a young man. He was but twenty-seven years of age when, in 1865, he took his seat for Lennox in the legislative assembly of Canada. For these thirty years,—except in 1883, when Centre-Huron, the riding he represented, was wiped out of existence by the “redistribution act”—he has devoted all his time, a large part of his private means and all his brilliant abilities to public affairs. More than any man in this country, he resembles those statesmen of Great-Britain who, possessing all the means and opportunities for selfish enjoyment, yet prefer to spend their days in the exacting and often thankless labours of public life. It is well for the nation that has sons thus devoted to its service; and a sufficient answer to the heated partisans who assail them, in the fury of the fight, with insult and detraction, is to be found in the fact that they do thus devote themselves to a service so exacting and perilous. As an expression of Sir Richard's views on this subject, I may quote a passage from his speech in reply to the speech on the Budget, in 1882: “I have no objection whatever,” he said, “to any man accumulating as large a fortune as he can by any honest and legitimate means. I do not mean to say that I regard it as the highest aim and object in life; and I may say this, that if that be regarded as the highest end and object of life, we would not be engaged in politics, for my experience in politics is this, that, although many men have entered office rich and left it poor, no honest and honourable man ever entered office poor and left it rich.”

Those who now admire Sir Richard's wonderful command of language would hardly believe that, when he first essayed the role of public speaker, he was slow and hesitating, while what some considered an affectation of pronunciation imparted an unpleasing mannerism to his utterances. But he rapidly overcame these defects, and it may be said that there is no man in Canada to-day who possesses in a more eminent degree the power of thinking on his feet and of



expressing those thoughts in language at once chaste, vigorous and luminous. As a debater, he is without a superior; but where he excels all possible rivals is in his unequalled powers of invective and sarcasm. It is a common complaint, among those opposed to him, that he uses these powers too freely; but they should bear in mind the provocation he received. Too often, unfortunately, have political discussions in this country been disgraced by neglect of the ordinary amenities of polite society; but never, in his most trenchant moods, when stung to the quick by the ungenerous taunts of his opponents, has Sir Richard forgotten that he was a gentleman or failed to clothe in the most elegant terms his most biting sarcasms. On all occasions, he is true to himself. Anything like deception is abhorrent to his very nature. Indeed, it may be said that whatever failure may be attributed to him as a politician has arisen from the chivalrous candour and frankness with which he always conceded the strength and weight of the arguments brought against him. This faculty, unhappily too rare in Canadian public life, shone forth conspicuously when he occupied the position of Minister of Finance in the Mackenzie administration. If regarded on their merits, entirely apart from party politics, I think it will be admitted that no more just, clear, or forcible expositions, or more statesmanlike utterances on the great questions of legislation concerning matters of finance and commerce can be found anywhere than in his speeches.

Cartwright was a name of high and honourable repute in the history of Canada long before the subject of the present memoir won for it the renown of his brilliant abilities and splendid oratory. The founder of the American branch of the family emigrated from England, arriving at New York, on the ship "Dolphin," in the year 1742. His son, the honourable Richard Cartwright, grand-father of Sir Richard, was born at Albany, in the state of New-York, then a British colony, on the 2nd of February, 1759. Enjoying the advantages of high social position and a liberal education, the prospect of a brilliant career was opened before him. He possessed, as we learn from his biographer, "those qualities in a most eminent degree, which constitute a great character and a virtuous man;" but he had no ambition to figure in public life and, after mature deliberation, he turned his views to the church. The better to fit himself for his sacred calling, he devoted his time to the study of Greek and Hebrew; but, in the

midst of his preparations, the American revolution broke out and completely changed the objects of his life. Brought up in habitual reverence to the King and Parliament by his loyal parents, he did not hesitate a moment in making his choice. Thus actuated he accompanied his parents into Canada and, for a time, attended Colonel Butler, of the Queen's Rangers, as his secretary. At the conclusion of the war, he formed a business connection with the honourable Robert Hamilton, father of the late Senator Hamilton, of Kingston. His success as a merchant laid the foundations of the fortune of the family. Soon after his settlement at Kingston, he was appointed judge of the Common Pleas, the duties of which he discharged without emolument in a way most honourable to himself and beneficial to the public. When Upper Canada was erected into a separate province, he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council, and was never, during the remainder of his life, a period of twenty-three years, absent from a session of Parliament, except one. Those who believe in the hereditary transmission of qualities will recognize in Sir Richard a strong resemblance, in many points, to his grand-father, whose favorite maxim was : " Make a nation virtuous, and the laws will be wise and their execution sure." He had been frequently offered a seat in the Executive Council, which he declined ; but, again to quote his biographer : " In every situation in which he was placed, we behold the same dignity of character maintained, the same forgetfulness of self, the same elevation of principle which, satisfied with the approbation of conscience and future hopes, depended not upon the applause of men, but, on the contrary, sometimes asserted itself when friends and acquaintances were displeased and even amidst frowns and menaces." Having served with distinction in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, having endured the tribulations of exile and shared the deprivations of pioneer settlement in the then wilderness of Upper-Canada, he died in 1814, leaving behind him a reputation for the most self-sacrificing patriotism and unsullied probity.

The next to bear the family honours in the service of the country was John S. Cartwright, who represented Lennox and Addington in the Legislature of Canada from his thirtieth year till his death. In the lives of public men, events sometimes occur of far-reaching consequence, but which escape the notice, or are overlooked, by contemporaries. Thus, in the career of John S. Cartwright, circumstances

occurred, which brought him into antagonism with the then young aspirant to the conservative leadership, John A. Macdonald. It is not necessary to enter into the merits of the question ; but it may be observed that the resentment felt by John S. Cartwright against the methods employed by John A. Macdonald to enable him to supersede Sir Allan McNab, was based upon the same strict views of public duty and high sense of personal honour which, afterwards, impelled his nephew, Sir Richard Cartwright, to repudiate the leadership of Sir John A. Macdonald.

In the history of Canada, it is curious to know how many once famous family names have disappeared from later annals. That of Cartwright, however, is a singular exception. For one hundred years, that is from 1792, when the honourable Richard Cartwright was called to the first Legislative Council of Upper-Canada, to the present time, one of the family has always been in Parliament. Furthermore, Sir Richard is, I believe, the only lineal descendant of any of the members of the first Legislature of Upper-Canada who has a seat in the Dominion Parliament. It may, therefore, be said of him that he is "heir to the service of his native land."

Sir Richard was born at Kingston, on the 4th December, 1835, and is the eldest surviving son of the Rev. R. D. Cartwright, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, who was the youngest son of the honourable John Cartwright and twin brother of John S. Cartwright. For the benefit of the curious in matters of genealogy, I may here observe that, on his mother's side, he is descended from Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, celebrated in Irish song and story as "The Red Hand of Ulster," Margaret, grand-daughter of the great Hugh, having married his eighth great-grand-father. To this illustrious lineage Sir Richard does no discredit. In his indomitable courage, inflexibility of purpose and whole-souled devotion to the cause he has espoused, we can trace more than an accidental likeness to the darling of Irish romance and chivalry. A still more curious fact, in his pedigree, is that, on the paternal side, he is a descendant of the famous Puritan divine, the Rev. D. Cartwright, who, like Hugh O'Neil, flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A rather remarkable ancestral blend, which, in the estimation of some people, may account for a good deal. In a speech delivered in the House of Commons during the session of 1882, on the "Home Rule" resolutions, Sir Richard alluded to this fact in his

family history and claimed the right, as one having Irish blood in his veins, to plead the cause of the people of Ireland. I can never forget the eloquence and magnanimity of that speech and the noble scorn with which he rebuked those among the speakers on the opposite side who cast aspersions upon his mother's people.

After passing through the preparatory stages of education under private tuition at St. Catharines and at Kingston grammar school, he entered Trinity College, Dublin. He did not remain long enough, however, to take his degree, having had to return to Canada to attend to private affairs before finishing his course. He at once entered upon an active business and political career, but, though his duties and engagements have been manifold throughout his life, he has always been a deep, earnest, conscientious student. There is no subject bearing on public policy, political economy, or governmental administration with which he is not intimately conversant.

In the regions of finance, where the unsurpassed powers of his virile intellect have been most largely exercised, he is without a superior in Canada. And, in addition to his more solid attainments, he is widely read in the history and literature of many lands and languages, which enables him to embellish his speeches at will with the most apposite and striking illustrations.

It is, however, with the statesman, the principles which guide him, his views as to the national destiny and the policy he advocates, that the thoughtful student of Canadian affairs is most deeply interested. These can be best gathered and understood from a perusal of his public speeches. But what we must be careful to guard against are the distortions and misconstructions put upon those speeches by the partisan press. Sir Richard Cartwright has suffered more, perhaps, in this respect, than any other public man in Canada. This was owing, no doubt, to his uncompromising attitude towards men considered unworthy of respect and towards measures he held to be subversive of a true interest of the Country. Clad in the triple panoply of rectitude, conviction and strength of purpose, he never gave nor received quarter in the political arena, and is regarded with more fear by the opposite party than any other man in the ranks of liberalism.

In his speech at the inauguration of the "Young Liberal Club" of Seaforth, on the 27th October, 1886, he gave a definition of liberalism which may be accepted as his own political profession of faith. "It is

not," he said, "precisely the same thing as reform. Liberalism means the desire of freedom in the widest possible sense, all the freedom that men can exercise with due respect to the rights of others. Liberalism means the desire and determination to maintain the right of free inquiry and free action, and hence it is that *prima facie*, as I might almost say, by the law of their existence, all true liberals are, of necessity, foes of restraint; they are, of necessity, foes of monopolies, which can hardly exist without injustice to some class or other in the community; they are, of necessity, foes to privileged classes who are permitted to live under a different law from that which governs the rest of their fellow-subjects; they are, necessarily, foes of centralization; also they are, of necessity, foes of corruption or any other means of interfering with the freedom of action of the Canadian citizen." On the same occasion, he advised his hearers, if they wanted a terse and comprehensive platform, to adopt the motto: "Free soil, free trade, free speech, free men!" "True liberals," he added, "have faith in human progress. They believe that, on the whole, the human race is bound to grow better as the world advances, and that the maker of the human race intends that it should be so."

After what has been said regarding his attitude towards some of those with whom he has been brought into conflict, it is interesting to note his views as to the relations which should subsist between liberals and conservatives. "I want you to understand distinctly," he said, "that, in my opinion, there is not necessarily, and ought not to be, any conflict between true liberals and true conservatives. According to my view of the situation, liberalism and conservatism are rather the complement and supplement of each other than the necessary opposites. . . . Be conservative or liberal, as you please; still I say also: be one thing or the other. Let there be no halting between two opinions. If there be one thing I do abhor and detest, it is those Laodiceans of the Commonwealth, those political mulattos, who inherit the vices of both parties and the virtues of neither; who seek to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare; who blow now hot and now cold; who, when political exigencies require it, are ready to swear that black is white, that orange is green, that a circle is square, or a square is round; who are prepared to call themselves catholic-protestants or protestant-catholics, if they may thereby get a vote.

Sir Richard is not a man given to the indulgence of day dreams. His mind is of an essentially practical cast. But, like all our public men, he has given thought to the future of the country. On this point he said, in the speech from which the above quotations are made : " I am well convinced that our present arrangement is one of an essentially temporary character and cannot last, at least without very serious modifications. Behind this comes another and larger question : the relations of Canada to all English-speaking communities, and the possibility or desirability of a closer alliance between them. I believe that it would not only be for our interest, but for the true interest of liberty and civilization all over the world, if the scattered branches of the Anglo-Saxon family; but chiefly Canada, Australasia, Great-Britain and the United States, could see their way to associate themselves in a firm, close and friendly alliance, which should make war, among those kindred peoples, humanly speaking, impossible any more. I cherish no idle vision of uniting them under one form of government, nor do I desire it. What I do dream of is a genuine friendly alliance, not in the least for purposes of warlike aggression on weaker states, but simply to ensure peace and good will among themselves."

The magnificent prospect thus opened to the grand galaxy of British-born nationalities now rising in power and influence in all quarters of the earth, is sympathetically reflected in the minds of their best and ablest sons, and may be realized before the coming century will have reached its meridian. The same far-reaching views of higher statesmanship found expression in his speech on reciprocity, in the House of Commons, in the session of 1888, the best speech, in my opinion, ever made in the Canadian Parliament on the subject of international commerce. There are many passages in his speeches which display the breath and profundity of his statesmanship, which I would like to quote, did the limits of this memoir permit. A few short extracts must suffice. Referring to the right of resistance to injustice and tyranny, he laid down the principle that there are circumstances and occasions when extreme wrongs can only be redressed by armed rebellion. He quoted history to show that there were times when wise men, good men, kind-hearted men, have insisted that it was not only a right, but a duty, to plunge into civil war, and pointed out that, in many cases, but for dread of this the world would run the

risk of falling a prey to knaves entrenched behind legal forms and constitutional subtleties. "The sacred right of resistance," he declared, "was exemplified in the events which preceded the Great Charter, and is embodied in that instrument itself. The glorious revolution was the consecration of the right to resist, and the present settlement of the British crown is the visible embodiment of that right." In the same speech, after citing instances when it would be the bounden duty of true men to appeal to arms, he made the ominous declaration that a measure like the redistribution act of 1882, if forced through parliament as originally proposed, would be a just cause for rebellion against the tyrannical majority in parliament. "Strong medicine, this," he said. "Yes, it is strong medicine, and, like all good medicine, and good doctrine, too, it has a savour of life or of death."

Trained in the hard school of opposition for many years, during which he had to combat methods and resist influences which it is not necessary I should characterize, it seems but natural that he should have developed into one of the sternest of political moralists. Speaking, at Seaforth, on the occasion already referred to, he told the young liberals: "You need to have deep down well under control, but ready in case of emergency, an honest, wholesome capacity for a stern and righteous indignation with evil doers; and I tell you that it is not only your right, but your duty, to despise and, if you can, to punish all cheats, thieves and liars, wheresoever you may find them, but trebly so if they have crept into high places." The all too prevalent worship of wealth, characteristic of the present time, he rebuked in scathing terms and described some of the millionaires whose extravagances and lavish outlay are such frequent themes for the newspapers, as "not a whit better than successful robbers." "Set your faces, my young friends," he exclaimed, "against this baseness. Honour a man for what he is, not for what he has, or never dare to call yourselves true liberals again!"

There are many of Sir Richard's utterances that possess an epigrammatic terseness and brilliancy which entitle them to a place in the axiomatic wisdom of all time. Here are a few taken at random: "Politics, honourably practised, is one of the noblest vocations; carried on for making money, it is one of the vilest trades." "Honour all worthy opponents. Next a worthy friend, honour a

worthy foe." "Be cautious in preferring charges against a public man; but, if he be proved guilty, to pardon him is a crime against the State." "Mark your sense of rascality by sternly withholding from men guilty of mean and corrupt acts those marks of honourable courtesy which you should always be ready to show worthy opponents." "There is much gold amid the mud of politics." "Men who make the greatest sacrifices ask nothing in return." "To grow old is to be disillusioned." "To achieve anything really great needs patience, discipline, method and organization."

I might compile many pages of sayings equally good, perhaps better than these; but I must confine myself to one more extract. Advising his hearers to cherish an honourable ambition, he said: "Such an ambition is, perhaps, the best safeguard against political corruption, almost as good in its way as an honourable love is to defend you against vulgar profligacy; and how great a defence that is you may learn from Tennyson's splendid description of its effects in elevating the character, especially in youth and early manhood, where he bids you:

' To speak no slander,—no, nor listen to it,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds  
Until you win her, for, indeed, I know  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,  
Not only to subdue the base in man,  
But teach high thoughts and amiable words,  
And courtliness, the desire of fame,  
And love of truth,—and all that makes a man.'

"These are not only very noble words, but they are also profoundly true,—true physiologically, and true psychologically as well. They are words every young Canadian man and every young Canadian woman would do well to learn by heart, and to study and ponder over. They breathe the very essence of chivalry and christianity so far as the relations of the sexes are concerned; and they appeal to one of the loftiest instincts we have inherited from our Teutonic forefathers—that inborn and remarkable reverence and esteem for woman which Tacitus noted, one thousand eight hundred years ago, as one of the qualities most to be admired in nations of the Germanic



race, and as one of those virtues which have their reward in this life as well as in that which is to come."

From what I have written, it will readily be believed that Sir Richard Cartwright is one of the most powerful personalities in Canadian public life. If I were to attempt to draw a parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, between him and some other man similarly circumstanced and endowed, I should have to choose a name from those heroic periods of history when men of unbending integrity staked fortune, life itself, all they held most precious, on the altar of duty to their country. Cast in antique Roman mould, he appears to me the Junius Brutus of Canada. Inflexible in what he holds to be the right line of public conduct and duty, it is not in his nature to hesitate or to swerve one instant from it. He chose his life work, prepared himself for it by severe and profound study, supplemented by practical observation of mankind in different countries and under all conditions, and he has devoted himself to it with a constancy to which no mere terms of praise could do justice. Twice in early life and once in later years, he had offers made to him, holding out hope of high advancement and prospects of greater wealth by far than he could ever expect to attain in Canada, and twice over he declined to entertain proposals which involved protracted and, perhaps, permanent absence from his native country.

When the government resigned, in 1873, Sir Richard was offered and accepted a seat in the Cabinet as Minister of Finance. Unfortunately for himself and for the new ministry, the world-wide commercial depression which then ensued imposed upon the government the most difficult task of managing public affairs during a period of business disaster following on years of riotous inflation. Impartial history will, I believe, acknowledge the eminent services he rendered to the country in preserving its credit and meeting its obligations without increasing taxation. In 1879, after he had retired from office, those services received imperial recognition by his being created a knight of St. Michael and St. George.

As in public, so is he in private life. Admired, esteemed, looked up to by his Liberal Colleagues in the halls of parliament, he is idolized by his family and regarded with loving reverence in his home. To those whom he does not care to conciliate he may appear cold and repellent; but the cause is in them, not in him. Physically he is a

giant in strength, with muscles of iron and nerves of steel. His naturally strong constitution has been preserved by simple habits and constant exercise. Throughout all these years of parliamentary life, night after night during many a protracted session, he has held his place, meeting every relay of opponents refreshed by repose and absence from the enervating atmosphere of the chamber, with unwearied assiduity. Watchful, alert, thoroughly informed on every subject as it arises, his powers of endurance, his fund of vitality, seem inexhaustable. Add to this, courage perfectly indomitable, the coolness of an iceberg, even in hottest passages of debate, a countenance set in sphinx-like repose, and you have the best idea I can give of this extraordinary man.

Whatever may be the party leanings of the observer, no one can look upon his statuesque figure in the House of Commons, reflect upon the life he has led for these thirty years, endeavour to weigh the prodigious record of his labours and strive to grasp the meaning of the man and the purpose of him, but must unconsciously pay the tribute of honourable homage which just sentiment always bears to a noble, consistent character.

For twenty-two years, my position in the press gallery gave me constant opportunity for observing him in opposition, in power, and again in opposition. I have seen him grow old in the service of the country. I can recall the youthful politician of early days and trace every step in the evolution of the adamantine statesman of to-day, and, though great as his past has been, I can well believe that what may appear to others as a life-time spent in ineffectual resistance to power entrenched in an impregnable fortress, must eventually triumph over adverse conditions and obtain a reward worthy of such unselfish and rightly understood, sublime devotion.

CARROLL RYAN.

Montreal, June 20th, 1892.

~~Kingston~~. Aug 9<sup>th</sup>  
1892

Dear Sir,  
I regret that my  
absence from the city  
prevented my respond-  
ing earlier to your  
request for my auto-  
graph.

Yours faithfully  
W. J. Cameron

Louis A. Facki Esq.  
71<sup>st</sup> Rue St Jacques  
Montreal

MEN OF THE DAY .



A. R. ANGERS

## A. R. ANGERS

It was in the beginning of November, 1875. The first session of the third parliament of Quebec had just opened. In the first year of my classic course in Laval University, in the fresh bloom of student life, keen in the pursuit of intellectual worth, whether political or literary, I had for some time indulged in roscate dreams—dreams that usually gild the horizon of guileless youth. I longed to assist at the meetings of the Legislative Assembly, there to enjoy the oratorical jousts at arms of the people's representatives, the echo of whose exploits not unfrequently reached even the inner *sanctum* of my studies.

Ah! happy youth! When all our impressions are lively, our feelings spontaneous and ardent, our sympathies warm and generous; when the future puts on its loveliest hues and new tints of beauty forever light up the perspective!

Yes, youth is a charming season, but a season of the gravest import, for then are formal and crystallized those habits of thought and action so pregnant of good or evil to the human race.

Of all the attractions calculated to dazzle a young man in the summer of his days, new from the fields of classic glory, none is more powerful than the ambition to shine as a tribune of the people. The fame of Demosthenes, of Cicero, Fox, Burke, Mirabeau and O'Connell work on the imagination. We are fired by the orations against Philip and Catilina, and the transcendent eloquence of antiquity challenges our admiration and leaves a lasting impression. It was under the spell of such brilliant examples as these that I found myself, on the 7th of November, 1875, irresistibly drawn to the sacred precincts of the parliament of Canada. Guided thither by a friend better acquainted than myself with the legislative halls, I took my seat in the gallery reserved for the *vulgus profanum*, excited at the

prospect of the rich treat in store for me. My eyes at once went in search of certain celebrities as well known as "household words" throughout the country: Ouimet, Chapleau, Joly, Irvine and others.

The business before the House was the consideration of the speech from the Throne. It was Landry, since member for the Commons and now seated in the Senate, who moved the address. His speech pleased me very much, displaying, as it did, a perfect knowledge of the subjects passed upon, and betraying a consummate tact and taste in matter and manner.

Joly took the floor after him, in his quality of leader of the opposition. Although even then a Conservative double dyed in the wool, I could not help feeling deeply impressed by his distinguished bearing, flowery language and keen but classic irony. Mr. Joly was followed by two or three other members, who continued the debate with more or less success. All at once, some commotion was perceived on the floor of the House, and a ripple of excitement ran round the galleries, where everybody was seen leaning forward in an attitude of great expectancy. All eyes were riveted on one of the members, who had just risen to his feet. He was still a young man, but of commanding presence and eagle glance. His was a face and figure to command attention in any assembly of collected wisdom the world over. Of medium height, well knit frame, his face clean shaven, its only hirsute adornment consisting of a delicate *moustache* streaked with gray, this man's every movement, the pose of his shapely head, well marked features, beaming with intelligence and bespeaking a character at once sincere and intrepid, could not but arrest the stranger's interest. Upon inquiring his name, I was informed that it was Angers. I became all attention. The name of Auguste Réal Angers was already a famous one in 1875. A Minister before he held a seat in the House; manning the breach in a cabinet that had its being in an hour of deadly peril for our province; fighting the battles of a party exposed to attack from all quarters and yet triumphing in spite of all odds,—in one short year his reputation as a public man was established. However, he had not as yet attained to the pre-eminence in parliament. Serving as lieutenant in the House during the preceding session, his field of action was necessarily circumscribed. It was only in the triumphant return to power of de Boucherville *régime* that he became

leader and displayed a brilliancy of parts seldom surpassed. Me-thinks I hear ringing in my ears, clarion-like, his eloquent *harangue*, the first he delivered as chief. Its every note was a defiant challenge to the enemy, whom he pilloried, in scathing terms, for their unpatriotic conduct and narrow mindedness. He upheld the strength and dignity of our provincial institutions and stigmatized the Mackenzie government as the sworn enemy of the province of Quebec. He finished a celebrated speech by a celebrated peroration wherein he cried: "The Grits must be driven out of power at Ottawa with whip and lash." The language was strong, but justified by the circumstances. It is an open secret that, in 1875, Mr. Mackenzie, a man otherwise possessed of estimable qualities, ruled as an autocrat and deprived our province of its legitimate influence: Mr. Angers' severe arraignment of the Grit policy could not, consequently, be regarded as ill-timed. Mr. Holton's words in characterizing the legislature of Quebec as a moribund legislature was still fresh in the minds of all and justified the Solicitor-General's powerful speech, —a speech that was greeted with thunders of applause from the right of the speaker. The Grit fabric that, mushroom-like, sprung up in 1874, seemed to totter to its fall under the sledge-hammer blows dealt in the merciless philippic of the youthful leader. Mr. Angers resumed his seat amidst a scene of the wildest excitement and enthusiasm. From that proud moment dated the consolidation of his power and authority as the chief of his party.

The newspapers of the day recorded the memorable occasion, *l'Événement* itself, the organ of the Liberals, congratulating Mr. Angers on his success. "We cannot," it proclaimed in its issue of the following day, "be blind to talent even when arrayed against us to the right of the Throne. It must be acknowledged that Mr. Angers' speech was calculated to powerfully affect his followers. The new leader, despite his sins against good taste at times, showed that he was made of the stuff that furnishes the *forum* with its brightest ornaments."

This eulogium, hampered though it was by restrictions, coming from a journal like *l'Événement*, that, in 1875, was the mouth-piece of the opposition, of Messrs. Joly, Marchand, Bachand and Langelier,—was worth whole volumes of praise.

At the epoch here recorded, the hero of this biographical sketch



had reached his thirty-seventh year. Born in Quebec in 1838, he graduated from the seminary of Nicolet, where he gave early promise of great force of character and ability. One little incident of his college life is worth relating.

It was customary in the seminary to have certain students give literary declamations, and for the audience to award the palm of excellence by vote. Young Angers entered the list and distanced all the competitors, receiving the largest number of votes.

This was his first election, his first experience of the popular suffrages, and it bore good augury of the future. That Nicolet cherished the memory of Angers was evidenced by the magnificent demonstration which it accorded him as Lieutenant-Governor in 1889.

Mr. Angers was still very young when he finished his studies. At the early age of sixteen or seventeen, led as much by the example and achievements of his family as actuated by his personal predilections, he selected the law as the field of his labours.

His father, Mr. Réal Angers, was one of the most eminent men of his day. Jurisconsult, poet and essayist, rich and exhaustless in resources, he ranked as one of the first leaders, in Lower Canada, of that intellectual movement which started in 1834 and terminated in 1854. But the son was destined to excel the father, both at the Bar and in the *forum*.

After a careful study, Mr. Angers was admitted to the legal profession in 1860, the very year that his father died. He was not long in winning a high reputation as a lawyer. He joined the law firm of Messrs. "Casault and Langlois," and was soon regarded as one of the shining lights of the Bar. His pleadings were always noted for precision and terse logic. His forensic erudition was extensive and profound, and his style of delivery animated and bright. As his senior partners were also men of good legal standing, the office of "Casault, Langlois and Angers" could not help but become as famous and opulent as any in the province.

From 1860 to 1874, Mr. Angers gave himself up completely to his profession. But I err in making this statement. Themis soon had a rival in the heart of the brilliant young lawyer. That rival was the "deep blue sea,"—the sea that so enchants the imagination, and of which the poet has sung :

"C'est la mer ! C'est la mer !—D'abord calme et sereine,  
 La mer, aux premiers feux du jour,  
 Chantant et souriant comme une jeune reine,  
 La mer blonde et p'cine d'amour ;  
 La mer baisant le sable et parfumant la rive  
 Du baume enivrant de ses flots ;  
 Puis la mer furieuse et tombée en démence,  
 Et de son lit silencieux  
 Se redressant géante, et de sa tête immense  
 Allant frapper les sombres cieux. . . . ."

Who has not followed the nautical exploits of Mr. Angers about fifteen years ago? He had a passion for the "bounding billows." The years of his eventful life were passed in the duties and pleasures of the domestic hearth or enlivened by the noble sport of yachting. How he delighted, in company with a few choice friends, to coast along the gulf or the shores of the mighty Atlantic, noting their distinguishing features in land and water, or in expiating on the graceful outlines of a crack racing yacht! How fond he was of discussing such craft: the hull, the keel, the rigging, etc.! Thus, from out these fireside rhapsodies did *La Mouette* suddenly glide, fully equipped, and just as magically as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter in complete armour. Wells, a man as amiable and modest as he was scholarly, was the designer.

*La Mouette!* This very name, for thirty years and over, has been associated in the minds of Quebec people with the pleasantest *souvenirs*. To the heart of her owner deal is this tiny, elegant craft, in which he has but recently performed some doughty deeds of seamanship. Alexander and his fiery steed Bucephalus were never more inseparable. Once on board of *La Mouette*, a trip round the world presented no obstacle to the daring spirit of her master. And certainly she has won for him many a triumph on gala days, and times without number caused his breast to inflate with pride as she proudly rode the storm-swept billows. It is an unquestioned fact, that "a life on the ocean wave" makes man bold and adventuresome, and lifts him above his sordid self. The habitual contemplation of nature in her sublimer aspects; the constant exercise of the intellectual powers; the imminence of unforeseen dangers and the necessity to be ever prepared to wrestle with them; the rhythmic poetry that ever and anon comes wafted over the white-crested,

surging waters ; the sounding sea coasts and star-bedizened canopy on high ; — all, all conspire to elevate and chasten human nature and to stamp the impress of the vastness and grandeur of the universe on the hardy spirits who court the perils of the deep.

And here I will cite an article published in *Le Canadien* in 1878 : " It was in September, 1865. I was returning from an excursion down the Gulf of the St-Lawrence on board the *Lady Head*, a slow sailer, but safe. We had reached a point between Rimouski and the north shore, where the river expands into the sea. The hour was nine in the morning, and it blew a stiff, cold gale from the east. Huge clouds were darkening over the foamy waves, when all at once we discerned, at a little distance to our right, a slenderly built yacht, scudding before the wind under reefed sails. She was pursuing the same course as ourselves. With her white-spreading canvas, she looked like a large bird defiantly skimming the surface of the tossing billows. Seated in the stern, with rudder in hand, was a young man of wiry frame and dark complexion, tanned by exposure to sun and sea, and enveloped in a top coat, with a cloth cap tightly pulled down over his head. There he sat calm and unmoved, facing the hurricane and angry waves as fixed as fate. Mr. Davidson, the captain of the *Lady Head*, an old sea dog himself, informed us that the yacht was *La Mouette*, and that the man at the helm was Mr. Angers, who was taking an outing in this fashion so far from sight of land. The captain remarked that he was the only boatsman who, in such tempestuous weather, would dare venture out in such a flimsy shell, but that he had better make for some harbour at once, if he wished to avoid accident. But *La Mouette* continued on her way, anon riding the waves, anon bending beneath the force of the breeze, but always righting herself with dexterity and grace. And thus she accompanied us, passing us near St-Jean-Port-Joli, where a slight accident compelled us to bank our fires and trust to our sails." As a relaxation from the long and wearing labours of his profession or those of State, Mr. Angers was in the habit, every summer, of taking a few friends with him on his yacht for a trip to the north shore, up the gulf or on to Labrador, taking a rest from time to time to fish or fowl, inhaling the fresh air of the untenanted sea coast, and thus building up and recuperating his strength for the struggles that might await him later in the arena of politics or the halls of justice.

These were jolly, happy days in the life of Mr. Angers, and no doubt he cherishes the sailor *souvenirs* of Charlevoix street,—of *La Mouette* and her venturesome cruising in the stormy gulf.

But a rude and sudden change was about to take place in his mode of living. The hour for action had at last arrived, and the political arena claimed its sturdiest champion. But he was ready for the fight and master of his weapons. The call to arms found him prepared, by years of careful training, to meet any and every emergency. His many jousts with the best legal athletes at the bar had developed his intelligence, quickened his understanding and made him rich in resources. Close study, besides, and foreign travel contributed not a little to broaden his horizon and adorn his mind with varied and useful information. Nor did he lose sight of what was passing around him in the field of politics; he kept himself thoroughly posted as to every important move made on the checker-board of party, with the view of being able to take a hand in it at a moment.

In February, 1874, Mr. Angers reached his thirty-sixth year. It was then that the doors of the Legislative Assembly were thrown open to receive him. Dual representation had just been abolished, and Mr. Cauchon, who sat for Montmorency in the Quebec House and for Quebec-Centre in the Federal, chose to keep his seat in the latter. The electors of Montmorency at once cast their eyes on the brilliant subject of this sketch, and he was returned by acclamation for the local Legislature. This grand acquisition to their ranks elated the Conservatives beyond measure, the more so as it preserved them this county, without striking a blow, at the critical moment when Mr. Cauchon was about to consummate his treason by going over to the enemy, and when the Liberals were parading their entry into power at Ottawa with much ostentation and trumpeting. But who would have predicted that, in less than two years, the young member for Montmorency would be acclaimed by his party as their leader, their ardent, indomitable chieftain? But so it happened. Mr. Angers had not yet taken his seat in the House, when the Tannery Land Swap transaction startled the province, towards the end of August, 1874. Less than a year previously, the government of Sir John A. Macdonald had come to grief through the Pacific Scandal cry. Thus, within a short interval of time, the new infernal machine exploded under the feet of the Conservatives and gave a

violent wrench to public opinion. The Liberals, who lost no time in turning the Tannery Land Swap episode to their own advantage, counted upon seizing the reins of power in Quebec as well as at Ottawa. The honourable Mr. Ouimet, whose integrity was unquestioned, as was that of his colleagues, thought it his duty to give up the seals of office, and Mr. de Boucherville was called upon to form a new cabinet. His task was not a light one: he had to select new men, capable, although untried, of filling the most trying positions.

Almost every Conservative chief of note had held portfolios under the preceding government. But the new Premier did a wise thing in securing the valuable services of Montmorency's able representative. For the Conservatives, the outlook was cheerless indeed. The Liberals, with every reason, felt elated over the clean sweep they had made of their opponents in the Federal elections, and were led to redouble their efforts to carry the Conservative citadel of Quebec. In the latter, despondency and incertitude reigned supreme. It was with repugnance that the honourable Mr. Mailhiot was induced to accept the temporary leadership of the House. Although an eminent lawyer, and subsequently a distinguished ornament of the Bench, he had no haste for the jarring strifes that he was called upon to encounter, and counted upon his youthful colleague, the Solicitor-General, to do the most of the hard fighting. He was not deceived in his man. Mr. Angers marched defiantly in the van of battle. This his first session was not lost upon him: it enlarged his knowledge of parliamentary usages and initiated him into the language of political debate. His maiden speech, however, which had been carefully written out and committed to memory, read well enough in print, but lacked action and fire in the delivery. But he did not allow himself to be disconveyed. Practice and experience placed him, before the close of the session, in the front rank of orators.

The term of the Legislature was now about expiring, and the de Boucherville administration would soon have to face, for the first time, the fire of the enemy on the hustings and at the polls. The Conservatives were unfortunately divided in their counsels, whilst the Liberals, backed by the prestige of the Mackenzie régime, were united and aggressive. But did victory fail to perch on the banners of conservatism, the fault would not lie at Mr. Angers' door. He

was everywhere and constantly winning "golden opinions" as an organizer, leader and speaker.

The result of the elections was a triumph for de Boucherville and his cabinet, and gained for Solicitor-General Angers a prestige and popularity brilliant, as it was merited. On the opening of Parliament, he was made leader of the House and scored the magnificent success as an orator recorded higher up.

This is not the place to enlarge on the administration of public affairs under the first government of de Boucherville. My own opinion is that it was the best since 1867. Its head, that recent events conspired to place at the helm of State, was one of the most striking figures in the arena of politics. His nobility of character, his sterling probity, his firmness of purpose, his unshaken disinterestedness, the rectitude of his principles and broad-minded views, brought him universal respect. After the Premier, Mr. Angers was the life and soul of the cabinet. His capacity for hard work, his shining eloquence and high sense of honour were rewarded by the esteem and influence which he enjoyed amongst his colleagues and in the House generally. This Parliament, which lasted from 1875 to 1878, was composed of men of no mean *calibre*. On the front benches, to the right of the Speaker, were Messrs. Angers, Church, Chapleau and Robertson. Behind them came a galaxy of talents: Messrs. Loranger, Taillon, Mathieu, Würtele, Beaubien, Alleyn, and others equally as able and distinguished. On the opposition side of the Chamber were Messrs. Joly, Bachand, Marchand, Préfontaine, Watts, Bellingham and Laframboise. The government was manifestly stronger in talent than its adversaries. Amongst the members who owed allegiance to neither party were Messrs. A. Chauveau, Lynch and Cameron. The Conservative press was represented by Mr. Tarte, and the Liberal press by Mr. Marchand.

In this assemblage, so noted for the brilliancy of its members, Mr. Angers' authority was unquestioned and unquestionable. He was recognized as leader, not only in name, but in acts, which proud position he had earned in three short years of parliamentary duty. His powers of oratory had developed; he was more fluent and convincing. I will cite here a passage, of rare merit, found in the peroration of one of his speeches on the Railway debate in 1878: "The province lay as yet in the quarry like a huge undressed block

of marble. It was designed and chiselled into a splendid statue. But at the very moment that the finishing touches were about to be given to this superb piece of sculpture, when it was about assuming the warmth and semblance of life and vigour, did the Liberals conspire to stay the progress of the noble work and strike down the artists whose creative genius brought it into existence. Unhappy is the land that bears such vandals offspring!" A triple salvo of applause greeted this beautiful metaphor, which threw the opposition into shame and confusion.

Thus, in 1878, Mr. Angers had reached the zenith of his ministerial career. Visions of future glory and triumph seemed to brighten the horizon before him, when, all at once, the *coup d'Etat* of the 4th March put a period to his usefulness and destroyed the government of which de Boucherville and himself were the main supports.

But Mr. Angers sounded the tocsin of alarm and soon marshalled under arms the entire Conservative forces from one end of the province to the other. He led the opposition, and in thundering accents denounced the arbitrary conduct of Letellier. "The Conservative party," he exclaimed, "is no longer, it is true, in power; but it holds all power in this House; it has a majority here at the Council Board and throughout the country at large. The Conservative party has been unconstitutionally ousted from office, but it still remains uncompromised and spotless, united to a man in defense of the constitution and the public interests."

This was Mr. Angers' last appearance in Quebec in a parliamentary capacity. But he did not relax his efforts to have the instrument of the *coup d'Etat* brought to justice. With what success he accomplished this object, in conjunction with Messrs. Chapleau and Church, is now matter of history.

I may be told here that I am treading on delicate ground, that I should have passed over in silence the *coup d'Etat* of Mr. Letellier, not have emphasized the indignation of Mr. Angers' threat, nor alluded to the subsequent dismissal of the Lieutenant-Governor in 1878. I will answer such objections now, instead of taking them up later, as I had intended.

Exasperating political controversies, to my mind, are not suited to a publication such as this sketch is intended for. However, I must necessarily take up this question, but I hope I will handle it so

as, not to convince the friends of Mr. Mercier of the justice of the act of the 16th of December, 1891, but to show that it is quite possible that two acts, apparently the same, may yet be widely different in essential points, in their very nature and results.

The Crown or its representative has a perfect right, under the constitution, to dismiss a government. But all admit that this right is restricted within very narrow limits and should never be exercised but for reasons of the gravest and most extraordinary character. Danger to the State or the public welfare alone justifies the dismissal from office of a ministry: this has been held by all contemporary authorities on the subject in Great Britain during the present reign. Were the causes that led to the dismissal of the ministry in 1878 and in 1891 identical or not? Were the dangers that threatened the State at these respective periods exactly the same? This is the whole question in a nut-shell, and this is the question that must be satisfactorily answered before we can undertake to pass judgment on Lieutenant-Governor Angers' action. It is quite clear that the Lieutenant-Governor did not consider the cases analogous. We can analyse the circumstances of each case; we may believe that Mr. Angers was wrong in 1891, in censuring the Mercier *régime* as bad, extravagant, dishonest and a menace to the common weal, and punishable by dismissal from office, whilst proclaiming that the dismissal of de Boucherville was iniquitous and unconstitutional. But this is rather a discussive view of the position and does not touch the vital points at all. Mr. Angers conscientiously believed, and does so still, that de Boucherville's ministry was wrongfully dismissed, whilst he is as firmly under the belief that Mercier's government deserved dismissal. All his enemies can pretend is that his appreciation of the circumstances is wrong: his sincerity and reasoning cannot be impugned. To attempt to impugn them would be tantamount to proclaiming that because, years ago, he protested against the punishment of an innocent party, he has no right to-day to inflict punishment on a guilty one.

I will now return to the subject of my sketch where I left off.

Fallen from power in 1878, Mr. Angers resumed the practice of his profession with keen alacrity, keeping his eye all the while on the trend of the political crisis, which he so powerfully aided in bringing to an issue. His friends importuned him to return to his post as



leader and were willing to run the risk, no small one at the time, of opening a county for him. The strength of both parties was about equal in the House, so that each by-election was fought with desperate energy. It was this consideration, no doubt, that deterred Mr. Angers from acceding to his friends' wishes.

However, the party never lost sight of him. He was invited to stand for Montmorency in the Federal House, the seat having become vacant in 1880. The electors of this country, anxious to retrieve their error in withdrawing their support from him in 1878, returned him by majority of 400 over his opponent, Mr. de Saint-Georges, despite the desperate efforts made to defeat him by the whole forces of the Liberal party. Unfortunately, he was destined to grace his seat in the Commons but for a very short period. He took part in several debates, which confirmed his reputation for eloquence and statesmanship. But he had already begun to tire of the worry of political strife, when the sad death of his wife determined him to seek an honourable retreat from the active scenes of public life. In 1880, he accepted a position on the Bench, and from that time till 1887 his days were consecrated to his domestic duties, to study and the discharge of his judicial functions in the district of Montmagny. Every moment that he could spare was given to books and the pursuits of literature, of which he was passionately fond.

Yet was he ever remembered in the world of politics; often was his name mentioned as that of a man whose services could not well be dispensed with. Thus, in 1887, the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec having become vacant, it was offered to him and accepted. The appointment was hailed with universal applause. The events that have followed his occupancy of Spencerwood are known to all. Until within a year ago, His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Angers acted strictly within his constitutional rights as head of the State. But the scandalous disclosures made in the summer of 1891, and the unequivocal expression of public opinion lifted in indignation forced him to take active measures at once. He found himself called upon to sacrifice the peace and quiet that he so coveted in the enjoyment and ease of his exalted position, and arm himself for a death struggle with a Premier power-

ful, and dangerous, and invested with almost sovereign sway. But he did not hesitate to do his duty, which he faced with a courage, and energy, and inflexible determination that showed he had lost nothing of his old-time vim and dash. He risked everything on the venture: his future career and his reputation as a statesman. His courage never wavered for a moment during the eight long months that the terrible crisis lasted, — a crisis whose *dénouement* richly rewarded him for the intrepidity he displayed throughout. The unparalleled success which crowned the decisive stand which he took has made his name illustrious on both sides of the Atlantic.

His term of office will expire next October. What has the future in store for him? Only fifty-four years of age, in the full vigour of his ripened talents and with an unsullied reputation, he is still capable of rendering his race and country unestimable services. But whatever may be his walk in life, his compatriots will ever have reason to feel proud of him.

A few more biographical details will bring us to the end of our labours.

Mr. Angers was first married to Miss Chinic, daughter of Senator Chinic. She died in 1879, whilst yet quite young. His second marriage took place in 1889, when he espoused the widow of Mr. Arthur Hamel, of Quebec, the daughter of our esteemed citizen, Mr. Alexandre Lemoine. Two sons and a daughter were born of the first marriage.

To sum up our appreciation of the author of this sketch: Mr. Angers is not only thoroughly versed in the politics of the day, but he is, besides, a scholar in the broadest sense of the word, an amateur of the fine arts, and possessed of a well cultured mind and vigorous intellect. History will record him as one of the public men who has shed the brightest lustre on the name and nationality of the French-Canadian race.

THOMAS CHAPAIS.

Quebec, July, 1892.

(Translated by W. O. Farmer, B.C.L.)



M. Patrice, 26 juillet,  
1892.

Monsieur de LaRoquette,

de suite de  
retour de la Cascadia  
où il restait bien des gros  
poissons à prendre.

J'en fait une belle pêche:  
10 saumons en trois jours,  
de poids moyen de 23 lbs.  
L'un d'eux avait 40 lbs.

La ligne n'a que  
8 lbs. de force, — ainsi vous  
voyez, le pêcheur doit sa  
prise plus à la persé-  
sion qu'à la violence.

Tout à vous

A. L. R.

M.  
de LaRoquette Jachi,  
Hotel du Gouvernement,  
Quebec.

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