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MEN OF THE DAY

A CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY

*Twenty-ninth Series:*

SIR JOSEPH HICKSON

By GEORGE STEWART

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*Thirtieth Series:*

JOHN COSTIGAN

By W. O. FARMER

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LOUIS-H. TACHÉ

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MEN OF THE DAY



SIR JOSEPH HICKSON.

## SIR JOSEPH HICKSON

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MEN OF THE DAY is not a mere record of the lives of successful politicians. Its aim is to place before the people of Canada the story of the career of men who have made names for themselves in every department of human activity. The list is noteworthy, for it includes, besides statesmen, gentlemen who have achieved fame at the bar, in literature, in art, in science, in medicine, and in the press, as well as those who have honourably won distinction in the leading industrial callings of our common country. Nor is sight lost of the men who, by virtue of their indomitable will, high character, and remarkable abilities, have succeeded in taking positions of great trust and responsibility. The history of Canada for three generations back reveals a goodly number of prominent names which will always be treasured with respect, for they are ingrafted with the steady growth and development of British North America for more than half a century. One name high upon the roll of honour, in connection with Canada's material history and prosperity, will immediately suggest itself, the name of Joseph Hickson, for more than thirty years an officer of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Mr. Hickson's career is, perhaps, one of the most interesting and instructive which our annals afford. He was the architect of his own fortunes, so to speak. Every step in the ladder of fame was made by his own unaided efforts. He literally raised himself up from a somewhat subordinate position to the highest place within his reach. He entered upon his duties at a time when the Grand Trunk Railway was a line of but ten hundred and ninety miles in length, of the exceptional gauge of five feet and a half, and earning about seventy thousand dollars a week. He left the service when the road possessed a mileage of three thousand four

hundred and ninety miles, with a uniform standard gauge of four feet eight and one half inches, and earning all the way from four hundred thousand dollars to half a million a week. And this apart from lines controlled by the company, whose returns, from their being in a foreign country, had to be made up separately. When the history of railroading on this continent comes to be written, as written it will be some day in the near future, no man will occupy a prouder or stronger place than that of the subject of this sketch, who gave the best years of his stirring life to the great corporation which has done so much in the past to develop the resources of Canada in all directions.

In the year 1830, Joseph Hickson was born, at Utterburn, in the county of Northumberland, England. He received a fair education, at a good school, but having a taste for neither a profession nor commercial pursuits, he entered, while yet a lad of tender years, the office of the York, Newcastle and Berwick Railway Company. Bound to rise in his calling, he not long afterwards joined the staff of the Maryport and Carlisle Railway, which offered, at the time, the opportunity he sought. He remained with the company until he became chief agent at Carlisle, winning laurels for himself and giving to his employers the utmost satisfaction. In 1851, his friend and patron, Mr., afterwards Sir James Allport, noticing his aptitude, induced him to enter the service of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Company. In ten years time, he became Assistant to the General Manager. The then General Manager of the line was Mr. Edward Watkin, who subsequently became President of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada. He was favourably impressed with young Hickson, because he saw that he was a hard working officer, full of determination to succeed in his business, and master of every detail in his department. The position of Chief Accountant of the Grand Trunk was vacant. Mr., now Sir Edward Watkin, offered the post to Mr. Hickson, and in December, 1861, he entered upon his duties. Not long afterwards, he became Secretary and Treasurer, offices which tried his capacity to the utmost. In them he had scope for the employment of those rare and distinctive talents he even possessed at that time. He crossed the Atlantic ocean and took up his residence in Canada,

and from that date his life was interwoven with the progress of the great road. What the Grand Trunk accomplished for Canada is familiar to every student of our commercial and industrial history. Mr. Hickson's tact was everywhere noticeable. His knowledge of finance, his skill as an executive officer, his intimate acquaintance with men, his power to override obstacles of all sorts, were in frequent demand in the conduct of his difficult and delicate position. He rarely made a mistake, and his devotion to the interests of his company was not lost sight of in London, where every move that he made was carefully scanned. In 1874, the responsible office of General Manager falling vacant, Mr. Hickson was immediately asked to fill it. He was barely forty-four years of age, and the duties were heavy. A man less true to himself, less confident in his own abilities, less fruitful in his resources, would have, perhaps, feared to undertake what seemed, at the time, a superhuman task indeed. But Mr. Hickson had never in all his life been a shirker, and though he knew that great things were expected of him, he lost no time in bandying empty words with the directors, but accepted the post and at once began to fulfill his duties. Almost the very first thing that he did was to put the road on a footing by means of which it could compete with nearly all the sister lines in this hemisphere. The gauge of his road, east of Montreal, had to be changed, so that perfect uniformity could be had with all of the Grand Trunk's American and Canadian connections, enabling the cars to go through without change of bulk. The financial part of this movement was, of course, a serious question to consider, but it was soon mastered, and when the scheme was submitted to the full Board, it was adopted unanimously and passed with flying colours. About this period or a little later, he induced the Federal Government of Canada to purchase that part of the present Intercolonial Railway which runs from Rivière-du-Loup to Lévis. This section of road had never paid the Grand Trunk, and when Mr. Hickson succeeded in unloading it to the Government, his company promptly realized the step which he had taken. The proceeds of the sale, amounting to about one million and a half of dollars, were applied in securing what the Grand Trunk had long wanted, viz.: the control of a direct line to that great, busy, and bustling city of the

West, Chicago. This was considered, at the time, a master-stroke of railway tact, ability, and diplomacy. It proved at once Mr. Hickson's capacity to deal with enterprises, however extensive, in a bold and striking way. The Chicago extension, on which he had had his eye for years, gave to his powerful line a direct interest in the American system of railroads. Criticism, of course, was offered by his rivals,—and the Grand Trunk has always had energetic rivals,—but to the voice of Job and the lamenters he had never failed to turn a deaf and unwilling ear. He knew that he was undertaking a gigantic piece of work and that risks of great moment attended his every movement. But he had faith in what he was doing, and his perseverance in an enterprise which many had no hope of seeing come out successfully gave to his road a prestige and a business connection which grew in volume as time passed on. It required courage of no small calibre to act as Mr. Hickson acted. He was assuming a serious responsibility, but he triumphed, and to-day he would be a bold man indeed, who would say that the General Manager had miscalculated the results of the undertaking he had in view. But he did not rest contented with the Chicago extension alone. There were even greater schemes on foot, which pressed for fulfilment. A line was built, affording a direct connection to Toledo, Ohio, and the fusion of the Grand Trunk with the Great Western of Canada gained for the former a terminus in Detroit, Michigan, which it had previously lacked.

But Mr. Hickson did not stop at this point. Besides being the General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, (3,487¼ miles) he was President of: the Chicago and Grand Trunk; the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee; the Toledo, Saginaw and Muskegon; the Michigan Air Line; the Montreal and Champlain Railway; the St. Clair Tunnel Company, and some dozen more companies in Canada; also Vice-President of the International Bridge Company at Buffalo, and a director of the Central Vermont Railway, and several of its affiliated companies. He was for many years the absolute controlling mind of more than five thousand miles of railways in Canada and the United States. The main line, with which he was for so many years connected, holds the rank of one of the original five trunk lines on this continent, and it was Mr. Hickson's



duty, as its chief representative, to take part in the deliberations which were, from time to time, held between these five lines, viz.: the New-York Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, and Grand Trunk Railway companies. And in those deliberations, which practically concerned themselves with the momentous and absorbing questions affecting the trade and enterprise of the country in all directions, he always took a leading and conspicuous part and brought to bear, on the discussion, the fruits of an experience which seemed to cover every feature of railway enterprise, from the machine shop to the office of the highest magnate of the line. Unostentatious in manner and easily approached by all who had real business with him, and at the same time dignified, he gained the respect and esteem of all the managers and presidents of other companies, who found in him a straightforward and fair-dealing man. He never failed to keep an agreement to the letter, and he exacted from others the same strict adherence to duty. He stood as well with his directors in London as he did with the business men, shippers, and travelling public of the Dominion, and when, in 1881, he visited England, the Company which he had served so faithfully and so well presented him with gold and silver plate to the value of twenty-five hundred pounds sterling, together with an address, a compliment unusual as it was deserving. The incident proved a pleasing one in the eyes of his friends, for it showed how much his services were appreciated by the men who best understood, from practical knowledge, their full value. Had he desired office, he could easily have gratified his ambition in that direction, for his friends much desired to see him in Parliament. Politics, however, had no charm for him, unless they were railroad politics, and though commercial honours were often offered to him, he never scrupled to decline them. He preferred to devote his whole time and energy to the furtherance of the best interests of his road. In its fate his heart was bound up, and he never failed to do his utmost to extend the resources of his Company by every legitimate means in his power. A business man by training and instinct, it was his aim to look constantly after the interests of the Grand Trunk. Indeed, it would be an easy matter to adduce, in support of these statements, hundreds of witnesses. One authority says: "There

can be no doubt at all as to the high position which the General Manager of the great Canadian line holds on this continent, where his name is a household word." Another observes: "No officer could look after his charge with a more watchful or keener eye, and once having made up his mind upon the best course to pursue, there are not many men who could bring a greater amount of skill and acumen to bear upon carrying the desired point to a successful consummation. Very few people can have any idea of the constant *finesse* and unceasing diplomacy required in the management of a great railway. It is not alone in the supervision of the general working of the road, although that in itself is an enormous task such as few men could successfully bear, but also in meeting the moves of competing roads and in making essential extensions and counter moves, that the manager and his near associates have to be incessantly on the alert. Mr. Hickson, during his lengthy career as a railway man, has been engaged in some notable warfares, and he has marshalled his forces in such a manner as to emerge through all of them with credit to himself personally and profit to the shareholders generally. Many roads, such, for example, as the old Great Western, have had to succumb, but the Grand Trunk remains to-day more strongly entrenched than ever, with new and important territory wisely secured." And to the above expressions of independent opinion, this quotation from a leading Ontario newspaper may be added: "Railways are so thoroughly public in their nature, that they are looked upon in the popular estimation as quite in the ordinary course of wants, and it is rarely that anybody stops to realize the existence of the individual foresight and care invoked in their direction and maintenance. That the Grand Trunk, the pioneer road, should hold such a leading position to-day, with great possibilities for the future abundantly secured to it, is largely due to Mr. Joseph Hickson, and every day serves to give still further justification of the unbounded confidence placed in his abilities by the President, Sir Henry Tyler, and the other directors."

That great engineering undertaking, the St. Clair tunnel, owes much to Sir Joseph Hickson. The tunnel itself, the longest sub-marine tunnel in the world, may be regarded as one of the wonders of the nineteenth century, and a model of it, exhibited at

the Columbian Fair, at Chicago, in 1893, attracted very great attention and admiration. Its construction involved an immense amount of labour, and to obstacles of almost insurmountable character its promoters found themselves continually exposed. It was Sir Joseph Hickson himself who suggested the monster sub-aqueous tunnel. It was largely his energy which carried it, step by step, through to completion. It was his far-seeing judgment which prompted him to say that the feat could be performed, and it was his indomitable force of character which brought to his side, as supporters of the enterprise, such men as Sir Henry Tyler, the President of the road, and Mr. Joseph Hobson, the Chief Engineer of the work. Sir Joseph Hickson, from the very inception of the idea, which meant so much for his road, never lost heart or faith. As obstacle after obstacle reared its head, he became all the more determined to succeed and to surmount all difficulties. True it is that he had good and fearless men about him, but without his encouraging word, his rare administrative tact, his zeal, his enthusiasm, his marvellous perseverance, his personal supervision, the tunnel might never have become an accomplished fact. It was his keen power of perception which showed him the great advantages which would arise from rapid transit of the St. Clair river. Years before he made the attempt to execute the task he had marked out for himself, he began to consolidate the scattered and moribund railway systems into a harmonious whole. The entrance of the Great Western into the union was part of the plan. The acquisition of lines of railway on the American side of the St. Clair river followed, and the projected tunnel was immediately placed among the possibilities. The St. Clair Tunnel Company was formed. In the autumn of 1886, operations were begun by sinking test shafts on both sides of the river to a depth of ninety-two feet on the American side and ninety-eight feet on the Canadian side. The shafts were four by eight feet, built of pine timbers one foot square, with a solid stay across the centre. At the bottom, drifts were extended under the river at right angles to the shafts, on the Canadian to a distance of hundred and fifty feet and on the American side of thirty feet. The Company decided to build under the river first from huge shafts on each shore. The work was commenced in

1888. The shafts were twenty-three feet in diameter, with brick walls two feet six inches in thickness. The walls were built upon a cast-iron circular shoe with a knife edge, which kept sinking as the excavation was going on below, and the bricks were built above. The whole mass of brick was to sink gradually with its own weight into the excavation. The work, however, failed to produce the results anticipated, and several failures occurred, failures which might well have daunted a less hopeful soul than that of the leader in the great enterprise. The plan was changed, and it was decided to drive the tubes through from the extremities. The machinery plant and equipment were moved one thousand eight hundred feet inland on the American side and one thousand nine hundred feet on the Canadian shore. Two great spoon-shaped excavations were made, one at each shore, and operations on these cuttings began in January, 1889. The tunnel was completed in 1890, at a cost of nearly three million dollars. Its length is six thousand and twenty-six feet, of which two thousand two hundred and ninety feet are under the water and the remainder under dry land. The maximum depth of the river is forty feet. The length of the tunnel under dry land on the Canadian side is one thousand nine hundred and ninety-four feet, on the American side one thousand seven hundred and sixteen feet. The length of the tunnel and approaches is eleven thousand five hundred and fifty-three feet. As a specimen of engineering skill, the tunnel ranks among the great scientific achievements of the century, and it will stand for years a noble and enduring tribute to the genius, fortitude, and push of its eminent promoters.

In January, 1890, the Queen, in recognition of Mr. Hickson's services to Canada, confirmed upon him the rank and title of Knight Bachelor. The honour was entirely unsought, but it was none the less welcome, on that account, to Sir Joseph's friends, to whom it was a source of real pleasure. When the Dominion Government, in response to a demand made by the temperance members of Parliament, created the Prohibition Commission to enquire into that question with a view of passing legislation on its report, Sir Joseph Hickson was named Chairman of the body. In the furtherance of his duties he had to travel extensively

throughout the country and listen to all sorts of evidence. Whether the promoters of the scheme will realize their expectations cannot be said to-day, but no one will question the fairness and impartiality of the Chairman, who sought, by every means at his command, to gather all needed information on a subject which deeply interests a large section of our population. When the report and the testimony are laid before Parliament, the people will be in a position to judge as to the practical value of the evidence collected. That it has been faithfully taken, however, none can deny.

In 1869, Sir Joseph Hickson married Miss Catherine Dow, daughter of the late Andrew Dow, Esq., and niece of a wealthy brewer of that name. Of that union six children are now living.

A many sided man in his intercourse with humanity, Sir Joseph Hickson has entered largely into the social and business life of the people. He has long been a prominent citizen of Montreal, doing his share unostentatiously always and in a manner which never failed to afford pleasure to others. Whenever called on to aid this or that object, appeals have not been made in vain. A strong believer in healthful and bracing sports, his support has ever been given to their development and extension. Entering largely into the business life of the metropolitan city of Canada, he has found time and opportunity to identify himself with its progress and prosperity. In a word, he has succeeded in making himself a part of whatever is progressive and admirable in the Dominion's chief city, where he is respected and esteemed for qualities which have subjected him, throughout his long public career, to the severest test.

GEORGE STEWART.

QUEBEC, July, 1893.

Montreal May 4<sup>th</sup> 1893

Dear Dr. Stewart

Pray pardon me,  
for not having replied more  
promptly to your kind note.  
Some exceptional engagements  
have pressed rather heavily  
upon me lately and occupied  
all my time.

I fear there is not much  
of interest for the general  
public in the incidents  
of my life. You are I think  
pretty familiar with them and  
all I desire to say is that  
if you have determined to

to write I hope you will  
not allow your kindly  
feelings for the subject  
for your sketch to prevent  
your being entirely impartial  
in your criticism

With kindest regards  
believe me

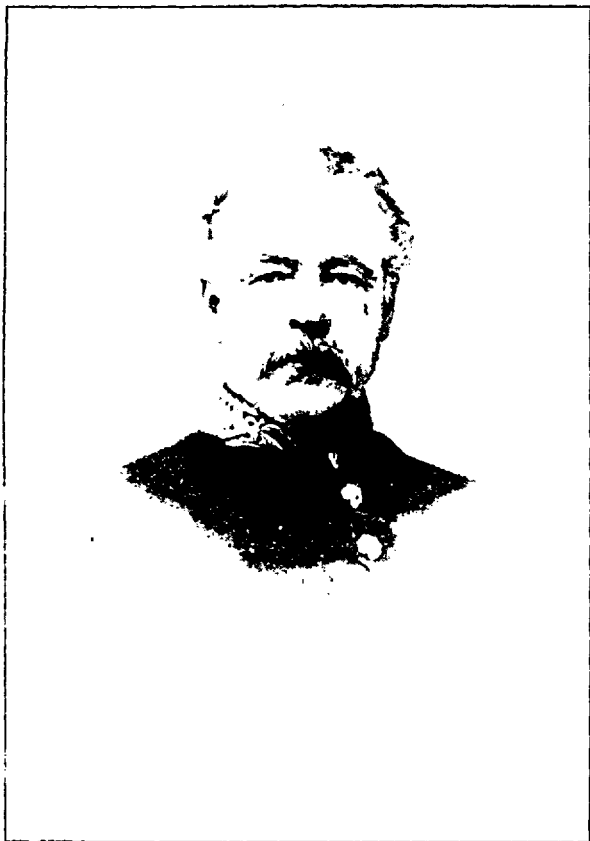
Yours sincerely  
J. H. Brown

George Stewart Esq. L. L. D.  
revere  
Lucas

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## MEN OF THE DAY





JOHN COSTIGAN.

## JOHN COSTIGAN

*"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"*

"Nobody can be in two places at the same time, barring a bird," is a sententious observation credited, as usual, to the witty but blundering Hibernian. Whatever reasonable doubt may exist as to the ubiquity of the bird, there is no reason whatever to question the ubiquity of Irishmen. They seem, indeed, to possess more than any other race the faculty of obiquity—the faculty of occupying all space, all places at one and the same time; so much so, that it is humourously surmised the North Pole, if ever discovered, will be found in possession of a colony of Celts.

Be this as it may, the light-hearted, keen-witted, adventurous sons of the Green Isle have made for themselves an "habitation and a name" the world over. With a "fair field and no favour," they are capable of keeping their ground against all comers, whether in the camp or in the cabinet, and, not unfrequently, to wield the sceptre of sovereignty, to be the power behind the throne, wherever the destiny happens to cast their lot.

History boasts no prouder names in the bead-roll of glory than the O'Donnells of Spain; the Lally-Tollendals, the Dillons, and the MacMahons of France; the Nugents and the Taafes of Austria; the Gavin Duffys of Australia; the Carrolls, Meaghers, and John Boyle O'Reillys of the land of the Stars and Stripes; the Lynches and O'Higginses of South America; the gifted D'Arcy McGees, the Senator Murphys, the Anglins, Currans, and Hingstons of this Canada of ours.

With these distinguished names I have no hesitation in bracketing that of our Secretary of State, the honourable John Costigan, the subject of the present sketch, a man whose renown is boundless as the limits of the Dominica itself, whose name is a "household"

word, synonymous of all that is noble and unselfish in the hallowed domain of religion and nationality.

Born at St. Nicholas, in the pioneer province of Quebec, on the 1st February, 1835, the Secretary of State is still in the prime of life, and, although he may be unconscious of the fact himself, has achieved lasting fame in the annals of his country, where the memory of his disinterested conduct and patriotic deeds shall live after him to encourage others to walk in the paths of public duty and honour, be those paths ever so beset by slander and malevolence.

He was educated at St. Ann's College, many of whose *alumni* have attained to eminence in their respective careers. His success as a scholar was most gratifying. He was bright and intelligent, studious and ambitious — qualities in the pupil which, as a rule, give bright promise of the man.

Having finished his classical course with much *éclat*, he left the peaceful haven of his *alma mater* to embark on the stormy sea of life.

He was subsequently appointed Registrar of Deeds for Victoria and Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, New-Brunswick.

But this field of usefulness, however honourable in itself, was too narrow for the natural activity and laudable ambition of the youthful incumbent of the Common Pleas' Court.

Prompted by his own desires and the urgent solicitations of his fellow-townsmen, he decided to enter public life.

Politics have a strong fascination for most people of a warm, sanguine temperament. Although, like other careers, that of politics can be debased and rendered obnoxious, it can also be exalted and rendered worthy of a nation's gratitude. Its possibilities are alluring and unbounded. Just as the commonest soldier who fought under Napoléon Bonaparte was supposed to carry in his knapsack the baton of a Field Marshall, thus is it quite within the bounds of possibility, for any deserving young man possessed of native grit, talents, and ambition, to find in pure, unselfish politics the sceptre of empire, the "open sesame" to the highest offices in the State, the passport to fame or fortune, or both.

Abroad, we have the brightest examples of individual success and renown thus achieved. At home, with the political destinies of our country are identified our Lafontaines, Tachés, Macdonalds,

Cartiers, Dorions, McGees, Chapleaus, Lauriers, Blakes, Abbotts, Thompsons, and a host of others scarcely less illustrious.

The honourable Mr. Costigan was elected in 1861 for Victoria to the New-Brunswick Assembly; and such is his popularity and the unbounded confidence reposed in him by the people of this constituency, that they have continued to return him as their representative for a period of thirty-two years. He sat in the Local Assembly for five years and in the House of Commons, after the Union, for the balance of the time.

Shortly after Confederation had become an accomplished fact and when Mr. Costigan was yet new to the Federal House of Commons, a dark cloud began to loom up on the political horizon. It continued to grow larger and darker, its threatening aspect portending a storm that might burst at any moment. This gathering storm came in the guise of the New-Brunswick School Act — an act that called up at once the demon of sectarian strife. The fight, a most stubborn and bitter one, was for a while confined to the narrow limits of the Local Assembly, but was finally transferred to the broader field of Dominion politics. Thence its echoes were repeated from end to end of the country, from the broad Atlantic to the Rockies, resulting in an agitation that stirred to their depths the worst passions of the multitude. A similar agitation has been again started in the distant homes of Manitoba, which is much to be deprecated by all who love "peace and good will" better than the feuds of sect and race.

And here I would crave the reader's indulgence if I digress from the even tenor of my narrative to place on record an humble expression of opinion on the vexed subject of Separate Schools, a topic of paramount importance. In so doing, I desire it to be understood that I am actuated by no unfriendly spirit towards those whose conscience prompts them to hold different views. The subject is one that admits of amicable discussion; but upon the equitable settlement of the matter in dispute largely depend the peace and prosperity of the community — a mixed community, whose diverse interests, so inextricably interwoven for good or ill, it is the duty of every good citizen to so harmonize as to reduce all chances of social discord of friction to the merest minimum.

I hold then that the question of Separate Schools must ever be a burning one for Catholics. And why? Because to them every attempt made to suppress their schools savours of religious persecution, and the history of the world demonstrates that such persecutions only result in confusion and chaos, in wrecking the harmony and kindly feelings that should unite the brotherhood of men.

But there is one remarkable feature in connection with the crusade against Separate Schools which goes to show how shortsighted and illogical is weak human nature when blinded by prejudice or passion. The worst enemies of these schools are the champions of "Equal Rights"—men in season and out of season in the habit of proclaiming from the housetops their readiness to die for "civil and religious freedom." But how do these men put their plausible professions into practice? By simply ignoring the "rights" of Catholics, abolishing Catholic schools, and hence, by arbitrarily excluding Catholics, to all intents and purposes, from the legitimate benefit of this "civil and religious freedom!" Hence, also, "Equal Rights" are empty terms—a "delusion and a snare" as far as Catholics are concerned.

And yet the claim put forward by the advocates of Separate Schools involves a principle; and principles are fixed and boundless as the universe, unconfined and unconfined by geographical lines. That principle is this: if Protestants have the right to select *their* schools, then Catholics, surely, have the same right, whether they live in New-Brunswick, Manitoba, or elsewhere. This principle has been recognized with the best results in the province of Quebec: why not enforce it throughout the Dominion? Principles are not founded upon might, prejudice, or bigotry, but upon right, equity, and justice; nor should they be affected by the "quirks, quibbles, and quiddities" that a forced interpretation of constitutional documents may conjure up in the unhallowed course of faction or fanaticism. The Catholic majority, as we see, respect and uphold this principle; the Equal Rights majority would trample it under foot, substituting instead the old pagan motto: *lex talionis, vae victis!*

The honourable Mr. Costigan was fully in touch with his countrymen and co-religionists in their agitation for the repeal of the New-Brunswick School Act. He attacked the obnoxious measure

from his seat in the Federal Commons with all the vehemence and eloquence born of righteous indignation and sense of a wrong inflicted. He returned to the charge time and again with a spirit of intrepidity undaunted. On the 20th of May, 1872, he moved an address praying His Excellency to disallow the Act on the ground "that said law is unjust and causes much uneasiness among the Roman Catholic population." Failing to effect his purpose then, we find him, on the 14th of May, 1873, a year subsequently, moving another address praying "that the Government should advise His Excellency to disallow the Acts passed by the New-Brunswick Legislature," which was carried. Acting on the lines of the preceding addresses, he once more moved, on the 6th of May, 1874, for an address to Her Majesty, praying to cause an Act to be passed amending the British North American Act, 1867, by providing "that every religious denomination in New-Brunswick shall continue to possess and enjoy all such rights with regard to their schools as they possessed and enjoyed at the time of the passage of the said Act," etc. . . This motion, for reasons well known, was subsequently withdrawn. But in March of the following year (1875), he took the matter up again by moving a resolution praying for the passage of an Act amending the British North American Act in the sense that it be provided "that the Roman Catholic inhabitants of New-Brunswick shall have the same rights, privileges, etc., as to separate and dissential schools, etc., as are enjoyed and possessed by the Roman Catholic minority of Ontario and the Protestant minority of Quebec." This motion, after amendment, was carried.

The stand taken by Mr. Costigan on this school question shows him to be a man who has the courage of his convictions under the most trying circumstances, and that the charge of pusillanimity or want of character can not be laid at his door. He was resolute and tenacious of purpose throughout this memorable struggle in the face of the most discouraging obstacles, buoyed up, no doubt, by the knowledge that "thrice is he armed whose cause is just."

His loyalty and devotion in a cause approved by his conscience, the zeal, energy, and eloquence which he displayed in its advocacy won for Mr. Costigan on this occasion the respect and consideration of friends and foes alike. The late Sir John A. Macdonald, no bad

judge of character, at once testified his approbation of his worth by offering him the portfolio of Inland Revenue. He was sworn of the Privy Council in 1882, and has held office in every new or reconstructed Cabinet since.

But scarcely had he fought out the battle of his countrymen and co-religionists in this, the land of his birth, than his chivalrous spirit urged him to extend what succor he could to those struggling for national rights in his native land by descent.

About the year 1873, the Irish Home Rule movement appeared to receive a new impetus. Clubs were formed all over the United States and Canada. It was the revival of the spirit of Repeal initiated generations previously by Daniel O'Connell, a spirit that may slumber, but never dieth. Years have elapsed since John Woolman, in the first dawn of the abolition sentiment, thus wrote of slavery in the neighbouring Republic: "To labour for a redemption from the spirit of oppression is the main business of the whole family of Christ Jesus." In the same way Home Rule, which is meant to antagonize this "spirit of oppression," should be regarded as the "main business," if not of the whole family, at least of that integral portion of it that claims Ireland as its home by birth or descent. Patriotism is a duty at once sacred and imperative. It is no respecter of class, clime, or creed. It is a plant ineradicably rooted in the soil of every generous nature, the blood of its victims only serving to refresh and perpetuate it the more.

In this connection, who does not recall the noble lines of the famous bard of Abbotsford?

"Lives there a man with heart so dead,  
Who to himself hath never said:  
This is my own, my native land!

If such there breathe, go, mark him well:  
For him no minstrel raptures swell,  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch concentred all in self,  
Living shall forfeit fair renown  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung."

The fame of Thermopylæ and Marathon is imperishable and was won in the field of battle. The fame of the Thermopylæes and Marathons that Erin's sons are now leagued together to fight under the banners of Home Rule will be no less imperishable, though fought in the bloodless arena of politics. In one respect the cause of the heroic Greeks and the scarcely less heroic Home Rulers is identical: it is the struggle of right against might, a struggle for national freedom in the one instance, for legislative independence in the other.

Never ashamed to identify himself with the aspirations of his countrymen for the restoration of Ireland's parliamentary autonomy, in this respect standing out in enviable contrast to some of his compatriots of the *sub rosa*, lip-fervent genus, the worthy subject of our sketch threw himself into this struggle with his characteristic dash and determination.

In the session of 1882 he moved and carried an address to Her Majesty, "praying that she would grant Home Rule Government to Ireland, for the release of the 'suspects' and other ameliorations." This address is known as the famous "Costigan Home Rule Resolutions." He supported his motion by an able and exhaustive speech and was repeatedly applauded in the course of its delivery. His points were admirably taken, dispassionately presented, but emphasized with much force and clearness of argument. The discourse made an excellent impression on the House, which finally consented to adopt the resolutions unanimously. An official copy of the address was forwarded to Mr. Gladstone, then Premier of the Imperial Parliament, and was received during the discussion of the Irish Home Rule bill by the latter body.

Although, like the "mustard seed," the smallest and most insignificant of seeds, the "resolutions" may have been disregarded for a spell, we are at liberty to surmise that they fructified later, that it was they first inspired England's Grand Old Man with the thought of espousing the cause of Home Rule for Ireland. At least, they had the merit of being the first official utterance endorsing the measure voiced by any of Britain's colonies, and of inducing the legislatures of other countries to take similar action. The consensus of opinion thus evoked in different quarters of the globe could not fail but



benefit, if only indirectly and after a lapse of time, the cause it upheld.

Although Mr. Costigan cannot be said to monopolize debate, he always commands a respectful hearing when he addresses the House. With him it is cogency and coherency before mere vanity and garrulity. "Brevity is the soul of wit." If honourable members kept this maxim more in mind, a great deal of wasted time would be saved; and as "time is money," in their case wasted time is money lost to the Government and the country. The people's over-talkative representatives, consequently, might well profit by an anecdote told of Dean Swift. The latter once preached a charity sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, but had the mortification to hear it spoken of as much too long. "I shall not fall into that error," thought he, "when I get another opportunity." The opportunity came, and he thus improved it. "Dearly beloved brethren," he began, "I am instructed by my text that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." This he repeated in an emphatic tone and proceeded: "Now, beloved brethren, if you like the terms and approve the security, down with the dust." He descended from the pulpit and had the satisfaction to find that this pithy oration was followed by a very liberal collection. *Verbum sap.*

As a Minister of the Crown, our worthy Secretary of State's "hands are clean" and spotless. At that crucial period, a few sessions ago, when so-called scandals and rumors of scandals filled the air about Parliament Hill, the breath of suspicion never sallied the brightness of his official honour. Like Cæsar's wife, he was "above suspicion."

Yet, in the words of Shakespeare slightly altered, we have latterly beheld "*fanatics* rush in where *slanderers* feared to tread," and attempt to blast his good name and fame by charging him with treachery to his late chief, Sir John A. Macdonald. But an able writer in *The Ottawa Citizen* has triumphantly vindicated the Minister's character from the baseness of a charge evidently conceived in indecent bigotry and cradled in baser malignity.

I subjoin the *Citizen's* article as appropriately forming a part of this sketch. "The *Mail's* objection to Mr. Costigan is one of treason to his colleagues; a charge sufficiently serious, if true, to

necessitate, not only his withdrawal from the Cabinet, but his retirement from public life and from the society of all honourable men. But the weak point in the *Mail's* impeachment is its untruthfulness, for indeed that journal has deliberately repeated charges against Mr. Costigan which it has known for years to be utterly unfounded.

“Our readers are aware of the delicate position of a Cabinet Minister. On all questions of public policy, the Cabinet is a unit, and if a Minister is unable to agree with his colleagues, his duty is to resign. But his reasons for resignation can be revealed only by the Governor General, so that, unless this is obtained, his lips are sealed, while his motives are liable to misconstruction at the hands of unscrupulous men, whose conception of character is cramped by their moral obliquity. Sometimes it occurs that, after a Minister has tendered his resignation, explanations take place and the resignation is withdrawn; in which case the Minister's difficulty is enhanced, for not only is he compelled to silence, but the field is enlarged for men of vivid imagination and lax moral sense to exercise their talents.

“It was in such a position Mr. Costigan found himself during the session of 1884. For reasons which, though never officially announced, were an open secret, at the Capital at least, Mr. Costigan placed his resignation in the hands of Sir John Macdonald. He had then for two years occupied a seat in the Cabinet and was recognized, as he still is, as the representative of the Irish Catholics of Canada. Rightly or wrongly, he conceived that they were not being treated with the same impartiality as other elements of the population and that they did not enjoy a proportionate measure of the benefits and privileges in the bestowal of the Government. Impressed with this belief and unwilling to lay himself open to the charge of being bribed by office to perpetuate a state of affairs abhorred to any high-minded man, Mr. Costigan sacrificed position, emolument, and comfort to what he considered to be his duty, and resigned his portfolio and seat in the Cabinet. What the nature of the negotiations which resulted in the withdrawal of his resignation within twenty-four hours was, we do not know any more than does *The Mail*, and it is absurd to indulge in speculation. This, however, is the true story of Mr. Costigan's resignation, and the account of it fabricated by *The Mail* is wholly illusory.

“ Speaking in Kingston a fortnight ago, Mr. Costigan referred to the incident of 1884 ; but unfortunately he was reported as having placed the date at the time of the Pacific Scandal in 1873. Mr. Costigan was then a private member of the House, and, so far from having any misunderstanding with Sir John Macdonald, followed his illustrious leader into opposition when it was open to him, had he desired, to have joined hands with the desertors and gone over to the enemy's camp.

“ It is true that Mr. Costigan's resignation was tendered at the time that the loan to the Canadian Pacific Railway was under discussion. It is also true that Mr. Costigan agreed to the Government's policy of granting the loan, but it is absolutely false, as stated by *The Mail*, that he rose in the House to make a speech against the loan to which, in his Ministerial capacity, he had given his approval. When Mr. Costigan rose that morning, it was half past one o'clock ; he was suffering from a severe hoarseness which rendered his voice almost inaudible. He moved the adjournment of the debate. Sir John Macdonald objected; but Mr. Costigan persisted, pleading that, in the state of his voice, he would prefer not to be forced to speak, but that, if he must speak, he would do so. Sir John then gave way and the House adjourned. What Mr. Costigan would have said, as he frequently informed his friends, would have been to declare his purpose, notwithstanding his altered relations to the Ministry, to support the loan to which he had assented at the Council Board. Sir John Macdonald subsequently stated to the House that Mr. Costigan's resignation was dated the 18th February, was received by him on the 19th and withdrawn on the 19th. When Mr. Costigan rose to speak, it was in the early morning of the 19th, and his resignation had probably been in Sir John's hands for twelve hours.

“ *The Mail* is certainly drawing copiously on its imagination when it depicts Mr. Costigan going to Sir John Macdonald and begging forgiveness and the return of his resignation. The idea is too puerile for a moment's serious consideration. Mr. Costigan, it is well known, is neither beggar nor sycophant, while Sir John Macdonald's most rabid enemies never accused him of being a simpleton ; for who else would have admitted to his councils a man

of such a character as *The Mail* ascribes to Mr. Costigan, or have taken back into his favour a traitor who had tried to stab him in the dark ? ”

By way of corroborative testimony, *The Citizen* refers the reader to Hansard, 1884, Vol. I, pages 457 and 525, for two speeches made on different occasions in the House by Sir John Macdonald, which clearly exonerate Mr. Costigan from all blame in the premises.

The *Mail's* denunciation of Mr. Costigan for speaking and voting as he did in the Clarke Wallace affair is equally absurd and groundless. The question at issue was not a Government one : consequently ministers and members were at liberty to vote as they pleased.

Thus we see that our Minister's loyalty to his colleagues, like his sterling integrity, can no more be injured by the tongue of detraction than steel can be harmed by the bite of the viper.

In private life, Mr. Costigan is highly esteemed by those who know him intimately. He is found to be open-hearted and hospitable, a warm friend and boon companion.

In 1855, he was married to Harriet, daughter of Mr. J. R. Ryan, and is most happy in his domestic relations.

It only remains for me to add that, were modesty less ingrained in his nature, our worthy Secretary of State, without exposing himself to the imputation of excessive egotism, might truthfully exclaim with the latinist : *Non omnis moriar.*

W. O. FARMER.

Montreal, August. 1893.

Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>/93

My dear Tacké

I just returned  
from an eight weeks  
outing in the wilds  
of Northwest

I had two  
funds with me. I  
shot a fine moose  
and trapped one  
Bear four fine other  
one wild cat, Squirrel  
Mink, Southern  
Martin, and a  
lot of mescal.

I feel stronger than  
I have been for years  
L. H. Tacké Jr. my husband  
Standard Building Metropolitan  
Museum

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