

him because they loved him, and because, with all his great powers, they saw in him their own frailties. He abounded in the right kind of charity. And speaking of the love his friends and followers had for him, Mr. Pope dwells on the "old guard" and the old loyalty to the chief. So it was, but there were dark days also, when even those who afterwards enrolled themselves in the guard passed by on the other side. If ever there was a man in low water, it was Sir John as I saw him one day in the winter of 1875, coming out of the House into the bitter air, dressed in an old Red River sash and coat, and the old historic mink-skin cap, tottering down the hill to the eastern gateway alone, others passing him with a wide sweep. The lesson of Sir John's life is that he pulled himself out of those days and trials into higher and more solid footing. But Sir John's real "old guard" were not the men who stood with him at Ottawa, but the greater old guard who stood and fought for him in every township year after year, and to whom a call by name or a nod of the head was all the recompense they got and yet the recompense they most prized.

Mr. Pope gives us no clear idea of how Sir John maintained himself when devoting so much of his time to public life. And he strains a point in one of his foot-notes to indicate his chief's annoyance at others getting into debt. Sir John in his day had to put his name to notes and had to seek extensions, and was hard enough up at times, owing to neglect of his own affairs. And this brings me to one reason of Sir John's success: he was the one professional politician in Canada in the proper sense of that term. He devoted himself to public life and public affairs. He studied them, he fitted himself for them, like Themistocles, as quoted above. No other Canadian has done it in the same way. George Brown was a journalist, a farmer on a big scale, and at times an

agitator. Sir John was never anything else than a politician. Others have devoted their time much to law as a profession, and less to politics as a side issue.

Sir John himself had leaders in Sir Allan MacNab and in William H. Draper. His conduct toward the former has been criticized, but of this I am not able to speak. Mr. Draper had a high opinion of the young Kingston lawyer as he bloomed into a politician. But Sir John as a leader thought little of his colleagues. His favorites were all followers. I think he thought as highly of Tom White as he ever thought of any colleague, and he was a much younger man, one for an old one to lean on. Sir John had a trick of "running down" in private nearly every colleague he ever had. His correspondence, such as we have seen, is of that character, and it would appear that Mr. Pope has suppressed much that is still more derogatory of others. Mr. Pope is weak when he shares Sir John's hatred of some, his contempt for others, of his colleagues and rivals. Because Sir John was unjust to Bishop Strachan, George Brown, John Hillyard Cameron, Alexander Campbell, Sir George Cartier, and many others, Mr. Pope should have avoided the same injustice. Sir John insisted on submission, brooked no rivals, kept himself strong by getting others by the ear, as many great men have done before and will do hereafter.

It is no wonder that the friends of the late John Hillyard Cameron—he has a widow, one son, and two daughters surviving him—feel outraged by the publication in Mr. Pope's book of the private letter written to Capt. James Strachan, eldest son of the Bishop, and dealing with the rising politicians of the day. The flippant remarks contained in that letter are no reflection whatever of Sir John's later opinion of Mr. Cameron. To Mr. Cameron and his extraordinary eloquence, Sir John was indebted for