

a politician and the camaraderie of human nature as the restoration of Sir John Macdonald affords.

In the summer of 1875 I drove alone from Greenwood to Markham, across twelve miles of country, to attend a Conservative demonstration. Since I had begun to think that I was a Liberal I was not inspired to make the journey by devotion to the Conservative party. But among the speakers announced were Dr. Charles Tupper and Honourable William McDougall, and I was anxious in those days to hear the political leaders of both parties. As I stood in the street at Markham and for the first time saw the leaders ride by in cabs, followed by marching men and bands of music, I have no doubt I felt as did Tom Sawyer at church when the minister told of the blessed day when the lion and the lamb should lie down together and a little child should lead them, and Tom said to himself that he wished he could be that child if it was a tame lion. I remember nothing of what was said that day by either Dr. Tupper or Mr. McDougall. I have no better recollection of what was said by Mr. T. N. Gibbs or Mr. Matthew Crooks Cameron, the leader of the Conservative party in the Legislature, who were also among the speakers. Dr. Tupper had come from Nova Scotia to address the meeting, and I do remember *The Globe* said next day that there was nothing surprising about the event, except that the "War-horse of Cumberland" should have come so far to say so little. These were the only political speeches that I ever heard from Mr. McDougall or Mr. Cameron, although a year or two afterward I heard Mr. Cameron, who had become Chief Justice of Ontario, charge the jury at Guelph in a famous trial for abduction. It was not the fortune of Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron, who was a high Tory, nor of his successor, Sir William Meredith, who was a progressive radical, to command a majority in the Legislature, but for private virtue and pub-

lic integrity there are no more shining names in the political annals of Ontario.

The speech at Markham which made the chief impression upon my mind was that delivered by Honourable William McDougall. In his comparatively unfruitful career I have had a deep and enduring interest. His contemporaries agree that he was a speaker of singular charm and lucidity. He had distinction of style; he was clear, impressive and logical. Those who read his address before the Reform Convention at Toronto in 1867 must admit that he gave reasons for remaining in the Cabinet of Sir John Macdonald, after Confederation was accomplished, as convincing as the arguments which Honourable George Brown advanced to justify his own withdrawal. But in a convention hostile to Macdonald, embracing Liberals who at best gave a sullen sanction to the project of union, exulting over Brown's separation from Macdonald, eager to reunite all elements which had constituted the Liberal party before Brown entered the coalition, and submissive to the great personal authority which Brown exercised, it was, perhaps, inevitable that judgment should go against McDougall. Still even if George Brown was right, McDougall was not necessarily insincere nor guilty of any deliberate betrayal of the Liberal party. Sir John Macdonald himself admitted in Parliament that Brown and McDougall were among the first advocates of the incorporation of the Northwest Territories into the Dominion. They were influential advocates of Confederation before Macdonald regarded the project as politically practicable, and there is ground for thinking that Brown saw the light through the clearer vision of McDougall. Much of the legislation of the Mackenzie Government was foreshadowed in *The North American*, which McDougall edited before he and the paper were absorbed by *The Globe*. George Brown said that McDougall