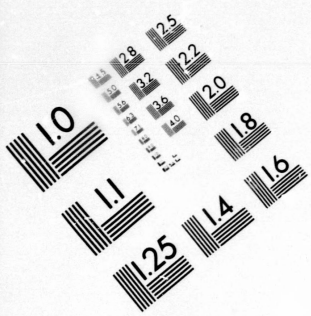

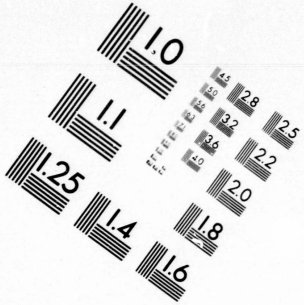

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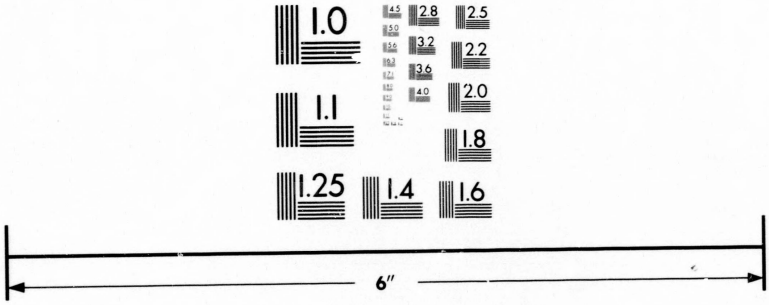

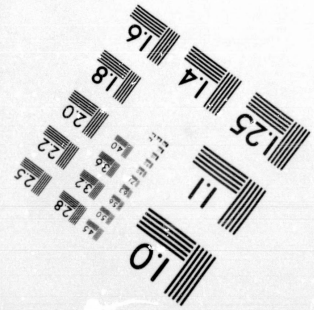

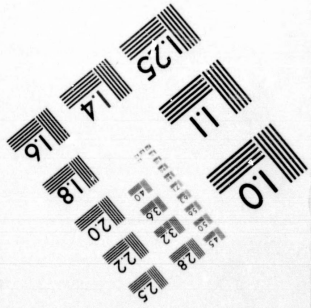

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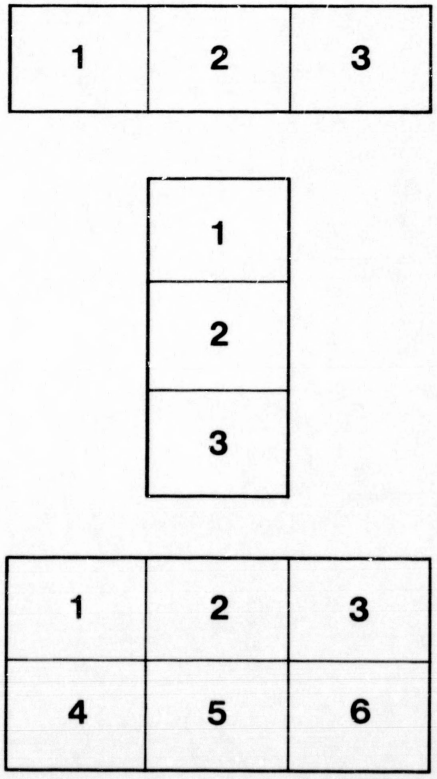
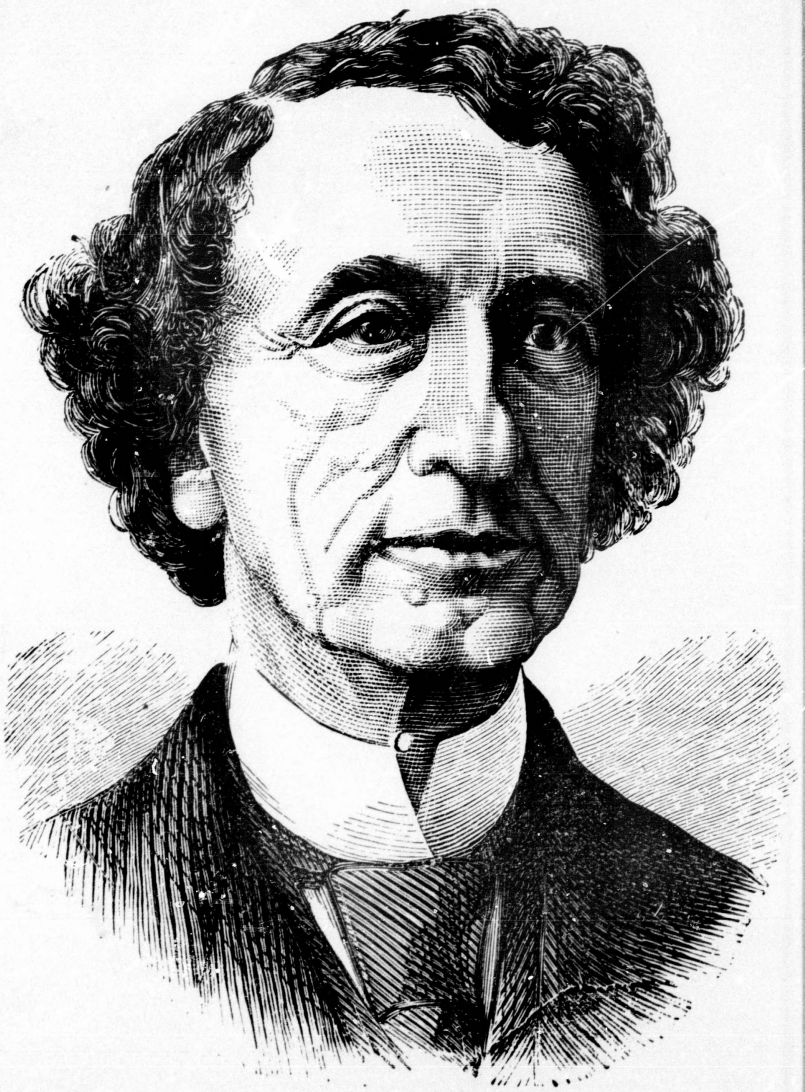




John A. Macdonald



ANECDOTAL LIFE

OF

Sir John Macdonald.

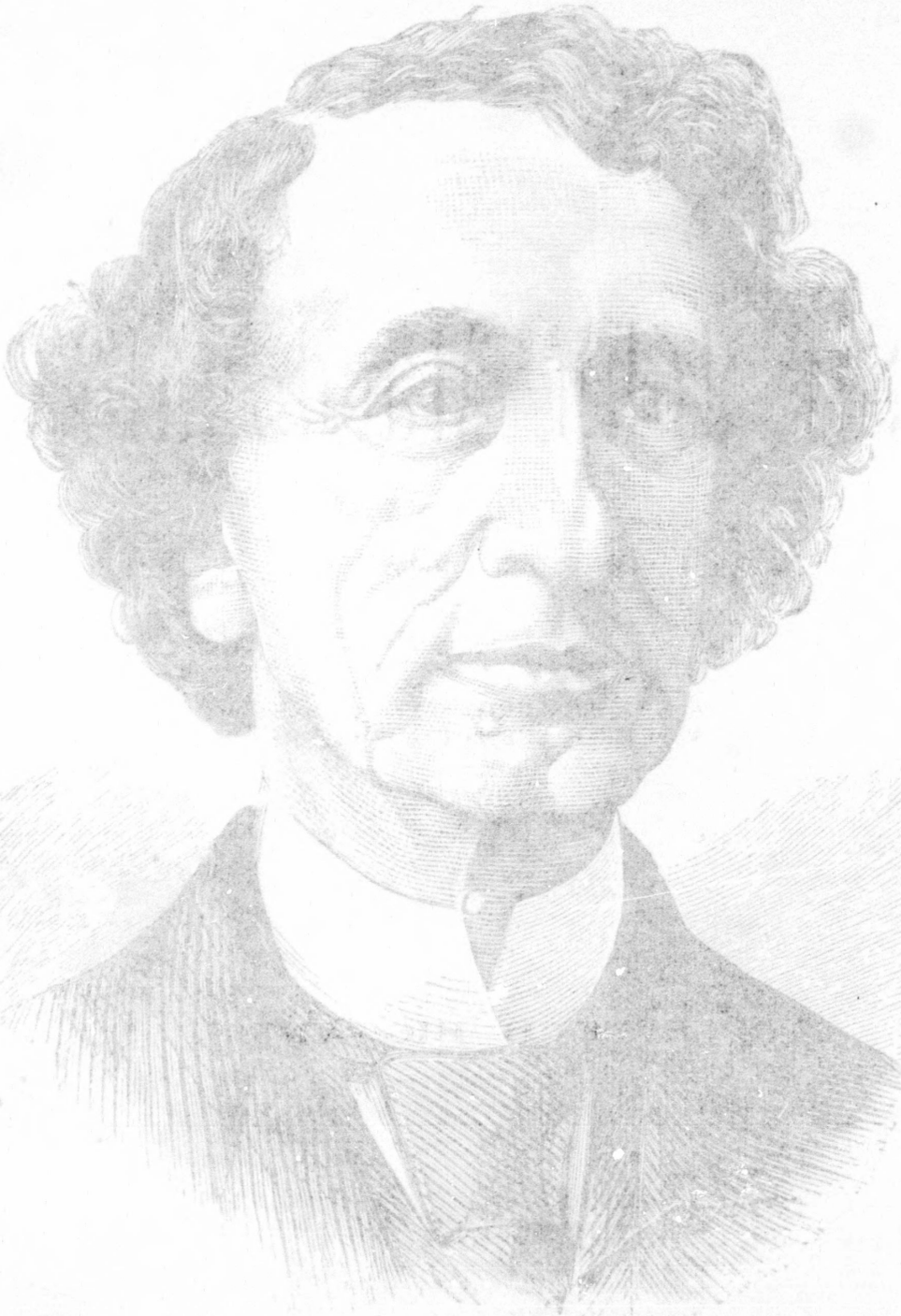
A BRITISH SUBJECT I WAS BORN.
A BRITISH SUBJECT I SHALL DIE.

[illegible] B. BIGGAR.

[illegible]
[illegible] & SON.

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] RICHARD STANFORD.

[illegible]



John A. Macdonald

Sir

U. S. B

ANECDOTAL LIFE

OF

Sir John Macdonald.

"A BRITISH SUBJECT I WAS BORN;
A BRITISH SUBJECT I WILL DIE."

By E. B. BIGGAR.

Montreal:
JOHN LOVELL & SON.

New York:
U. S. BOOK COMPANY.

London:
EDWARD STANFORD.

1891.

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P. S. VAN WAGNER,
STONEY CREEK, ONT.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

POLITICALLY, no man in Canada is better known than Sir John Macdonald; personally, few Canadians, comparatively speaking, know much about him except by the fragmentary anecdotes that have recently drifted through the newspapers. Of his politics we have had much in the newspapers and in books and magazines, but of the man himself but little has been preserved to us.

Having, in common with many other Canadians, been curious to learn something of Sir John's own history and personality, I began about three years ago to collect anecdotes and observations on him from such of his friends as I might meet at odd moments after business hours. I had intended publishing these purely as a book of anecdotes, illustrating the man and his peculiarities, and to issue it while he yet lived. His death having intervened, I thought it well—as there was nothing before the public in the way of a personal biography of him, and many errors were being perpetuated in the existing literature of the subject—to extend the scope of this work by giving a sketch of his life with a brief account of the chief epochs of his public career.

I have still kept as closely to the original design of the work as the limited space would allow, for I think the anecdotal style eminently suited to biography. In studying the great characters of history we can learn more of their natures by a single anecdote than by pages of subtle analysis or airy speculation. The chief charms of Plutarch's Lives and of the biographical writings of Xenophon and Herodotus consist, to my mind, in the little incidents and anecdotes with which they are interpersed, and which throw so many distinct beams of light upon the motives and impulses of the characters under review.

In this first attempt I have endeavored more to sketch the

lighter phases of his public life, along with his personal peculiarities, than to give that complete view of his life-work for which the time is not yet ripe. Therefore if some phases of his remarkable career are looked for in this book and not found, the omissions must not be misunderstood. Such may be supplied at a future time.

To the many newspaper editors who have kindly referred to the book, and the many strangers from different parts of Canada who have taken the trouble to give me hints and reminiscences, I express my gratitude. Many of these reminiscences I have not yet been able to use, but hope to on another occasion, and trust meanwhile to hear further from those who have kindly interested themselves.

As I have shown errors to exist in the current biography relating to Sir John, I expect errors may be found in mine, but I have been as careful as I could be to verify every floating story before making use of it. Such errors and faults as exist may be excused when it is known that although many notes and anecdotes were jotted down long ago, they have all been put together and written out within five weeks.

The engraving of Sir John's mother, which now first sees the light, is from an early photograph, and has been reproduced specially for this work by Messrs. Sheldon and Davis.

E. B. B.

MONTREAL, 21st July, 1891.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

A British subject he was born—Causes that led his father to emigrate to Canada 9

CHAPTER II.

His infancy—The emigration—An early effort in oratory—Narrow escape from shipwreck 13

CHAPTER III.

At Kingston—Removal to Hay Bay 17

CHAPTER IV.

At school at Adolphustown 23

CHAPTER V.

Back to Kingston—Drilled at school 28

CHAPTER VI.

From school to law office—In charge of a Picton law office—He comes of age, becomes a barrister, and starts in life 31

CHAPTER VII.

An episode of the Rebellion—The invasion of Von Schoultz, and John A.'s connection with it—A strange delusion in biography 36

CHAPTER VIII.

Life in Kingston—Mr. Mowat comes to his office as a law student—Some youthful tricks—Married to his cousin—She dies after a brief sojourn 43

CHAPTER IX.

He "runs for councillor"—An alderman's antics—He saved the eyes of the *Argus* 51

CHAPTER X.

John A. is elected to Parliament—His first address to the electors, and his first acts in Parliament 55

CHAPTER XI.

His maiden term—Some of his first political observations—He becomes Receiver-General—There are prophecies about him 61

CHAPTER XII.

A foeman worthy of his steel—George Brown appears on the stage.. 67

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Allan McNab drops off the stage—Enter John A.—The Ministry of a day 73

CHAPTER XIV.

John A.'s father and mother—Something of his sisters—Death of the good old lady 80

CHAPTER XV.

Confederation—Its preparation and accomplishment—John A. becomes Sir John 85

CHAPTER XVI.

Cementing and extending the union—The eclipse, and the sunshine that followed it 93

CHAPTER XVII.

Sir John's second marriage—Lady Macdonald 99

CHAPTER XVIII.

Political anecdotes and reminiscences 110

CHAPTER XIX.

Political anecdotes and reminiscences, continued—The Mackenzie regime 120

CHAPTER XX.

Political anecdotes and reminiscences, continued—Sir John at the helm again 136

CHAPTER XXI.

The celebrated "all-night debate"—Reminiscences of the great campaign 163

CHAPTER XXII.

Words of wisdom and patriotism—Sir John's serious sayings 175

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miscellaneous anecdotes and reminiscences..... 187

CHAPTER XXIV.

A multitude of personal friends—Two humble devotees..... 235

CHAPTER XXV.

Some coincidences in Sir John's life..... 245

CHAPTER XXVI.

Personal traits, habits and tastes..... 248

CHAPTER XXVII.

His religious temper and sentiments..... 264

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The last campaign..... 272

CHAPTER XXIX.

Last illness, death and burial..... 278

APPENDIX.

Premiers compared—The episode of the rebellion—Sir John's ancestors —His last will—A personal letter—Origin of "Old To-morrow"—Senator Boyd's reminiscences—A sermon..... 294

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Sir John Macdonald, from a photograph in 1876 .....Frontispiece.

PAGE

Hugh Macdonald's first store in Canada..... 18

The Macdonald Homestead at Adolphustown..... 20

Old U.E. Loyalist Methodist Church..... 23

Sir John's mother.....facing 81

John A., from an oil painting, 1856..... 91

Sir John, from a photograph, 1877..... 91

Sir John, from a photograph, 1885..... 97

Lady Macdonald..... 100

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AN ANECDOTAL LIFE

OF

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

CHAPTER I.

"A land of climate fair and fertile soil,
Teeming with milk and wine and waving corn,
Invites from far the venturous Briton's toil.
—*Thomas Pringle.*

A BRITISH SUBJECT HE WAS BORN—CAUSES THAT LED HIS FATHER TO EMIGRATE TO CANADA.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD was born in Scotland, his father, Hugh Macdonald, being a native of Sutherlandshire in the Highlands. He belonged, of course, to the Clan Macdonald, and his forefathers for generations past were people who, living on a poor soil and in a rugged and mountainous country, made war and hunting—not agriculture or commerce—the business of their lives. From these hardy clans* came regiments and recruits that made the army of Britain feared throughout the world, and such soldiers as George Washington gave testimony

* It has been said that Sir John Macdonald's own ancestors were celebrated soldiers: one of his uncles was a cornet in the battle of Culloden, fighting on the Jacobite side, but beyond this I have not heard that his forefathers won special renown.

to the exceptional valor of these Highlanders when he instructed his officers to face an onset of the Scottish regiments with special care. But in spite of the decimating effects of war, there were frequent periods when the population of this rugged region became congested, and to avoid starvation at home had to "swarm" into the Lowlands or across the ocean to the colonies. The stories of fertile lands and wide domains, brought home by the soldiers returning from distant countries, moved such of the Highlanders as had agricultural or commercial instincts to seek relief in new lands from the pressure of poverty ever present at home. As time went on, the gradual breaking up of the old customs of the Highland clans, combined with the attractions of the lands they had seen, forced even the soldiers to quit their accustomed life, and carry on a nobler warfare with the forces of nature in some new land. And so it was that years before the American Revolution (1733-40), the spectacle was seen of a whole Scottish regiment leaving their Northern home to settle on the sunny coasts of Georgia; and when, after the Revolution, the spirit of loyalty stemmed the tide of Scottish migration from flowing to the United States, the eyes of the Highlanders were turned to the northern part of the continent, and immigrants began to pour into Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and westward into the lake and river region then known as Canada. This movement continued till after the time of the emigration of Sir John Macdonald's father; and though at times it grew to such proportions as to cause much concern at home, yet the early and fruitful marriages of the Highlanders and the division of the land into small holdings, as pastoral and agricultural pursuits followed the national change of life, soon filled up the voids left by the swarming, till in recent years such migrations ceased to excite alarm. The Highland migrations find a parallel in the movement of French Canadians from Quebec to the New England and other American States.

A duke of Sutherland, in his efforts to further win or force

the clansmen to break off from their more savage mode of life, and become farmers or shepherds, evicted them from their dwellings, giving them the option of taking up at a nominal rental tenancies in districts more suited to farming or sheep-raising. Sir John Macdonald's father, along with the father of John Munro, of Kincardine, Cnt., was among those evicted tenants. Hugh Macdonald and the elder Munro* lived at Lairg, which was then merely a hamlet, consisting of an inn, a smithy, a mill of a primitive description for grinding meal, the parish school, and a little church which stood on a hill a short distance west of the hamlet. Mr. Munro was first evicted, and moved to Culrain in Ross-shire, and his near neighbor, Hugh Macdonald, suffered next, for these "Sutherland clearances," as they were called, were naturally looked upon as cruel oppression. Mr. Macdonald, it appears, went to the parish of Dornoch, whither the minister of Lairg, the Rev. J. Kennedy—who is said to have baptized the child who was destined to become the Prime Minister of Canada—had also gone. Not finding a ship at Bonar Bridge, whence he ex-

---

* The following are extracts from a letter received from Mr. Munro in reply to inquiries concerning his connection with Sir John :—"Regarding the birth-place of Rt. Hon. Sir J. A. Macdonald, viz., Lairg, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, I always take pleasure in relating the fact that I myself was born within a mile of so eminent a personage. Although a few years his senior, our childhood happened in very troublous times, during the notorious Sutherland evictions, our fathers being victims of that cruel oppression. My father's turn coming first, he moved to the farm of Culrain in Ross-shire, and I remember well his travelling to Bonar Bridge to meet his old friend and neighbor Hugh Macdonald and others who were leaving for America. John A. was then about five or six years old [?] Our native place, Lairg, was neither a town nor village at that time, merely a Highland hamlet, consisting of an inn, a smithy, a meal mill of a very primitive kind, the parish school, and the church on a rising ground a few acres west of the place. The pastor was the Rev. J. Kennedy, afterward transferred to Dornoch. I believe it was he who baptized both of us, so I have been told. My first introduction to Sir John Macdonald in Canada was in December,

pected to sail, Mr. Macdonald drifted with many others down to Glasgow, and engaged in business as a cotton broker, dealing in cotton purchased from the Southern States. Inexperience in this line soon brought about a failure, but the creditors were so well satisfied of his honesty (and it must be remembered that business failure at that period was a far more serious business for the debtor than it is now) that they presented him with a library of books, nearly all of which are in Sir John's family to this day. Hearing that he was about to try his fortune in Canada, whither many of the people of Sutherlandshire, including some of his old friends and neighbors, had preceded him, the creditors also gave him letters of commendation to certain merchants at Montreal.

It was while they lived in one of a row of stone tenement houses near the ferry landing, just across from Glasgow, on the Clyde, that John Alexander Macdonald was born. His father was then thirty-three years and his mother thirty-seven.

1859, in Quebec city. He was then Attorney-General of Canada. We had an interesting conversation regarding our native land and birthplace. I next met him some years later in Prince Edward Island, where he spent a summer away from public business for the benefit of his health. He at once recognized me, our meeting being under rather peculiar circumstances. I experienced the utmost kindness and attention from himself and his excellent wife, Lady Macdonald.

"Whoever penned the paragraph you refer to must be very ignorant of the masonic tie existing between Sir John and myself. The first I knew of his being a member of the ancient order was on his return from a tour to Europe, when he was invested with authority to represent the Grand Lodge of England in Canada; the Dalhousie Lodge of Ottawa (of which I was, and still have the honor of being, a life member) was at that time under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England. Soon Sir John was elected honorary or life member of Dalhousie Lodge.

"On my visit to my native place in 1856, not a vestige of the residences of our forefathers was to be seen, Lairg being now a populous village or town."

CHAPTER II.

Our native land, our native vale
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Cheviot dale
And Cheviot's mountains blue!"—*Pringle.*

HIS INFANCY—THE EMIGRATION—AN EARLY EFFORT IN ORATORY—NARROW ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

OF his infancy there is little that can be gathered at the present moment worthy of note. He had a brother William born some years before, and about a year or more before John Alexander came into the world, a little sister, Margaret, was born. The last named was destined to become the wife of Prof. Williamson, of Queen's University, Kingston. Later, another brother and sister were born; but this brother, a beautiful little child, died also, at the age of six, shortly after the emigration to Canada, and little Johnny was left to be his mother's only boy. He was noted for having a bright eye, a lively manner, and a head of curly brown hair, which darkened into black as he grew up. His political, or at least his speech-making, career began in Glasgow, at the early age of four. One day while some relatives with their children were visiting the house, the little ones were locked up in a room to make a day of it. Among the performances of the day was a maiden speech by Johnny, which certainly made a sensation, but in an unexpected way. The child mounted a table, and began to make a speech. What he lacked in language he made up in vehemence of gesticulation; but in the midst of the peroration he was performing with his arms and legs, a noise was heard outside, and in the alarm he whirled himself off the table, and struck his forehead upon a chair. The incident "brought down the house" in considerable alarm, and Johnny was

found to have received a severe cut, a slight scar from which he bore to his dying day. One of the witnesses to this performance was a little cousin, who being only ten years his senior was soon to be intimately associated with him, and was to carry him in her arms about the deck of the vessel that brought him to Canada.*

Moved by reports of the success of friends and fellow-countrymen in Canada, and disappointed in his career at home, the lad's father decided at length in 1820 to emigrate to the great Western continent, where he would have opportunities of becoming a successful merchant or a land-owner on a scale he could never dream of at home, and still live under the British flag. So at length, about the first week in April, 1820, Hugh Macdonald with his wife and family, including his old mother, then seventy-five years of age, and some of his wife's relatives, gathered their "belongings" together and boarded the ship the "Earl of Buckinghamshire." We had almost said the good ship—she had been good when she sailed to the East Indies, but now she was utterly unseaworthy; and the following year, while bringing out to Canada a cargo of 600 immigrants, she went down with all on board, and was never heard of more. The present voyage she was to complete safely—though not without accident; and never did this old East Indiaman bring to the marts of England in all her sailings freight like that she took up the Gulf of St. Lawrence on this voyage, for among her passengers was a child who was to be in one sense the builder of a nation,—a people whose full stature no man yet may outline. These poor but strong-minded and strong-limbed immigrants probably little conceived then how deeply they were to impress their national characteristics upon the young Canadian nation. The better class of Highland Scotchmen having set the example of

* The cousin referred to is Mrs. John MacPherson, an estimable lady, who is still living in Canada, at the good old age of eighty-six.

emigration in time past, it was followed in these years by the poorest who could get away, and various means were adopted to help each other off. One plan was to start a subscription paper in a district, and collect money enough to send out a quota of friends, who might afterwards from their new home assist those left behind. Instead of going to the populous lowland parts,—where at times, owing to the state of public opinion, there were difficulties thrown in their way,—they would engage a vessel which would be quietly brought into the solitary bays or arms of the sea that here presented their waters almost everywhere close to the doors of the cottages, and, having taken the passengers aboard, sail quietly away. Having arrived on the other side of the ocean, as quietly and unobserved did they land their invaluable freight, "spreading broadcast the seed of a noble race over immense and fruitful lands."*

In some cases men contributed part of their wages or income, till a fund was gathered to send a party out, and when enough was thus raised, they would "draw cuts" or cast lots as to which of the number should go. Of such were many of the 300 on board the "Earl of Buckinghamshire." And so, while Thomas Pringle and his party were making an equally memorable voyage to found their Scotch settlements in the Cape Colony, these hardy Highlanders were sailing to Canada, some of them to leave an enduring name upon the pages of her history. Indeed, the pure-minded poet of South Africa had already friends in Canada, and more were perhaps on this very ship, for it is to these he refers in his elegy written afterwards on a tombstone at Dryburgh Abbey:—

> Over many lands his venturous race
> Are scattered widely; some are in the grave;
> Some still survive in Britain; Ocean's wave
> Hath wafted many to far Western woods

* Duke of Argyle's "Scotland as it was and as it is."

Laved by Ohio's and Ontario's floods.
Another band beneath the Southern skies
Have built their homes where Kafir mountains rise,
And taught wild Mancazana's willowy vale
The simple strains of Scottish Cheviot dale.

About the middle of May, the "Earl of Buckinghamshire" was sailing up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when a boat was sighted, the master of which proved to be a French Canadian, who came on board and announced himself as a pilot. The ship was given into his hands; but at night, while the passengers, after a pleasant day of viewing the grand mountains of the North shore, were dancing away the time on deck, the pilot ran the vessel aground on a sandbank. The passengers were in terror, but little Johnny Macdonald slept peacefully in the cabin below. Here the old ship lay, pounded by the waves for hours, several vessels passing the while and taking no notice of the signals, till at last a brig from Dublin came along and helped her off the sandbank. At length, without further accident, on the 20th of May they landed at Quebec.

CHAPTER III.

And surgy plains of wheat, and ancient woods,
Acres of moss and long dark strips of firs,
And sweet cots, dropt in green, where children played.
—*Alexander Smith.*

AT KINGSTON—REMOVAL TO HAY BAY.

THE immigrants made their way from Quebec to Montreal and from Montreal to Kingston. In those days no grand steamers and no fast trains could carry them West, but they had to make their slow and toilsome way by means of *batteaux*, or Durham boats, which in some places in the river could be sailed or rowed, and in other places pulled through the swifter currents by oxen, while at some points tedious portages had to be made by land to get over the rapids. It took them three weeks to reach Kingston from Montreal.

Arrived in Kingston, Hugh Macdonald and his family determined to settle there, and ventured to open a store in the building now occupied by the Dominion Express Co. This building, which is shown in the engraving, served both as a store and dwelling, and must have been a large establishment for those days. It was somewhat altered in after years, and the sprawling sign was a conception of the later advertising days. For a time, while in Kingston, the family of McArthurs (still living near Kingston), who had come out with them from Scotland, dwelt with them in the same house. The store was a "general store," that is, it contained a little of all kinds of goods, and the stock was purchased in Montreal, from the merchants to whom he had been recommended.

Five years passed away here, and the boy Johnny began to receive the first elements of his education. He went to school for a while to a Scotchman named Pringle, who used to say



STORE FIRST OCCUPIED BY HUGH MACDONALD IN KINGSTON.

that "Johnny Macdonald had a heid on him like a mon!" One of his schoolmates here was Mrs. Thomas Wilson, still living in Kingston, who claims that he was her first love. She was, however, some years his senior. The chief epochs in the family history of these days was the death of the child's grandmother and of his little brother James.

About 1825, Hugh Macdonald gave up his business in Kingston and moved up the Bay of Quinte, to a point about 25 or 30 miles west of Kingston. The scenery of the Bay of Quinte is charming to the eye of a stranger. The long stretch of water which cuts off Prince Edward county from the mainland, and makes it almost an island, is free from the wild storms which beat upon the outer shores of the county; and the stranger sailing up these pleasant waters sees peace and loveliness on every hand. An ever-varying panorama is presented to the eye: here a quiet bay, there a rocky bluff, again a reedy

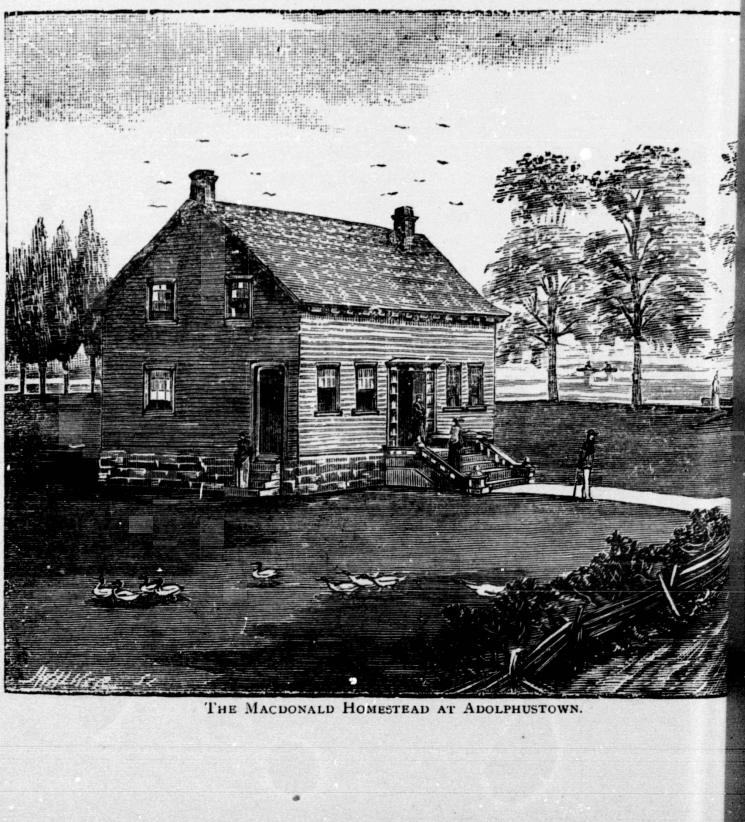
bayou, beyond a shelving shore, and anon an opening where a reach of water, long and winding, finds its way for miles and miles, making peninsula after peninsula of always varying size and aspect. At the present day these sylvan scenes are dotted with farm houses; and in summer the yellow grain fields, richly laden apple orchards, fields of clover or of buckwheat, whose creamy bloom exhales an odor more delightful than "all the perfumes of Arabia," checker the landscape over, but at that time the shores, the distant hills, the rolling uplands and breezy heights were alike clad with dense groves of maple, oak, hickory, ash and other kinds of Canadian forest trees.

At the root, as it were, of one of these many tongues of land formed by the arms of the Bay of Quinte, was one of the settlements of United Empire Loyalists—those people who, in the American Revolution, "sacrificed their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" to maintain as a united empire Great Britain and her colonies. These settlers had been attracted by the beauty of the scenery and the rich soil, and, at the time we speak of, had in this particular neighborhood two small settlements, one around the village of Adolphustown, and the other along Hay Bay on the other side of this tongue of land. It was at Hay Bay that the Macdonald family fixed their abode. It stood by the side of the high road, about eighty feet from the water. The shore curved in gracefully from a far point of land down towards the house, and the clear waters, whether ruffled by the transient breeze, or in the calm of evening reflecting the distant hills across the bay, must have been a delight and an inspiration to the lad whose fortunes we are following.

The writer visited the spot in the summer of 1890. The waters of the bay, whether from the sinking of the ground or the rising of the water level, had encroached to within forty feet of the old homestead, while down on the farther side of this little bay, two dwellings that formed part of the homestead of Judge Fisher, their nearest neighbor, were now entirely

submerged. A pleasant breeze was sending up to the shore little wavelets that chuckled gleefully under the logs and limbs of fallen trees that lay along the water's edge. From one of these logs a solitary mud-turtle dropped off at our approach, and pushed his way through the reeds. Lady Macdonald, looking on the same scene a few years before, and noticing the same turtle, or its companion, sitting on the same log, made this quaint exclamation :—

"There! There is the very old turtle my husband used to shy stones at when he was a boy."



THE MACDONALD HOMESTEAD AT ADOLPHUSTOWN.

But where is the old homestead? It is gone.

Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away.

A crop of peas was ripening in the field which had enclosed the house. No trace of *it* was to be seen, till, going to an uneven spot of ground, the remains of the old foundation were to be made out, quite overgrown with pea-vines, weeds and grass. Here were the remains of the old cellar kitchen, that opened out towards the bay, and which was still but partially filled up with deposits of leaves and the washings of years of rains. A red willow had grown up in the middle of the cellar.

It was a clapboarded wooden house, painted red, with a wooden shingled roof, the west half of the place being used as a store and the east as a dwelling. The dimensions of the whole were 30 x 36 ft. Though the house was long since burned to the ground, a very accurate re-construction of it in print, reproduced here, was made by Mr. Canniff Haight for his book, "Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago," Mr. Haight having often seen it before it had fallen. It was not built for the Macdonalds, but had been occupied by a man named Dettler.

A bumble-bee droned over the catnip that grew along the tumbled stones of the foundation, and its dreamy noise and the clucking of the waters lulled the mind into a reflective mood, and set one to dreaming over the wonderful career and the complex changes that were wrought out in the life of the boy who played about this ruined wall and paddled in this limpid water hard by. These reflections were disturbed by a "caw caw" from one of the poplar trees that still skirted the shore, and looking up we beheld a crow gazing down in serious reflection on the scene. Ah! *Grip*! You here now, and were you here then? You, whose life must have spanned over the century, did you croak or prophesy at the home-coming of the school-boy who was to sway the destinies

of Canada? And is this shattered tenement a type of the end of all human glory? This much, old *Grip*, is certain: Within a year the genius that took thy name was never more to excite the mirth of thousands with new variations of those playful sketches of the living face that looked up into his mother's, sitting before this kitchen door!

CHAPTER IV.

—And dear the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.
—*Byron.*

AT SCHOOL AT ADOLPHUSTOWN.

THE years at Adolphustown were chiefly spent at school, Johnny for a portion of the time being sent back to Kingston. The wiry lad, with his sisters, Margaret and Louise, walked night and morning from Hay Bay to the school at Adolphustown, a distance of three miles. The school house was a little wooden structure, built by the original settlers, the



THE OLD U. E. LOYALIST CHURCH ATTENDED BY THE MACDONALD FAMILY.

U. E. Loyalists. Though the only one in the township, it was but sixteen feet long or thereabouts, with two windows on each side, filled with seven by eight inch window panes. The old school is now used as a granary, and near to it there still stands the oak tree—now grown to a patriarchal size—upon whose limb the boy used to swing with his sisters and their companions.

There was but one board desk in the school house, and that ran round three sides of the room. The teacher's desk was at the vacant end, and a pail of water in the corner was about the only other piece of furniture in this temple of learning, which was presided over by a crabbed old Scotchman known as Old Hughes. Hughes had an adroit method of taking a boy by the collar and giving him a lift off his feet and a whack at the same time. The skill and celerity with which he did this was very interesting to all the boys, except the subject of the operation, and Johnny must often have enjoyed the exhibition, though he had no love for the chief performer, upon whom he played more than one sly trick. His school mates of this early day describe Johnny Macdonald as thin and spindly and pale, and his long and lumpy nose gave him such a peculiar appearance, that some of the girls called him "ugly John Macdonald." One of them says he did not show any marked cleverness till later on, when he had got into the study of mathematics. He was not fond of athletics, or of hunting, or sport, although he was very nimble and was a fleet runner. He delighted, like most boys in the country, to run barefoot in summer, and often referred in after years, in his speeches, to this boyish pleasure. He was a good dancer, however, and was rather fond of the diversion. He also learned to skate in these days, and a school-mate, Mr. John J. Watson (of whom Sir John never in after years spoke without giving him the school boy title of "John Joe"), relates that one day, while a group of the boys were skating, he tripped up Johnny, who was a poor skater.

"What did you do that for?" demanded Johnny, as he scrambled to his feet.

"Because I couldn't help it, when I saw such drumsticks as yours on [illegible]e."

Johnny made a dash after John Joe, but John Joe was a fleet skater, and sailed easily to a safe distance.

"I'll visit you for this," exclaimed Johnny, pointing the finger of vengeance at John Joe, and it was expected that John Joe would suffer for it afterwards. He did not, though for a time afterwards Johnny seemed to lose respect for him.

As a boy, John Macdonald was considered by many to be of a vindictive disposition and possessed of a violent temper. He certainly was a passionate boy, but if he ever possessed any vindictiveness, he must early have seen its danger, and learned to control both it and his temper. His after career shows that in his dealings with his fellows his self-control increased with his years. Things that were put down by companions to vindictiveness might have had no worse a motive than the boy's inherent love of fun and mischief.

On one occasion, when they lived at Hay Bay, his sister Louise, and her companion, "Getty" Allen, got into the boat, but forgot their oars, when Johnny, seeing the situation, shoved them out into the bay. The two girls screamed and scolded by turns, while Johnny laughed. His mother came down, and with half-concealed enjoyment of the scene exclaimed:—

"You wicked boy, what did you do that for? Suppose they upset?"

"Then I would go and pull them in," and he waited for time and the evening breeze to waft them back to shore.

The family were apparently in good circumstances at this time, and were considered rather superior to their neighbors around. They were usually friendly and hospitable, but did not associate intimately with their neighbors, except in the case of Judge Fisher's family. Margaret and Louise were both

fond of music, and they had the only piano in this settlement. It had a small key-board, and legs almost as thin as the legs of a table, like the instruments of that time, and had a thin tone as well as thin legs. However, the music had sufficient charm to draw young visitors from many parts of the settlement to hear it. The sisters, besides being able to play, sang very well together, in part songs, the one taking soprano and the other alto.

Before the family returned to reside in Kingston, they lived for a year or two at a place then known as the Stone Mills—now called Glenora—just below one of the natural curiosities of the place, the "Lake on the Mountain." Here Mr. Macdonald leased a grist and carding mill, the running of which was only an indifferent success. The old stone mill still exists, and its situation on the side of the steep bluff is still as charming and almost as wild as then. Game must have been plentiful at that time, but our hero delighted in neither hunting nor fishing, and the only hunting story handed down in this connection is one to the effect that the Van Black boys, returning from a hunt, saw John coming up the road. They had shot a crow, and in order to have some fun, they braced this crow up on a stump in the adjoining field, and lingered around till their young friend came up. One of them casually called attention to the crow, when Johnny begged the gun "to have a whack at it." He fired, but the crow never as much as turned his head, and it was only the laughter that followed the second shot that led the young marksman to suspect a joke had been played on him.

William Canniff, of Toronto, gives a reminiscence* of their life at the Stone Mills. Young Macdonald was always full of fun, and delighted to play tricks upon his playmates. On one occasion he aroused the displeasure of one of his companions. The aggrieved boy, who was larger than he

Kingston Whig.

caught Johnny in the flour mill, and having laid him prostrate, proceeded to rub flour into the jet locks of his hair until it was quite white. When released the victim went scampering down the hill, laughing, and apparently appreciating the joke as much as the perpetrator.

CHAPTER V.

Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to Learning was in fault.

—*Goldsmith.*

BACK TO KINGSTON—DRILLED AT SCHOOL.

HUGH MACDONALD had early decided that his son should be educated for a lawyer, as he foresaw that, when the country grew and became more thickly settled, there would be a great demand for professional men, who would be well paid. He also saw that the child had a natural aptitude for such a profession, and both he and Mrs. Macdonald appear to have had an abiding faith that their son would become a distinguished man. Old Mr. Welsh, a resident near Picton, remembers passing the Stone Mills, and the day being warm, he was invited in by Mr. Macdonald to have a drink. As they sat chatting, little John A. flitted through the room, when the old man, following the boy with his finger, said:

"There goes the star of Canada."

On another occasion his father was told of some of the lad's wild pranks, and the narrative was supplemented with a hint that these tricks would probably lead him to some bad end. The father shook his head in dissent, and said, "Nae, nae, ye'll hear something from Johnny yet."

On more than one occasion his mother, speaking of his rapid advance in his studies, said:—

"Mark my words, John will make more than the ordinary man."

One of his schoolmates who went to school with him at the "Maxwell Academy," so called before the family moved to Hay Bay, often remarked that whenever the boy got into trouble he was always able to present his case in such a light

that he invariably escaped punishment, and more than once the teacher, after these clever special pleadings, would remark, on letting him off, "You'll make a better lawyer than a clergyman."

The father's opinion was therefore not a mere parent's prejudice.

It was decided after due consultation to send him to Dr. Wilson's Royal Grammar School in Kingston, putting him to board with one of his relatives. This step was taken after some hesitation on the part of the tender-hearted mother, who was not merely loth to have her son away from home, but had heard how strict and exacting the master was, and how hard the boy, already too studious, would be apt to work. However, this school had a great reputation, and to it John was sent. The boy's great talents were now unfolding, and it was not long before he became noted for his progress, especially in mathematics. Dr. Wilson died, and Mr. Baxter succeeded to the rectorship. Old Baxter, with all his sternness, could not conceal his pride in this pupil; and when examination time came, and classes were required to show off to the best advantage, John Macdonald was nearly always called on to go to the blackboard and demonstrate the propositions. "Mr. Baxter frequently exhibited the clean kept books of young Macdonald to some careless student for emulation, and as often selected specimens of the neat penmanship of the boy to put to shame some of the slovenly writers of the class."*

John used to come home for his holidays to Hay Bay or the Stone Mills, and sometimes brought one of his city chums out with him, when the neighbor boys and girls would be invited in for a dance.

One day, some time before an examination was to be held in Kingston, and when nobody was expecting him, John sheepishly presented himself at the door of his mother's house in

* Collin's Life of Sir John A. Macdonald.

Hay Bay. All astonishment, his father and mother inquired the cause of his home coming before the term was up or the examinations held. John was non-committal, and explained nothing; but his parents did not press him for an explanation, nor did they compel him to go back. He had of late studied very hard, and his mother more than once had reason to fear his health would be injured by over study. She at least was satisfied that whatever trouble had happened, he would be none the worse for a rest from his studies. To their surprise, three or four days afterwards, a stranger presented himself at the door of the store, and it could not have surprised the good mother more if Dr. Busby had returned to life and become incarnated before her, when Mr. Baxter himself was announced. But the wonted sternness of Mr. Baxter's countenance was now relaxed, and after a few words of mildly expressed surprise at the disappearance of the boy, he confessed that the approaching examinations would never go off to his satisfaction unless John were there. He begged therefore that they would send him down at once, and no questions would be asked and no comments made on the truancy. What the immediate cause of the runaway was, did not transpire, but the boy, with his shrewd insight into character and motive, had read that Baxter was depending upon him for the *éclat* of the examination, and probably thought on occasion he would show the old gentleman his value and influence. Or it may have been that he disliked being made a show of, for he shrank from being paraded as a clever boy, and never strove for any of the prizes that were given.

CHAPTER VI.

Ah! happy years! Once more who would not be a boy?
—*Byron.*

FROM SCHOOL TO LAW OFFICE—IN CHARGE OF A PICTON LAW OFFICE—HE COMES OF AGE, BECOMES A BARRISTER, AND STARTS IN LIFE.

About the year 1833 the Macdonald family moved back to Kingston. Whether the circumstances of his family at the time would not warrant his sending the lad to college, or whether he saw that his son could qualify himself without, Hugh Macdonald took him from school, and articled him as a student to George MacKenzie, a prominent barrister of the city.

Here he studied diligently, and though fond of fun after hours, was a steady and persevering worker in the office, and Mr. MacKenzie spoke of him as the most diligent student he ever had. Here he remained till 1836, when he was called to the Bar of Upper Canada, at Toronto, at the Hilary term, thus becoming a barrister in his twenty-first year.

During the period of his studentship, circumstances favored him in a way to give him an early acquaintance with practical business and in dealing with men of the world. His cousin, Luther MacPherson, who had started in business as a lawyer in Picton, became sick, and was advised to go to the West Indies. Young John A. was asked to come and take the business in his absence, and he accepted. His first actual practice was, therefore, here, but the building in which the office was situated has since been burnt down. His first case was one in which his client sued the magistrate on some trifling ground, and he often afterwards told with great gusto of the magistrate's indignation at being thus bearded in his den, and the amusement the suit gave rise to.

His love of fun here broke loose in many wild pranks with the boys at night, including the usual horse play of shifting people's signs, etc. One of the characters of the place was a burly and jolly-faced hotelkeeper named Bob Hopkins, who was very fond of fast horses, and never drove through the village but at a breakneck pace, which attracted everybody's attention. While Bob was down the village one night, John A. and the boys conceived the idea of checking his mad career homeward by building a rail fence across the road. This being done, the boys, like Brer Fox in the story of the tar baby, lay off in the grass, "to see what de news was gwine to be." And they did not have to wait long till the buggy of Bob Hopkins was heard rattling up the street. Along came the horse at his usual impetuous pace, and dashed full tilt against the fence. There was a distant roar of laughter and a stampede, but that poor horse came out of the encounter maimed, the buggy was smashed, and Bob arose from the wreck a most astonished but, happily, uninjured man. The magistrate, a sort of Justice Shallow, heard of the case the next day, and felt that something must be done. Somebody must be punished, and so he caused the arrest, on suspicion, of a man who was not one of the party at all, and had not even heard of the affair. But there were some unexplained circumstances about his whereabouts on that evening, and the poor fellow was actually on the point of being convicted, when young Macdonald's sense of justice compelled him to go to the magistrate and confess that he was the ringleader, and that the accused was perfectly innocent. How the perpetrator managed to put the case so as to escape arrest himself is not known; but he afterwards, in telling the story, said the incident impressed him strongly with the doubtfulness of circumstantial evidence.

A friend who knew him well here gives this reminiscence of his Picton life: "When he was reading law in Picton, he used to get into some funny scrapes, but always had friends to help

him through. There was a certain Dr.—— here, who was a strong Reformer at that time, and as the Orangemen were mostly Conservatives, this doctor did not like them, I suppose more on that account than from being Orangemen. One Twelfth of July they walked in Picton, and the doctor came rushing up town, saying: 'What a shame it is for those ruffians to come in to destroy the peace of the town. There will be bloodshed.' John A., with several young gentlemen, were standing in front of the Hopkins House, when he slipped behind the doctor, and pinned a long Orange ribbon to his coat. When the doctor found it out he was very angry. The gentlemen that were with John A. told him he had better see the doctor and apologize, as he was an elderly gentleman. John A. did so; but in the afternoon the doctor, coming up the street, again saw the same parties in the same place laughing, and supposed they were laughing at him. The doctor, stopping, said: 'Some puppy pinned an Orange ribbon to my coat this morning. He was not an Irishman, nor an Englishman, but a lousy Scotchman.' John replied: 'Doctor, I apologized, and said I was sorry for what I did, but you must not speak in that way of my nationality, for I will not put up with it.' The doctor answered: 'Shut up, you puppy, or I will box your ears.' John A. replied: 'You are not able.' The doctor kicked at him, but John A. caught his foot, threw him down, and was hammering away (to the delight of the by-standers) when a magistrate appeared on the scene, commanding peace in the King's name, and telling the crowd to stand back. The magistrate pulled John A. off the doctor, but as he did so he whispered, 'Hit him again, Johnnie!'"

Luther MacPherson, whose business the lad had conducted with great intelligence, grew worse in the West Indies, and died on the passage home. He was born on the sea, and on the sea he died.

So good an impression of ability had the lad created here,

that the business men of the village offered to guarantee him £100 if he would stay; but he returned to Kingston, after arranging his cousin's affairs.

One of his cronies in Picton was James Porter, now in his 81st year, who, when the writer saw him last summer, was sitting in his shop, on a low bench, dreaming over a side of leather. "Yes," he said, going back in mind to the events of that year, "there wasn't much fun that John A. wasn't up to, and I never went to Kingston in after years but what old Hugh and me had a jollification. Hugh was as fond of a good drop as John A. and me. And whenever I saw John A. on the street, why, bless you, he wouldn't wait for me to come and speak, but he would duck his head in that peculiar way of his, and come right across the street to shake hands. 'Damn it, Porter,' he would say, 'are you alive yet?' Everybody drank in them days, and they had their match in me; but, dear me, whiskey carried off a good many, and some of them our best men, too. And I am the only one left here of the boys of that time."*

But notwithstanding these "breaks," John was considered a studious boy, compared with the lads of the time. "I remember him well," said one who was a boy here at the time, "as he sat under the willow tree at Luther MacPherson's, studying intently, while I was playing leap frog with the boys on the tan bark which carpeted the road all about there."

After leaving Picton, he appears to have spent a few months as clerk in a store in Pleasant Valley, then a hamlet known as Slab Creek. Afterwards, he went to assist a friend and schoolmate named Ramsay, who had started the first law office in Napanee. Returning here from a visit home, he was thrown by a fractious horse, and broke his arm. While here he attended a Sunday school, and was a member of the choir in the English church, which met then in the school house.

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*Mr. Porter gives the date of Sir John's sojourn here as 1833.

The Rev. Saltern Givens, who had charge of the church, has often recalled the circumstance, with the observation that the youth made a better politician than he was likely to make a singer. Within three years after young Macdonald had become a barrister, his old employer George MacKenzie died, and he fell into the business. Mr. MacKenzie's was one of the best practices in the city. Besides a good general practice, he was solicitor to the old Commercial Bank and to the Trust and Loan Company, both strong corporations; and to all this the young man succeeded, and soon accumulated considerable money, with some of which he bought city property. He soon began to support his father and mother and sisters, to whom he was always kind, dutiful and attentive in after years.

CHAPTER VII.

And if they ever come again,
They'll get what they don't seek, sir;
Just what they got at Lundy's Lane,
And also Stoney Creek, sir!
—*Old Song.*

AN EPISODE OF THE REBELLION—THE INVASION OF VON SCHOULTZ, AND JOHN A.'S CONNECTION WITH IT—A STRANGE DELUSION IN BIOGRAPHY.

THE political storm that burst upon the country in the Rebellion of 1837 was gathering its force when he went into the world to gain his livelihood. He had grown up a Tory, and loved the institutions of his adopted as well as his mother-land, and it is not surprising to know that when at last the rebellion broke out, he became a member of the militia corps. Those familiar with this epoch of Canadian history will remember the episode of the Windmill below Prescott. The name of the brave man who led this ill-judged invasion has been so frequently connected with Sir John A. Macdonald, that some account of him should be given here, especially as the historians of the Rebellion have given us little or nothing of his personality. It will be seen, however, that a curious misapprehension exists in the public mind as to Sir John's connection with Von Schoultz's trial and execution.

An organization, in strong sympathy with the disaffected portion of the Canadian population, existed in the United States, known as the "Hunters," a secret body of men bound by oath to "uproot every power or authority of Royal origin on this continent," and to promote Republican ideas throughout the world. The "Hunters' Lodges," as their local assemblies were called, existed in many States of the Union,*

* They counted 150,000 members at one time.

but were very strong in New York, especially among the counties on the frontier. The leaders sedulously taught the idea that the Canadian people were in a condition of semi-slavery, under a military despotism, and only awaited a little help to rise and declare for a republic, or for *the* Republic. Among those who listened to these tales of misery was Neils Szoltevcki Von Schoultz, a handsome and well educated young Pole, who, though now only thirty-one years old, had already passed through a bloody war in which he had seen the dreadful spectacle of his native land overrun and crushed by the out-numbering Sclavs. His father, with whom he fought, was a major in the Polish army, at the battle which broke his country's spirit at Warsaw. His father fell fighting under the walls of the city, and the son was taken prisoner. He escaped with seventeen others from the Russian guards, and in 1836 emigrated to New York.* Finding his way to Salina, he went to work at the Salt Springs, and discovered a process of refining the brine from the springs, for which it is said he received $100,000. His chivalrous disposition fired up at the stories of oppression that were told of Canada, and he became one of the leaders of the "Hunters." He was associated in this with a "General" Birge, Bill Johnston and "Colonel" Eustus, the command of the expedition devolving upon Birge.

Von Schoultz devoted nearly all his means to the cause, and organizing a gang of men, started about the middle of November, 1838, in a vessel from Oswego, to join Birge at Ogdensburgh, where several hundreds were in arms to meet him, and where these were to be joined by thousands more when needed. Von Schoultz's plan, which was well conceived, was to descend suddenly upon Prescott, and occupy the fort which was then being built there, and, using that as a base of operations,

* One chronicler states that he had married Florence, daughter of a Col. Campbell, of the East India Co., but had left his wife behind him at Cronstadt when he came to America.

march on Kingston. When he arrived opposite Prescott and Ogdensburgh, Birge, instead of pushing out to join him, slinked away from his men, and the seconds in command, having grounded their vessel on a rock, took advantage of the accident, and put back to the American side, leaving Von Schoultz to land with 170 men, who, finding themselves on strange soil, begged him to lead them back. But Von Schoultz refused to do this, and, sending the boat back for reinforcements, occupied a large stone mill and adjoining buildings, a mile and a half below Prescott. They had crossed on a Sunday night, and all day Monday they waited for the reinforcements, that never came. An attempt was made to send a force across, or to reconnoitre in an armed steamer, but the British steamer "Experiment" came down the river, and drove back every craft that approached the Canadian shore. Meantime, a body of the 83rd was landed, and co-operating with a detachment of militia and two cannons, made an attack on the place. The stone mill, being a circular tower of great strength, resisted the artillery, and though the invaders were driven in, they could not easily be dislodged. While the fight was going on, thousands of spectators watched it from the wharves and windows of Ogdensburgh, and those on board the "Experiment" could hear them cheer whenever the defenders appeared to have the advantage. In one of the assaults Lieut. Johnson, on the British side, fell within a few feet of the house, and the Marines, in attempting to carry him off, were forced to retreat after many of their number had been wounded. It was said that the patriots under cover of darkness came out, and brutally mangled the officer's corpse, but they afterwards maintained that it was done by the pigs.

In response to the pleadings of his men to find some means of escape, Von Schoultz, in the night, sent a man across the river on a plank to get a boat, but the patriot Hunters' courage had oozed out. At length, Von Schoultz, finding no sign of help, and seeing the besiegers reinforced, yielded to the clamors

of his men, and held out a white flag from the towers of the mill.

The excitement had grown high at Kingston, and the yeomanry had flocked in to defend the town in the absence of the regulars. It was mentioned that Capt. Beith, an old neighbor of Hugh Macdonald's, living now in a back concession of the township of Kingston, had got the news at ten in the morning, and at three in the afternoon was at his station in town with 50 or 60 fine young men. John A. Macdonald was among the volunteers who went to reinforce the troops at the mill, but when his detachment got there all was over.* A batch of prisoners previously captured had been brought in during the day, and at night 87 more, with their stores and equipments (among the trophies being a flag with an eagle and a star, and the words "Onondaga Hunters" and "Canada Liberated" worked in fancy letters upon it), were marched in. The whole population turned out, and the houses of the principal streets were illuminated. The prisoners were marched through the streets, tied in pairs, with poor Von Schoultz at their head, without his hat, receiving the cheers and jeers of the crowd as they were taken to the Fort. But indignation gave place to pity, when the citizens discovered that half the prisoners were mere boys: some of them under fourteen who had been led away by these cowardly agitators; and there are people alive in Kingston to-day who have not forgotten the impression made upon them by the sight of the pale and desponding faces of those poor lads, when they were seen in prison or brought on trial. This was not at first realized, however, and one of the local papers, describing their appearance, quaintly remarked: "We were much struck at the abominable weapons which the pirates carried about with them. The bowie knife is certainly a fit instrument in the hands of such a set of cut-throats."

* Not long ago, Sir John, in a debate on militia matters, jocosely observed that in this rebellion he had shouldered his musket, and fought, he supposed, as bravely as the rest.

In due course the prisoners were court-martialed. The younger and more innocent ones were allowed to go, but numbers were condemned to death. Poor Von Schoultz soon saw that he had been misled as to the real position of affairs in Canada, which he had imagined to be in the condition of his native land, and bitterly regretted being the means of bringing his equally deluded followers over. He had prepared a statement before the magistrate, and when his case came on, asked if the statement would be sent to the Lieut.-Governor. On being told it would, he pleaded guilty. The Judge Advocate who presided cautioned him as to the consequences of his plea, and said that in the circumstances of the country he could hold out no hope of mercy. Von Schoultz replied that he was aware of the consequences of his plea, and could only say that he had been induced to take command of the expedition under false impressions ; but now he had discovered his delusion, and there was no use in saying anything in excuse. In his statement he described the circumstances of the invasion, and said, that finding himself on the Canadian side, with no means of getting back, he could only defend himself as best he could. It was clear also from his verbal explanation that the inhumanity, if done to Lieut. Johnson's body, was not known to or countenanced by him. As a matter of form, some witnesses were brought up against him, and among these were two French Canadian boys, one of fourteen and the other described as "very young," who wept bitterly. He was sentenced to be hanged.

In the few days that remained to him he wrote two or three letters. In one of these to J. R. Parker, of Oswego, he begged him to make known through the American papers that he had been kindly treated by the British officers and jail officials. Detailing the siege, he went on to say : "At dark (on Friday) I was informed that all had surrendered. I then also surrendered. I was stripped to my shirt sleeves by the militia in the first moment of their anger and fury. Even my bonnet was

taken away. * * For my own part I am naked, though a kind heart at Cape Vincent, where I know none, has sent me a shirt and a pair of socks with my name marked upon them. God bless the being who did it. * * It is a consolation to have had to deal with a brave and noble-minded enemy. We are tried by court-martial. I have had my trial, and am prepared for death." In another letter he had execrated the cowardice of "Gen." Birge and others, but the day before the execution he wrote to Warren Green, a friend at Selina, saying: "When you get this letter, I am no more. I have been informed that my execution will take place to-morrow. May God forgive them that brought me to this untimely death. I have made up my mind, and I forgive them. To-day I have been promised a lawyer to draw up my will. I have appointed you my executor of said will. I wrote you in my former letter about my body. I wish it may be delivered to you, to be buried on your farm. I have no time to write long to you, because I have great need of communicating with my Creator, and prepare for His presence. The time is short that has been allowed. My last wish to the Americans is that they may not think of avenging my death. Let no further blood be shed, and, believe me, from what I have seen, that all the stories that were told about the sufferings of the Canadian people were untrue. Give my love to your sister, and tell her I think on her as on my mother. God reward her for all her kindness. I further beg you to take care of W. Johnson, so that he may find an honorable bread. Farewell, my dear friend; may God bless and protect you."

He left an estate of £4,000. One quarter he bequeathed to the girl (referred to in the letter) whom he was to have married; £100 to the Catholic College at Kingston; and £400 to the widows and orphans of the British militia who fell in the fight. These bequests and a letter of gratitude he left for the jailer's wife were the best evidences the man could have left of a noble mind. The letter last quoted was written on the night of December 7th. The next morning, as the cold

shadows were lifting and revealing the gray outlines of old Fort Henry, he was taken in a cart, accompanied by the two Catholic priests who had sat up with him for the two nights before, and escorted by a guard of the Frontenac dragoons and detachments of the 73rd and 83rd regiments, was conveyed from the jail to the glacis of the fort, and there swung upon the scaffold. His demeanor was courageous but without bravado. He walked up to the scaffold, put the rope round his own neck, and placing his hands in his pockets, without a word calmly waited the event.*

*There was no speech made by John A. Macdonald at the trial, and the stories of the great forensic effort which helped to make the young lawyer famous are baseless, unless the drawing up of Von Schoultz's will could be considered a ground. Almost every biographical sketch written of Sir John speaks of this remarkable speech, which was never made. The local papers of the time spoke of Daniel George, and one or two other prisoners being "assisted in their defence by John A. Macdonald, Esq., barrister," but do not even name him in connection with Von Schoultz. Sir John himself, not long ago, replying to the writer on this point, wrote: "I never delivered any speech in favor of Von Schoultz, in 1838, or at any other time." Now, how did the impression get abroad, and become fixed in the public mind as one of the romantic incidents that formed a turning point in Sir John's career? That is a mystery; but it is no more a mystery than the idea, which has prevailed for a thousand years, that the Ten Tribes of Israel were completely lost in the captivity, and were to be identified as a body in some nation in the future, when, as a matter of fact, only 27,280 were dragged off into Assyria. These, it is true, were the princes, rulers and leading men of the nation, and by their deportation the government of the country was broken up; so that while Israel "representatively" went into captivity, "the tribal inheritances retained their old names, and were inhabited, partly, at least, by Israelites in Josiah's time, 100 years later." *(Ill. Christian Weekly.)* Members of the tribes were left on their old possessions, while many were fugitives in Judah. Nor is it any more remarkable than the fiction, which has done service in the pulpit and press for two or three hundred years, perhaps, that the ostrich buries its head in the sand at the approach of danger.

Since this note was written, the following has been placed in my hands, from the London *Advertiser*, confirming the correction made in the bio-

CHAPTER VIII.

We twain have met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet,
One little hour ! and then away they speed,
On lonely paths, through mist and cloud and foam,
To meet no more !

—*Alexander Smith.*

LIFE IN KINGSTON—MR. MOWAT COMES TO HIS OFFICE AS A LAW STUDENT—SOME YOUTHFUL TRICKS—MARRIED TO HIS COUSIN—SHE DIES AFTER A BRIEF SOJOURN.

THE years of John A. Macdonald's life between 1836 and his entry into Parliament in 1844 were passed in the practice of his profession at Kingston.

A year before the Von Schoultz episode, "there came to the office one day, a chubby little lad, with large prominent eyes, and a methodical walk and manner of speaking, stating that he wanted to study law. The firm took the lad; he is to-day

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graphy now current :—A legal gentleman, who spent his student years in the office of Sir John A. Macdonald at Kingston, asserts that the biographers of the statesman are all wrong when they say that he made his first big strike at the bar as counsel for Von Schoultz, the alien charged with fomenting the rebellion of 1837-8. Our informant maintains that Von Schoultz was among the prisoners who were tried by court-martial, they being aliens, and not answerable to the charge of treason to this country. Disposed of in this way, Von Schoultz was not entitled to counsel. The case in which young Macdonald made the brilliant defence that first made him famous as a barrister was either a criminal assault on a woman, or murder. The prisoner's name was Brass, and Macdonald defended him with great ability, but he was found guilty and hanged. Another case in which he displayed splendid ability as an advocate was the suit of Bray *vs.* Sundow, an action for false imprisonment. The plaintiff was the father of Dr. Bray, of Chatham, and the defendant commodore of the lakes. This suit he won, notwithstanding that the experienced Robert Baldwin, Attorney-General for the West, was the opposing counsel.

the Premier of Ontario."* Oliver Mowat's father had been a soldier under Lord Wellington in the peninsular campaigns, and had come out and settled in Kingston in 1816. Here he started a grocery store on the humblest scale, but was able, by economy, industry, integrity and perseverance, to make headway and send his children to school. Oliver, the eldest son, decided to follow the law, and at the age of 18 presented himself at the office of John A. Macdonald, as a candidate for the place of student. What an interesting thing would have been a picture, by pen and photograph, of this interview in which these two planets crossed each other's orbits. We can imagine the short stature, the plain and homely attire, the somewhat bland but intelligent smile, the open face, the fresh countenance, whose every lineament was marked with candor, honesty and good-will,—the modest bearing, and withal the steadiness and constancy of purpose that could be told in the very sitting down and rising up of young Oliver Mowat. We can imagine the tall and lithe figure, and carelessly stylish dress of young John A.; we can imagine the smack of the lips, the peculiar jerking nod of the head, the inimitable twinkle of the eye, the mobile face, whose varied play of expression was indicating how instantly he apprehended every phase of character in the ingenuous young face before him; we can imagine how the machinery of this complex mind, working with lightning-like rapidity, was taking in all this, forecasting the young student's success, and yet all the while conjuring up flashes of wit or quaint thought, that would rise for utterance on the subject of the interview. We can imagine this, but that is all; and so we confine ourselves to this simple statement, that the youth, who was to become the Premier of the greatest province of the Dominion, and whose career was to be as remarkable in many respects as that of the future Dominion Premier, was promptly accepted by John A. Macdonald, and studied with him for four years, when in 1841 he passed as a barrister at Toronto.

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* Collin's Life.

Not much is at present to be recorded of their intercourse. John A. afterwards used to say in a vein of humor:—"One strong point I admired about Mowat was his handwriting." But he learned to admire and respect more points about Mr. Mowat than his handwriting.

On a recent occasion, Sir John said: "I have known Mr. Mowat all my life. He was in my office when he was a boy, and I was one of the administrators of his father's estate. I can say that Mr. Mowat is an upright, honest man."

It may be said that John A. never grew old; there was what Sir Charles Dilke called an antique youthfulness about him up to the hour when he was stricken with the paralysis which carried him off; but in these days there was in him that exuberant love of pranks which belonged to youth, and there are many stories told of his "capers." Not very long since one of these was told, in the Kingston *Whig*, by Mr. C. McMillan, one of his youthful compeers, who still lives in that city. It is as follows:—

"In the year 1841 or 1842 [it was in 1844] or half a century ago, I cast my first vote in the city for Mr., now Sir John A., Macdonald, it being his candidature for a seat in the Parliament of Canada, and in opposition to Anthony Manahan, the previous sitting member.

Being at that time a comparative stranger, I took no active part or interest in the election, other than casting my vote.

But at a more subsequent election, 1847, I took (in conjunction with Harry Bartliff and my brother William) a very active part in the way of canvassing, and otherwise aiding in the interest of Mr. Macdonald.

I think his opponent was John Counter, the good and energetic seven years' mayor of Kingston. But the former carried the election by a large majority.

At this general election the party to which Mr. Macdonald belonged came into power, and he was offered and accepted the portfolio of Receiver-General. It therefore became neces-

sary to return to his constituents for re-election, having for an opponent Mr. McKenzie, subsequently made county judge. The latter was left in the minority by a large number of votes.

It was at this election that Harry Bartliff, William and I made up our minds to give our twice-elected member and Henry Smith, subsequently knighted, and who had just been elected for the county, a good send-off to Montreal, where the Parliament was then held.

We clubbed together, and hired a four-in-hand from George Wink, and decorated waggon and horses with about twenty small flags. We drove first to Macdonald's residence on Brock street, since burned, and then to Smith's on Princess street, and from there to Greer's wharf.

Finding the steamer 'Princess Royal' for Montreal had not arrived, we proposed to drive the newly elected members as far as Waterloo.

On the way out it was suggested that the city member might favor us with a brief speech, but he excused himself by promising to make a short speech at Waterloo.

In the meanwhile he proposed telling a story, which he assured us he was about telling for the first time.

He said that about eight or nine years previously, while studying law in Mr. Cartwright's office, he and three or four chums were going home one summer night, when on Rear Street they observed the roadway covered with limestone to be used as a foundation for the street. Macdonald suggested that as it was yet early,—one o'clock—they would have time to build a pretty decent sized wall with the material.

'Where shall we build the wall?' was the query.

'Well,' said Macdonald, 'there is Jemmy Williamson's grocery store just across the street.'

'What's the matter with it?'

'It would not look amiss with a nice new stone front added to it.'

All agreed, and to work they went. For two hours they never worked so hard in their lives. At the end of that time

they had completed a wall about seven feet high and eight feet long, completely closing up the shop door. They then gathered up small stones, and throwing a few at a time at the up-stairs windows, where the old gentleman slept, they awoke him, and raising the window, he inquired, 'Who's there? what's the matter?' Hearing nothing he closed the window, but the stones were again flung, and the window again went up. Hearing nothing he again retired. Presently, a light appeared in the room, and the conspirators guessed the old gentleman was making his way downstairs. They crowded close to the stone wall to hear how Jemmy would express his surprise.

They heard the door open, and the first exclamation was one of profound astonishment,—'My God! what is this I see? Has the house tumbled down since I went to bed? What does this thing mean? What sin have I committed that this horror should fall on me?'

Macdonald said they heard no more. They hurried home, reaching it before daylight.

Macdonald said he passed the store the next day, and the wall had vanished. 'And,' said Macdonald, 'were it not for the fact of the circumstance being mentioned in the papers, I should have been inclined to think it was all a dream.'

We drove up to the hotel at Waterloo, and were shown to a room upstairs. We took seats around a large table. Smith raised the window at his back as high as it would admit—the weather being warm. He took a cigar out of his pocket, and rose to obtain a light from Mr. Bartliff, who was smoking on the opposite side of the table. In the meantime the landlord came upstairs to take orders, and seeing the chair that Smith rose up from in his way, he moved it to one side, took our orders and started to go downstairs.

At the same time J. A. Macdonald mounted the removed chair to deliver his promised speech, but Smith, not dreaming the chair had been disturbed, went to resume his seat. What a catastrophe! The soles of his boots made for the

ceiling, and his umbrella—he had it in his hand—made a dart through the window, struck one of the horses resting quietly in front of the house, and started them both, and they struck out for Odessa like a streak of lightning.

In the meanwhile we all gathered around our fallen friend, raised him, rubbed his back, shoulders and elbows, and found he was none the worse for the fall. We lost John A.'s speech. Smith at first felt inclined to be annoyed, but the landlord apologized, and explained that the moving of the chair was purely accidental. When he was made to understand that it was no practical joke, he laughed as loud as any.

The team was stopped about a mile from the hotel, and brought back without the slightest damage. We drove to the city, and escorted our friends on board the steamer. On leaving the wharf we gave them three rousing cheers."

Mr. McMillan did not give the sequel of the story, which, though it is anticipating the time, may be told here. John A. had become Receiver-General, and was then living in Montreal, the seat of Government. One of the eccentric characters of this time was a man named Dolly, a restaurant keeper, who dressed entirely in velvet and wore knee breeches, and whose place was a resort for many of the members of Parliament. John A. came with a crowd one afternoon, and began to entertain them with stories. Darkness came on and tea was served, and still the stories went on; the evening wore along, and at last the hour of midnight struck, and John A., with a few interruptions from other speakers, was still the chief speaker; and when the small hours had passed and daylight appeared, John A. still held his company awake and laughing, and so he went on, spinning story after story. The party had spent a good deal, and drunk a good deal during the night, and when breakfast time came, Dolly entertained them with a free fish breakfast, placing the biggest fish before John A. While they were discussing this, John A. told this story of Williamson and the stone wall. Williamson himself

was present, but John A., pretended not to be aware of this till he had finished, when he took a sly glance in the direction of his victim. Williamson shook his fist at John A., saying, "And so you were the villain that played that trick," and then he broke into a laugh. This was the first time he had heard who the real perpetrator was.

It was in August, 1843, that John A. Macdonald contracted his first marriage, with his cousin. The story is briefly told in Rattray's "The Scot in British North America," as follows: "Hugh Macdonald (Sir John's father) had removed to Glasgow and married Helen Shaw of Badenoch, Inverness-shire. * * A sister of Miss Shaw was married to Capt. Alexander Clark, and one of the daughters of the couple, Maria Clark, accompanied the Macdonald family to Canada. When young John Alexander had grown to man's estate, he paid a visit to Scotland, and there met Miss Maria's sister and his own cousin—Miss Isabella Clark. This young lady came out to pay her sister a visit, and the two cousins fell violently in love." Miss Clark was a beautiful girl of fair complexion, with bright blue eyes and a pleasing manner. She had been a healthy girl, but shortly after they were married she caught cold through sleeping in wet blankets on a steamer, and consumption followed. She was sent to health resorts, and treated by the doctors, but gradually declined, and in the middle of Christmas week in 1857 she passed away. They had two children. The first, who was named John A., was born while the mother was on a visit to New York, and died in 1848, at the age of 13. The second child, Hugh John, lived, became an intelligent lad, much like his father in physiognomy and gesture, and like him became a lawyer by profession. By a singular conjunction of events the son became a partner with Mr. Tupper, a son of Sir John's old and trusted colleague, Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada in England. The young man started in business in Winnipeg, and Hugh John Macdonald, though always having an inborn distaste for politics, was persuaded to stand for election for the

city of Winnipeg, in the election of 1891, and was returned by a large majority.

As showing the likeness of Hugh John to his father, a good story comes from Winnipeg. A little boy, seeing Hugh pass along the street, called out to his mother, "Mother, there goes that bad man." "What bad man, my child?" "Why," replied the boy, "that bad man in *Grip!*"

CHAPTER IX.

Yong, friesch and strong, in armes desirous
As eny bachiler of al his hous.
—*The Canterbury Tales.*

HE "RUNS FOR COUNCILLOR"—AN ALDERMAN'S ANTICS—HE SAVED THE EYES OF THE *Argus*.

FOR some time Mr. Macdonald had contemplated entering public life, but the final decision, as related by one who knew him well, was sudden. He had already been elected president of the St. Andrew's Society (about 1841), when one day he met the late John Shaw—a prominent Orangeman—on the street, and said:

"Mr. Shaw, what shall I do to become popular?"

"Join our lodge and run for alderman."

Inside of a month he was both an Orangeman and an alderman. This and many other anecdotes that might be related show that the notion that he always put off everything is quite a misconception. No one was more prompt to act when the occasion really required it, and where action was in his own interest. In fact, his principle was that which Lord Beaconsfield afterwards put into a terse expression—it was *opportunity*, not time, that great men look for.

Here was the opportunity, and how promptly he took it! Two young men, he and the late Robert Anglin, ran against two old members, and it thus became a case of youth *versus* age. It excited a good deal of interest, as John A. was contesting the most populous ward of the city, and the young men worked hard for him. The election was very close and keen. Macdonald and Anglin were elected, and the young men were so pleased that they built a platform on the market, and after Sir John and his friends had mounted it, the electors carried it on their shoulders, and the result was a capsize. The

slush was deep on the ground, and as Sir John brushed his clothes, he remarked: "Isn't it strange I should have a downfall so soon." The crowd cheered.*

His capacity for dealing with men and measures at once showed itself in the Council; and during the two years he remained in the City Council, there were few measures he set his hand to that he did not carry out. He was said to be a master at handling committees. It was during his councillorship that a member, Mr. J. H. Grier, proposed that instead of being elected by popular vote, the mayor should be chosen by the Council. This was considered a good change, and it was imagined that Mr. Grier expected the honor to himself as the father of the reform. When it came to the vote, however, Mr. Grier only got one vote, and that vote was supposed to have been cast by himself. "Great guns," remarked John A., after the ballotting was over, "if he had only had another vote we could all have sworn it was ours!" John A., though he did not vote for him, had recommended him, and probably smitten with a slight remorse for not voting for him, said to Grier: "If it is ever in my power to make amends, I will do so." He did not forget the promise. Years afterwards he appointed Mr. Grier registrar of the county of Wentworth at a good salary, and in the enjoyment of that place he lived till his death.

Mr. Flanagan, then assistant city clerk, and the only one left of the Council or officers of that date, says John A. was the life of the Council, and always made the affairs interesting. One time, having prepared the mayor by a wink, he gravely proposed that the civic officials be required to appear in uniforms, and proceeded to describe the gorgeous colors and striking adornments that should be needed in the case of the leading officers. The dignified clerk and treasurer listened with amazement at this startling proposal, and the clerk, dropping his pen, muttered that if such a monstrous

* Kingston *Whig*.

thing were done, he should resign. After keeping them on tenter-hooks for a while, John A. laughingly withdrew the motion, and the aldermen, some of whom had taken the proposition seriously, joined in the laugh.

John A. had entered the Council in 1843, and was sworn in by John Solomon Cartwright—uncle of Sir Richard Cartwright—who was his steadfast patron and friend. One of his first acts was to present a petition for Oliver Mowat, an uncle of the Premier of Ontario, and, strange to say, when he resigned his seat in 1846, he was succeeded in his ward by John Mowat, the Hon. Oliver Mowat's father.

It was some years afterwards that the city clerkship became vacant, and, to show John A.'s steadfastness to his friends, he came all the way from Quebec to vote for Mr. Flanagan, who secured the position. This gentleman relates the following anecdote: Besides having great courage in debate, Mr. Flanagan said Sir John was a brave man otherwise. He remembers when a serious fire occurred on Princess street, and Sir John turned out with the firemen to fight the flames, which spread so rapidly that the hoseman was unable to get near enough to make the water supply of effective service. Sir John hurriedly nailed a number of boards together, and then asked for assistance to plant the shield near the building. Mr. Flanagan approached him, and said: "Mr. Macdonald, it is reported that there are several kegs of powder in the cellar, and that the building will soon blow up." The reply was, "For goodness sake, don't make that known, else we will be left alone, and there is no telling where the fire will stop." Raising the shield, he carried it forward, and placed it close to the building. From behind it the hoseman did good service, and the feared explosion did not occur.

In his cleverness in getting out of a pit, John A. possessed all the cunning of the fox in the fable. In the course of his practice he was called upon by the late Dr. Stewart, an eccentric gentleman, who at one time edited a paper, called the *Argus*. The paper became noted for its violent language,

and, what is a misfortune for a paper, had rather strong prejudices against individuals. Among these was Kenneth MacKenzie, afterwards made county judge of Lennox and Addington by John A.; and one day an abusive article appeared about him. Mr. MacKenzie promptly brought a libel suit against the *Argus*, and Dr. Stewart begged John A. to take the case. He did so, and instead of justifying the libelous article, he called witnesses to prove that the paper had no circulation, that little regard was paid to its denunciations, and that Mr. MacKenzie was so well known and so universally esteemed (which was the case), that no amount of abuse from such a source could injure his reputation. To one witness he would say: "Did you read this article in the *Argus?*" "No, I only heard of it." "If you had read it, would you have believed it?" "No." "Do you think you would be influenced against Mr. MacKenzie by anything appearing in such a paper?" "Certainly not." And so on, all the witnesses being called to throw ridicule on the bare idea of a man so generally respected as Mr. MacKenzie being injured in the general esteem by such means. The result was that Dr. Stewart escaped without damages, and yet Mr. MacKenzie was satisfied!

Dr. Stewart, with all his eccentricities, was much liked by John A., and while the latter lived at Kingston, they were very intimate, and frequent visitors at each other's houses. They were both of Highland extraction, and it is a remarkable coincidence that Dr. Stewart died on Sir John's last birthday, 11th January, 1891, and Sir John, within the same year, died on the anniversary of the worthy Doctor's birthday.

CHAPTER X.

"Simplex is in! hurrah!" they cry,
Again the bonfires blaze on high;
Again excited faces show
How warm the fires of passion glow.
—*The Politician, by T. W. P.*

JOHN A. IS ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT.—HIS FIRST ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS, AND HIS FIRST ACTS IN PARLIAMENT.

MEANTIME John A.'s bark was easily and gracefully riding the wave of popularity; and it was soon to weigh anchor, and put out on the stormy sea of politics. It was in April, 1844, that a requisition, signed by 225 citizens of more or less prominence, was presented to him, asking him to stand for election as member of Parliament to represent the city. Among the signers were Sir Henry Smith, John Mowat (Hon. O. Mowat's father), Hon. John Kirby, all of whom have passed away. Sir Alexander Campbell, now Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, Alex. Drummond and many others, who in after life attained prominence—some of them, it may be said, owing to the accident or good fortune of being a friend of Sir John. The requisition and its reply are here given, and it will be seen that the young candidate accepted it without any affectation or any false hesitancy, and expressed himself, as he undoubtedly felt, grateful for the chance:—

REQUISITION TO JOHN A. MACDONALD, ESQ.

SIR,—It being generally understood that a vacancy is shortly to take place in the representation of this town, and being desirous of a representative upon whose integrity and talent all classes of the citizens may safely rely, we, the undersigned electors, request you will permit us to put you in nomination as a candidate for the representation of this town, whenever a vacancy may occur, believing, as we do, that to your care and

advocacy may safely be entrusted the interests of the town and the maintenance of those sound and liberal principles of public policy for which the inhabitants of Kingston have ever been distinguished.

THE REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—With feelings of greater pride and gratitude than I can express, I have received your requisition inviting me to become a candidate for the representation of Kingston, at the next vacancy. The mode in which I can best evince my high sense of the honor you have done me is at once to lay aside all personal consideration, and accede to your request. When I observe the numerous names which are attached to this requisition, and which comprises men of all shades of political opinion, I am inspired with the hope of a successful result. Should that result, however, be unsuccessful, it will always afford me the highest gratification to have received such flattering proof of the confidence of so many of my friends and fellow-citizens.

In presenting myself to the electors of Kingston as a candidate for their suffrages, I have no object of personal ambition to gratify, except a desire to advance the interests of the town in which I have lived so long, and with whose fortunes my own prosperity is identified, as well as to maintain those principles of public policy which you justly style "sound and liberal," and which have always actuated our loyal old town. In a young country like Canada, I am of opinion that it is of more consequence to endeavor to develop its resources and improve its physical advantages, than to waste the time of the Legislature and the money of the people in fruitless discussions on abstract and theoretical questions of government.

One great object of my exertions, if elected, will be to direct the attention of the Legislature to the settlement of the back townships of the district, hitherto so utterly neglected, and to press for the construction of the long projected plank

road to Perth and the Ottawa, and thus make Kingston the market for a large and fertile, though hitherto valueless, country.

This desirable object once attained, the prosperity of our town will be established on a firmer basis.

Permit me, in conclusion, to repeat my warmest thanks for the honor you have done me, and for the confidence you express in me, and to state that I will not fail, as soon as my professional avocation will allow, to wait on you and the other electors individually.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient and obliged servant,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

To the Hon. John Kirby and the signers of the requisition.

The election was an exciting one, although the result had been a foregone conclusion. Indeed, at the nomination—which was determined then by a show of hands—a number of his own young friends held up their hands against him, because they were afraid he would go in by acclamation, and in those days an election was such a time of jollification, that to let a candidate be elected by acclamation meant the loss of a great deal of fun. His opponent was a Mr. Manahan, whom he defeated by a majority of 311, which was a sweeping one for the time. The voting then, as most readers are aware, was by open vote, and the election lasted for two days, during which time there was much drinking of whiskey, occasional fighting, and a good deal of intimidation. It was understood that the candidates would supply whiskey for their friends and supporters, and it may be presumed that John A. did not fail in this regard.

A great throng had gathered at the City Hall, when John A., then in the back-ground, was called upon for a speech. Henry (afterwards Sir Henry) Smith called to John A. to come up. Sir Henry was big, bluff and burly—a kind of man who might have been selected by the manager of a theatre as a "chucker out,"—and with his great iron elbows made a

furrow through the crowd, while John A. hopped nimbly after him, grinning. John A. made a long and lively speech, thanking the electors, but it has not been reported.

In due course, the young man of twenty-nine departed for the capital, Montreal, and was noticed to kiss his mother and sister affectionately as he bade them good-bye at the wharf.

His first appearance in the legislative hall was, therefore, the second parliament after the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1840. The seat of government had only this year (1844) been moved to Montreal from Kingston, and the building in which it met was built on the site of the present St. Ann's Market. Lord Metcalfe was Governor General and Mr. Draper was Premier; John A. was elected as his supporter. The Parliament had assembled on the 28th November, and John A.'s first vote was upon the election of Speaker. He voted for Sir Allan McNab, who was elected by the narrow majority of three.

It has often been said that John A. Macdonald did not take any active part in the proceedings of Parliament for two or three years after he entered it, but this is a mistake. Those who may search the files of the newspapers of this year, and the journals of the Assembly, will find his name in more than one place. He was a member of the committee on standing orders, and this was the only committee to which he was appointed. It is worth a passing remark, that there were then four McDonalds in the House, and his own name was spelt indiscriminately "Mc" and "Mac," then and for years afterwards. The first petition he presented was from Henry Smith, warden of he penitentiary at Kingston, asking for an increase of salary; and the second was on behalf of Bishop Phelan and others of the corporation of the College of Regiopolis at Kingston, asking for an act to enable them to hold real and personal property yielding an annual revenue of £5000. Was there in the third petition the suggestion of a forecast of the National Policy? It was from Alexander Smith and others, cordwainers (boot and shoe makers), asking

that a duty be put upon boots and shoes imported from the United States. The first motion he made in the House was on a question connected with the election of the Hon. George Moffatt and C. C. S. DeBleury, of Montreal, when he moved that the further consideration of the question be postponed till the 11th January (it being then the 19th December), and his motion was carried by a majority of 1. He made several miscellaneous motions, was a member of more than one committee appointed to deal with specific questions, was chairman of a committee on the "Great Western Railroad Co.," and was chairman of the committee of the whole on more than one occasion. He also brought in three private bills, one relating to the Regiopolis College, one granting certain powers to the Upper Canada Trust & Loan Co., with which he was connected, and one for the divorce of a Captain Harris from his wife.

One of his motions was, "that Attorney General Smith and George Macdonnell be taken into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, for not attending the meeting of the Select Committee appointed to try the contested election for the third riding of York." The motion was carried, the offending members brought to the bar of the House, and on motion of John A. Macdonald were reprimanded and discharged. The circumstances which placed the young man in the position of mover of such an unusual motion are not stated, nor is it known how he came to be mover of a motion in which Mr. Aylwin was ordered to withdraw, after being "named" for refusing to take his seat, when speaking out of order.

The session ran into January, 1845, and on the 15th of that month, John A.'s good old friend and patron, John S. Cartwright, died. All the stores were closed in Kingston on the day of the funeral, and the members of the bar wore mourning for a month.

As the last moments of the session came on, and the work was over, the grave and reverend seigniors of the Assembly became boys again, and their mirth and frolic broke out in

various ways. One usually sedate politician threw batches of bills at his political opponent; another pulled down the tin plate on which "Orders of the Day" were inscribed, and changed the inscription to "Orders of the Play," and then he fastened it to the back of a member, who was greeted with shouts of laughter; while some of them sat cheek-by-jowl like "bairns o' one mither," counting up the savings of the sessional allowance; others were flitting about the chamber with paper pig tails to their coats, etc., and of such a crowd John A. would be one of the liveliest.

CHAPTER XI.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object rather than how he loses it.

—*C. C. Colton.*

HIS MAIDEN TERM—SOME OF HIS FIRST POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS—HE BECOMES RECEIVER-GENERAL—THERE ARE PROPHECIES ABOUT HIM.

In his maiden term in Parliament, John A. lived in the quiet, unpretentious way which characterized him all through his after-life. A man named Henderson kept, at the corner of St. Maurice and St. Henry streets, a small grocery, and over the grocery a boarding house, and here John A. had one room and took his meals. This old house is still standing. John A. is described at this time as wearing a long tailed coat and baggy trousers, with a loose necktie somewhat of the Byronic style. His face was smoothly shaved, as it always was, and he had the appearance of an actor. His walk then, as ever after, was peculiar. His step was short, and when he went to a seat, there was something in his movement which suggested a bird alighting in a hesitating way from a flight. His quick and all-comprehending glance, and that peculiar jerking of the head, bore out the comparison in other respects.

It will have been noticed that though he did considerable parliamentary work of a business kind, he did not push himself forward as a speaker. Not a single speech, or even an observation, on the leading questions is recorded of him in the first session. Those who knew him at this day said he was to be frequently found in the library, reading up cases and precedents, and posting himself. He was not anxious to show off his oratory, or make himself conspicuous in debate, but was no doubt preparing himself for the greater work of putting a hand on the tiller, and influencing, if not controlling, the public policy.

In the session of 1846 he was appointed a member of the Library Committee, his fondness for books having been already noticed; and his name appears in almost every division list, showing that he was regular in his duties and was not in the habit of shirking votes. In the first short speech recorded of him, on the question of excusing absent members, "hear, hears" were noted by the reporter three times—an evidence of the attention and approval of the House.

He introduced a bill to incorporate the "Wolf Island, Kingston & Toronto Railroad Co.," and the following week moved the second reading of the "Montreal & Lachine Railroad" bill. In the course of the discussion, Mr. McDonald, of Glengarry, said he had brought in a bill that day for a road from Montreal to Kingston, which was to form part of a great chain of railroads from Montreal to Port Sarnia, and he feared this Montreal and Lachine road would be built on such an expensive scale that no company could buy it out at a profit. He, therefore, asked Mr. J. A. Macdonald to postpone his bill. Mr. John A. Macdonald did not see the matter in that light at all, and said these other roads referred to were got up for speculation, and were dependent upon English capitalists, while his was an all Canadian enterprise. This summary of his first debate is given in order to show how he valued the idea of self-reliance in Canadian enterprises.

It may interest the general reader to refer to the views held on the tariff question, as shown in a debate in this session. On an amendment to an act relating to the duties on leather, Mr. Cayley called attention to a despatch received that year from Hon. W. E. Gladstone, saying that unless the duties on leather, imposed by this act, were reduced, it would not receive the Royal assent. Mr. Hall said that leather manufactures, when imported by way of Montreal (that is, from England), only paid a duty of 5 per cent., while, if imported from Kingston or Toronto (which meant from the United States), they paid 25 or 30 per cent. He protested against this injustice

to Upper Canada. Col. Draper, the leader of the House, explained that they had put up the duty to protect the manufacturers of Upper Canada, but the Royal assent to the act had been withheld. Mr. Hall retorted that he knew perfectly well we must do as we were told, and not as we wished; but how long was this going to last? He was prepared to pass the bill year after year, and let the Home Government disallow it, if they liked; but we ought not to be so tender of British interests, when they were moving heaven and earth to put us on the same footing as foreigners in regard to wheat (referring to the free trade movement). Mr. Macdonald, of Kingston, said a bill was passed last session, giving protection to the manufactures of the colony, and the measure now before them was to make that legislation effectual. If the members did not make up their minds to carry it through, they must give up all they had fought for and all they had gained, and resolve to put our manufactures in competition with the convict labor of the American penitentiary. With respect to Mr. Gladstone's despatch, whether the principle enunciated in it were right or wrong, we must be governed by it. The danger to our markets was not from British but from American manufacturers.

It will be seen from this debate that the relations of Canada have undergone some most important changes since then, when the tariff policy of the country was considered a matter of Imperial business.

During a debate on a bill that Mr. Macdonald had introduced, to amend the Kingston incorporation act, Mr. Seymour, the member for Frontenac, the county in which Kingston is situated, made some strictures on the debt of Kingston, and said the member for Kingston had himself felt called upon to resign his seat at the city council board on account of the low state of the funds, and that he had instituted an action against the corporation at the instance of the Commercial Bank. Mr. Macdonald replied that he had resigned because he could not be in two places at once. He admitted

that the credit of the city was not very good, but this was because they had a bad corporation.*

The Government of this day had treated Mr. Ryland, the registrar of Montreal, in a shabby manner; and although a supporter of the Government, our member expressed his indignation in the House in no stinted way. "I speak warmly on this subject," he concluded, "because I feel warmly. It makes my blood boil to think of the manner in which Mr. Ryland has been treated." The motion he made on the subject was lost, however, the Government opposing it.

The question of vote by ballot was now coming up, and it is worthy of remark that John A. Macdonald is found opposing it, as in after years we will find that he opposed more than one reform, which, however, he would subsequently help to shape and carry out when he found that public opinion demanded it. The reason he gave against vote by ballot now was, that "the people in Canada had no one exercising an illegitimate influence over them as in England and European countries."

Mr. Macdonald must have already impressed the Govern-

* His allusions to the condition of Kingston at this period are corroborated by contemporary records. The following graphic sketch of the appearance of the place in 1837 is from Preston's "Three Years in Canada":—"Kingston in 1837 had between 4,000 and 5,000 inhabitants. They are 'unprogressive, and repose too complacently on its assumed dignity to be otherwise than stationary.' It resembles an English village, but somewhat stragglingly built, though possessing in its *fashionable* parts some very substantial houses. * * * It is near here that the Provincial Penitentiary is built. * * Among the minor characteristics of Kingston, I must not omit to mention the endless out-door squabbles of its pigs and dogs, which infest the streets in shoals. A ruthless war is raged by the canine upon the swinish multitude; and as these have a peculiar way of acknowledging such courtesies, the effect of the din of voices in discordant eloquence may readily be conceived." On reaching Kingston, in December, 1837, he adds that he found it under peculiar excitement. The danger they could not define, but almost everyone regarded his neighbor with distrust, as though he were a rebel in disguise.

ment with his ability as a lawyer, if not a politician, for in this year he was made a Queen's counsel.

These were the last days of the old Toryism that had prevailed under the name of the Family Compact, and scarcely a month passed without Cabinet changes or rumors of changes. The younger and more enlightened of the party felt that the days of cabalism should be ended, and longed for something more liberal and enlightened. This longing found expression in the Press, and the Montreal *Gazette* saw in the person of young Macdonald a rising star of hope. Upon a rumor that he was to be taken into the Cabinet, that journal wrote: "The appointment of Mr. Macdonald, if confirmed, will, we believe, give universal satisfaction. A liberal, able and clear-headed man, of sound Conservative principles, and unpretending demeanor, he will be an acquisition to any ministry, and bring energy and business habits into a department of which there have been for many years under the present, and still more under preceding, managements many complaints." A Toronto opposition paper caustically remarked of the same rumor: "Mr. John A. Macdonald is marked for another victim; he too will speedily be a flightless bird." But young Macdonald saw, to use his own words, that the condition of the party must be worse before it would be better, and quietly waited for the swamping ship, now on her beam ends, to right herself before he went on deck.

The opportunity occurred in the following year, when, by the resignation of a member of the Cabinet, the office of Receiver General was left vacant.

"Your turn has come at last, Macdonald," said Mr. Draper, as he waited on the member for Kingston.* And John A. Macdonald became Receiver General of United Canada on the 11th of May. As the ship had not righted herself, but was becoming more water-logged every moment, the young man evidently did not wait the opportunity that was most favorable.

* Collin's Life.

Probably he hoped to control events himself, so as to avoid a foundering.

Thus began the political career which was destined to be without a parallel in the history of Canada, and with only one parallel—as to length of service—in the history of parliamentary government in the world.

His first years in office were marked by no special evidence of the tactical genius which distinguished him in after years, but as Receiver General and afterwards as head of the Crown Lands Office, he was marked by business ability, and put into fairly smooth running order departments in which chaos had reigned for years before. Many difficult cases had been "staved off" for years, but the promptness and sagacity with which he disposed of them marked him out at once as an able administrator.

CHAPTER XII.

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor.

—*Henry VI.*

A FOEMAN WORTHY OF HIS STEEL—GEORGE BROWN APPEARS ON THE STAGE.

It is not the purpose of this book to give a political history of Canada and Sir John Macdonald's association with it. We will not follow the fortunes of political parties in the midst of which this figure grows and grows, till he becomes the solitary giant among a race of common stature—an oak upon which the thousands of politicians of his own party, both great and small, clung as the vines and ivy. We will touch only here and there upon events of special interest, or scenes in which his personal traits stood forth in high relief.

The exciting events which culminated in the burning of the Parliament buildings, in 1849, may be passed over with a word, as they belong to the political rather than personal history. The Tory Government had fallen, and John A. Macdonald was now in opposition, when the Rebellion Losses bill came up. A commission had sat some years before to determine the losses suffered by those who helped to put down the rebellion, and since then great and increasing pressure had been brought to bear to compensate those who suffered on the side of the rebels, as well as the loyalists, when the Radical Administration now in power decided to include all who suffered loss, and passed the bill. There was a wild outcry from the loyalists, who looked upon it as putting a premium upon rebellion. Lord Elgin, who assented to the bill, was assailed, as he passed out of the Parliament building, with brickbats, bottles and with eggs, taken from the woman who kept the green grocer's stand under the portico of the building; and at night a great crowd, assembled by the agitators, gave three

cheers for the Queen, and moved down to the Parliament buildings. Shattering the windows with stones, they burst into the chamber, where a committee of the House was sitting, and when the members fled in alarm through the lobbies, they mounted the Speaker's chair and principal seats in mock deliberation, and then proceeded to wreck the furniture. The symbol of majesty, the mace, was wrested from the Sergeant-at-Arms, and borne off in triumph. Amidst the crash of broken chandeliers, the cracking of seats, and the blasphemy and shouting of the rioters, the cry of fire was raised, and all rushed out. In a few minutes the building was wrapped in flames, and a library of 20,000 volumes, containing the most valuable records of the province, almost utterly destroyed. For this, the culminating act of the mob rule of Montreal, the city was punished by the removal forever of the seat of government.

John A. Macdonald took no part in the riots. He had protested in the debate against passing the bill, and had warned the Government that they were drawing down grave dangers, not alone upon their own heads, but upon the peace of the province; and to kill time and tire out the ministry, he kept the floor through the night, reading thirty of William Lyon MacKenzie's letters. But he took no part in the riot. A bosom friend, still living, says he was not in town that night, but others say he stood a silent spectator of a rueful scene, digesting no doubt some valuable thoughts on political agitation.

Time rolls on, and there soon appears before us the commanding figure of George Brown, his greatest political rival. He was a man to be remembered. Over six feet in height, and powerfully built, with no soft outlines in face or figure, his ruggedness of frame and energy of movement made him an object almost of awe. People would turn about on the street to stare in wonderment at the majestic progress of this human steam engine, ere ever they knew that it was George Brown they were looking at. As the Great Eastern loomed up among a harbor full of ordinary steamers, so stood George

Brown among his ordinary fellows—whether the comparison was mental or physical. The wily diplomacy of John A. Macdonald met its evenest match in the powerful, if inartistic, logic and the restless energy of this remarkable man. He had been only a year a resident in the country when John A. entered Parliament. Born in Edinburgh, he came out to New York with his father in 1838, being then 20 years old. He obtained employment as a writer on the *New York Albion*, a paper of strong British sentiment, and having a considerable circulation in Canada and the Maritime Provinces. After starting a paper of his own, the *British Chronicle*, on the same lines, he attracted so much attention in Canada, that he was induced to move to Toronto, and here in 1843 he started the *Banner*, a semi-religious paper, followed the next year by the *Globe*. In the same year in which John A. was elected, he had been urged to become a candidate, but declined. In the campaign of 1847, however, he made many speeches in support of the Radical candidates, and these speeches were looked upon as the most effective on this side of the struggle. "He had a singular power of rousing enthusiasm in a popular assembly, and very few cared to encounter the tremendous tide of his rhetoric."* After a defeat in Haldimand, he ran in 1851 for Kent and Lambton, and was elected by a fair majority.

Then came the great battles, which lasted through years, on the questions of the secularization of the clergy reserves, representation by population, the educational reform, and the franchise extension question, in which these two men fought like gladiators.

Some of these sessions bristled with lively debate, and were often marked with eloquent speeches, and sometimes scenes were witnessed which could only be excused on the plea that the province had not yet arisen to the true dignity of self-government.

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*Alex. Mackenzie's "Life of Hon. George Brown."

Here is a sample of the way in which John A. mingled sarcasm and banter in his bouts with Mr. Brown: "Attorney-General Macdonald said that last night his hon. friend from Lambton (Mr. Brown) was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons, and he now attempted, with a much diminished force, and much diminished spirit, to take up another position to-night. Like another Menschikoff, however, he would be driven from that also, and find no resting place in his flight between Perekop and Sebastopol. * * The hon. member for Lambton said this was merely a local question, while the hon. member for Montreal said it was no local question at all. There was a mighty difference in the opinion of the two hon. members, but there was a wonderful unanimity in their vote." On another occasion in the same session (1854), he said "he treated the remarks of Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, after his tranquillity of the week before, as a last kick given before the hon. member for Lambton should resume his seat. * * The truth was that the opposition was melting away. One after another all the little rills of opposition were being absorbed, like the *North American* into the great *Globe*, whose proprietor, he hoped, whether in opposition or not, would long continue to exercise his skill." And again, in a debate in 1855: "The hon. member for Lambton had manifested great fear lest the Government be led astray by the ultramontane views of the hon. member for Montmorency. No doubt the expressions of fear and sorrow were alike sincere. But once on a time when he (Mr. Macdonald) was in opposition, and those two hon. gentlemen were on the same side, supporting the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government, his colleagues gave a thick and thin support to that Ministry. Whatever his colleagues did in the House, the hon. member for Lambton was sure to echo and applaud outside in the *Globe*. (Laughter.) When long lists of grants for St. Anne this or St. Anne that, or St. Therese here or St. Therese there, were brought down by that Ministry, nothing could be better in the eyes of the hon. member for Lambton. 'Look,' he would say in

that able journal of his, the *Globe*, 'how ministers take care to provide for education in Lower Canada, and how generously Upper Canadians vote the money for that great object. Later still * * at Brantford, whither his colleague, being a modest man, desired to go quietly and unostentatiously, the member for Lambton (Mr. Brown) trotted him out, and paraded him before the eyes of Upper Canada Liberals in a coach drawn by six white horses (an hon. member near me says Brown horses). * * Now times are changed. * * Nevertheless, it is cruel for him to attack him so bitterly, after having so affectionately patted him on the back."

Mr. Brown retorted that he was sorry Mr. Macdonald should so much have changed his blast as to be blowing cold in 1855 against his hot of 1852.

To this Mr. Macdonald replied: "The breath of the hon. member for Lambton himself had not always been of the same temperature. During the late elections the *Globe* came out with the cry—'Down with Rolph and Malcolm Cameron. We can stand anything else—we can stand Toryism, we can stand Sir Allan McNab and John A. Macdonald, but we cannot stand Rolph. Corrupt may be Sir Allan McNab and steeped to the chin in Toryism, and John A. Macdonald may be following in his footsteps, a budding Tory at least—they are not bad fellows, however, for Tories—but put down Rolph and Cameron.'"

The expression, "steeped to the chin in Toryism," was only a new rendering of a phrase which John A. Macdonald had coined the year before in the debate on the address to the throne, and which was in subsequent years to be turned into a byword against himself. He said: "There may be Walpoles among them, but there are no Pitts; they are all *steeped to the lips in corruption;* they have no bond of union but the bond of common plunder."

The following sketch is given of the close of the session of 1854: On the 23rd of June it was whispered about that Lord Elgin would at once stop the business of the country,

turn the House out of doors at a minute's notice, dissolve the Legislature, embarrass the farmers by throwing the elections into the middle of the harvest, and prevent the new voters from exercising their franchise under the franchise extension act. At three o'clock two regiments of soldiers were drawn up in front of the Assembly Chamber. Mr. Macdonald, of Kingston, now began to speak in the midst of a great uproar, and commenced by saying that the House was quite willing to return a respectful answer.—His voice was here drowned by the noise, in an interval of which the words, "I stand here for the liberties of the people of Canada," were heard, and then his voice was drowned in the tremendous uproar. Mr. Macdonald spoke on at the top of his voice, with violent gesticulations, though quite inaudible. The Speaker stood on his feet also as if to speak, and amid this scene the messenger, who had been waiting outside some time, entered and the House was prorogued.*

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*About this time the name of clear Grit became generally applied to the Radical or Reform party, and it is noteworthy that the nickname was applied not by John A. Macdonald, but by George Brown in the *Globe*. It originated in this way :—George Brown and David Christie were discussing the new platform of the Advanced Liberals in 1850, which contained these planks: the elective principle to be applied to all officials and institutions, universal suffrage, the ballot, biennial parliaments, the abolition of property qualification for members of Parliament, a fixed term for elections, retrenchment, abolition of pensions to judges, abolition of the courts of Common Pleas and Chancery, reduction of lawyers' fees, free trade and direct taxation, amendment of the jury law, moderation of the usury law, abolition of primogeniture as to real estate, and secularization of the clergy reserves. Mr. Brown declined to support all these planks, and spoke of a mutual friend who would also refuse to go so far. "Him!" said Christie, "we don't want him, we only want men who are clear Grit." Soon afterward the *Globe* applied the name to the new party, and it was then taken up by the Tories. The term "clear Grit" was in common use, however, without reference to politics, years before this, and will be found more than once in the writings of Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick).

CHAPTER XIII.

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp
* * * and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
—*Richard II.*

SIR ALLAN M'NAB DROPS OFF THE STAGE—ENTER JOHN A.—THE MINISTRY OF A DAY.

In all these years of John A.'s parliamentary experience, Sir Allan McNab had been the head of the Conservative party. As a youth he had been through the war of 1812, and was in the battle of Stoney Creek, where 600 British threw themselves upon an army of over 2,000 Americans, captured their two generals, and sent them in disorder back to their own frontier, thus turning the tide of invasion, which would otherwise have left the whole province of Upper Canada in the hands of the Americans. He was before all things an Englishman; but the "belted Knight of Dundurn" was now growing old, and his Toryism had become fossilized, while increasing attacks of gout rendered his temper more crusty. John A. Macdonald saw that the secularization of the clergy reserves, or the abolition of State churchism in Canada was the demand of the people, but Sir Allan refused to abandon the convictions of a life-time at the bidding of expediency. The younger and more liberal-minded members of the party yearned for a sprightly and progressive leader, such as they saw in John A.; while that rising politician, after his re-election for Kingston, "more than once displayed his impatience at the retrograde policy of his somewhile leaders." It has been said by his enemies that, taking advantage of the growing infirmities of old Sir Allan, he intrigued to supplant him; but the actions of

his party disprove this. Rather than turn the old man out, he labored rather to remodel the party, and by infusing new blood, accomplish the reforms that were pressing, while still maintaining the old leader in his dignity. But a strong feeling rose among his own party against Sir Allan, and this was increased by his irritable temper and his refusal to give way on small matters as well as great. In short, they forced his resignation, and swathed in flannels, and borne into the House by his two servants, we see the old man address a few pathetic words* to the House from his invalid chair, and then drop out of sight. As the old leader sinks in a cloud of vexation from public view, John A. Macdonald, as leader of the Assembly in a new ministry, of which George E. Cartier and other new stars were members, rises "full orbed" on the horizon as the sun of the Conservative party. Ministries rose and fell, coalitions were formed and dissolved as time went on, but whether he was nominally in a subordinate place in the Cabinet—as he was for the greater part of the time up to Confederation—or whether in opposition, he was looked to, henceforth, as the master tactician of his party, and one of the ablest of administrators.

The first ministry formed after the resignation of Sir Allan McNab was a coalition one, and it is related that having formed it, John A. at once advised the Press. Among others he telegraphed the Hamilton *Spectator:* "Coalition formed; announce Spence as Post Master General." Mr. Smiley, the well-known editor of that journal, had been violently denouncing Mr. Spence as a member of the other party, and the request staggered him; but he had great affection for John A., and after a while the reply was sent: "It's a d—— short curve; but we'll take it."

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* "I have been a member of this House for twenty-six years, and during all that period I have not been so long absent as during this session. I think the people of this country will receive that from a man of my age as sufficient excuse. * * If I am condemned I am ready to retire into private life—and perhaps I am now fit for little else."

Mr. George Brown became Mr. Macdonald's most vigorous opponent, and in the debates of the day the language on both sides was sometimes more picturesque than became a legislative hall. A remarkable scene which occurred between the two in the session of 1856, at Toronto, is thus described by Dent :—

Mr. Brown had been taunted with inconsistency in having previously supported Mr. Macdonald. The charge of inconsistency was intolerable to him, and he broke out into fury. He "lashed himself into a white heat, and indulged in a tremendous onslaught on the 'kaleidoscopic politics' of some members of the Government, instancing Mr. Macdonald and the Post Master General. Stung by the cutting words as they poured out from the speaker's lips, Mr. Macdonald was roused to a condition of temper that impelled him to forget the pleasant urbanity which generally marked his demeanor, alike to friends and foes. When he rose to reply, it was evident he was laboring under great excitement. He launched forth into a tirade, which electrified the House, and caused even the least scrupulous of the parliamentary sharp-shooters to stand aghast. He accused the member for Lambton (Mr. Brown) of having falsified testimony, suborned convict witnesses, and obtained the pardon of murderers, in order to induce them to give false evidence. These grave delinquencies were alledged to have been committed by Mr. Brown while he was acting as secretary to a commission appointed in 1848, to investigate certain alleged abuses in connection with the Kingston Penitentiary. Such foul charges had never before been laid against a member on the floor of a Canadian Parliament, and the astonished legislators gazed into each other's faces with mingled bewilderment and incredulity. When Mr. Macdonald took his seat, Mr. Brown once more arose, tremulous with excitement, to repel the accusations. No one who knew the member for Lambton expected him to choose his words, and in good sooth he spoke in language akin to that employed by Falconbridge to the Dauphin of France. He was fre-

quently interrupted by Mr. Macdonald, whose impassioned utterances seemed to have been culled from the Athanasian Creed. * * Suddenly, each of the parliamentary gladiators seemed to realize the position in which he stood, and the storm subsided as quickly as it began." It was felt that calm deliberation was out of the question. The House broke up, and for the next day nothing else was talked of. In a motion, quoting the charges made by Mr. Macdonald, then the Attorney General, Mr. Brown demanded a commission of inquiry. The Attorney General would neither admit nor deny that the language quoted in Mr. Brown's motion was uttered by him, but demanded that the commission "should first find out what he did say," and then investigate the conduct of Mr. Brown on the Penitentiary commission. It was supposed that the original report of the commission was burnt in the fire which destroyed the Parliament buildings in 1849. Mr. Mackenzie, in his "Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown," says, that at one of the first meetings of the committee appointed to inquire into the charges, Philip Vankoughnet, counsel for Mr. Macdonald, moved for an order to examine certain convicts, and in doing so said that unfortunately it was found that the report of the commission was destroyed in the Montreal fire. He regretted this, as if that report were extant he would be able to prove his charges without calling any such witnesses. Mr. Brown had come in, and, with his overcoat still on, was waiting for the proceedings to commence, when, hearing Mr. Vankoughnet make these remarks, he unbuttoned his coat, and drawing out the original report, said he was happy to hear that that document was all that was wanted. Throwing it upon the table he said, "There it is!" Mr. Vankoughnet immediately left the room, and meeting Mr. Macdonald in the passage, said to him, "Your case is dished."

Whether this account is true or not, it is certain the charges were proved to be utterly unfounded. Mr. Macdonald felt the mistake he had made, and never forgot the lesson it taught him. He never afterwards was given to the aspersion of charac-

ter, and never lost control of himself, no matter how taunted in public debate. He had "spoken unadvisedly with his lips," like Moses, and like him received a direct punishment, for when the groundlessness of the charges were shown, Mr. Brown stood higher than ever in the public estimation, and even many of the Conservative journals expressed sympathy with him.

This episode was only one of a number of wild scenes in the session of 1856, when the young blood of John A. Macdonald boiled over. During some tilts with Col. Rankin, it was seriously expected that a duel would be fought, and on one occasion it was intended to place them both in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, but after the debate they were induced to promise to drop the quarrel. It was Col. Rankin who, when Sir Allan MacNab was thrown overboard, said: "You have got rid of the King of Trumps, but you still hold the Knave."

A noteworthy epoch of his parliamentary career was what was known to Canadian history as the "double shuffle." In 1857, he had become Prime Minister, with George E. Cartier as his chief colleague. The difficult question of establishing the capital in a fixed place, instead of shifting from place to place as had been done in past years, had now to be settled, and local jealousies made it hard to do. The matter had been referred to the Queen, and on the recommendation of Mr. Macdonald, Ottawa was selected as the permanent capital. This was announced at the meeting of Parliament in February, 1858, and the decision was immediately challenged by the Opposition. A resolution, declaring that Ottawa should not be the seat of government, was carried by 64 to 50. Believing that the Opposition would not form a ministry that would last, when other questions were considered, Mr. Macdonald accepted a challenge thrown down on a motion by Mr. Brown for adjournment, and that being carried, the Macdonald-Cartier Government promptly resigned. Sir Edmund Head, the Governor, sent for Mr. Brown, and the Brown-Dorion Government was formed. The result proved the fore-

knowledge of Mr. Macdonald, for in two days a motion of want of confidence in the new government was carried, and they were forced to resign in turn, by the refusal of the Governor-General to grant a dissolution. The Independence of Parliament Act provided that a minister resigning one office and accepting another within one month would require re-election. Mr. Macdonald was now sent for, and in order to avoid going to the country for re-election all the ministers took other offices than those held before the resignation, and then changed back to their old offices. This move, which was held to be a violation of the spirit of the act, became known as the "double shuffle." The *coup* made a sensation throughout the country, for in many districts the news of the resignation of the Macdonald Governmen thad not arrived when they had actually returned to power. A Toronto paper cuttingly referred to the Brown-Dorion Government as "A ministry of two days, a thing which was and is not, before either friend or foe can realize its existence."

The return of the Macdonald Government to power, however, settled the vexed question of the capital, and Ottawa became not only the capital of the united province of Canada, but, when Confederation was accomplished, the seat of government of the Dominion. Few people at this day will find fault with the selection.

It is interesting here to recall the fact that, when in 1854 a bill was introduced to erect the town of Bytown into the city of Ottawa, quite a discussion arose on the change of name. Solicitor-General Smith said "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but Ottawa had a pleasanter sound than Bytown. Attorney-General Macdonald (John A.) said he would not like to oppose himself to the wishes of the people, but it was really absurd to call a town by the name of the river on which it is situated. How would it do to call Paris "Seine" or London "Thames?" Mr. Brown here remarked: "The hon. gentleman seems to forget that there is a scheme now on foot to change the name of Hamilton to Ontario." (Laughter.)

Sir Allan McNab objected to the change, as it was a memorial of Colonel By, who had practically created the place. Mr. Powell said he had thought of such words as By-zantium and By-copolis, but none seemed to suit as w.ll as Ottawa.

CHAPTER XIV.

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispéd and sere,—
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried—"It was surely October,
On this very night of the year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here,
On this night of all nights in the year!"

—*Poe.*

JOHN A.'S FATHER AND MOTHER—SOMETHING OF HIS SISTERS—DEATH OF THE GOOD OLD LADY.

As already mentioned, Mr. Macdonald, in 1857, the year of the great financial depression in Canada, followed his first wife to her grave at Kingston. His father had been in his grave for sixteen years, having dropped off rather suddenly in September, 1841, and now his dear old mother had already had more than one stroke of paralysis—the dreadful visitation that was at last to seize upon his own frame.

Mention has already been made of his family in preceding chapters. His parents were both kind-hearted and hospitable people, and a feature of this hospitality was the custom of partaking of alcoholic liquor with friends. The drinking of whiskey is happily now regarded in a different light to what it was then. At that time it was not looked on as a violation of the code of morality; and while whiskey was only twenty-five cents a gallon, even the poor made it a beverage. In many houses it was kept on tap or in a pail, with a cup beside it, as water is kept now in country houses. It could not, therefore, be wondered at that a man of hospitable disposition like Hugh Macdonald should become so addicted to it that his days were probably shortened by it, or that a lad like his son should grow up with a taste for it. Hugh Macdonald is described as



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S MOTHER.

[RIGHT OF REPRODUCTION RESERVED.]

a somewhat short but well-built man, with a quiet demeanor, and kind to children. Like his son, he never wore a beard, and had only a small tuft of whisker at the side of his face. He was known among his acquaintances as "Little Hugh," an appellation given with no disrespect, and less with reference to his short stature than as a means still common in Scotch districts of distinguishing individuals of the same family name. While they lived at Hay Bay and the Stone Mills, some of their neighbors thought Mr. Macdonald a stern and unsociable man, and the circumstance was recalled of his causing the arrest of a youth and his sister for stealing a pair of socks from the store. The circumstances of the case are not known, but no doubt he acted from a sense of duty, for he was always known as a strict and upright man, and held in horror anything like dishonesty. His strict honesty, combined with his generous disposition, was, no doubt, a reason that he did not accumulate money.*

Though mild in manner, he had the inflammable temper of a Highlander, which showed itself most easily in resent of tyranny. An instance of this is related by one who knew him. Mr. Macdonald was an officer in the First Lennox Militia. In those days an annual drill, called "general training day," was held on the 4th of June, the birth-day of George IV., when the whole battalion turned out, and after drill the officers dined together. On this occasion he got into a quarrel with a Captain Casey, who had command of a troop of cavalry. Captain Casey, who was a martinet, and overbearing, insulted Mr. Macdonald, who challenged him to a duel with swords, but Col. Dorland interposed, and prevented bloodshed.

Mrs. Macdonald was a grand old lady, and from her Sir John undoubtedly inherited most of those qualities which

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* He was able, however, to buy two houses and lots of a neighbor at Hay Bay, and Sir John mentioned that one of these was "deeded" to him to vote upon when he came of age. His first vote was given for John Solomon Cartwright, the uncle of Sir Richard.

have made his name a word to conjure by. She was a little above the medium height, large limbed, and capable of much endurance. Her face was remarkable, as any one who studies the accompanying portrait will admit. Her features were large, and, as some considered, coarse; but there beamed through her dark eye a depth of apprehension mingled with such graciousness and good-will as commanded the reverence of a passer-by. But most remarkable of anything about her were the strange lines with which her features were scored as she advanced in years, lines which were reproduced in her son in a still more striking way—more's the pity that in the latter case the photographic artists invariably remove these lines and wrinkles, and so spoil the most striking feature of his face. Mrs. Macdonald was a woman of deep piety as well as kindness of heart, and doubtless her words of spiritual counsel, uttered in the quiet of their humble home in Kingston, or sitting by the rippling waters of Hay Bay, came back to him in the midst of throngs of senators and legislators, or obtruded while questions of state were being weighed in the council room. After John A. had married first, her husband being dead, she went to live with her daughter Louisa in a little cottage in Princess street. They were always plain and unpretentious in their mode of life, although she was very fond of entertaining friends, and the good old lady preferred this quiet cottage to a home in a gay and vain capital. She had a broad Scotch accent and a pronounced sense of humor. She appreciated a droll situation or a droll saying. Those who knew her best say she had a great mind and a great memory; and had she possessed the advantages of a high education, and the opportunities that some get in life, she would have been a noted woman. She had quite an acquaintance with Gaelic literature,* and up to the time of

*She, like her son, was fond of a good story. One rainy day, while some friends were at the house, she proposed they should pass the time with anecdotes and stories. After the others had each told their story,

coming to Canada the Gaelic language was much more familiar to her than English When they first came out they spoke it commonly in conversation between themselves or friends, but gradually fell out of it. About fourteen years before her death she had a stroke of paralysis, upon which her son was sent for. Stroke succeeded stroke at intervals averaging about a year, and every time the son hastened anxiously to her bedside. When she was stricken with her ninth at ack. and he left public business to be at her side, she greeted him with "Well, John, I am ashamed to see you!" After that she tried to avoid calling him from his duties at these false alarms. Through the thirteenth shock her wonderful constitution bore her; but at last, after suffering the almost unparalleled number of fourteen strokes, she passed away in the month of October, 1862, at the good old age of 84. In the delirium that accompanied the seizure, the language of her childhood came back to her; she gave her orders in Gaelic, and by those mysterious operations of the mind that often precede death, she wandered again by the banks and braes of her Highland home, talking in Gaelic to the companions of her childhood, and listening to the ding-ding of the anvil in the village smithy's shop. Her son did not reach Kingston in time to see her alive—the child upon whom she had bestowed the greatest inheritance that a mother could give to the fruit of her womb—a good intellect implanted in a sound constitution, and followed to manhood with wise counsel and yearning prayers to Heaven.

Sir John's sister Margaret had married Prof. Williamson, of Queen's University, Kingston, with whom she lived happily, though for many years suffering from weakness of circulation. Her blood would get clogged in the lungs, and cause hemorrhage and fainting. Notwithstanding this trouble

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she read selections from "Thaddeus of Warsaw." In one part of the story the tears ran down her cheeks, and she stopped the story, exclaiming, "Poor, dear Thaddeus!"

and frequent biliousness, she was active, and bore herself cheerfully, and was the life and soul of the company that used to gather at the Professor's house. She was a leader in her company as Sir John was in political life. She died in 1876, leaving no children, and with only her sister as the representative of the family in Kingston.

Louisa never married. In dress and appearance she was a type of the elderly lady of the past generation, and wore little curls at the side of her face. She was quite as witty and sparkling in her conversation as Sir John; and in a quiet gathering of friends, she would keep them in constant laughter with her droll sayings and her quaint way of putting things. Once a gentleman met her on the train, and hearing she was Sir John's sister, came over and spoke to her, assuring her that she was the very image of her distinguished brother. Telling the incident afterwards to a friend, she added the quaint and womanly comment: "A curious compliment to pay to me, considering that John Macdonald is one of the ugliest men in Canada!" She had a good deal of natural talent. One of her schoolmates at Adolphustown remembers to this day her reciting at a school examination the little poem "My Mother" with such effect, that it brought tears to the eyes of some of those present, among whom was her own mother.

Louisa was Sir John's favorite sister, and when, after years of sickness heroically borne, she passed away in November, 1888, he was greatly grieved. She too died of paralysis, having had four strokes. Meeting him at the funeral, Mrs. Thomas Wilson, one of Sir John's schoolmates at Kingston, said to him:

"Well, John, you are the last of your family left, and so am I of mine!"

"Yes," he replied, with a saddened countenance. "That's so!"

He felt there were not many more milestones of life to pass.

CHAPTER XV.

Confederation! glorious morn!
A nation new to earth is born
In joyful birth—peace all around,
Her place among her peers is found.
From bloodless death her life, loud ring,
The King is dead; Long live the King!

Loud ring the bells, greet hand with hand,
Let joy and cheer fill all the land,
Glad prais[illegible] to Heaven! from o'er the main
Come gratulations—cheer again!
Her birth well omened, God our trust,
What promise more? what hope more just?

* * * * * *

And though from many lands we come
To make thee, Canada, our home,
Thy people many shall be one.

—*W. H. Lynch.*

CONFEDERATION—ITS PREPARATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENT—JOHN A. BECOMES SIR JOHN.

LEAVING the political biographer to give details of the numerous measures of reform in which he, although not always the originator or advocate of, had a hand in shaping, we now come to the crowning achievement of his political life—the creation of the Dominion. He had always been a strong and sincere advocate of [illegible]nity and mutual good-will among the various races which composed the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and in his endeavor to promote this, he was often taunted by various factions with being influenced by unworthy motives; but a retrospect of his whole life has shown that, whatever may have been his faults of character, he had that broad spirit of humanity which fully comprehended the divine principle as it applied to the national elements of this

land, "God hath made of one blood all nations." In the later years of the union of the two provinces, this great principle was fast being forgotten, or clouded by prejudices. There were, no doubt, inequalities in the system of union between the two provinces, but party strife magnified them so that affairs were constantly being brought to a deadlock. The difficulty of obtaining a majority from each province on any one measure increased as time went on, and by the hostile majorities of either province on different questions it became an easy matter to defeat a ministry. One party turned another out of office only to be defeated themselves; and the country was forever agitated by new elections or threats of them. It was at such a juncture that the patriotic men of all parties looked for relief in that broader union of all the provinces of British North America which would lift men above mere provincialism and inspire them with the dignity of national life.

The idea of a confederation of all these provinces and territories was not new. As early as 1800–8, the Hon. Mr. Uniacke, a leading politician of Nova Scotia, submitted a scheme of colonial union to the Imperial Government. At various subsequent times and in different provinces it was revived, but local spirit and local jealousies and prejudices were yet too strong, or no men yet appeared who could inspire the people with this great ideal. Even now, when the hour had come, it was only the conjunctive ascension in each province of men who possessed a commanding influence with the people, and who could soften and mould the dry and stubborn clay of localism, and breathe into the nostrils of the provinces the breath of a new national life, that made Confederation a living reality. And beyond all this, there was still wanting a man who could draw these representative provincialists to each other, unwarp their personal bias, soothe an uprising passion, and harmonize the conflict of theory and opinion.

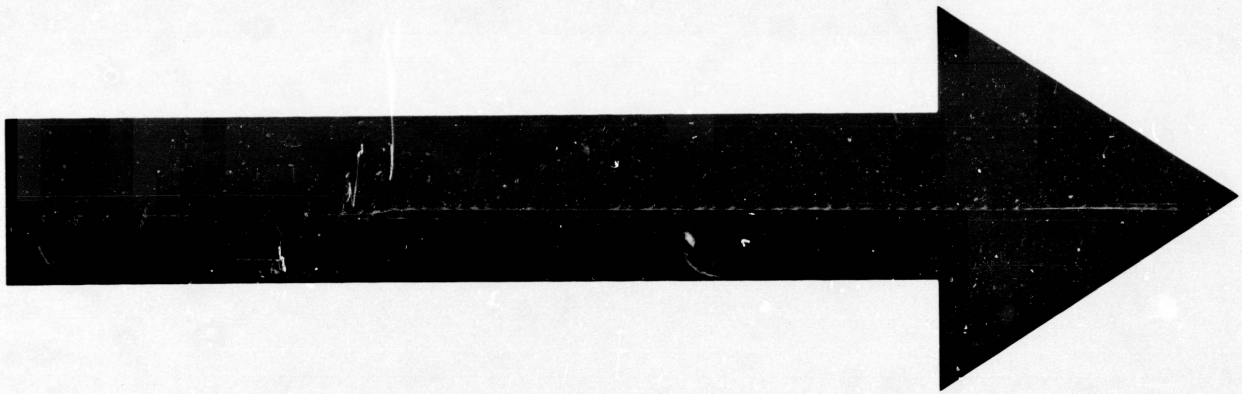
But the hour had come, and with it, in the providence of

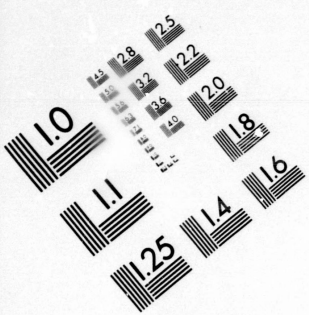
God, as most Canadians believe, had come the man in John A. Macdonald.* All his past successes and failures, all his experience in Cabinets bad and good, in opposition or on the Government side, in caucus or on platform, in the practice of his marvelous gift of winning back one recalcitrant colleague or counteracting the intrigue of another—all alike had been but a schooling for this great work.

There is no reason that even his enemies should doubt the sincerity of his desire for concord and harmony among the people of Canada, and for the maintenance of that attachment to our mother-land which has been a constant inspiration with the people of these provinces amid times of storm as well as in smooth water. Even in the troubles that accompanied the settlement of the Rebellion Losses, when he joined the British American League, he confined himself to constitutional measures, and counselled the hot-heads to moderation and peaceable methods. His previous public utterances showed this sentiment; and when the deadlock of the united provinces occurred, he had not wavered in his faith in the future. His address to the electors of Kingston, in 1861, concluded with these words: "The fratricidal conflict now unhappily raging in the United States (referring to the late Civil War) shows us the superiority of our institutions, and of the principle on which they are based. Long may that principle—the monarchical principle—prevail in this land. Let there be no 'looking to Washington,' as was threatened by a leading member of the Opposition last session; but let the cry with the moderate party be, 'Canada united as one province, and under one Sovereign.'" His speeches, elsewhere referred to, and his private as well as public expressions, show that this was not a sentiment manufactured for election purposes.

At the opening of Parliament at Quebec, in May, 1864,

* It may be interesting to note that in his early speeches he expressed a preference for a legislative rather than a federal union; that is, a union of all the provinces under one legislature, doing away with the provincial parliaments.

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another deadlock occurred through a want of confidence motion by John Sandfield Macdonald, and when John A. dropped the reins, legislators turned to each other in despair as to what was to be done. Mr. George Brown, the head of the Reform party, in talking the situation over privately with two supporters of the Government, expressed the conviction common to most of the members that a crisis had arrived, and that the time was come to settle forever the constitutional difficulties between Upper and Lower Canada. This talk became serious, and Mr. Brown expressed his willingness to join any party to save the country from chaos and evolve a new order of things. With Mr. Brown's permission this interview was reported to Mr. John A. Macdonald and other members of his party, and the result was a series of informal talks which ended in a discussion on the part of Mr. Brown, along with Mr. Oliver Mowat (now a member of Parliament) and Mr. William McDougall as his colleagues, to aid in forming a coalition government to bring about a federal union. When we consider the mould in which the character of George Brown had been cast, we shall fail to find in all the chronicles of Canadian politics a grander spectacle of self-sacrifice, a more shining example of unobtrusive patriotism. Closing his ears to the comments of his own party, he forgot for the time the etiquette of party politics, and sat down with men to whom for years he had been uncompromisingly opposed, and for some of whom he had no personal respect or esteem, to study out a plan whereby the country might be saved from impending peril. Our admiration for him is increased when we see him step quietly down, the moment the new confederation is assured, and resume his place in his old party, refusing the honor of knighthood and declining all offers of position in the first Cabinet of the New Dominion about to be ushered in. And what is said of him might also be said of his own party colleagues who joined him.

It was a remarkable conjuncture of events which brought about a meeting of delegates of the Maritime Provinces to

discuss the question of a maritime union, while these events were transpiring in the Canadian Provinces. It was decided to send delegates down to Charlottetown, where the Maritime Convention was to be held. Eight delegates were sent, among whom, of course, were the Hon. John A. Macdonald and the Hon. George Brown, now President of the Council in the new Coalition Ministry of Canada. The Canadian delegates were invited to join unofficially in the discussion, and their unfolding of the larger scheme fired the imagination of the statesmen of the Maritime Provinces, and kindled the enthusiasm of those who read the speeches. The delegates visited Halifax,* St. John and Fredericton, where they were received with the characteristic hospitality of the Maritime Provinces. A new conference, at which representatives of the Maritime Provinces were to be present, was appointed to meet at Quebec in October of the same year, and here resolutions were adopted looking to a union of the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. This was followed in 1865 by legislation accepting the basis of union, and making a formal address to the Queen, asking that it should be carried into effect. The two island colonies, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, withdrew from the scheme, and the adverse results of local elections in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia set it back in those provinces. But the constancy and courage of such men as Dr. Tupper (now Sir Charles) in Nova Scotia and Samuel Leonard Tilley (now Sir Leonard) in New Brunswick carried those provinces in favor of union, so that the opening of the year 1867 found delegates from the four provinces sitting in the Westminster Palace Hotel watching the passage through the Imperial Parliament of the bill for the new constitution they had framed.

What had contributed to this happy achievement was an occurrence, the year before, which at the time seemed a great national calamity—the invasion of our country by the

* See extract from his speech delivered on this occasion.

Fenians. This conspiracy, that aimed at the capture of Ireland by overrunning Canada, which they supposed they could easily subdue, was widespread in the United States, and for months men were drilling more or less openly and equipping for the invasion of Canada with the connivance of the American Government. At last the invasion took place, and though it ended in a fizzle, and the American Government took steps to preserve the peace after the breach had been committed, the raids caused great agitation and suspense, and put the Provincial Governments to enormous cost. But this trial seemed like the finger of God in our history, for it showed the weakness of each province in starting apart by itself in a time of common danger; it showed how helpless each would be alone; it showed how powerful they would be when acting together in a common bond of brotherhood. It was thought by many that the American Government winked at the Fenian raids in revenge for England's inaction when the "Alabama" was fitted out at Liverpool to prey upon American vessels during the civil war; but, whatever the cause—whether it were revenge, ill-will to neighbors or simply supineness, the invasion of our peaceful homes, instead of breaking up our community, roused British Americans of all the provinces not only to the need of common defence, but led them to feel that even in peace these scattered provinces would find in this union the germs of a great nation.

It is easy to prophesy after the event, and Confederation seems natural and easy now, but to prepare the way, to overcome prejudices, to harmonize alien systems of administration, to get provinces to sink their autonomy and change their fiscal system, these were obstacles that required the highest sagacity to surmount. It was the greatest test of John A. Macdonald's statesmanship. We may see this while confessing that the noble stand taken by the Hon. George Brown cleared the way and gave to others the first bright example of a patriotism that sacrificed self, and that the men who came together from the different provinces at this time were men of excep-

tionally broad minds and large hearts. But let anyone who knows what tact, what patience, what gentleness of temper, what constancy and firmness of purpose, and what self-abnegation are required to reconcile alienated lovers, divided families or hereditary foes in private life, realize what qualities of mind and heart are called for to bridge over this enormous gulf of difficulties in the complex affairs of a nation. Realizing this, one can see what Sir John Macdonald did for the Dominion.



JOHN A. IN 1856—From an oil painting.



JOHN A. IN 1877.

The bill for the union—which is our present constitution and national charter—passed through the Imperial Parliament as it was framed by the "Fathers of Confederation." There was but one amendment of one word, and that was made in the House of Lords. It was purely a verbal amendment, and was so nconsequential that the stickling lord who made it was quiety ridiculed to the Canadian delegates by his compeers.

On the 1st July, 1867, the new Dominion came into existence, and the day was celebrated with rejoicings throughout the provinces. It became thenceforth our national holiday, to be celebrated equally with the Queen's Birthday.

Meantime, in happy coincidence with the act of political union, Sir John A. Macdonald applied the principle to himself by taking a wife in the person of Miss Bernard, a sister to his

secretary at the conference. Of this lady something will be said in another chapter. He was now honored with knighthood, while among his colleagues, Messrs. Tupper, Tilley, Cartier,* Galt, McDougall and Howland were made Companions of the Bath, and when the first cabinet of the Dominion was formed on their return, he was nominated by Lord Monck, the Governor General, as Prime Minister. Old party questions were now settled, old party lines demolished, and in the beginning of the new era Sir John Macdonald stood without a rival in power or in popularity.

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*Mr. Cartier thought he should have had equal honors with Sir John, and felt slighted that he should have been made only a C. B., while Sir John was made a K. C. B. He attributed this discrimination to Sir John himself, and did not disguise his feelings. Sir John with his characteristic generosity did his best to soothe his friend's wounded feelings, and a year later Sir George Cartier was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom, a dignity higher than Sir John's. This partially healed the wound, but to quote the words of Dent, the historian, "the golden bowl had been shivered, and the relations between him and Sir John were never again of that truly cordial nature which had subsisted between them in the old days, which, in more senses than one, had passed away forever."

CHAPTER XVI.

And races, hostile once, now freely blend
In happy union, each the other's friend;
Striving as nobly for the general good
As once their fathers strove in fields of blood.
—*Joseph Howe's "Acadia."*

CEMENTING AND EXTENDING THE UNION—THE ECLIPSE, AND THE SUNSHINE THAT FOLLOWED IT.

THERE was some friction in the working of the new confederation machinery at first. A pulley had to be tightened here and there, and the shafting did not run true, but the master mechanic was on hand to put the machine in order, and as time went on the defects were adjusted.

The acquirement of the North West Territory from the Hudson Bay Company had been for some years urged upon the Government—notably by the Hon. George Brown—and, by a treaty made through the medium of the Imperial Government, a transfer was made of the great North Western Territory to the Dominion Government in consideration of the sum of £300,000, but some land around the trading posts and some of what were supposed to be the best sections of farm land were reserved to the company. When the new Governor of the territory, Hon. Wm. McDougall, went up to establish formal authority over the land, the half-breeds, not understanding the nature of the change, and the Hudson Bay Co.'s officers (chagrined at no longer being lords paramount of the soil) refusing to enlighten them, or represent the new government in a favorable light, a rebellion broke out in 1869, headed by Louis Riel. It was in suppressing this that Sir Garnet Wolseley—then a colonel—won his first fame as a soldier. Riel having fled on the approach of the Canadian troops, the territory of the Red River was proclaimed part of

Canada, and was erected (1870) into the province of Manitoba. In the following year British Columbia joined the confederacy, and in 1873 Prince Edward Island came in. In 1882, out of the great regions beyond Manitoba, four districts or territories, each as large as the average of the other provinces, were marked out to be erected into provinces, as their wonderful resources should attract sufficient population. In 1886, the act organizing three of these territories—Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta—with a common capital at Regina, was assented to by the Imperial Parliament, and by this step not only were these creations affirmed, but power was given to erect other territories, as settlements advanced beyond.

Thus the Dominion is invested with the essential attributes of sovereignty over the entire domain of British North America, Newfoundland alone excepted.

By the compact with the Maritime Provinces, the Intercolonial Railway was to be constructed, and on the entry of British Columbia, hitherto so isolated from the motherland and the other provinces, it was agreed that a national railway should be built from the Atlantic to the Pacific, connecting all the provinces of the Confederation. In the election of 1872, Sir John was returned to power, but the contest was scarcely over before serious rumors spread that they had been won by gross corruption, and these rumors soon took definite shape in a charge that large sums of money had been advanced by Sir Hugh Allan for election purposes, on the understanding that the contract for building the road would be awarded to a company, of which Sir Hugh would be the head. A commission of inquiry was demanded and held, and evidence came out which showed too plainly that Sir John had given way to questionable methods of carrying an election and building a railway. The more conscientious of his political friends withdrew their support, but before the vote was taken on the motion of condemnation he resigned. The speeches made at the special session of Parliament, called in October to consider the charges, were among the most memorable in

our parliamentary annals, and that from Sir John was perhaps the greatest effort of his life. There is every reason to think that, however much he may have erred in this instance, not a single cent of the corruption-money went into his own pocket, or was used for his personal advantage. The whole tenor of his life makes this clear. Alexander Mackenzie and Edward Blake were then rising to the zenith of their parliamentary fame, and on the resignation of Sir John the former became premier.

Sir John retired cowed and for the moment dismayed, and most people supposed that when he sank under the cloud he was never to rise again. For some days he gave way to dissipation, but soon appeared among his friends with as jaunty a bearing as of old. He had, however, written with his own hand an announcement for the Ottawa *Citizen*, of his retirement from public life, and there are other reasons for thinking that he would not have moved a hand to force his claims upon his friends had they not determined that he still should be their leader in opposition. Mr. Mackintosh, the editor of the *Citizen*, refused to insert the announcement of his retirement, and most of his political friends stood by him in this his darkest hour. The generous attachment shown towards the old leader by his followers in this crisis—though they knew he had sinned—is one of the most touching incidents in the history of the Conservative party. Alonzo Wright in one of those rare but rich speeches, delivered after his return to power, gave this tribute to the fidelity of the party:

"As we all know, the Conservative party sustained a severe defeat. In fact as the hon. leader of the Opposition was fond of telling us, they came back a broken band; a corporal's guard. We were like the broken band that gathered round the camp-fires of Swedish Charles after Pultowa, we had been hunted like partridges. Many of our best and bravest had fallen; but there was no murmur for the dead whose bones lay on many a black hillside and lonely valley, the prey of the jackals, wolves and carrion crows that follow on the track of

a defeated army. Many of our men had a hunted look as though they still felt the breath of the bloodhounds on their cheeks. But at last the Conservative party turned fiercely to bay. I think there is nothing finer in history than the manner in which the French and English gentlemen gathered round their wounded leader ; and I say it to the honor of the Conservative party, that never in the hour of his highest elevation, when he stood foremost in the councils of his country, did he receive such unfaltering loyalty, such true devotion, as in the hour of his darkness, desolation and despair. But, sir, we had traitors in our camp then, as there were traitors under the palm trees of Judea. * * There were men who wished to cast him overboard as a Jonah to the sharks who were clustering round our ship. But the party were true to him, and * * we passed through that long dark night of opposition, until there were signs that the day was about to break. Then, sir, the great battle was fought, and owing to the fidelity of his followers, the sympathy of the people, and, above all, to his own matchless skill and dauntless courage the battle was won, and he stood once more foremost in the councils of his sovereign."

After recovering from the momentary stupor of the eclipse in 1874, he shook off politics, and with a light heart apparently, he went back to the practice of his profession in Toronto. As the emblematical albatross fell from the neck of the Ancient Mariner, so Sir John's load of care and obloquy fell off his shoulders, and " dropped like lead into the sea." He bided his time. " Give the Grits rope enough," he would laughingly say, " and they will hang themselves." Probably not one in fifty of his opponents looked upon such observations as anything more than the sneers of a disappointed politican. But time and circumstances were doing a work for him. An almost unparalleled financial depression overspread the country before the MacKenzie Administration had been long in power, the manufactures of the country suffered from the keen competition of the Americans, the revenue suffered from diminished imports, and the curtailment of public works

had a further depressing effect. Just then, when men were ready to try any remedy which promised even a temporary relief, Sir John came forward with a panacea in the shape of the National Policy,* a raising of the tariff in certain directions, which he and his colleagues agreed would give a special impetus to various industries that should be built up in the country, and, while affording a better revenue, would revive trade all round.

It is not necessary to discuss the soundness or speciousness of this theory, but to record the fact that, after a series of exciting campaign debates in 1878, the Conservatives were returned by a large majority, and to the surprise of the world Sir John stood once more Prime Minister of Canada. Syn-



SIR JOHN IN 1885.

* The phrase "National Policy" as applied to the new tariff is said to have been the invention of Sir Charles Tupper, and not Sir John Macdonald.

chronously with the adoption of the National Policy came a general revival of trade throughout America and Europe, with bountiful harvests; and the business feeling throughout the Dominion was once more buoyant. These happy associations of his return to power were not without their effect upon the people, and there had grown up a positive superstition among a class of countrymen that as long as "John A." was in power crops would be good.

He himself often took opportunities of spreading the superstition by turning his humor in that direction, and at a meeting of workingmen held a couple of years after his restoration he said: "Trade revived, crops were abundant, and bank stocks once more became buoyant, owing to the confidence of the people of Canada in the new Administration. A citizen of Toronto assured me that his Conservative cow gave three quarts of milk more a day after the election than before; while a good Conservative lady friend solemnly affirmed that her hens laid more eggs, larger eggs, fresher eggs and more to the dozen ever since the new Administration came in."

Once more at the helm of affairs, Sir John and his Cabinet set about the building of the Canadian railway to the Pacific ocean, with the rapid achievement of which the reader is familiar. Strange to say, he prided himself more upon this undertaking than upon his greatest feats of diplomacy or legislation, and perhaps it is but just to say that it was not the money of Lord Mount Stephen so much as the faith of Sir John Macdonald that built the road.

The years of his administration from the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886 to his death were more distinguished for efforts to develop the resources of the great North West than for any legislation of importance.

CHAPTER XVII.

So with two seeming bodies but one heart
* * * So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

SIR JOHN'S SECOND MARRIAGE—LADY MACDONALD.

ALLUSION has already been made to the circumstance of Sir John Macdonald's second marriage taking place, just as the banns of the provinces he was to rule were being called in London.

While the first confederation conference was sitting in Charlottetown, it was rumored about that he was to marry Miss Haviland, a sister of the late Governor of Prince Edward Island, but another fate was to be his.

For some years he had been acquainted with Miss Susan Agnes Bernard, a sister of Colonel Bernard, who was his private secretary. This acquaintance grew to intimacy while the Government sat at Quebec, the somewhat limited circle of society and the professional relationship of Miss Bernard's brother bringing them into frequent contact. Miss Bernard was not beautiful as a young lady. She was tall, tawny, and at this time, to use the harsh phrase of the day, rather "raw-boned" and angular. But she possessed a keen wit, a quick perception, a liberal mind and a certain unselfishness of heart, which would become well the wife of a public man.

She was born in the island of Jamaica, about fifty-five years ago. Her parents, says the writer of a charming sketch of Lady Macdonald in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, "were of aristocratic and wealthy Creole families—the term being used in its strictly accurate meaning, as designating Europeans long resident in the West Indies. Her father

filled a judge's chair for many years, and also had a seat on the Council of Eight that in his time administered the public affairs of the island. On the mother's side were extensive interests in sugar plantations. While still a mere child, Miss Agnes Bernard lost her father, and—as about the same time the family property became seriously diminished in value by the introduction of free-trade, following upon the abolition of slavery—her mother decided to remove to England.

"At first the change of environment proved very unwelcome. The difference of atmosphere between Jamaica—where the lower classes were all attention and servility—and England—where even the servants had wills of their own and dared to show them—was not to be comprehended at once.

"But the years, busy with books and acquiring accomplishments, slipped by, and England, despite her exclusiveness, became very dear. In the meantime, matters in Jamaica were going from bad to worse. The planters fell into the depths of ruin, and all who could get away from the ill-fated island with any remnants of their fortunes, hastened to do so. Miss



LADY MACDONALD.

Bernard's three brothers were among the number, and the eldest decided upon trying his luck in Canada. The outlook was so promising that his mother and sister joined him in the year 1854.

"They had no reason to regret the step. From the very first the venture approved itself. In a few years Mr. Bernard became private secretary to the Honorable John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General for Western Canada. This official connection may be considered the beginning of his sister's interest in the political history of Canada, and in the personality of her foremost politician, although she did not make the acquaintance of her future husband at the time."

Besides the gift of the mental qualities [illegible]re referred to, Miss Bernard was brilliant and piquant in conversation, and had no small degree of literary taste and talent,* as articles she wrote in after years for *Murray's Magazine*, of London, fully proved.

Attracted by these qualities, Mr. Macdonald soon began to admire, then to love her, and finally asked her to marry him. She refused.

One can well understand that no matter how much she may have loved him in return, or how much she may have admired his great talents, there was the danger that her happiness might be destroyed by linking her life to one who, at times, plunged so deeply into dissipation.

As time went on, the great question of Confederation began to absorb his mind and lead him to higher efforts of statesmanship, while the hope of still winning the woman he had set his heart upon inspired him with renewed efforts to conquer an appetite which was now fighting to conquer him. There were also handwritings on the wall, warning him of broken health and an ignoble ending to a brilliant life.

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* Lady Macdonald is a cousin of Lady Barker, a bright magazine writer, now wife of Sir F. Napier Broome, Governor of one of the Australian colonies.

These inspirations and these fears alike led him to a struggle in which, after the many slips and downfalls which only those who have combatted the demon of drink can conceive of, he began to gain some degree of control. And the day that saw the victory of Confederation saw the victory of her faith and love, and happy he was to be in this union of unions.

Miss Bernard had already gone to England, and was in London with her mother, when the Canadian delegates arrived there to frame and revise the Confederation bill and see it through the Imperial Parliament.

Col. Bernard came with the delegates as secretary, and Miss Bernard, having relatives in London, was quite at home in the great metropolis. Several of the delegates had brought their wives and daughters, and what with the calls of chance friends in London and Canadian tourists then in England, the comfortable quarters assigned to the Canadian mission at the Westminster Palace Hotel bore the unmistakable impress of joy and animation. After the bustle of the day, those who were not seeking the wonders of that wonderful city passed the time in quiet amusement in the hotel. The master wit of the party was sometimes self-luminous with his fantastic fun, but sometimes peculiarly pensive, and, while the others were playing checkers or cards, he would sit alone for an hour at a time playing the game of " patience."

One day it was announced to the delegates that one of their number, to wit, the Honorable John A. Macdonald, was engaged to be married to Miss Agnes Bernard. Within two weeks from that time—or, to be precise as to date, on the morning of the 16th February—the Canadian delegates went in a body to see their chairman married. The ceremony took place in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, long known as the wedding altar of England's noted men. By a happy coincidence, Bishop Fulford, the Metropolitan Bishop of Canada, happened to be in London, and was selected to tie the knot. The weather was heavy and overcast—but that is the almost certain lot of a bride in London. The wedding

party consisted of between seventy and ninety guests, among whom were some of the wives of British Cabinet Ministers, with Sir Richard Mayne (head of the Metropolitan Police of London), his son, and his daughter who was to have married Colonel Bernard on the same occasion. Lord Carnarvon's son was one of the groomsmen, while among the four bridesmaids were Miss Emma Tupper, daughter of Sir Charles; Miss Jessie McDougall, daughter of the Honorable William McDougall; and Miss Joanna Archibald, daughter of Sir Adams Archibald, all these ladies being daughters of delegates. The bridesmaids were attired in the fashion of that day; two of them in blue and two in pink, with pink crape bonnets and long tulle veils. The bride wore white satin with the usual wreath of orange blossoms and a veil of Brussels lace. Among the many wedding presents a correspondent of the *Globe* noted a complete set in opaque enamel and amethyst and carbuncle, the gift of the delegates. After the ceremony a grand wedding-breakfast was given at the Westminster Palace Hotel. Governor (Sir Francis) Hincks proposed the bride's health in a speech, and John A., in reply, made one of the many witty speeches which have never been reported. He alluded to the plan of confederation, whereby all the provinces of Canada were united under one female sovereign, and that perfection of the idea of union had so occupied his mind that he had sought to apply it to himself. Before sitting down he made his bride and his assembled colleagues promises of future happiness in their union, which were certainly as well fulfilled as humanity could demand.

Lady Macdonald (for the knighting of her husband gave her that title before their honeymoon was over) proved an admirable wife, and almost as many parallels could be drawn between herself and the Countess of Beaconsfield as have been drawn between Sir John and Lord Beaconsfield. Like her husband, she became one with the people, and had a kind word for anyone with whom she became acquainted. There was no hauteur about her; she might be seen during the session going

about the Library with a friendly word dropped now and then to an attendant or a stranger, or sitting on the bare steps of the Senate entrance reading a book. She would make most of her calls on foot. She was, by the way, a most vigorous walker, and when she drove it was in the same vigorous way.

In her home she proved a model hostess. Of the many visitors to her weekly receptions during the Session of Parliament, "no one of them failed to receive a warm clasp of the hand, a bright, appropriate greeting, and the impression that the hostess was quite as glad to see them as if they were the only callers. With a dozen in the room at once, the most of them utter strangers to each other, Lady Macdonald would contrive to keep the ball of talk rolling so merrily that all felt they had a share in the conversation."

In later years she became an adept in politics. She was an almost constant attendant in Parliament, and a certain seat in the Speaker's gallery became hers by natural right. Here she would sit and listen to the debates, sometimes till three o'clock in the morning, and many a time she would persuade Sir John off to his private room, and, while he took a comfortable sleep, would watch the proceedings in the House. No one was quicker to note the appearance of a new member, and to take the measure of his parliamentary figure. She wou'd take in every word uttered in a new member's "maiden speech," and could gauge with an instinct almost equal to Sir John's the manner of man he was. She had learned the deaf and dumb alphabet, and occasionally she might be seen telegraphing to Sir John from the gallery by this means. With all her soul she entered into his work, and enjoyed his most unreserved confidence.

Apart from the aptness she evinced as a political helpmeet, she was tender and sympathetic as a wife in the inner life of home. Knowing his weakness, she watched him with all the solicitude of a mother, drawing him from temptation where possible, and striving with the infinite patience of a true woman's love to wean him from his besetting sin. Often she

accompanied him on his campaigns, providing for his comfort, and keeping him as far as possible from associations that tempted him to his old habits.

To be brief, had it not been for the watchful care and love of Lady Macdonald, Sir John would never have lived half a decade beyond the time of Confederation, and few Canadians who have valued the services of his riper years are aware to what an extent they are indebted to her, under Providence, for all that he has been and all he has done since that time.

The time was not far distant, on their return from England, when Lady Macdonald would have a strain put upon her love and faith from an unexpected cause. On the 6th of May, 1870, Sir John was seen to come up from the Russell House in the afternoon and go to his office in the Eastern Block. Not long afterwards, some one passing down the corridor heard a noise, and going into his office, there Sir John was found alone, lying on the floor and writhing in agony. The scene is graphically pictured by a journalist* who reported in the Press gallery at the time :—

"He was tenderly raised and laid on a sofa. Medical aid was summoned, and the worst fears were confirmed. The Premier was dying! Every one by a common impulse moved to the East Block to make inquiries, but there the doors were closed and guarded. A great throng about the entrance, anxious and awestruck, bore on their faces the confirmation of the first alarming report. In and about the Parliament building, in saddened groups, men gathered and spoke to one another with bated breath, while women wept, and the very atmosphere seemed choked with gloom. Three o'clock came, but the Commons did not open; four o'clock, but still the Speaker did not take the chair. Members sat in silent sadness, or whispered together at their desks. At nearly five o'clock the House was opened, amid such gloom as had not invaded the chamber since the tragic death of Thos. D'Arcy McGee.

* A lecture by J. E. B. Macready, Editor St. John *Telegraph*.

Very soon the adjournment was moved. Men had no heart for work or debate at such a time. One thought was in every mind, that at any moment might come tidings which would move the Dominion from center to circumference with a still greater grief, personal in its intensity, national in its extent.

"The Ottawa *Times*, then the Government organ at the Capital, anticipating the sad event which it was felt the night must bring, had set up in type an obituary, six columns long, of the distinguished sufferer. But the Premier did not die. For six weeks he lay in the chamber where he had fallen, unable to be moved, while at first hourly, and afterwards morning and evening, bulletins from his physician, Dr. Grant, gave the eager Capital tidings of his condition. As the millions of the great Republic in spirit kept watch by the bedside of their martyred President, so during this period Canada waited in profound and anxious sympathy, while the great Conservative chieftain lingered in the valley of death, so close to the portals of the unseen world."

After his first collapse he was laid out for dead, and the doctors said they could do no more. Lady Macdonald, on the first news, flew to the office and bent over his dying form in an agony of sympathy. He lay there with limbs relaxed and helpless, and only an occasional gasp escaped his lips. Life seemed ebbing away. The next day the clerks were all removed from this part of the Eastern Block, so that no harsh footfall should grate upon his exhausted nerves, and the officers of the garrison, who then had their quarters on Parliament Hill, forbade the bugle to sound. At last, as hours lengthened into days, Lady Macdonald, bending over him, could distinguish faint whispers. But she could do little for him but watch and wait. One day, knowing nothing better to do, she took a flask of whiskey and rubbed some of it over his face and chest. "Oh, do that again," he whispered, "it seems to do me good." Soon after this he began to recover, but towards the end of the month took a relapse. From this

he again slowly recovered, and was at length removed in a litter to more comfortable quarters in the Speaker's rooms of the House of Commons. As soon as he was able to bear moving he was taken out on the fine June days to the top of the cliff behind the Parliament buildings, and here the gentle breeze from the broad Ottawa blew soothingly over the pallid and immobile face, lifting the iron grey locks and shaking them as of old they were shaken with his animated nods. At last, thanks to his never-wearying nurse, he had recovered so far that the doctors recommended his removal to the seaside. He was taken to Montreal, thence by steamer to Quebec, and then placed on board the Government steamer, being transferred from one boat to another on a litter. Lady Macdonald went as his faithful nurse, and Dr. Grant (afterwards Sir James Grant) accompanied him. Sir John was very weak, and lay on a sofa in the cabin, propped up by pillows, as the steamer moved off down the river, bound for Prince Edward Island. They had not proceeded more than forty miles down the St. Lawrence, when Sir John asked to be carried on deck. The day was fine, and the doctor consented. The moment he beheld the inspiring scene he became cheerful, and told his attendants that he felt the benefit of every breath of fresh air he breathed.

How incomparably more efficacious is the pure air of Heaven, and the fresh odor of the salt sea, than all the drugs ever furnished by physician! The next day he was remarkably improved, and a two months' sojourn at Charlottetown completely restored him.

During all the time of his illness he lay knowing nothing of the events in the Northwest, where Riel had risen in rebellion, nor was he aware that the country was in alarm at another Fenian raid.

The immediate cause of his sickness had been the passing of a gall-stone of unusual size. The agony caused by it had thrown him into convulsions. The stone would not come away, and his nervous force was exhausted by the pain. His

utter prostration left the muscles relaxed, and this relaxation let the stone pass away. And so in a sense he had passed through death, for it was only through a collapse as in death that relief could have come.

Once before, in the old Parliament buildings in Toronto, he had fallen in a similar convulsion in the lobby, when a member, who was supposed to be seeking his position, conveyed with ill-concealed satisfaction the alarming news that was now to be repeated, "He is dying!" On both occasions the clock of life had stopped short, but a Mysterious Hand touched the pendulum and started it on.

It was on the occasion of this last sickness that the public testimonial, which formed the greater part of his estate when he died, was subscribed for. It has been well known that he never made money-getting even a minor object, much less the chief object, of his life. Frequently he had been embarrassed—and not always from his irregular habits, but often from his generosity in helping impecunious friends or endorsing notes for them—and now when he was taken ill he had literally nothing to leave his wife and family, after a life spent in the public service. His political friends, to their honor it must be recorded, made up their minds to provide a fund which could be invested for the benefit of his family, should any fatality befall him, and the sum of about $80,000 was soon raised.

Seven years afterwards, Sir John, in repelling some charges brought against him in connection with the Northern Railway, told the story in simple but touching language, as follows:—"And now as to his own case. The hon. gentleman had said it was a suspicious circumstance that the road had subscribed to his testimonial. It was always unpleasant to have personal matters brought up in this way; but in the vicissitudes of public life one must expect that sort of thing. It would be remembered that in 1870 he was struck down with an illness supposed to be mortal. This being made known, his friends began to consider what would become of his family.

He did not like to speak of this, but he supposed he must. His friends finding it exceedingly probable that his family would lose their head and protector, began to consider what could be done. On inquiry they found—whether through his own fault, or his own devotion to public business—that he would leave them but a slender provision. He himself was perfectly unconscious of what was going on around him, and it was then, as he understood it, the movement was commenced. It was taken up vigorously, not in the idea that it was to do any good to him, but to those to be left behind. It was feared that he was far beyond the reach of pecuniary needs, and that the places which knew him then would know him no more. After recovering consciousness he was taken to Prince Edward Island, where he stayed the whole summer. This movement was never hinted to him, and he never heard of it in any way till his return to Ottawa in the fall, when he saw statements in the papers. It was not till Mr. McPherson asked his approval of the names submitted as trustees of the fund that he had any specific information of the matter. He had only to mention these names—Col. Gzowski, Hon. G. W. Allan and Col. Burnet—to show that they would not allow anything connected with it as far as they knew to touch their honor or the honor of his family."

CHAPTER XVIII.

> And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
> And waxen in their mirth, and neese and swear
> A merrier hour was never wasted there.
>
> —*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

POLITICAL ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

SIR JOHN'S cleverness and quickness at retort, either in the House or on the platform, has often been the subject of the admiration of his friends. And the best of it was that he not only enjoyed a good hit, whether given by himself or a friend, but relished it quite as much if given by an opponent against himself. The occasions were very few when he got angry at a thrust of wit and sarcasm, whether the thrust came in anger or not. The early newspaper reports of the provincial legislatures in which he figured contain a few, but not by any means the best of these passages. At a comparatively early period he was a prominent object for the marksmen of the opposition.

It seems strange that the following passage in one of the speeches of Thos. D'Arcy McGee, then in opposition, should have been uttered as far back as 1859: "What the hon. gentlemen of the ministerial benches ought to do next, was to get rid of the Attorney General West (the term used to denote the Attorney General of Upper Canada). He was now the oldest inhabitant of the hospital, and it was time he was going. His constitution must be of the description called by physiologists the sanguine-bilious, for he had outlived several successive colleagues. He seemed to feel that there was nothing at stake except the Attorney Generalship, and that stake he held on to with the endurance and resignation of a martyr."

At the session of the following year this dialogue took place in the House :—

Mr. Wilson—"And the Attorney General West said, speaking of the selection of Ottawa as the seat of government, 'It was only done to humbug the French. I never intended to carry it out.'"

The Attorney General West—"Where did I say that?"

Mr. Wilson—"At the hustings in the town of Kingston."

Mr. McGee—"I have the affidavits in my desk, and can produce them at once if desired."

The Attorney General West—"Oh, another day will answer just as well."

As samples of the grotesque phrases he sometimes invented the following are given :—

As Mr. Macdonald (then in opposition) rose, it was observed by some that the Premier was asleep. Mr. Holton, alluding to the remarks of the last speaker, said, "He don't feel it."

Mr. Macdonald said if anything was calculated to arouse a man of honor, and the leader of a Government, it was the charges which had this evening been preferred against the Hon. Minister of Militia. If he did not "feel it," as had just been said, he must be devoid of all feeling of honor, and morally have a skin as thick as that of a hippopotamus. (Laughter and cheers.)

In a debate on the question of "representation by population" he said the hon. member for South Oxford (Mr. George Brown, its advocate) knew that representation by population was as dead as Julius Cæsar.

An anecdote is told of the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, to the effect that they were driving in procession through the streets with John A. in the carriage with the Prince. The crowd began to "hurrah for John A.," when the Prince turned and asked, "Who is this John A. the people are shouting

for?" and Mr. Macdonald rather confused his Royal Highness by confessing that he was the individual referred to. If this incident took place at Kingston it could not have been Albert Edward, because the Duke of Newcastle, who had the Prince in charge, refused to recognize officially the Orange society who were going to march in the procession, having erected an arch. The civic deputation of which John A. was a member declined to withdraw the Orangemen from the procession, as they had already been appointed to places, and the result was the Duke would not land with the Prince and passed on in the steamer. There was much indignation at the time, and John A., although he had long ceased to be an Orangeman, publicly said that the Duke was both injudicious and dictatorial. He had gone down to Ottawa at the first hint of the approaching difficulty and pressed upon the Duke to withdraw from his position, "using more emphatic language than His Grace was probably accustomed to hear." He pointed out that, had his own advice been taken (to land and see the people without holding the procession), the Duke "would have pleased the Orange institution because, although not recognized officially, their rights would have been vindicated; and on the other hand the Roman Catholics would have been pleased, because they would have succeeded so far that the Duke of Newcastle would not have carried out the recognition of the order; while the people of Kingston would have been pleased because the Prince had accepted their hospitalities. But as it was everybody was displeased."

It was to this that De Cordova alluded in his poetic screed on the Prince's visit:—

> They have dined him and wined him in manner most royal,
> Addressed and harangued him to prove they were loyal;
> They have bored him in parks, and they've bored him in halls,
> Danced him almost to death in no end of balls.
> They have bored him in colleges, bored him in schools,
> And convinced him that Orange fanatics are fools.

In a speech delivered the next year after the Prince's visit John A. thus referred, by the way, to his connection with this

order: "How did I become an Orangeman? I was not an Irishman by birth, and had little to do with politics in those days. It was in 1841, in times when Orangemen were on the descent, when the Provincial Legislature had proscribed them, forbidding them to wear their regalia, and declaring their procession illegal; and at a time when they were about to pass a law preventing an Orangeman from becoming a juror or a constable, or holding any position under the crown, thus branding him as an outlaw and a traitor to his country. * * I resolved that if they, among whom were many of my best friends, were to be proscribed and hounded down merely because they were Orangemen, I would go in with them and submit to the same obloquy. Then, sir, I became an Orangeman."

In a speech when the same subject was touched upon, a Mr. Purdy called out from the crowd:

"I would like, honorable sir, to understand how you as an Orangeman felt when the Host was hoisted before you in the city of Quebec?"

A voice—"He didn't like it at all." (Laughter.)

Mr. Macdonald—"I have great pleasure in answering the question. I can only tell him how I would have felt had the circumstance occurred; but as the Host was not elevated before me, I cannot say how I should have felt."

Great laughter and cries of "Sit down now, Purdy."

This was a good example of the ready way in which he could turn the laugh against an inconvenient questioner.

Replying to a speech of Mr. Joly, who had taken him to task for some expressions in a previous speech, he said: "The hon. gentleman has evidently mistaken the meaning of the words used. The words 'civil strife' did not mean civil war. We have had a civil strife repeatedly in this House. Why, a law-suit is a civil strife, but a civil war is an uncivil strife. (Laughter.) * * The hon. member had stated his desire to speak on the subject of Confederation some time ago,

and told us he wanted to address the House on Friday night, but he had not up to to-day delivered himself of that speech, and no one knew when it was coming. Like Moses of old, he had got to the top of Mount Pisgah, from whence he saw the Promised Land, but could not reach it." (Laughter.)

"While on this point," said Mr. Dorion in one of his speeches, "I would like to read a letter written by the Hon. T. D. McGee to a Mr. Macarow."

"Mr. who?" asked John A., "Mr. Make-a-row?"

The Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, in a speech in 1866, expressed his anxiety to see the educational question settled in both Upper and Lower Canada, so that the Ecclesiastics and others then in the city on the subject might return home, "for," he added, "the Attorney-General (John A.) must be in purgatory all this time."

The Attorney-General—"The zeal of the hon. member for Cornwall (John Sandfield) for the safety of the Protestant minority of Lower Canada is like the hen who had raised a brood of ducks. When she saw them take water the first time, she thought they would all be drowned, but to her surprise they swam on, quite unconscious of danger. I cannot understand why the hon. member for Cornwall should say I am in purgatory because I am enjoying the society of the Hierarchy and eminent members of my own Church. (Laughter.) Perhaps he judges by his own feelings, as the same society might be purgatory to him; and while speaking on this subject, I may remind the hon. gentleman of the old saying: he might 'go farther and fare worse!'" (Great laughter.)

In another retort against John Sandfield in the same session, he convulsed the House with this:—It was well known that he (John Sandfield) had bought, literally bought, the former member for Pontiac, W. M. Dawson, who was a high-toned Lower Canada Conservative, and he had hunted the present members for Ottawa and Pontiac, until the only way of escape for them was to go to church.

"No one knew better than he," said Mr. Macdonald in an attack on Mr. Brown in 1860, "that his party was at the present moment breaking up. No one knew better than he that while the hon. members around and beside him feared him, they did not love him. They would like to remonstrate, but dared not face him. By his superior will, by his superior ability, he wielded them as he wished. He held his lash over them, and though the viper might bite against the file, the viper got the worst of it. The hon. gentleman was the Louis Napoleon of his party, but he had an Austrian army with him." (Laughter.)

Commenting on the work of a commission on fisheries, he said the commission would be unable to deal with the matter of bounties, as questions involving expenditure of money had to be introduced with great formality, as had too recently been impressed upon them; but he had every confidence that the presence of a Fisher and an Anglin on the committee would ensure the best results.

Hon. Mr. Holton, member for Chateauguay, who was an uncompromising opponent, in making some observations on the Dominion bank stock bill, added that he himself was among its supporters; upon which Mr. Macdonald turned to his colleagues and asked: "But there's something wrong with this bill? The hon. member for Chateauguay supports it!"

There is a wholesome comment on the philosophy of parliamentary debate in the following: On a motion for returns regarding the fisheries, he remarked, after there had been much speech making, that hon. gentlemen who had spoken had addressed themselves to the matters in which they were severally interested. Those who had preceded the hon. member for Lambton, being interested in the prosperity of the fisheries, had spoken concerning them. And the hon. member for Lambton, not caring about the fisheries, but caring a

good deal about who should occupy the place of minister, had addressed himself to that branch of the subject. (Laughter.)

In 1869, there was a debate on the item in the estimates for the Governor General's salary, which some of the members wanted to see reduced. Sir John, in his remarks, said Canada had deliberately chosen her present form of government, and were we, when we had the boldness to go and ask the credit of the Imperial Crown for millions, to go and say to England that we think Her Majesty might hire some other man (here he was interrupted by a burst of laughter), yes, hire some other man to do her chores for a little less. (Loud laughter.) In the course of the debate, a member on the Conservative side said he still adhered to his opinion that $32,000 was a sufficient salary for the Governor-General, upon which Sir John made the characteristic observation: "I have not the slightest objection to the hon. member retaining his opinion, if he will only give us his vote."

A characteristic remark in the same vein as the last noted was repeated by Sir John in several forms. The first occasion was at the time of Confederation. Senator Dickey, of Amherst, though a delegate at the first conference, turned against the union on the ground that Nova Scotia did not get her due share of the subsidy then proposed. "It turned out," said Mr. Dickey, "that I was right; but people are never forgiven for being right against the opinions of others, and for a long time I was in disfavor. My name was mentioned in connection with the Lieutenant Governorship of Nova Scotia, but I said to those who brought the news, 'set your minds at rest. I will not be chosen. What they want is not a man that is fit but a man that will suit.' Sir John, not long afterwards, said to me, 'Why did you kick up your heels so on the Confederation question? Have you gone over to the enemy?' 'No,' I replied, 'I am still a Conservative, and I shall support you whenever I think you are right.' 'That is no satis-

faction,' retorted Sir John, with a twinkle. 'Anybody may support me when I am right. What I want is a man that will support me when I am wrong!'"

The same remark was applied to the *Mail* newspaper when it threw off the yoke of party allegiance and became independent.

Referring to the length of the session in 1870, John Sandfield Macdonald said there ought to be no difficulty in getting through the bill of fare by May.

Mr. Mackenzie said it was not so much the amount of the bill of fare as the toughness and indigestibility of the items.

Sir John replied that the hon. gentleman stuck his teeth in too far. The Government only wanted to get their dessert.

In the session of 1870, a passage at arms took place between Alexander Mackenzie and John Sandfield Macdonald, the member for Glengarry, when Mr. Mackenzie said that when he (John Sandfield) failed to discover any argument he could use, he was sure to find out whether a person were born in any other country than Canada, or in any other county than Glengarry. (Laughter.) He (Mr. Mackenzie) was sorry he was born in Great Britain, and if it were in his power he would gratify the hon. member by being born in Glengarry. It was true the hon. gentleman voted against the Government that session. No doubt he felt exceedingly sorry for it; but he was brought back into the track again, and he had just now shown his zeal for the leader on the other side of the House (Sir John).

John Sandfield—"You followed him longer than I did."

Mr. Mackenzie—"I never did anything of the kind."

John Sandfield—"You followed him for two years."

Mr. Mackenzie—"You are in error again."

John Sandfield—"You voted with him."

Mr. Mackenzie—"That is quite a different matter. He was simply a member of the Government which I supported, though

I am not sure he was much worse than some people I have known. (Laughter.) If I were to make an original choice I would take one who is something or other, before one whom I don't know where to find."

Sir John—"Let us not have anything hostile between these two gentlemen. We will not have a *duel* system."

Mr. Mackenzie, in a speech, referred to some member who on a recent occasion had spoken of himself in a very complimentary way, saying he would be proud to adopt him (Mackenzie) as his leader. (Hear, hear and laughter.)

Sir John—"He meant *Lyon* Mackenzie."

Those who are familiar with Parliamentary procedure, are aware that the custom of "pairing off" is often resorted to before, or at the time when, a vote is taken. A member may be compelled to be absent when a division takes place, and to save his party from disadvantage he learns of some one on the opposite side who, for reasons of his own, does not wish to vote on that question. So they agree to "pair off," neither voting. Pairing therefore can only be effected between members of opposite sides. In one division Mr. Bodwell called attention to the fact that Sir John had not voted at all.

Sir John replied that he had paired off with Sir George E. Cartier.

The humor of the remark consisted not merely in the fact that Sir George E. Cartier was one of his own colleagues, but the bill in question was one to do away with the privilege men then had of being a member of both the Dominion and Provincial houses, on which subject Sir George held views strongly opposed to Sir John.

In a further discussion on the same bill, Mr. Geoffrion, a lawyer, remarked that the House had only a few hours before declared against the principle of the bill. If it should now pass, he asked the opinion of the Premier, what would be the result?

Sir John replied:—'I do not think my hon. friend, whose

legal talent we all admire, needs any advice from me." (Laughter.)

A good example of the reply evasive.

Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, one of Sir John's most violent opponents, died in August, 1872. Referring to a wish expressed by some members that they should have a chance of attending his funeral, Sir John said he had no doubt every member would join in a tribute of respect to his memory. It was a rather strange coincidence, Sir John observed, that the deceased, who had moved a resolution to do away with the custom of adjourning the House on account of the death of a member, should himself be the first to whom the rule should apply.

The Hon. Mr. Langevin, in reply to a question, having informed the House that night trains would be put on the Intercolonial Railway, Sir John added, "Night trains will be put on at an early day."

Sir John, making a reference to a caustic observation of Mr. Mackenzie that Sir Francis Hincks, then member for Vancouver, spoke always in favor of imperial interests because he was an imperial pensioner, asked what would be thought in England if Mr. Gladstone should rise and, shaking his finger across the floor at Mr. Disraeli, call him a pensioner? * * There had been pensioners, he hoped there would still be pensioners, recognized by the gratitude of the people and the Government of England and of Canada. Burke was a pensioner; Grattan was a pensioner; the Duke of Wellington was a pensioner; Lord Lawrence was a pensioner. When they read the bead roll of the great men of England, they read a roll of pensioners—men whose merits had been acknowledged, and whose services had been appreciated and rewarded.

In reply to a taunt of a member while the Canadian Pacific charges were under debate, Sir John said he had never denied being a thief, because he was never charged with being one.

CHAPTER XIX.

POLITICAL ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES CONTINUED—THE MACKENZIE REGIME.

THE Hon. Alexander Mackenzie in the days of his premiership, and before, was a clear, forcible and logical speaker, and, though not what one would call witty, had that dry Scotch humor which was sometimes quite a match for Sir John's fantastic wit, in its effect upon the House.

In the course of a discussion on the tariff, Mr. Mackenzie said: "I will call the attention of the hon. gentlemen (Sir John, who was then leader of the Opposition, Mr. Mackenzie being Premier) to Mr. Newmarsh. I have no doubt Mr. Newmarsh will recall the conversation which took place at Mr. Potter's dinner table."

Several members—"Hear, hear."

Mr. Mackenzie—"I don't understand the 'hear, hear' of the hon. members."

Sir John—"Was the hon. gentleman going to 'Potter's Field?'"

Mr. Mackenzie—"Both the hon. gentleman and I were going to 'Potter's Field' one day; but he has got there now, and is likely to remain there."

Further on in the same debate Mr. Mackenzie went on to say:—

"The hon. gentleman (Sir John) says Canada is young, and that it must be led gently until it grows up to manhood. But who is to be its nurse? Who is to take care of the child?"

Sir John—"Its dry nurse."

"A very dry nurse," replied Mr. Mackenzie, not taking the allusion to himself. "The hon. gentleman reminds one of the man standing in a tub and trying to lift himself by the two handles."

Later in the same debate Mr. Mackenzie, alluding to the raising of the tariff from 15 to 17½ per cent., was saying, "No, sir, that was purely a revenue policy," when Sir John broke in with :

"It was both protection and revenue. Try another rise and get more revenue."

"I would much rather take a rise out of my hon. friend," replied Mr. Mackenzie.

"You have done that already," good-humoredly returned Sir John.

In the debate on the speech from the throne, Sir John, observing the meagreness of the subjects in the address, said: As they were approaching the season of Lent they might expect Lenten fare, and they had got it. To be sure the address was of the usual length—perhaps it exceeded the usual longitude. It might be said by some arithmetical critics that, like a line, it had length without breadth. * * Some old faces were among his friends in the ministry opposite, but others had gone. Evidently the hon. gentlemen of the Ministry could not help feeling that they had not an abiding city there. They disappeared one by one. Some went to the west, and some to the east, and they reminded him strongly of the expression of Burke, "when I consider these changes, I can only think—what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

Proceeding to speak of certain dismissals from office he said, "Sidney Smith was discussing with Lord Melbourne some matters, when Lord Melbourne began to swear. He did not mean any impropriety by it. It was simply the fashion in the early days of the Prince Regent and George IV, but it was improper and offensive in the presence of a clergyman. Sydney Smith, in his quiet way, turned round and said, "Now, my Lord, let us consider every body cursed and get to business.' Now, sir, let us consider that the late administra-

tion (Sir John's) is damned, not for all eternity, but for all time, at any rate."

Mr. Mackenzie—"We do."

Sir John—"My hon. friend would look much more pleasant if he thought that were going to be so. Let us consider that they have committed every sin in the calendar, from high treason down to the nuisances my hon. friend from Hamilton is going to deal with, and what then? The hon. gentlemen opposite have to answer for their own offences, not for ours."

One of the ministers having said he understood there was to be no strong opposition to government measures this session, Sir John replied that the rumor may have reached them, but it had not reached the Opposition yet.

Mr. Bunster, referring to a previous speaker's denunciation of beer, said he was sorry to see the hon. member for North York down on his own country's beverage. How does he know but he was suckled on it as an infant?

Sir John—"It is generally at the end of life, rather than the beginning, that men want their bier."

On the subject of the Northern Railway inquiry, Sir John replying to some insinuations of the Hon. Mr. Huntingdon, the member for West Shefford, at whose instance the Canadian Pacific scandal had been brought up, said: The hon. member for Shefford stated that his administration were the victims of a system that had existed for the past twenty years. The hon. gentleman did not blame them so much as he pitied them, and he gave them the advantage of his sorrow. He (Sir John) could look back not twenty, but thirty-three years —to nearly twenty years of official life and thirty three years of parliamentary life—and he would declare in the presence of the House and in the presence of the country, that neither the men nor the Governments with which he had been connected could be justly charged with acts of corruption.

They could hold up their heads in this country, as he held up his head in this House, and declare that if ever a Government was conducted with a sincere, a simple and an anxious desire for the good of the country, and for no other purpose, it was the Government with which he was connected. He remembered the time when there was a great cry throughout the country that the late Government (Sir John's) had been guilty of all kinds of crimes, because they had paid too much for mucilage and penknives. From every hustings, at every election the cry of mucilage and penknives was raised against them, but a decent old Reformer said the other day in Ontario, "I don't know how it is, Sir John managed the country with a little mucilage and a few penknives, when it takes millions of dollars to keep our own party in power." The hon. member for Shefford talked about purity. Why, neither in his public or private life could that hon. gentleman talk of purity. The hon. gentleman had a face of copper.

Mr. Huntingdon sprang to his feet with excitement and began with— 'I challenge——" but his voice was drowned by cries of order, and confusion. The Speaker threatened to adjourn the House, but finally, after some recriminations had been indulged in, harmony was restored.

Mr. Cauchon, referring to a bill under discussion, said if the principle was bad when carried to extremes, it must always be bad. The only difference was that carrying it to extremes made it *a great deal worse.*

"Yes," dryly observed Sir John, "it is always bad to shave your head in order to cut your hair."

Mr. Young, a ministerialist, speaking of the depression then existing, and which the Opposition blamed the Government for causing, said the depression was confined principally to three interests, the manufacturing, the lumbering and the mercantile. "Exactly," interjected Sir John; "that is, every possible interest except the agricultural and the ecclesiastical."

The following extract from a speech of Sir John's on the budget of 1876 gives a good sample of the pleasant raillery of which he was a master: "I heard the threat, the dire threat, that the member for Montreal would go into opposition. * * I thought I could see a smile, a gentle, placid smile, pass over the countenance of my hon. friend, who knows his power so well. My hon. friend from Montreal is like ancient Pistol—he can speak brave words, but, like the same ancient Pistol, he can eat the leek. My hon. friend the Premier was quite satisfied that although the member for Montreal was very brave just now, and although

> He casts off his friends
> As huntsman his pack,
> For he knows with a word
> He can whistle them back,

they would give him their confidence as they had done hitherto. If the Government are never displaced until through the arm or the accident of my hon. friend from Montreal, they will remain in office much longer than either the wishes of the Opposition or the good of the country require. My hon. friend from Montreal Centre gave me a warning that, unless I accepted this offer at once, there would be no use in throwing my net for him. Well, Mr. Speaker, I have caught some queer fish in my time, but I am afraid my hon. friend is too loose a fish for me to catch."

And again in the same session in the debate on the address: "We have the right to exercise stern criticism in our remarks to-day, and in the character of an appreciative but stern critic allow me to offer to both mover and seconder my felicitations on the happy and eloquent manner in which they have done their duty. As to the speech itself, I can say it is a most harmless and innocent document. I hope there is no torpedo under it which will create an explosion before the session is over. However, it looks so amiable on its face that I certainly do not propose to offer an amendment. * * * The

abolition of the office of Agent General is an economy that has been loudly called for in the country, and has at last been effected. The Government deserve the credit of having stopped the leak, but they must remember they are chargeable with having made the auger-hole. * * Experience has shown my hon. friend we were not so far wrong as we were alleged to be. I think it is Benedict who says: 'When I declared I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married.' The same with my hon. friends, they did not think when they were in Opposition they would ever be ministers. I hope the more they feel the cares and responsibilities of government, the more sympathy they will have with their predecessors, and when the day comes when they return to this side of the House—[Mr. Blake—"That will be the millenium."]—Yes, that will be the millenium. I do not think he enjoys a millenium at the present time. I think there are some thorns, some tares, whether sown by their own friends or their enemies, I know not, and it is wrong for us to inquire. But my hon. friend will admit it is not a bed of roses."

"That," said Mr. Thompson, arguing on the effect of a bill in 1877, "is going back to the blue laws of Connecticut, when people were fined for violating the moral law. If the Minister of Justice (Mr. Blake) will not consent to more amendments, I will move the six months' hoist."

"The hon. gentleman has not yet convinced me," said Mr. Blake. "I am open to conviction."

"A good many persons will be open to conviction under the bill," observed Sir John.

Sir John (referring to Mr. Young, of South Wentworth, in a discussion on the sugar duties), "Will he not insist on a bounty for beet-root sugar? If it is not done I have no doubt the hon. member will * * look to other sources for protection to that great and growing industry."

Mr. Young—"I am afraid I would look in vain."

Sir John—"I was going to say, I am afraid my hon. friend up in that country, if he does not do it, will soon be one of the dead-beats."

The same Mr. Young, speaking of Sir John's dwindling majorities in the constituency he so long represented, said: "In the early part of his career, it was utterly useless for anybody to oppose him. His majorities were counted by hundreds, but in 1874 his majority was reduced to thirty-eight (and he lost the seat, and the judge had doubts whether he should not disqualify him). But we go on to the next election when the hon. gentleman was only returned by a majority of seventeen, and so much was he in fear of defeat that he went to the poll and voted for himself."

Sir John good-naturedly replied: "That is true; I had only seventeen, and I am very glad I got off with that, I can tell you."

In the same debate on the address this session, a lively scene took place between Sir John and the Hon. A. G. Jones of Halifax. Sir John had observed that Mr. Jones was trying to divert attention from the unparliamentary way in which he had "slanged" Sir Charles Tupper, when Mr. Casey of Elgin called "order." Sir John reasserted that "the language of the hon. gentleman was slang, and unparliamentary slang, and he had no doubt the speaker would say he (Sir John) was perfectly in order, and that the hon. member for Elgin was perfectly out of order." Mr. Casey put the point to the Speaker, who replied,

"I hardly understand what it means. I never heard of slang in that way."

Sir John, having secured himself by the doubtful phrase he had invented, went on to say that Mr. Jones having felt the lash on his back had writhed like a toad under the harrow, and like a sailor tied at the gangway had begun to blaspheme at the man who ordered the punishment. The hon. gentle-

man, who comes from Halifax, a naval port, must know that when a sailor was tied up at the gangway under the cat, and writhing under the punishment, he was allowed by a naval rule to slang and abuse the captain. He supposed that under no other principle could Mr. Speaker have allowed the hon. gentleman to go on as he had. What, though every charge he (Mr. Jones) had made against the hon. member for Cumberland (Sir Charles) were true; * * what though his crimes and sins extended from pitch and toss to manslaughter, was it not the right of the hon. member for Cumberland to bring the member for Halifax to account? * * Then there is the question of the flag.*

Mr. Jones—"Whoever states it, states a falsehood."

Sir John—"The first man who repeated it was that fine old soldier, Sir Hastings Doyle."

Mr. Jones—"He did not."

Sir John (coolly)—"He was the first man who repeated it."

Mr. Jones—"He did not."

Sir John (calmly and reflectively)—"The first man who repeated it was that fine old soldier, Sir Hastings Doyle."

This was torture to Mr. Jones, and amidst a hubbub and confusion, and cries of "order," recriminations were poured forth till the Speaker rose to the question of order and said:

"I think there is no violation of order for this reason, that the hon. member for Kingston was stating that such and such an assertion had been made, and not that it was true. If he had said the assertion was true he would have been out of order."

A member to Sir John—"Do you believe it?"

Sir John—"Well, I cannot say. Well, I do believe it, if you want to know."

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*An allusion to a speech of Mr. Jones, in which he was said to have declared that when the British flag was hauled down from the citadel of Halifax, he would take off his hat and cheer.

The Speaker—"The right hon. gentleman is now entirely out of order."

Sir John—"Well then, in a parliamentary sense, I do not believe it; but in the other sense I do!"

During this session some changes in the personnel of the Mackenzie administration were announced, upon which Sir John commented as follows:

"I hope my hon. friend, the head of the Government, was not disturbed in his devotions on Sunday by the necessity of making these new arrangements."

Mr. Mackenzie—"I was at church, as usual."

Sir John—"The hon. gentleman went to church as usual, and I have no doubt he paid great attention to the sermon, especially if the sermon impressed upon him the necessity of resignation."

Mr. Casgrain one day inquired if the Imperial Government would be asked to pay the expenses incurred in relation to the crossing of our frontier by Sitting Bull, the Indian chief.

Mr. Mackenzie—"It is not the intention to make any representation on the subject."

Sir John—"I do not see how a Sitting Bull can cross the frontier."

Mr. Mackenzie—"Not unless he rises."

Sir John—"Then he is not a Sitting Bull."

In a debate which arose out of an attack upon a member of the House, by the *Globe*, Sir John said he agreed with another hon. member that the editorial should be treated with silent contempt. "A story was told," said he, "of a young Scotch advocate who in his zeal for his client, and in his disappointment at the judgment given, used strong language, and said he was surprised that the court should have given such a decision. Of course the Judge charged him with contempt, and finding himself in a difficulty, he appealed to John Clark of

Elgin—afterwards Lord Elgin—to apologize for him. Clark did so, informing the court that the offence rose out of the young gentleman's inexperience. 'If,' said he, 'he had known the court as long as John Clark of Elgin, he would not be surprised at anything.'" (Laughter.) In the same way he was not surprised at anything in the *Globe*, and therefore treated it with contempt.

In the House in this session Mr. Frechette made some strictures upon the part taken by Mr. Thibault in the Digby election, when Mr. Wade said the hon. gentleman did not dare to meet Mr. Thibault. "No," observed Sir John, "he could not *Wade* through that *freshet*."

Among the members of this period, none had a keener wit or commanded the attention of the House better than "Joe" Rymal, the member for South Wentworth, better known as "Honest Joe." He was sometimes coarse, and rode roughshod with the steed of his sarcasm over an opponent, but his utterances were always racy of the soil, and in his happier moods he was an entertaining speaker. It was he who described an opponent at one of his elections as "a pocket edition of Judas Iscariot, neatly bound in calf." Once Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose eloquence and wit were remarkable, gave Mr. Rymal a drubbing, and was somewhat personal in his attack, calling him a "western chaw-bacon." At the same time Mr. McGee, contrasting himself with his opponent, boasted that he himself had been received with open hands and hearts from one end of his constituency to the other. Mr. Rymal returned the attack in the same personal style, and turned every gun in his battery of scorn upon McGee. "As to McGee's being received in open arms, no doubt he would be received and welcomed at Botany Bay." This was an allusion to the circumstances under which McGee had left England, and this and similar thrusts made him wince. Mr. McGee was now a colleague of Sir John, but the latter

so appreciated a good hit, no matter what head received it, that he came over when Mr. Rymal sat down and whispered, "Well, Rymal, you did that well. I have often lain awake in my bed thinking how I could give him a rap (alluding to the time when Mr. McGee was an opponent), but I never conceived a hit like that." Mr. Rymal replied that it had come to him as an inspiration, at which Sir John laughed heartily.

In the tariff debate of 1878, Mr. Rymal, in a speech alluding to the campaign speeches and political picnics of Sir John and his party, said :—

"Now, we read of one who went to and fro in the earth, many years ago, and tempted the people by false promises. He tempted our Saviour by taking Him up into a high mountain, and showing Him the kingdoms of the earth, and promising Him all these, if He would fall down and worship him." Mr. Rymal then went on to make the application and to speak of Sir John, when Sir John said :—

"But you didn't finish the story about the man who went up into the high mountain."

Mr. Rymal instantly replied :—"That was not a man, that was the Devil; the other tempter did not go to the top of the mountain; he went round the country holding picnics and tempting the people." (Laughter.)

In the debate which preceded his downfall, Sir John, referring to Mr. Rymal's candor, said that if one honest man had been found in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, they might have been saved, and so the Opposition might be saved in the same way, for there was at least one honest, straightforward man in their ranks, and that man was the hon. member for South Wentworth.

Mr. Rymal here broke in with a mock beseeching air :—"I beg the hon. gentleman not to be complimentary; he will kill me if he does."

When the roars of laughter had subsided from this sally, Sir John said there was a difference between a compliment

and a flattery. A flattery was an agreeable untruth; a compliment was an agreeable truth. If that was going to hurt the hon. gentleman, he would take it back.

Probably one of the best tributes ever paid to Sir John upon his power of influencing and managing men was given by Mr. Rymal in a speech in 1882, in which he took the Government to task for mal-administration and encroachment upon provincial rights.

After saying that, unless the rights of the Provinces were better respected, Confederation would fall to pieces like a rope of sand, he proceeded to say: "And it will not be long before most of us who are assembled here to-night will follow in their footsteps (referring to the old reformers of William Lyon MacKenzie's time), and the places that know us now will know us no more. And what will be the fate of Canada then? It may be doubted if Canada could exist any length of time without the services of her greatest statesman, the leader of the present Government. He is a man of extraordinary ability, I admit; as a manager of men I have never seen his equal. I have often wondered how it was that he was able to so completely mould the character and shape the actions of the men who supported him. Whether it is magnetism or necromancy, whether it is the inherent strength that he possesses, or whether it is the weakness of the gentlemen he leads, I am bound to say that, as yet, that question is unsolved in my own mind. Among his supporters are a great many able men, and I will not go so far as to say there are not even a great many good men; but good or bad, able or unable, weak or strong, he wraps them around his finger, as you would a thread. I have heard some of them in the days when a crisis was likely to occur denounce the measures of the Government, and say, 'Well, I can't go that!' and still I have known these gentlemen long enough to believe that they would go it, and after there was a caucus they *did* go it every time. * * Yet Canada does not depend upon the existence of any one man or any dozen men."

But in one of Mr. Rymal's last speeches in the House, in the same session, references to Sir John were not so complimentary. The "gerrymander bill," by which there was a re-marking of the boundaries of various constituencies, affected his own constituency, by throwing over one of his strongest townships into the adjoining riding. This was the process known as "hiving the Grits," and foreshadowing as it did his defeat, Mr Rymal denounced it in the strongest language. "To tell me," said he, "that this change was not made with a political purpose! Why, I have read the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the Travels of Sinbad the Sailor, and of Gulliver, but any of those narratives would commend themselves to my faith and judgment more than that statement of my hon. friend (Sir John). * * * I have not had the opportunity of looking at the map, which will shew something, I dare say that would recall a document exhibited by me a few years ago, and to which the First Minister referred by saying I described it as not the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath. * * I think the feelings of an outraged people will revolt at such scheming as this. I have not the patience to express my feelings on this subject. I feel a little like the man addicted to a great deal of profanity, who was driving a waggon-load of pumpkins up a hill. Some of the boys, thinking they would hear some tall swearing, lifted the tail-board out of the waggon. He drove his oxen till he got to the top of the hill, when he looked back and saw the pumpkins rolling down the hill, and the boys waiting to hear what he would say. But he said nothing. One of the boys asked, 'Why don't you swear?' 'Why,' said he, 'I could not do justice to the occasion.' So I feel. The amenities of the House would be outraged were I to give expression to my feelings, but if any honorable gentleman wishes to talk the matter over with me outside, I will give him some strong opinions."

Anticipating an unpleasant outburst, Sir John said the hon. gentleman had no right to talk in that way, and the use of that kind of language "was not the way to get on in Parliament or

out of Parliament, or to increase the respect of members of Parliament for each other, or of people outside for their representatives. It was only the violence of a weak nature, a womanish nature, a disposition to scratch and bite. It is rather a libel on the ladies to say it is feminine."

Mr. Rymal, however, still went on pouring out his wrath and sarcasm, and concluded with these words: "I am as sure as that I am a living man, that there was no other reason for removing the keystone of that old organization of Wentworth, than the fact that for forty-five years at least it had much to do with returning a Reform representative. I quite understand the answers which inspired the Hon. First Minister when he said to me privately on the floor of the House a night or two ago, with a pretty hard expression at the commencement of his sentence: 'We meant to make you howl.' Well, he has made us howl, and some of us will do more howling yet before the next election. * * * The First Minister desires to go down to his grave honored and respected, and gladly would I see any man who has devoted so many years of his life to the public service depart in that way. But there are some acts of the right honorable gentleman's career to which I must refer. His leadership of the Tory party was obtained, as I was told by the man he supplanted [the reference is to Sir Allan McNab], by intrigue and deception. Having obtained power in that way, by a cunning and deceptive heart, he signalized his public career by acts that are not unworthy of notice. The 'double shuffle' of 1858 manifested the cunning of the man, for he led the Liberal party into a trap most completely. He allowed them to take office, and in two days afterwards he and his friends voted them out, without even allowing an appeal to the people. The Canadian Pacific scandal then came up. * * Speaking for myself, perhaps this is the last time my voice will be heard here. I have a personal regard for every man in this House, and I have been assured by a number of my Conservative friends of their regret that I should disappear from the public stage.

Well, in my simplicity I believed these men were speaking truly what they felt, and not until they took me by the throat, as it were, and assassinated a good number of my electors, had I any doubt of the truth of what they said. I cannot in fitting language describe what I believe them to be, or you, Mr. Speaker, would call me to account again, but I think I can give you an idea. I will suppose that the Honorable First Minister was about to organize his followers into a band of musicians, and he were to ask me what instruments they should play. I would say to him, 'Let everyone play the lyre, because the band master would not have much trouble in making experts of them.' * * Now, Mr. Speaker, I am not made of such material that I can beg for justice. I can ask you in a plain and manly way to do what is right, but I cannot fawn and be a sycophant. My indignation rises, and I feel like the chained gladiator—

'I loathe you, pretty tyrants;
I scorn you with mine eye;
I'll curse you with my latest breath,
And fight you till I die.
I would not beg for quarter;
I scorn to be your slave;
I'll swim in seas of slaughter;
Or sink beneath the wave.'"

In a tilt between Mr. Holton and Sir John, the following capital retort was made: "I have the floor," said Mr. Holton; "the right hon. gentleman has made a statement in a menacing manner, pointing his finger at me; and I call upon him to explain the meaning of it." "All I can say is," replied Sir John, "if I pointed my finger at the hon. gentleman, I take my finger back."

In a debate on the question of immigration, Mr. Bowell, criticising the work of some of Mr. Mackenzie's immigration lecturers, said: "I was told that some lecturers have adopted

the mode of announcing a temperance lecture and then dragging in the question of immigration." "That," interposed Sir John, "is certainly throwing cold water on immigration."

The Hon. Mr. Jones one day said of the Premier: "When he baited his Confederation mouse-trap, he had to use the best bait he could get." To which Sir John replied: "I think my hon. friend is one of the biggest rats caught in the trap."

CHAPTER XX.

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Then my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? And creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?

—*Merchant of Venice.*

POLITICAL ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES CONTINUED.

In the last chapter we gave anecdotes and reminiscences of Sir John's Parliamentary life in Opposition. In another chapter some incidents will be given of the great campaign of 1878 which resulted in his return to power.

Although his party came back in triumph, Sir John sustained a personal humiliation in his own defeat at Kingston—the first defeat he had suffered since entering Parliament in 1844. He was, however, elected in two other constituencies, Marquette, Man., and Victoria, B.C., and decided to sit for the latter. A few of Sir John's good hits in Parliament in 1879 and subsequent sessions are now to be given. Mr. Tilley (Sir Leonard), speaking on the subject of prohibition, said he was delighted to find that Mr. Anglin was a convert to the prohibition of opium for use among the Chinese.

"But," said Sir John, "it all ends in smoke, you see."

Mr. Plumb, one day talking about the tariff, said he was bound to deal with this subject, unless he chose to be "a fly on wheel," like those Liberals who had lately been brushed off.

"So much the better for the public weal," replied Sir John.

Mr. Mackenzie was explaining some points about compensation that had been given to members of the mounted police for loss of limbs, when Sir John said he was told that one of the claims was made for a man who lost his toe, and he asked $10,000 for it.

"There are very few men," observed Sir John, "who would not give up a toe for $10,000."

In the course of the debates by which he introduced the National Policy, Sir John remarked that those who cared to be protected at all, wanted all the protection they could get. They were like the squaw who said of whisky, that "a little too much was just enough."

Public men who are acquainted with the clamorousness of manufacturers seeking Government protection will appreciate the aptness of this comparison.

One day Sir John, wishing to close off an inconvenient discussion which had been brought up by Mr. Mackenzie, said to him, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Sir John did not remember that he was quoting the words of Ahab the wicked king, but Mr. Mackenzie was more deeply read in biblical literature, and instantly retorted in the words of Elijah, "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and have followed Baalim."

Mr. McLennan, a member of the Opposition, said he would take the liberty to say to his friends on the Treasury benches that they might as an experiment try the good effect of saving a little money. "Yes," agreed Sir John, "just for the novelty of the thing."

In the session of 1880, Mr. Mackenzie made complaint that the Dominion policemen, who should be employed about the House, were taken away to guard game, and added: "Now

with regard to the number of those policemen, we discovered that two of them had served during the whole of our term guarding the ducts of this House from incursions of the Fenians."

Sir John—"That is another kind of game."

Sir John (replying to Mr. Blake)—"I quite agree with the hon. member that we should go through these notices of motion. There has not been an opportunity of working them out—of cleaning the stable, as it were."

Mr. Blake—"I do not think the stable is on this side of the House."

Sir John—"Perhaps not. I am quite willing to admit on this side that we are a stable government."

Mr. Plumb in exposing the Fort Frances Lock job, in which certain places were given as sinecures to friends, said:—"It was a case where Jack did nothing, and Tom helped Jack. I do not think they went so far as to employ a chaplain, but the superintendent might have read prayers."

Sir John—"The superintendent contented himself with preying on the Government."

At the close of this session (1880), when nearly all the Opposition members had gone home, Mr. Plumb began to rally Mr. Trow, the Liberal whip, on being left alone as leader. "I may be permitted," said he, "to congratulate my hon. friend on the masterly way in which he has discharged his duties since his friends have gone home. It is fortunate for him that there is no division to-day in the ranks of his party as it would have been difficult for him to have divided himself."

Mr. Trow—"My extreme modesty will not permit me to accept the flattery that has been heaped upon me by the hon. member for Niagara (Plumb.) If the Opposition are few in number, they are strong in weight and backbone (a reference to one of his fat colleagues). I must say my following to day

has not been as encouraging as I anticipated. One of my hon. friends has gone off at a tangent, and the other has gone off to the smoking room."

Sir John—"Is the hon. gentleman going to say the Opposition ends in smoke?"

Sir John (replying to Mr. Blake on the Canadian Pacific Railway contract question)—"The hon. gentleman with his legal mind stickling at legal technicalities may argue that a speech of mine is not a legal notice; but on a previous occasion, when the hon. member for Lambton was forcing a measure upon the country without notice, he said indignantly to this House: 'Every man has read my speech at Sarnia.' I will ask the hon. member if that did not occur, that if what is sauce for one animal of a particular kind, is not sauce for another animal of the same kind?"

Mr. Blake—"We do not say he is a goose."

Sir John—"That is a ready answer from an *anser*."

[It will be necessary to inform readers who do not understand Latin, that "anser" means "goose."]

As soon as the roars of laughter at this hit had subsided, Sir John added with a comical air of sorrow for what he had said: "I think my hon. friend will pardon me for the allusion, because he brought it on himself."

Mr. Mackenzie (commenting on a clause in a new bill)—"If that is considered an improvement, it is certainly one of a Tory character."

Sir John—"A satisfac-Tory character."

On the subject of the naturalization of aliens, replying to Mr. Bunster, Sir John said:—"I think German, Italian, French and other aliens can hold land in British Columbia under a local act, and that the 'heathen Chinee' can purchase land until the legislature of British Columbia repeals the law allowing all aliens to hold lands."

Mr. Bunster, arguing on the question, pointed out that the Australian colonies had bound themselves together against the Chinese pest.

Sir John—"Would the hon. gentleman prevent Dutchmen from settling and holding land in British Columbia?"

Mr. Bunster—"No."

Sir John—"Well, one foreigner comes from China, and another comes from Delf (Delft.) I am sure that china is better than delf."

"Not at all," insisted Mr. Bunster, apparently oblivious of the joke.

Sir John had the gift of taking the vemon out of many a bitter taunt. One of the Opposition was arraigning the Government for printing at Government expense a speech of Mr. J. B. Plumb, when Sir John explained that it was a very good speech, giving statistics of the North West, and made a good immigration pamphlet. The Hon. David Mills inquired from the Opposition benches whether it was to be the policy of the Government to circulate such speeches in that way in future. Sir John replied in his most conciliating way: "I will promise not to distribute any more speeches in future, unless I come across a good speech from my hon. friend. That is fair!"

The purchase from the Imperial Government of the old used-up corvette the "Charybdis," to be used as a training-ship for young Canadian seamen, came in for a great deal of criticism in the session of 1881. It was shown that the boilers were worn out, her timbers unsound, and it was almost impossible to keep her out of the Halifax repairing-dock. In reply to a caustic criticism of Mr. Mills, Sir John said: "The hon. gentleman evidently does not like men-of-war. He is a man of peace. But here we are; the 'Charybdis' is our ship, and between the cost of the 'Charybdis' on one side, and

the difficulty of 'Scylla' on the other side (we do not spell it with a c), we are well attacked." *

Mr. Mackenzie observed: "I suppose the hon. gentleman took care to inform the Government of the United States and other Governments that his intentions in this matter are strictly pacific."

"No," replied Sir John, "our intentions are solely confined to the Atlantic."

Sir John replying to Mr. Blake:—"The speech of mine † from which the hon. gentleman quotes was afterwards delivered before the members of the Club Cartier, at whom the hon. gentleman sneers so much."

Mr. Blake—"Oh, no. I did not sneer at them."

Sir John—"I think the hon. gentleman sneered at them a little, when he spoke of my looking down on them."

Mr. Blake—"It was the hon. gentleman himself who said he would look down on them."

Sir John—"The hon. gentleman sneers at me on the *chemin de fer*. Let him beware of the *chemin d'enfer*."

Replying to a groundless charge of corruption brought by the Hon. Mr. Mills, Sir John told the following: "James IV of Scotland when he went down to the border, which was then occupied by a wild set of Lowland clans of raiders and foragers, came to the place where a Lowland chieftain had a castle built on an island in the middle of a lake. There was no means of getting at the fortress or taking it, and the plunderer was quite safe in the absence of artillery in those days.

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* The *double entente* probably referred to Sylla, the cruel Roman dictator.

† This refers to a speech delivered by Sir John from the railway platform of the station at Montreal, on his return from England, having successfully negotiated the C. P. R. contract. Sir John said he hoped that when he had passed away he might be able to look down upon the finished work.

The king's remark on seeing it—I do not apply it to the hon. gentleman, but perhaps he will appreciate its force—was, 'The man who built that palace is a thief in his heart.'"

Mr. Mackenzie once interjected the comment on a speech of Sir John's, that he was glad the Premier had changed his mind. "Well," replied Sir John, "I sometimes do change my mind. I am not a Bourbon. I learn something, and I forget something. * * We are not too proud to learn even from my hon. friends. Not being Reformers, we occasionally find something to reform."

Sir John (speaking of the progress of the North West, and the increase in the value of land there): "We always believed in the value of the land, and I was ridiculed—and by none more than my hon. friend (Mr. Blake)—at the valuations I placed upon these lands."

Mr. Blake—"At the calculations, not the valuations. You were only four millions out."

Sir John—"Well, I did not then do full justice to the powers of my hon. friends opposite to keep back the development of the country. Still we have overcome even the influence of their opinion as to the worthlessness of the land."

Sir John—"The hon. gentleman (Mr. Blake) says there is only one Government bill on the paper. You know the old fable of the rabbit and the lion. The rabbit said to the lion, 'I have twenty children to your one.' 'Oh! but,' says the lion, 'my child is a lion!'"

Mr. McLelan—"The position taken by hon. gentleman opposite is that we should content ourselves with the production of raw material for the rest of the world to use in their manufactures."

Several members—"No."

Sir John—"You touch them on the raw there."

On the disallowance of the "Rivers and Streams" bill, Sir John said: "Why, the belligerent Premier of Ontario (Hon. Oliver Mowat) threatened to march with his armies into the North West, because the present Government had asked for a reference of the disputed question to the highest courts in the land; and I was afraid he might come down here like another Oliver, and order our sergeant-at-arms to 'take away that bauble' and break us up."

In his remarks in reply to Mr. Blake's speech on the address in 1883, Sir John said, "As his able predecessor had said, what is the use of an opposition if it does not oppose? * * In the first place he (Mr. Blake) said the prospect held out was too good, the sunshine was too strong, he was dazzled by the excess of light. * * I do not say that the hon. gentleman loved darkness rather than light, because his deeds were the reverse of good. I do not wish to say so, but he complained that there were no shadows. * * We have brilliant sunshine now; the light of prosperity shines over us, but political and financial difficulties are sure to come. The hon. gentleman's æsthetic tastes will then be satisfied to the utmost extent, for light and shadow will be properly mingled, and Rembrandt will be infinitely more than Turner in the picture.

"My hon. friend put me in mind of the captain of an old Newcastle collier who had been boxing the compass for many years, and had been in almost every foreign country. After seven years in the West Indies he came back to England, and when his ship was approaching land and he felt the familiar sleet and storm, and saw the familiar clouds, he put on his sou'wester and pea-jacket, and said, 'This is something like weather! None of your infernal blue skies for me!'"

Sir John having announced some ministerial changes, Mr. Blake observed that the hon. gentleman had "given what he called explanations, but which were more like a catalogue or

calendar of changes," to which Sir John replied, "Yes, a *catalogue raisonné*."

In making further explanations on these changes, Sir John said: "Mr. Frank Smith [who was now minister without portfolio] has been summoned to the Cabinet, and I am glad to get his assistance and advice, but he stood in quite a different position from my hon. friend opposite. He (Mr. Blake) was the power behind the throne. He was like the Centurion—a man in authority; he said to one man go, and he goeth, and to another come, and he cometh. * * * He ought to have assumed the responsibility as well as the authority, and not to have been able to say, 'That was not my measure.' He has often said, 'I was not in the ministry at the time.' We all know that, but it is the old case of Stephano and Trinculo, 'Thou shalt be king, and I shall be viceroy over thee.'"

The following dialogue shews the Premier's cleverness at evasion:—

Mr. Mackenzie—"I wish to ask the Premier at what date Sir Alexander Galt's resignation takes effect."

Sir John—"On the first of June."

Mr. Mackenzie—"Who is to be his successor?"

Sir John—"Oh!"

Mr. Mackenzie—"The hon. gentleman can tell me in confidence."

Sir John—"I think the hon. gentleman and myself took the same oath—that we would not disclose any advice given to His Excellency without his permission."

It is a custom in the Canadian Parliament to have an oil painting of each Speaker executed, and hung on his retirement in one of the lobbies, or in the reading-room. The selection of the artist is usually left to the Speaker. Mr. Ross, of Middlesex, one day complained in the House that the Speaker of the Senate, Sir David MacPherson, had got his portrait painted by an English instead of by a Canadian artist, and thought it

was not fair that Canadian artists should be passed by. Sir John replied, "I am quite surprised that the hon. gentleman, who is a man of letters and a man of classical knowledge, should object to any gentleman sitting for his portrait to the painter he fancies. The hon. gentleman's objection is quite in the style of Sam Slick, who said: 'I went to Italy and I saw old smoked, dried up pictures there, that were worth five or six thousand dollars. Why, I can get new ones painted on my clocks, with new paints and new gildings, at five dollars a head.'"

Mr. Ross, Middlesex—"I see that J. A. Wilkinson draws a salary as Inspector of Weights and Measures, but when an election is going he spends his time on that."

Sir John—"He is in favor of good measures."

The following is another dialogue which took place between Mr. Ross and Sir John:—

Sir John—"Let us have this out with the hon. gentleman. I want to know whether he admits he made a mistake or not. The hon. gentleman says in the first place he may have made a mistake, and that he shows his candor by admitting that he was wrong about Mr. Baggs, and then he says he is right. Is he right or wrong?"

Mr. Ross—"In what?"

Sir John—"In making the statement he did."

Mr. Ross—"I believe I am right in making the statement."

Sir John—"Did the hon. gentleman know or not about the reduction in the tariff?"

Mr. Ross—"I certainly knew about the reduction."

Sir John—"And when?"

Mr. Ross—"And when what?"

Sir John—"And when?"

Mr. Ross—"I am not in the witness-box being examined by the hon. gentleman, and I will not be put in the witness-box by him."

Sir John—"Then the hon. gentleman will not be put in the witness box? We will not commit him for contempt for not answering the question, because nobody is bound to criminate himself—that is a principle of law. But the hon. gentleman has, I think, in the estimation of this House criminated himself. He says I was not very chivalrous in pinning him down to making a disingenuous statement against the Administration. I had a right to defend my Administration. I had a right to shew — when he tried to draw a comparison to the advantage of the late Administration and to the disadvantage of the present Government—that either he was wrong, and knew he was wrong—in which case he was disingenuous—or that he was ignorant, culpably ignorant. I leave the hon. gentleman to say on which horn of the dilemma he shall be transfixed. You remember, Mr. Chairman—I do not know whether you are a play-going man—in one of the most charming plays written by the celebrated Richard Sheridan, 'The Rivals,' Fag-a-fag was the servant, and in one of the acts he says, when he is caught: 'Well, I do not mind telling a lie for a friend, but it hurts my conscience to be found out.'"

In a discussion on Indian supplies, Mr. Charlton, who was suffering from a cough, said: "I doubt the propriety of going contrary to the traditions of the Indians in matters of this kind. They should be allowed to bury their dead according to their custom."

"I see you have a fit of coffin to-night," said Sir John.

In the same debate some comments were made on the supply of briar-root pipes to certain Indian chiefs, and the member who complained thought clay pipes were quite good enough. The discussion then turned upon the neglect of the Indians to attend to the gardens which the Government officers had laid out for them. Mr. Casgrain gave instances of this, and said: "A small area had been cultivated and set out in garden lots, and small houses had been built near them for the Indians, but instead of living in these houses, the Indians built bark

wigwams in front of the houses and there they lived; and as for the plots," said he, "there was not a root to be found in any of them."

"You might have found some briar-roots," said Sir John.

While still on this subject, Mr. Charlton remarked upon some of the contracts for advertising given out in connection with the Indian supplies, and said: "I suppose it is the custom to confine these advertisements to the party-organ supporting the party in power."

"I should think not," replied Sir John. "I think the *Free Press* of Winnipeg has got some advertising patronage."

"On looking through the list," replied Mr. Charlton, "I do not find any. Probably by some oversight the *Free Press* was overlooked."

Sir John answered: "When a paper is wrong in its politics, it is generally wrong all round."

"This system may have been followed by all party governments," pursued Mr. Charlton; "but it strikes me that in the matter of advertising we should turn over a new leaf, and advertise as business men do for the purpose of getting value for our money."

"Quite right," assented Sir John with a twinkling smile.

"I hope then," said Mr. Charlton, "as the hon. gentleman approves of my views, he will act on the suggestion."

"I am afraid," replied Sir John, "I shall have to cross-question my hon. friend on that point when he is my successor, and I am sitting over there."

When the proposal was made in the House to have a large oil painting of the "Fathers of Confederation," the name of Mr. Harris was suggested as a good Canadian artist. In the course of the discussion Sir John said: "As regards this particular painting, I have no personal objections to have still another artist try his hand upon myself. There is one Canadian artist who draws me with power and graphic skill, and I think, on the principle of wholesome competition, I may hope

that Mr. Harris, whose paintings I have not seen, may by slow degrees rise to the artistic skill and perfect accuracy in pourtraying my countenance that my friend Bengough possesses."

Mr. Ross (Middlesex)—"The hon. gentleman will observe that under his bill a man has two chances of getting a pint bottle. In the other case, he can only get it at the tavern; here he can get it at the tavern and shop both."

Mr. McCarthy—"Has the hon. gentleman forgotten that three half-pints are afterwards defined to be five quarter-pints, so that we are fighting over one quarter-of-a-pint?"

Sir John—"A small p'int that."

Sir John—"If we had a sworn commission to try the validity of the seats of every man in this House, small in number, though strong in ability as the present Opposition is, their number would be decreased, while those on this side would be increased."

Mr. Casgrain—"Try it over again."

Sir John—"I do not want to lose my hon. friend."

Sir John was taken to task one day for reappointing a delinquent civil servant who had promised to do better, when he retorted, "The hon. gentlemen sneered when I said, 'Go and sin no more.' I would not give them that advice, because I do not think they would take it."

Mr. Casey (referring, in 1884, to Sir George Stephen's position in the C. P. R. monopoly)—"If there was ever a head of a corporation who had a right to be dubbed with a royal title, it is King Stephen I. He had his ministers and courtiers and acted in a truly royal manner."

Sir John—"You ought to make it Stephen the Martyr."

Mr. Blake (alluding to the treatment of the Indians)—"Why should we be more moral with our Indian friends than with ourselves?"

Sir John—"If we were not, it might diminish the number of the Opposition."

On a motion to spend a sum of money for meteorological observations in British Columbia, Mr. Blake remarked: "They do not blow at all out there." To which Sir John replied, "No, they can raise the wind without it."

Mr. Davis—"I rise to a point of order. The complaint I make is that the hon. gentlemen made such a noise when I was speaking that I could not make myself heard."

Sir John—"That is not a point of order, it is a point of disorder."

Mr. Charlton (speaking on the question of maintaining order among the Indians in the North West)—"I would suggest the purchase of a few mountain howitzers, which in the case of emergency could be carried on the backs of mules. I recollect an instance of the effect of this in dispersing Indians in the United States. A small party of troops going through a mountain-pass were unexpectedly attacked by Indians. The emergency was great; they had not time to dismount the howitzers, but pointed them and fired from the backs of the mules, creating great consternation among the Indians."

Sir John—"And among the mules."

Mr. Blake (referring to the curtailment in the number of copies of the Hansard distributed to members)—"It is one of those things in regard to which it is a little difficult to retrace one's steps. If we distribute four copies among our constituents this year, it is difficult to explain to them why only one copy should be distributed next year."

Sir John—"Ascribe it to the economy of the Tory Government."

Mr. Blake—"That is exactly like the Tory Government. First, they make extravagant expenditures, and afterwards they claim great credit for having retrenched their own extravagance."

Sir John—"We become repentant, which the hon. gentlemen opposite do not."

Mr. Baker of British Columbia (in a debate on the civil service naval examinations)—"Naval officers have to pass a very different examination at the Royal College, Greenwich. If you would include naval officers you would make provision for the future."

Sir John—"I see no reason why we should not also put in clergymen." [Naval chaplains.]

Mr. Baker—"They are not like clergymen."

Sir John—"I don't know, a good many of them are at sea."

Sir John's knowledge of human nature, and his ability to select proper instruments to carry out his will, have often been noticed, and he was not so narrow that he could not see merit in any person outside of his own party. A good instance came to the notice of the House in 1885, when he was accused of favoritism in the civil service. In reply Sir John said: "The hon. gentleman speaks about political favoritism. Well, I suppose that all Governments, so long as they are Governments, are charged with favoritism. So far as I know, our skirts are as clear of that as any Government I ever knew. I will mention one instance in the department of which I am the head (Department of the Interior). I took a gentleman who is very considerably junior to the other officers. He was well known to me, and all his antecedents were Liberal, Grittish, if I may use the expression without offence. But he was recommended as a first-rate officer, and he is now deputy-head of the Department of the Interior. I mean Mr. Burgess."

Mr. Mulock asked if Mr. Burgess had not changed his politics since. To which Sir John replied: "Not that I am aware of.

I never asked what his politics were, and do not know. I do not know whether he has found out the early error of his ways, or whether he adheres blindly to those errors. I only know he is not blind in any way as an officer; he is not blind to the exigencies of the department, and he does his work faithfully and well."

In the following dialogue it will be necessary for the reader to understand that the Hon. Mr. Bowell was an old printer and publisher, and that the Hon. Edw. Blake is a lawyer.

Mr. Blake (referring to some of the crotchets of the warden of the Kingston penitentiary)—"Another plan he had, which I do not suppose the hon. gentleman has adopted, was to have a printing press there to do the printing for the institution."

Mr. Bowell—"There were no printers there."

Sir John—"My hon. friend says there were no printers there. They were in the penitentiary, and that was the reason." (Laughter.)

Mr. Blake—"I must say with reference to the hon. gentleman's old craft, that the warden did not intimate that he would have any difficulty in finding any necessary assistance from the convicts."

Mr. Bowell—"I understand that, because there were a number of lawyers there."

Mr. Blake—"I was anxious to know what the position of contract labor was in the penitentiary. Are the locks still made by contract labor? * * Are the convicts suffering under this vicious system?"

Sir John—"They are suffering perhaps from the strength of the locks."

One day Mr. Farrow was appealing for consideration in favor of two men who had moved to Manitoba from Ontario, and who, after having settled on the wrong farms, and made improvements, were evicted. "They have been the pioneers

who have shewn," said Mr. Farrow, somewhat mixing the metaphor, "that this is a country flowing with milk and honey, as far as grain-raising is concerned."

"The grain must be in the milk," suggested Sir John.

Sir John—"The intention of the Government is, if it is the will of the House, to sit on Dominion Day?"

Mr. Blake—"Not on St. John's Day."

Sir John—"That is my day."

Mr. Blake—"No, the hon. gentleman is not yet canonized. It requires a long space of time, and a successful passing of the very serious ordeal of an inquisition with the *advocatus diaboli* as chief accuser."

Sir John—"Will my hon. friend not take that office?"

Mr. Wilson (asking for particulars of expenditure on public works at St. Thomas)—"I would mention to the Minister of Public Works the propriety of placing in the tower of the public building there a good clock."

Sir John—"You want to go on tick."

Sir Hector Langevin (Minister of Public Works)—"As to the clock, that matter will have to be considered."

Mr. Mills—"It takes time."

Mr. Blake—"I claim that he (Sir John) does not practice what he preaches, and that he does not bring the budget down till a late period of the session."

Sir John—"*Medio tutissimus ibis.*" *

Mr. Blake—"No, the hon. gentleman sometimes gets to the bottom between two stools. That is the *medium* in which he does not walk *tutissimus*. * * But I perceive from the melodious sounds which greeted my hon. friend from Northumberland when he made the demand, that there is not much likelihood of our getting it, because when the hon. First

* "In the middle you will go safest." It was about the middle of the session when the budget was brought down that year.

Minister had such a backing whose views are expressed in such agreeable sounds, he is never deaf to such charmers."

Sir John—"Who charm so wisely."

Some amusement was caused in the House one day upon a motion by Mr. McMullen asking for a return showing the sums paid to Mr. J. E. Collins for services rendered to the Government, and asking what the nature of the services were. Mr. Collins, who had written a political life of Sir John, was employed in some capacity in Sir Hector Langevin's office, but it transpired that the length of service was but sixteen days, for which Mr. Collins only received twenty-eight dollars. The motion, however, gave Sir Richard Cartwright an opportunity for a few jibes on the subject, in the course of which he made this quotation from a passage in the writings of Mr. Collins: "Sir Hector's replies are always full and almost invariably satisfactory, but he never says more than is necessary and pertinent; never opens doors through which eagle-eyed opponents may enter, and give worry to the Minister and his Government. Two ministers there are who are always opening their mouths too wide—Mr. Caron (Sir Adolphe) and Mr. Pope. Mr. Blake, Mills, Casey or some Oppositionist will first worry them off their guard, get them to make statements they didn't intend to make, and so put the Government 'in for it.' On these occasions you can notice Sir John fidgetting in his chair, annoyed at the blundering and indiscretion."

After Sir Richard had chaffed Sir Hector some time, he said he understood that Mr. Collins was the Collins who had already immortalized himself by producing a life of the right hon. gentleman opposite.

"No," replied Sir John, "he has immortalized me."

"That work," went on Sir Richard, "was couched in equally chaste and elegant language, and no doubt it will be very satisfactory to the hon. gentleman's friends, because I observe from it that in all the acts of the hon. gentleman's career which evil-minded persons have misinterpreted, he has

been actuated by the purest and most patriotic motives, and has even sometimes allowed his reputation to be tarnished for the general welfare of the country. It is a happy association of ideas, and what a lamented friend of mine called the 'eternal fitness of things,' that a gentleman who in his life has done justice to so many John Collinses, should at last find a John Collins to do justice to him."

Sir John laughed at this as heartily as anyone in the House.

Sir John (referring to the bad ventilation of the Commons chamber)—"It is our right to have a comfortable and healthy chamber to sit in, but I do not go so far as my hon. friend did a moment ago, when he said we wanted a radical change. I want a wholesome change, but not a Radical change."

Sir John in a speech in 1887, replying to Mr. Blake, said: "He (Mr. Blake) broke out in a new place, if I may use the expression, and although his jests were rather prepared and smelt of the lamp, they were very cheerful, and I was delighted to hear the play of language in which the hon. gentleman pointed out the very important fact that one station was called Chapleau, and another by the name of one of my other colleagues. Well, our greatest victories and exploits are written on the face of this continent. I have a mountain called after myself, but if the hon. gentleman's railway policy had been carried out, no mountain would have been called Blake in his time, nor in the time of the present generation; no stations would be marked across the continent with the names of hon. gentlemen opposite. * * My hon. friends can remember that it was said (by the Opposition leaders) that it was absurd for any people to go into that country when they had Kansas or Texas to go to. * * We all remember how these speeches of hon. gentlemen opposite were published as advertisements of lands in the United States. We can remember the admirable likeness of the hon. member for West Durham (Mr. Blake) that was published in

Chicago, St. Paul and elsewhere, showing that this was the great man. I must admit that the great man is written on that hon. gentleman's countenance. But to make the thing sell the hon. gentleman's portrait was printed on the front sheet, and his speech inside. His speech and his portrait taken together were irresistible. They might have resisted the picture. They might have resisted the speech. But with that speech delivered by a man having that countenance, they both together carried the whole country."

Sir Richard Cartwright—"Now the members of Parliament are paid by the job, and there is a general disposition to get through the session."

Sir John—"I thought the Government only were paid by jobs."

Sir Richard Cartwright (speaking of the sanitary defects of the Chamber)—"For the last two or three days there has been an unsavory and unwholesome smell on this side of the House."

Sir John—"The hon. gentleman had better change to this side. I have no objections to the hon. gentleman coming over here."

Sir Richard—"I am quite willing to accept the suggestion to change places *pro tem*, and to consider this the right side of the House for the time being."

Sir John—"There is a constitutional objection to that—the ayes are on this side and the *noes* on that side."

Mr. Trow (the Liberal whip, concluding a speech in the session of 1888)—"The leader of the Government has to take a little rest sometimes, but on the whole he has been very attentive, and I think he has renewed his youth. We all wish he may long continue—though not on that side of the House—and may live at least a quarter of a century, to give his counsels to the people from this side of the House."

Sir John—"Over the left."

Sir John—"You know the story of the man in the lunatic asylum. He was asked why he was there. 'Well,' he said, 'it arises from a difference of opinion; the people think I am mad, and I think all the people are mad, but the majority have carried it and I am here.' My hon. friend (Mr. Laurier) thinks we have a vicious economical policy; the majority is against him and he is there."

Mr. Watson (on the demoralizing effects of the new Indian franchise bill as it operated in Manitoba)—"The spectacle presented at the polling place was disgraceful. Indians walked up to the polls, and on being asked their names did not know. They did not know what name was put on the voters' list. They were afterwards told their names by the persons interested in the election of a certain candidate, and told how to vote."

Sir John—"What was your majority?"

Sir Richard Cartwright—"Has an arrangement been made for employing the convicts in the Dorchester Penitentiary in any permanent manufacture?"

Mr. Thompson—"No."

Sir Richard—"I understand they are employed in the manufacture of buckets."

Sir John—"I wonder if this will be affected by Mr. Abbott's bill in regard to bucket shops?"

In his remarks on the speech from the throne in 1889, replying to Mr. Laurier, Sir John said: "My hon. friend complains of a meagre bill of fare. * * I considered the weak digestion of my hon. friends opposite. Milk for babes and strong meat for men, you know. My hon. friend is still in the infancy of his political position [Mr. Laurier had only assumed the leadership of the Liberal party in 1887], and consequently we have kept the diet down to suit his digestion. * * * The hon. gentleman says of his following: 'We are a small body.'

Why are they a small body? Because the country does not give them the same confidence it does us. The hon. gentleman knows that under the dome of St. Paul's in London there is a celebrated epitaph to Sir Christopher Wren: *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*—if you seek for a monument, look around you! We say the same thing in a humble spirit. Look around at the prosperity of the country; look at the undiminished confidence which the people have in us from one end of the country to the other. That is our best monument, and I expect by-and-bye to see something of that kind inscribed on my tombstone."

"Will he see his own tombstone?" asked Mr. Paterson of Brant.

"I will be looking down," continued Sir John, "on my tombstone. I will be looking down on the Conservative majority, which I shall leave in such good spirit that they will carry on the traditions that have guided them since 1854."

Mr. Paterson, of Brant (in a discussion on an item in the estimates)—"I saw in the department of the Minister of Justice that a statuette of Sir John has been bought. I wonder if it is the great original Sir John, or some other Sir John. * * I thought it might have been placed there as an emblem of that principle of justice so dear to British hearts, but that thought is marred, for the gerrymander and one or two other acts crept into my mind, and I felt that could hardly be an appropriate emblem. I would like, however, to ask the hon. Minister of Justice [Sir John Thompson, who had been lately knighted] whether the statuette was of *the* Sir John or only of a Sir John who has lately been called into existence."

Sir John Macdonald—"I would ask my hon. friend if he would not allow the statuette of Sir John to be voted without remark, on condition that the original should disappear."

Mr. Paterson—"No, I would not. I would like to give him ample time for repentance for the gerrymander, and for reparation for a good many other things."

Sir John—"You want me to carry out the gerrymander of 1892 as I promised."

Sir Richard Cartwright—"I should like to know whether the material of the statuette is brass or marble?"

Sir John—"It is *ære perennius*." [More durable than brass.]

The name "Old To-morrow,"* was the subject of many a jest in the House. To almost any other man the continued application of this nick-name, on all sorts of occasions, well-timed and ill-timed, would have become vexatious and irritating, but he always received it with a laugh, and sometimes applied it himself. The following is a sample:—

Mr. Mitchell (the Hon. Peter, insisting on the discussion of one of his motions)—"If the minister (Sir John) will say to me, 'Come to my office and talk the matter over quietly,' then I have nothing more to say. The right hon. gentleman was kind enough the other day to send me candies across the House. I was very much obliged to him, and accepted them as an indication that the olive branch was extended to me; and although we have not been as cordial for the last year or two as we ought to have been as public men, * * if he is willing to talk the matter over privately, I will withdraw my objections to the motion. But if he does not, I can assure him that every time the Government move to go into committee of supply, I shall move an amendment for the purpose of discussing my grievances."

Sir John—"Well, like Davy Crockett's coon, I must come down. I will be glad to sit down with the hon. gentleman and go over these matters with him, and I shall always have a sufficient assortment of candies for his use."

Mr. Mitchell—"Will the hon. gentleman kindly name the day?"

Sir John—"I won't say 'To-morrow'!"

* For the origin of this soubriquet see appendix.

Mr. Laurier—"But what is the reason of that amendment?"

Sir John (who had been making explanations as to amendments in the Civil Service Act)—"I have just explained."

Mr. Laurier—"I have not heard any explanation."

Sir John—"I cannot help that. I cannot furnish my hon. friend with apprehension."

Mr. Welsh, Liberal member for Prince Edward Island, wanted some piers and wharves for his province, and referred to a speech of the provincial premier, who said that the six members for P. E. I. were no better than blocks of wood, and the senators no better than they, because they had not got the piers taken off their hands by the Dominion Government. Sir John pleasantly replied: "When the next senator dies you will make a very good peer."

Sir John's knowledge of men, and his skill in selecting fit instruments for his purposes, have already been noted. His ability to read what was going on in men's minds was perhaps not so well realized. But that he possessed in some degree such a gift is the opinion of many who knew him. Some such faculty seems indicated in the sentence placed in italics in the following extract from a speech on the death of his old colleague, the Hon. J. H. Pope. He said he became acquainted with Mr. Pope about 1849. It was on the occasion of the assembling of the British American League. Mr. Pope had come as the young representative of the Eastern Townships, the object of the league being to calm the popular excitement of the time and prevent the threatening war of races. He was an active man of business, and united in himself great enterprise with great caution and practical good sense, and with these qualities he overcame his lack of education. Although a farmer, railway engineers were surprised at his intimate knowledge of everything connected with railways. He had in fact built a railway. Alluding to a banquet given to Mr. Pope at Sherbrooke, Sir John went on to say, "I

never saw more genuine enthusiasm in my life. It was also affecting to see—you could not avoid seeing it—as they heard his faltering accents, weakened by illness and saw his emaciated form, *it was written in the minds of the mass of the audience that they were listening to him for the last time.*"

On an item for an increase in the salary of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, Sir John explained the case, and when he mentioned that the gentleman in question was Mr. St. Onge Chapleau, the following dialogue occurred :

Mr. McMullen—"I suppose he is not related to the Secretary of State?"

Sir John—"I think he has the great advantage of being related to the Secretary of State."

Mr. McMullen—"It might be well to find out how many more brothers the Secretary of State has. Are the rest of them of age? Perhaps when they come to the age of maturity we shall have to find places for them."

Sir John—"I think all of them now, like my hon. friend, have arrived at the years of discretion, and know how to hold their tongues better than my hon. friend."

Mr. McMullen—"We are all too apt to hold our tongues in this House. If we were more ready to tell the hon. gentleman in plain language what we felt, we might do him good and serve the country as well."

Sir John—"Well, if I am on a jury when my hon. friend is tried for holding his tongue, I will say 'not guilty!'"

"I am afraid," said Sir John, in reply to Mr. Laurier's comments on the Speech from the Throne in 1890, "that the people of Canada will prefer to be ruined under us, than to be prosperous after the fashion of my hon. friends on the other side. You know the story of Lord Palmerston. When a wine merchant sent him some special Greek wine, which he said was admirably adapted for gouty patients, Lord Palmerston tasted the wine and said: 'I would rather have the gout.'"

In this session Mr. Casey moved for a return, showing the tenders rejected on the report of the Chief Engineer of Canals, when Sir John asked how far back he wanted to go.

"Ten years," said Mr. Casey.

"Then you will not get it this session," replied the Premier.

"Five years then," said Mr. Casey.

Sir John shook his head dubiously.

"Well, how far back can I go?" asked Mr. Casey.

"You must make your own motion," said the Premier. "You cannot expect me to make it for you."

"But I don't know anything about this matter," urged Mr. Casey.

"Evidently not," laconically replied Sir John.

Sir John (replying to Mr. Wilson, of Elgin)—"As the hon. gentleman says, although my statement may satisfy the hon. member for Oxford, it will not satisfy him. I have undertaken a great many works, including the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but I shall never undertake to satisfy the hon. member for Elgin."

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, member for Assiniboia, has said some clever things in the House, and the following, among other things referring to Sir John and his ministers, was widely quoted at the time, especially because Mr. Davin was a Conservative: "There has never been in this country a Government that understood this question of immigration. We have had at the head of the Government a great minister, but not in some respects a great statesman. It is a very daring thing to say, but I will say it. Take the portfolio of my hon. friend (Mr. Carling, of the Dept. of Agriculture). A more amiable or a finer man you could hardly dream of. And take my hon. friend at the head of the cognate department (Mr. Dewdney, of the Dept. of the Interior). Sir, we ought to have at the head of these departments men of genius, men of real power, but at the present moment we have a cabinet

of antiques. I do not care how broadcast it is sent to-morrow morning, it has to be spoken—we have a cabinet of antiques. We have one spendid brain in the physique of my right hon. friend the Prime Minister, but after him——"

One day in this session some confusion was caused by several members endeavoring to speak at once, when Sir John rose and restored order by the following :—"If the hon. gentleman will allow me, I will tell him a story. A clergyman was preaching on a fine Sunday in summer with the window open, when an old lady rode up to church on a donkey, and fastened the donkey to the door of the church, which was open. The clergyman did not get annoyed although he heard a bray, but he said, 'One at a time, if you please.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him, * *
* * * the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him.

—*Coriolanus.*

THE CELEBRATED "ALL-NIGHT DEBATE"—REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT CAMPAIGN.

THE last two chapters were devoted to political anecdotes and reminiscences of a parliamentary character. In this chapter specimen extracts will be given from Sir John's campaign speeches, which were usually of a freer kind than those delivered in the House.

Before proceeding to this, however, some reference should be made to the great all-night debate, with which the session of the spring of 1878 closed, and which was in some sense the beginning of this celebrated campaign itself, resulting in the triumphant return of Sir John to power on the strength of the National Policy.

Mr. Mackenzie had not that kind of suavity and conciliation in the House which Sir John possessed, and he often irritated his opponents by his bluntness in refusing requests of the Opposition on points of procedure. On this occasion he had refused to agree to an adjournment the night before, when many of the French members wished to speak. The Opposition determined to fight it out and tire out the ministry. The scene which followed had no parallel before or since the Government was established at Ottawa. While points of order were being argued, members hammered at desks, blew on tin trumpets, imitated the crowing of cocks, sent up toy-balloons, threw sand-crackers or torpedoes, and occasionally hurled blue-books across the House. Often the babel of sounds was such that neither the Speaker of the

House nor the member who had the floor could be heard. Once in a while amid the din some member with a good voice would start up the "Marseillaise," "God save the Queen," "A la claire fontaine," "The Raftsman's chorus," or some plantation melody, and then the whole House would join in the song, with an effect that was quite moving. The feelings inspired by these songs would sway the House back into a quiet frame; but scarcely would the speaker who had the floor recover the thread of his discourse when such a pandemonium would be raised as made the listener think "Chaos has come again." When a speaker had at last made himself heard over the diminishing din of exhausted voices, and when he himself had exhausted his subject, he would keep the floor by quoting passages from law-books, books of poetry, philosophy and humor.

Mr. Cimon, one of these speakers, filled up his time by reading the whole of the British North America Act in French, making humorous comments upon each clause. In some of these passages "the grim features of Mr. Blake," writes a chronicler of the scene, "not merely relaxed into a smile, but broke into a laugh, that shook his big frame all over."

As the night wore on, the spectators became tired, and the galleries were gradually cleared. Now and again a member strayed off, and would be found shortly afterwards stretched on a bench in the reading-room, or curled up in an alcove of the library fast asleep. But there were always enough members left in the House to keep up the fun. Even here, however, the exhausted figures of some members would be found reclining on their desks, quite unconscious of the paper missiles that were being pelted at them. In the afternoon Lady Dufferin had sat in the gallery, listening with amused bewilderment to the babel of sounds. As she rose to leave, a member struck up "God save the Queen," and all the House rose and joined in the anthem with a patriotic fervor that was remarkable. Mr. Mackenzie had just come in at that moment, and Mr. Blake and he, after looking at each

other in hesitation for a few moments, threw off their dignity and joined in. Just as the singing ceased, Sir John, who had been resting in his private room, appeared on the scene, and was greeted with a rousing cheer by the Opposition.

At one stage Mr. De Veber rose to a point of order. The Speaker asked what it was, and De Veber said, "The Minister of Marine and Fisheries is sitting at the clerk's table in irreverent proximity to the mace."

"That's no point of order," said the Speaker, and in the midst of the laughter which followed some one struck up "Auld Lang Syne."

A party of members organized an impromptu band, which was nick-named "Gideon's Band," and began to play a species of music that was more discordant if possible than the voices and banging of desks which accompanied it. The *Citizen*, in its report, compared the voices of the members to the roaring of the beasts at Ephesus. The Speaker, after manfully battling against these insurmountable obstacles to order, at last gave up from a difficulty that was certainly "constitutional,"—his voice having entirely given out. Mr. Cheval, a French member, had procured some new instruments described as "squeaking machines," and these were added to the band. Some one wanted to put down Mr. Cheval and his music, upon which he pathetically appealed to the Speaker. "Mr. Speaker, I wish to know which is more worse, de man dat trows blue books 'cross de House, or de man dat goes in for a small leedle music." This entreaty was received with roars of laughter. The Speaker said both were unparliamentary, whereupon Mr. Smith of Peel, whose role was leader of the orchestra, led off the House in another song, while Mr. Cheval resumed operations on his squeaking machine. Mr. Mackenzie sometimes exhibited a face "as long as a family churn," and sometimes was beaming with goodwill, while Mr. Blake kept himself amused and awake "by performing some extraordinary finger-music on his desk." Mr. Smith of Peel got so hoarse from his orchestral performances that he simply croaked.

At one point in the proceedings Mr. Campbell, horrified at this outrage upon decorum, came out near the clerk's table, and with the most violent gesticulations, swinging his arms and waving his hat, denounced the proceedings. Mr. Mackenzie demanded that the Sergeant-at-arms should be called in to preserve order, but the Sergeant-at-arms, ensconced in a private nook of his own, was enjoying the fun too much to do anything of the kind. Once when Mr. Plumb was speaking, Mr. Macdonnell of Inverness, with mock gravity, called the attention of the Speaker to the fact that the member for Niagara was interrupting the music. "An ominous silence ensued," wrote the *Citizen* reporter, describing another stage of the proceedings, "when Haggart, the powerful but merciful member for South Lanark, rises. He holds in his hands the memorial of Letellier de St. Just to Lord Dufferin. In front of him in a solid phalanx the ministerial battalion is roaring, howling, hooting, singing, whistling, stamping, shouting and caterwauling. That frisky kitten Dymond is suspiciously toying with a waste-basket; while the genteel Cheval, who looks as if he had strayed into the House by mistake, is expanding a toy bag-pipe, for the purpose of dropping it into the inverted crown of Dr. Brossé's slouch hat. * * * At last Dymond lets fly his waste-basket among a group of ministerial friends. * * * The toy bag-pipe appeared in Dr. Brossé's hat again, and squealed to such a degree that he clutched it and threw it to another member, who stopped singing in order to blow it up again. But not understanding how to manipulate it, the noisy object set up such a wail as fairly brought down the House." While this had been going on Lady Dufferin again came in, and when she left, the House once more gave "God save the Queen," followed up with a cheer and such waving of handkerchiefs as would have led a stranger to believe that Queen Victoria herself was quitting the Chamber.

At last Mr. Cheval burst his toy bag-pipe and retired with a broken heart, amid the mock sympathy of his orchestra. A demand by Mr. Dymond for a speech from the Speaker was

greeted with roars of laughter. At 4.15 a.m., that patient functionary left Mr. De Veber in his chair and went out to get something to eat. In a few moments pages began to bring in coffee, which was greeted with cheers from both sides. About six o'clock (at which hour, had it been evening, the Speaker would have risen from the chair as a matter of course), Mr. Bowell rose and said he was willing to have six o'clock called, and go on after getting something to eat.

"There is no six o'clock to-day," added Mr. Holton.

"Six o'clock was yesterday," added Mr. Mills.

"Oh, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other," said Mr. Blake.

"Then it's twelve," reasoned Mr. Bowell, amid laughter.

The House finally adjourned, after sitting for twenty-seven hours!

Immediately on the adjournment of the House, Sir John plunged into the campaign. He and his followers went in with the utmost confidence of victory, and were thoroughly organized. For more than a year before he had constantly said to his friends, "If I could only go to the country I would sweep the Grits into the sea." At last his desire was being gratified, and he went into the fight like a war-horse that sniffs the battle from afar. A series of political picnics was held throughout the country during the summer, and though the country was suffering from depressed trade there was unusual enthusiasm and excitement. It was known as "the campaign of picnics." Sir John's speeches were full of humor, and many of them remarkable for clever argument. He was able to reach a more than usual number of the masses owing to slack work at the factories, and to the favor received at the hands of manufacturers on both sides of politics, who on these occasions would give their men a holiday to attend the meetings.

We will not follow him through the campaign, but give a few sample extracts from reports of these meetings. Lady

Macdonald accompanied him through the greater part of the campaign, and on more than one occasion evidence was given of the personal affection of the people for both of them.

At Brantford thousands of people poured in from the country, and Sir John and Lady Macdonald were met at the station by an immense procession. Flags were flying from most of the residences, and triumphal arches were erected for the occasion. From one of these arches the model of an anvil was suspended, on one side of which was the motto, "With Sir John in power I ring;" and on the other side, "With Mackenzie in power I rust." Addresses were presented to Sir John by two of the local political associations, and an address was presented to Lady Macdonald by the Faculty and ladies of the Presbyterian Ladies' College. A very handsome escritoire, made wholly by the workingmen of Brantford, was presented to Lady Macdonald by a deputation from the workingmen. When the presentation was made, they demanded a speech from her. The request took her by surprise, as it was the first speech of the kind she had ever been called upon to make. But she did her best, and said, "I think, Mr. President, it is very hard of Mr. Hawkins to say that I must make a speech. I need not tell you I cannot make a speech. I leave speech-making to my husband, who, I am proud to think, can make very good ones. I am proud of my welcome to Brantford, but almost for the first time in public I raise my voice to say how much obliged I am, how flattered and how very much pleased."

At the political meeting in the evening, Sir John referred to this gift and to others as follows: "This second-hand cupboard--as it would perhaps be called—which had been handed over to his wife would be put in her best sitting-room; and while no doubt she would show it to her friends as an evidence of the esteem in which she was held, and as a reflected compliment to her husband, he would point to it as a proof of the skill of the mechanics in Brantford. * * It was not the only present that had been given to him by the work-

ingmen of this country, and he was happy to believe that by some mysterious influence he lived in the hearts of the workingmen. Here was one instance of it (here he held up his gold watch and chain). It was presented to him by the workingmen of Toronto. He had no doubt that in some obscure Grit print it had been called a pinchbeck affair. His hearers might see around his good wife's neck a gold necklace. It was presented to her by the workingmen of Hamilton. And the clothes he had on (laughter) — a Scotch pattern, and Highland at that—were manufactured at the hands of workingmen of Lower Canada. As he said, when the suit was presented to him, he was not a bit too proud to accept it. He had a right to a new coat, because he never turned the old one."

During his speech the chairman called attention to certain interruptions by Government officials who were at the meeting, when Sir John adroitly turned the circumstance to account by saying he was not accustomed to such interruptions, and would add that the Government officials could not expect to benefit themselves by creating a disturbance, for many Reformers had come there to hear both sides of this question.

Explaining his position in the Washington Treaty, he said England was crippled in her continental policy by the knowledge that at any favorable moment the United States might strike her in the back. It was important that the Alabama matter should be settled in order to leave England free to act in Europe, and to give Canada a feeling of security. He urged the Fenian raid claims, but the Americans on the commission were candid enough to say that their Government could not carry a clause providing compensation even if they tried. The British Government abandoned the claim, though he opposed that course. If he had refused to give way then, trouble might have arisen between the Imperial and American Governments, and England would not now stand in the position of being both free to fight Russia, and able to thrash her. * * In conclusion he said the only punishment he

wished the present Government, if they were defeated, was, that for the next two years they might be compelled to board at the Neebing Hotel. [This hit refers to a "job" alleged to have been perpetrated by the Mackenzie Government in the building of a hotel of this name on the line of the C. P. R.]

At a banquet which followed the public meeting in the evening, Sir John in his speech said he was in the position of the great French writer, Voltaire, who after many years' absence from Paris returned there a hero, worshipped by the people. He had been driven from the Paris he loved so well by the despotic power of Louis XV. On his return he visited the theatre, and was crowned with a chaplet of roses. He was an old man, and he said feebly, "My friends! you smother me with roses," and he died the next day. It appeared the people of Brantford were determined to smother him with roses, but he did not intend to die, nevertheless. (Laughter.) He was not quite so old as Voltaire, and he was a good deal tougher. * * He was happy to think his countrymen believed him honest. They had watched his course for thirty-four long years, they knew his merits and demerits, and if his friends were not yet acquainted with his demerits, they had only to read the Reform newspapers. He had been painted with horns and a tail, and in every possible color, but it appeared to him the colors must have been laid on in the dark, for the shadows came out strongest. * * * At the time he first went into parliament he had a very large practice as a lawyer, and was making a rapid fortune. He had remained in parliament and forfeited his fortune, but he had served the people, and he did not regret it.

In a speech at the Parkhill picnic, Sir John alluded to the years of the Reform Government having been years of depression, while his own periods of power were years of prosperity. He quoted a former speech delivered at Peterborough, in which he said: "A good friend of mine, who is what we call a Grit, said to me the other day: 'What fortunate fellows you are, Macdonald! Here you are with everything prosperous around

you, the sun smiles on you, and our fields are teeming with prosperity; while in days of old, when our own poor friends were in the Government, we had clouded skies and dried-up fields and no crops—and you appropriate all this as your own merits (laughter), and the country will be foolish enough to give you credit for what is an act of climate.' 'Sir,' said I, 'it only goes to show that Providence is on our side, and if you are a wise man and wish a continuance of the same skies and the same crops, you will keep us in power. Be sure, my friend, that the weevil will come again with the Grit.' (Cheers.) He was very nearly a prophet then, for although the weevil did not come, the Colorado-bug did. * * While we were in power the laws were well administered. They suited the people. There were splendid crops, good prices, no weevil and no potato-bugs. 'We are going to have a big crop now,' he added, 'although a Grit Government is in—but the reason is this: the Grits are going out.'" (Laughter.)

After speaking on the tariff question he concluded as follows: "We could see what an advantage the Americans had. They had a market of their own, and no bushel of our wheat would go into their country, because, to use a vulgar Scotch phrase, they kept their own fish guts for their own sea mews."

On many occasions in this campaign, he spoke of himself as soon to disappear from the stage, and at London he said all he desired to see was the country once more in a prosperous condition, and on the road to become great among nations. When this had been attained, he felt he could sing his "*Nunc dimittis*."

At a conversazione at Strathroy, Sir John, replying to an address from the Young Men's Conservative Association, said he was young himself once—but that was very long ago, and he would not like to tell the ladies how long. His father, who was a good old Conservative, made him a present of one hundred acres when he was twenty, so that he might vote when he

was twenty-one. And for whom did his hearers think he voted? It was for John Solomon Cartwright, the uncle of the present recreant Minister of Finance (laughter)—a good Conservative who would undoubtedly be ashamed of his successor. He had not intended making a political speech—but there he was again into politics. He ought to have remembered that there were many ladies present. To them he would say, however, that he had a claim upon them—not exactly because of his personal appearance, but because he was the chief man in carrying out union in the provinces, and ladies were always in favor of union.

Some people had said his Government were insane for bringing British Columbia into the Confederation. It reminded him of a story of George II. At the time General Wolfe went with a small force to conquer Canada, some one told George II that the general must be mad. The king, who was a German and could not speak English well, replied: "Mat is he? mat? Well, by——, I wish he would bite some of my chenerals." It was this mad man who took Canada, and added to the British crown its brightest gem. * * * The Conservatives were going to carry Ontario, and instead of this province being Mackenzie's stronghold it was going to be his weak hold. * * * Mr. Duncan McMillan in East Middlesex would smash that Glass [reference to Mr. Glass, Reform candidate], and in London Mr. Carling would walk into the Ma-jaw [Major Walker.] "In fact," said he, "the County of Middlesex will be handed over to the Tories, and if they don't treat the electors—well let me know about it.'

At one of the meetings in Toronto, Sir John once more referred to the probability that he would never again have the opportunity of asking for their support, when one in the assembly called out, "Oh, you'll never die!" The remark caused an outburst of laughter, but it was a disputed question whether the strange utterance was from a Grit, who was expressing his vexation at Sir John's longevity, or whether one of Sir John's

devotees was suddenly inspired with a prophecy of some kind of immortality for his idolized leader.

On the 28th August, Sir John went East to Cornwall to a meeting, and by a coincidence Mr. Mowat went on the same train down to Glengarry to help Mr. Mackenzie at one of his picnics. It appeared that Sir Richard Cartwright had been expected at Mr. Mackenzie's picnic at Alexandria, in that county, but failed to appear. His non-appearance was attributed by the Conservatives to the anger of the Highlanders at some real or supposed insult he had given them. Sir John went from Cornwall to the little village of St. Andrews, seven miles distant, where in the churchyard of the little Roman Catholic church reposed the remains of his old antagonist, John Sandfield Macdonald. In his speech here, his audience being composed chiefly of Scotchmen, Sir John turned the Cartwright incident to account in the following way: "The last and worst thing they had said of him was, that he was a Scotchman, a descendant of a Highlander and a thief. Why, Mr. Cartwright, who made this charge was a Highlander himself, and his ancestors might have stolen cattle—and the instinct might remain with him. He seemed to forget that, and it seemed to have slipped his memory, that his leader, Mr. Mackenzie, was also a Highlander, and had shown himself quite as great an adept at stealing as he (Sir John) had. Mr. Cartwright was told by his leader to be at Alexandria, but he had not gone, as he heard some Scotchmen had gone there to meet him. Well, he had shown a little more sense than the man who attacked the laird of Camlogie. The laird of Camlogie, while crossing a bridge, was insulted by a man. For this insult he threw the man into the water and nearly drowned him. Some friends of the laird asked him if he did not know the danger of throwing the man into the water. 'A weel,' said the laird, 'I did na think ony mon wad insult the laird o' Camlogie on a bredge if he could na swem.' (Laughter.) Mr. Cartwright evidently could not swim, so he got out of the way of the Highlanders of Alexandria."

The elections were held in September, and Sir John was returned to power by a large majority—to remain in power up to the day of his death.

Just after the elections he went down to Quebec to bid an official good-bye to one of the ablest and most popular Governor-Generals Canada ever had—Lord Dufferin. While here he was pressed to attend a meeting and give an address, which he consented to do. He expressed his regret that he could not address them well in the French language—the language of his great friend, his "alter ego," who had been called his Siamese twin—Sir George E. Cartier. He (Sir John) considered himself an English-speaking Frenchman, as Sir George E. Cartier considered himself a French-speaking Englishman. After the elections just over it was impossible to find a Rouge in Quebec or a Grit in Ontario, even if a reward were offered for them, so complete was the victory. The Grits were like the Dodo—extinct. A story was told in Toronto of two Grits or Rouges—for they are as much alike as a crocodile and an alligator—who met the day after the election. One of them said to the other, "Didn't you Grits get a good licking?" and his companion replied, "Yes, didn't they!" You might know the Grits now by their wearing longer faces than anybody else. It was said that the Hon. George Brown, editor of the *Globe*, of whom they had all heard, had gone three times a week to the same barber for twenty years, always paying him ten cents to be shaved. On the morning after the election, however, the barber demanded fifteen cents instead of ten, because he had never seen his face so long before.

CHAPTER XXII.

'Tis well that man to all the varying states
Of good and ill his mind accommodates.

—*Crabbe.*

WORDS OF WISDOM AND PATRIOTISM—SIR JOHN'S SERIOUS SAYINGS.

IT must not be inferred from the contents of the last two chapters that the character of Sir John on the floor of the House was always that of a buffoon. Many of his speeches were those of a serious and earnest man. The charge of buffoonery was less applicable to him than to Disraeli, against whom it was often levied; and it may fairly be said that Sir John seldom told a story, or made a droll illustration, without the serious purpose of driving home an argument, or gaining a point against his opponents, or of soothing and diverting an irritable House.

A few, and only a few, of his bits of wisdom and sentiment, culled at random from his speeches, are given in this chapter.

In the House he was very ready to give information to a candid inquirer, and to impart his personal views, where they did not give a handle to his opponents to work with. There could be nothing more instructive and entertaining, for instance, than one of his conversational speeches on Indian affairs, of which department he was head for several years. No question would be asked but he had an answer for it and could give off-hand a history of each appointment, or a clear and instructive statement of every case of difficulty that had come up; while his knowledge of the character of the Indians was marvellous. A most interesting volume could be made solely from his speeches, explanations in committee, and annual reports, on the Canadian Indian.

It is perhaps pardonable egotism to say that for adminis-

trative capacity, especially in taking savage people and educating and training them to better ideas, no race is equal to the British. Wherever British rule has been extended over savage nations, they have been schooled into better notions of self-control and self-government, the germ of improvement no doubt being derived more from the Christian missionary than the political ruler. The Canadian policy in dealing with the Indian has, from early times, borne out the best traditions of British administration, and no head of the Indian Department has shown more tact and patience, or approached nearer to the ideal of British humanity in governing a subject race, than Sir John.

Once in a debate on the Indian, Mr. Blake jokingly suggested that when Sir John wished to vacate the office of Indian Affairs, his friend, Sir Richard Cartwright, would be glad to step into his place; to which Sir John replied: "If he knew how much worry these Indians sometimes cause me I would not congratulate him on the change." But Sir John's patience was never exhausted. "It has been the fault of our administrations," said he one day, "that they have been over-indulgent. But what can we do? We cannot as Christians, and as men with hearts in our bosoms—allow the vagabond Indian to die before us. Some of these Indians—and it is a peculiarity of their nature—will hang around the stations and will actually allow themselves to die, in the hope that just before the breath leaves their body they will receive some assistance from the public stores." On another occasion he said: "The whole theory of supplying the Indians is that we must prevent them from starving. In consequence of the extinction of the buffalo, and their not having yet betaken themselves to raising crops, they were suffering greatly. * * The officers exercise every discretion in giving them food to prevent them from starving, but at the same time every effort was made to save the public stores, and induce the Indians to become self-supporting.

"The general rule is that you cannot make the Indian a

white man. An Indian once said to me, 'We are the wild animals; you cannot make an ox out of a deer.' You cannot make an agriculturist of the Indian. All we can hope to do is to wean them, by slow degrees, from their nomadic habits, which have almost become an instinct, and by slow degrees absorb them or settle them on the land. Meantime they must be fairly protected."

Speaking of the constantly returning dangers of Indian outbreaks—from the actual occurrence of which Canada has been singularly free compared with the United States—he said: "You can quite understand that if an Indian is starving and sees a white man's cattle grazing, he will not starve—he will shoot the white man's ox for food, and it was not unlikely that the white man's ox would shoot down the Indian. * * There are large herds of cattle coming into our North West Territories from the United States, with herdsmen and drivers, and we know from the history of the transactions between the white man and the Indian in the States, that the white man would be apt to shoot the Indian on sight, as he would a prairie dog. Such men are coming into our country, and the great danger is that by an act of appropriation of a white man's property the white man might be excited to protect it by taking an Indian's life, and the killing of one Indian might cause an Indian war."

The leading feature of Sir John's Indian policy was to keep the Indian alive during times of scarcity, and gradually wean him from his wild ways into habits of settled industry, though the process, he saw, required great time and infinite patience.

On a motion of Mr. Macdonnell (Inverness), that the Hansard reports should be discontinued on account of the cost ($18,562), amendments were moved, one by Mr. Jones, that the reports be made verbatim.

Sir John in the course of his speech upon the subject said—"It is well known that objection was made a good many years ago by some members to the reports in the *Times*, and they

demanded that the reports be taken 'verbatim et literatim.' The *Times* took them at their word, and for two or three weeks published their speeches *verb. et lit.* until they had to go on their knees and beg that the practice be discontinued. It might suit some who speak with peculiar verbal accuracy, and round off their sentences, as if they had been prepared. Some have that happy faculty. I for one have it not, and I should be very sorry to have my speeches reported 'verbatim et literatim.' To do away with the reports altogether would be a retrograde step. We all know the regrets expressed by every literary man, every statesman and every historian that the speeches made by great men in the days of old were lost forever. I think it was the younger Pitt who said he would rather have a lost speech of Bolingbroke than all the lost pages of Livy. We have no speeches of Chatham, no speeches of Bolingbroke, none of the great speeches made in the Long Parliament, at the time of the fight between freedom and tyranny in the time of Charles I. We all know how eagerly historians have looked up any little sentence, any casual note, and any remark of the leaders of public opinion from the time of Queen Elizabeth till now; * * how eagerly these scraps are scanned to find out the motives that moved the body of Parliament. * * Even in Canada how deeply interesting would be a Hansard shewing the debates in the old province of Upper Canada or Lower Canada, giving the discussions of 1791-2. If we had *that*, it would be the most interesting volume in the world to any Canadian. We could learn the chief subjects of interest, the style of speaking and the manner of thought, not only of the leaders, but of the great body of the representatives of the people in those early days. And we are in a great measure without a colonial history. We have no means of tracing out the very groundwork of all our legislation, the motives and impulses of those petty municipal questions which were the chief subjects of interest in those early days, and which have expanded into the large subjects that are now engaging the people of Canada."

On Mr. John Charlton's bill to punish adultery and seduction, Sir John said: "The evils against which the bill is directed strike at the very root of society—the conjugal relation—and if it were possible by any means to restrain this class of immorality, it would be very desirable to do so. At the same time I feel that there are vices which cannot be reached by legislation, but that can be reached by education, and especially religious education, and by the maintenance of a high standard of morality among the people."

The expression used by Sir John in his last campaign, "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die," which has become famous, was uttered many years before, as the following passage in his speech on Mr. Blake's resolution, declaring the right of Canada to make her own commercial treaties, will show: "Disguise it as you will, this means separation and independence. The hon. gentleman is moving by slow degrees to that point. This is a commercial movement, by and by we shall have something else, until at last we take a step for political independence. I have said to the House before that a British subject I was born, and a British subject I hope to die. The best interests of Canada are all involved in the connection between the mother country and her loving and loyal colony."

In the course of a speech in the House of Assembly, in 1861, referring to the agitations then going on as to the relations of the two provinces, he said he hoped that for ages, forever, Canada might remain united with the mother country. But we were fast ceasing to be a dependency, and were assuming the position of an ally of Great Britain. England would be the centre, surrounded and sustained by an alliance not only with Canada, but Australia and all the other possessions; and there would thus be formed an immense confederacy of free men—the greatest confederacy of civilized and intelligent men that ever had an existence on the face of

the globe. We in our sphere should avoid occasions of difference. * * * Let us all set aside party feeling, and work in common on the principle of union, and not on the principle of one section striving against another section, and seeking to annihilate it.

The following points are from speeches delivered in 1861 :—

"A public man in this country gets plenty of abuse, and I have had more than my share of it."

"To sustain yourselves honorably you have your own stout hearts and brawny arms, and all you look for from me is good government."

"Certainly I have not fattened on the public plunder. I am sure that, when I first entered the public service, my name stood infinitely better at my bankers than it does at the present time, and my creditors feel as I feel myself, that I should have been a wealthier man, and have a much higher standing in point of credit, had I uninterruptedly pursued my profession, instead of devoting myself to the public service."

"Since I was five years old, I have been in Canada. My affections, my family are here. All my hopes and my remembrances are Canadian; and not only are my principles and prejudices Canadian, but (what as a Scotchman, I feel as much as anybody else) my interests are Canadian."

"If coalition between two parties means that for the sake of emolument or position they sacrifice principle, then coalition government ought not to receive the confidence of the people. But if it means the junction of a number of men, who, forgetting old quarrels which have been wiped out, and who instead of raking up the ashes after the fire of dissension had burned away, finally extinguished it, and refused to prolong discord—then I may say that coalition is the act of true patriots. * * I have always been a Conservative Liberal, and when I found there were many Reformers who agreed with me, I did not hesitate to enter into an alliance with them."

"Are we not all equal in this country? Have we not all the same rights? And if we get the right man in the right place, it does not matter what his race or religion may be."

"It is said that that country is the happiest which has no history. It may be exciting to read of great wars and great conquerors, but that history, so exciting to the reader, tells of misery and destruction to the country concerned. Those wars may have brought out the great talents of great minds, but they have been ruinous to thousands. And so it is with administrations. That Government which is satisfied with being useful—with doing its duty to the people who placed it in power—which, when it finds a practical evil sets itself to reduce it in a practical way, is not a Government about which you can get up much enthusiasm."

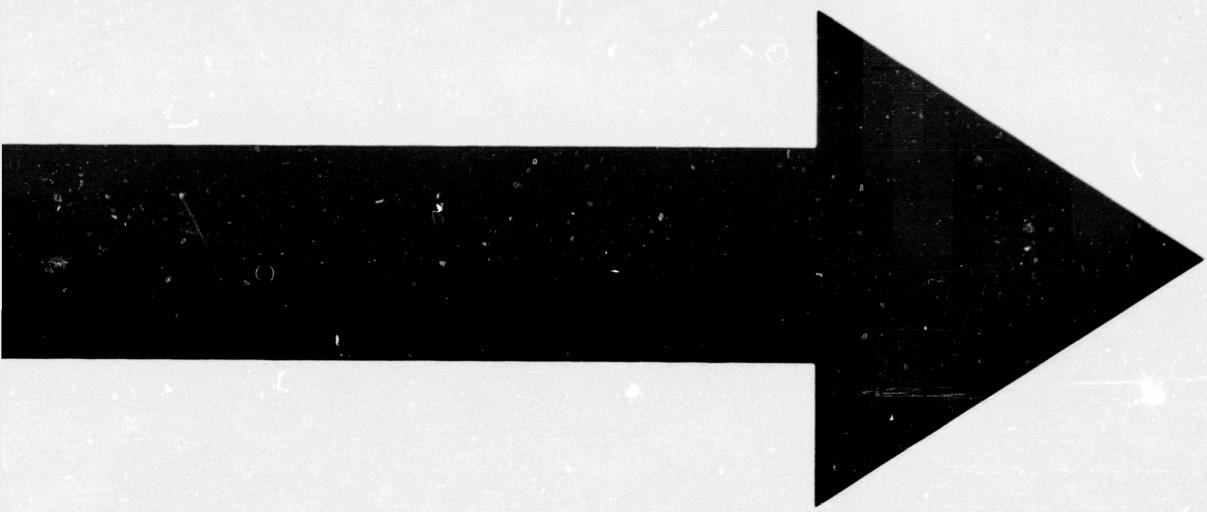
"I believe no country is worthy of liberty unless it is able to fight for it, and that not by hired hands only. * * We see what England has done with her volunteers. * * Not satisfied with her magnificently organized army and navy, the moment her position was in danger the people rushed to arms; the merchant leaving his counter, the farmer his plough, the lawyer his desk—and by the same token they say the lawyers make the best of soldiers, because they are so ready for the charge."

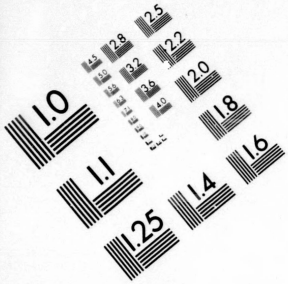
"I never asked the question, and never will ask, what a man's religion, race or ancestry may be; if he is a capable man, 'the right man for the right place,' that is all I inquire into."

"It is one thing to give a man a right, it is quite another thing to deprive a man of an established one, especially if it is not proved that he has abused it."

"Preserve the union [between Upper and Lower Canada] and we become a great nation. Gone forever would be all our hopes of this becoming a great empire—gone forever the prospects of attaining a high position in the world—gone forever all our glorious expectations if we again sank into two wretched municipalities, with different interests, different reli-



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gions and opposing prejudices. * * If I had any influence over the minds of the people of Canada, any power over their intellect, I would leave them this legacy: 'Whatever you do adhere to the Union—we are a great country, and shall become one of the greatest in the universe if we preserve it; we shall sink into insignificance and adversity if we suffer it to be broken.' God and nature have made the two Canadas one—let no factious men be allowed to put them asunder."

When the American Civil War broke out, Mr. Macdonald was of opinion that it would result in the formation of two nations. In a speech in 1861 he said: "He agreed with every word of regret that had been expressed at the unhappy and lamentable state of things which they now witnessed in the States, for he remembered they were of the same blood as ourselves. He still looked hopefully to the future of the United States. He believed there was a vigor, a vitality in the Anglo-Saxon character and institutions of the States that would carry them through this great convulsion, as they had carried through our mother country in days of old. He hoped that if they were to be severed in two—as severed in two he believed they would be—two great, two noble, two free nations would exist in place of one. But while thus he sympathized with them, he must say, let it be a warning to ourselves, that we do not split upon the same rock. The fatal error which they committed—and it was perhaps unavoidable from the state of the colonies at the time of the revolution—was in making each state a distinct sovereignty."

"I am satisfied that the best civilizers are missionaries."

"The Government are merely trustees for the public."

"Parliament is a grand inquest which has the right to inquire into anything and everything."

At the dinner in Halifax to the Confederation delegates, Mr.

Macdonald, in the course of his speech, said: "The question of Colonial Union is one of such magnitude that it dwarfs every other question on this portion of the continent. It absorbs every other idea as far as I am concerned. For twenty long years I have been dragging myself through the dreary waste of colonial politics. I thought there was no end—nothing worthy of ambition; but now I see something that is well worthy to be weighed against all I have suffered in the cause of my little country. There may be obstructions; local differences may arise, disputes may occur, local jealousies may intervene, but it matters not—the wheel is now revolving, and we are only the fly on the wheel; we cannot delay it. The union of the colonies of British America under one sovereign is a fixed fact."

He then pointed out that though the constitution of the United States was as perfect as human wisdom could make it, yet being the work of men it had its defects, and one of these was that each state was an individual sovereignty, having its own army and navy and its own sovereign powers. We could avoid this danger by forming one strong central government, having all rights of sovereignty except those delegated to the local government.

Referring to the visit of the delegates to England on Confederation he said:—

"From the moment we presented ourselves with the credentials of the people of Canada we saw a great change. We were treated not as a mere delegation from a small dependency, but as if we were an embassy from some great nation; and we, the four ministers from a single colony, were met day by day, and for weeks and weeks, by the chief heads of the Government of England. We were told that in case it were necessary, the whole power of the mighty empire with which we were connected would be exercised in our defence, and that by land and sea, with soldier and sailor, by salt water and by fresh, on the ocean and on the lakes, England would,

if necessary, expend the whole of her mighty resources in the defence of Canada."

"So long as the country is well governed and enjoys all the benefits it should enjoy, you can smoke your pipe in peace at home, in happy indifference as to whether Reformers or Conservatives are at the helm of state. I have always held that we should not be like the Jews, who wished to keep out the Gentiles from the inner temple. We should accept as men and brothers all those who think alike of the future of the country, and wish to act alike for the good of the country, no matter what their antecedents may have been."

"The statement often made that this is a conquered country is *à propos de rien* (has no meaning). Whether it was conquered or ceded, we have a constitution now, under which all British subjects are in a position of absolute equality, having equal rights of language, of religion, of property, and of person. There is no paramount race in this country; there is no conquered race in this country; we are all British subjects; and those who are not English are none the less British subjects on that account."

"I am as strong a party man as my hon. friend (Mr. Mackenzie), and will go as far for party as he. And parties can fight and have their struggles, triumphs and defeats, so long as the country is not made the victim. But I say that that party is unworthy to retain the confidence of the people who, in their desire for victory, will forget the country."

"We, in Canada, have got into the habit of delivering lectures and essays in parliament. Well, these essays we can all find in books, and it is merely lecture and water that we get, as a rule, in long speeches." (Sir John thought a twenty minutes' speech long enough for any practical man in parliament, but he did not limit all his own speeches to that space of time.)

"Some are apprehensive that the fact of our forming this Confederation will hasten the time when we shall be severed from the Mother Country. I have no apprehension of that kind. I believe it will have the contrary effect. I believe that as we grow stronger, as we become a people able, from our union, our population, and the development of our resources, to take our position among the nations of the world, she would be less willing to part with us than now. * * I am strongly of opinion that year by year, as we grow in population and strength, England will more see the advantage of maintaining the alliance between British North America and herself. Does anyone imagine that when our population, instead of 3,500,000, will be 7,000,000, as it will be ere many years pass, we would be one whit more willing than now to sever the connection with England? * * The colonies are now in a transition state. Gradually a different colonial system is being developed—and it will become year by year less a case of dependence on our part, and of overruling protection on the part of the Mother Country, and more a case of healthy and cordial alliance. Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation —a subordinate, but still a powerful people—to stand by her in North America in peace or in war."

When Lord Beaconsfield died in 1881, certain English Conservative politicians approached Sir John with a suggestion that he should come over to England and enter the field there, with a view to succeeding the great English statesman, pointing out the higher honors he would obtain, and expressing the conviction that by his natural gifts he would win the position of leader of the Conservative party and of the nation. Sir John declined, and when they asked why, he is said to have replied to this effect: "That here he was engaged in the development of a nation; there he would be struggling to hold together the fabric of an old one. Here he was building up a new empire—the forces were here forming for the life of a

nation—and there was more glory in having a guiding hand in that than striving to preserve from ossification the frame of an old nation."

CHAPTER XXIII.

From grave to gay.
—*Pope.*

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

It has been said before that Sir John usually joked with a serious purpose, unless he might be talking merely to entertain a friend in private. Some of his old colleagues used to be offended at the wanton levity he would exhibit when matters of serious moment were being discussed in Council, or in private conference. The more grave the situation appeared to them, and the more anxious their minds were, the more apt he was to break off in the midst of the discussion with some story or joke ; and on these occasions—like Abram Lincoln's jokes—they were not always relevant. One of his colleagues, impatient at the ill-timed levity, would break in with, "But this is no time for joking—how are we going to get over this difficulty?—what are we to do with So-and-so?" "Oh, we'll fix him all right," Sir John would reply, and go on with his story or tell a new one. But what appeared ill-timed levity to some of his friends was only intended to draw off the minds of others of his colleagues from some distraction, or stop them at a moment when they were running off upon dangerous ground in the debate.

When the Hon. Wm. McDougall was insulted and driven back by the rebellious half-breeds of Red River, while the North West was taken over, the Government decided to send Joseph Howe to take his place. Mr. Howe was in ill health and they thought the journey would do him good, and at the same time overcome his prejudices against the North West, which were very strong. He got there in the fall, and going through the country by dog train, was caught in a snow storm

and had a hard time of it. His mission was a failure, and his prejudices against the country only confirmed. Then Sir Adams Archibald was sent up, and while he was there an unusually early cold snap froze up Lake Winnipeg so solid that the Indians were on the point of starvation. Mr. Archibald reported the disordered state of things, and asked for aid from Ottawa. "There," said Mr. Howe, when the matter came up for decision, "what did I tell you about that place? I wouldn't give Nova Scotia for seven bleak and frozen North Wests." "Well," replied Sir John, "between you and McDougall, you've made it quite hot enough to suit us."

William Lyon Mackenzie told a friend once that some years after the Rebellion, John A. came to him and said: "Mr. Mackenzie, I understand you have a scrap book containing a great deal of valuable history. I should like to have it for use in the public records, and will give you £1,000 for it." Mr. Mackenzie said he believed the offer was meant as a bribe, and replied in his characteristic style that all the money that could be offered him was not enough to purchase that scrap book.

A son of Mr. Ferguson, member for Leeds, had a bust of a Polynesian in his office. Having stuck a clay pipe in the Polynesian's mouth and put a battered beaver hat on its head, a farmer came in, and seeing the dusky visaged figure exclaimed, "Why, I declare, that's John A., isn't it?"

Mr. Robert Motton, the genial magistrate of Halifax, who was as fond of a good story as Sir John, once had a call from the Premier when in Halifax. Sir John noticing two or three busts in Mr. Motton's office, asked whom they represented? Mr. Motton said one was Cato, the Roman statesman, and it reminded him of the circumstance that a man came in one day and seeing the bust, said: "Let's see—that's Mr. McCully, isn't it? And what a fine likeness of him it is." Sir John saw something so irresistibly ludicrous in the association

of Cato the censor with his old political friend McCully, that he stood for some minutes repeating the words: "Cato and McCully!" and laughing heartily between each soliloquy.

Such cases of mistaken identity will remind many readers of the remarkable likeness that existed between Sir John and the Ojibway Indian Chief, John Prince, or Ah-yan-dwa-wah (the Thunderbolt), from Manitoba, who visited Ottawa in 1889 to protest against the depletion of Lake Winnipeg by American fishermen. The Indian Chief visited Toronto on his way down, and many people not personally acquainted with the Premier actually mistook him for Sir John. He was six feet high and straight as an arrow. His bushy gray hair, the strong outline of his nose, his pursed-up mouth, the lines of twinkling shrewdness about the eyes, all recalled the Premier. The big chief had Sir John's way of wagging his head and had Sir John's carriage. The fact that Sir John was so commonly known as "the old chief" or "the chieftain" made the association more complete. While in Toronto, Mr. Robertson of the *Telegram* asked the chief what relation he was to Sir John. The chief said he supposed he was a brother. Asked if he was not likely to win the affections of Lady Macdonald, the old man replied: "No, I have too much respect for my sister-in-law."

Speaking of busts, a laughable incident occurred in the Superior Court in Montreal, last year. A prominent French Canadian lawyer, engaged in an important case, wanted his statute books urgently for reference, but could not go after them. The happy thought struck him of telephoning to his office boy. The boy was instructed as follows: "Apporte moi les deux statutes qui se trouvent sur ma table" (bring me the two statutes which are to be found on my table). A few minutes later the court was thrown into a convulsion of laughter when a small boy appeared bearing under one arm a bronze statuette of Sir John Macdonald and under the other a companion statuette of Sir Etienne Taché.

Samuel Thompson, in his "Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer," draws this comparison between Sir John and the Hon. George Brown: Both Scotchmen; both ambitious; both resolute and persevering; both carried away by political excitement into errors which they would gladly forget; both unquestionably loyal and true to the empire. But in temper and demeanor, no two men could be more unlike. Mr. Brown was naturally austere, autocratic, domineering. Sir John was kindly, whether to friends or foes, and always ready to forget past differences. A country member who had been newly elected for a Reform constituency said to a friend of mine: "What a contrast between Brown and Macdonald! I was at the Reform Convention the other day, and there was George Brown dictating to us all, and treating rudely every man who dared to make a suggestion. Next day I was talking to some fellows in the lobby, when a stranger coming up slapped me on the shoulder and said in the heartiest way: 'How d'ye do, M——? Shake hands—glad to see you here. —I'm John A.'"

Speaking of this characteristic of Sir John, the late J. Sheridan Hogan, who after writing on the old *Colonist* went into Opposition and became member for Grey, said it was impossible to help liking Sir John—he was so good-natured to men on both sides of the House, and never seemed to remember an injury, or resent an attack after it was past.

An anecdote of a similar kind to that by Samuel Thompson was related some years ago by a correspondent at Ottawa. When the late David Thompson was sitting for Haldimand, in the days when the record of the riding was an unbroken series of Liberal victories, he was laid aside for nearly a whole session through illness. He got down to Parliament at last, and told the story of his reception as follows: "The first man I met on coming back was Blake. He passed me with a simple nod. The next man I met was Cartwright, and his greeting was about as cold as that of Blake. Hardly had I passed these men when I met Sir John. He didn't pass me

by, but grasped me by the hand, gave me a slap on the shoulder, and said, 'Davy, old man, I'm glad to see you back. I hope you'll soon be yourself again and live many a day to vote against me—as you always have done!' Now," continued Mr. Thompson with genuine pathos, "I never gave the old man a vote in my life, but hang me if it doesn't go against my grain to follow the men who haven't a word of kind greeting for me, and oppose a man with a heart like Sir John's."

A leading citizen of Toronto met Sir John once in King street in that city and accosted him with, "Sir John, our friend C—— here says you are the d ——st liar in all Canada!" Assuming a very grave look, Sir John answered: "I dare say it's true enough." *

Mr. Peak, an officer of one of the Canals, was appointed by the Mackenzie Government, and when Sir John came back to power again, an enemy of the officer thought he would take advantage of the opportunity to get him out. The most serious charge that could be brought against the officer was that he had bought a coffin for a poor deceased workman and paid for it with Government money. Sir John received the accusation, but, as usual, did not say what would be done. Meeting the officer some time after, Sir John alluded to the charge in no censorious way and added: "I hope you made the coffin big enough." Laughing off the rest of the charges he asked the officer after his daughter, of whose beauty he had heard. The officer was so struck with Sir John's broad-mindedness, and so pleased with the compliment to his daughter, who was his special pride, that he became a devoted political follower of the Conservative Premier.

In a more cunning way he met the intrigues of another of his own partizans, who just before an election demanded, as the price of his important services in his county, that Sir

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* "Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer."

John should turn out from his position a certain postmaster —a worthy man against whom nothing of a serious nature could be brought. The intriguant coolly told Sir John he proposed to trump up charges against the postmaster, and wished it understood that when the postmaster was ejected he was to have the place. "All right," said Sir John. "When you get him out you shall have the place,—but wait till after the election." Presumptuously interpreting this as an assurance that the old postmaster would be discharged on any sort of complaint, the would-be supplanter went to work with a will in the election, the Conservative being returned. After the election he preferred some trumpery charge against the postmaster, which of course the Postmaster General refused to entertain. Finally he came to the Capital, and going to Sir John claimed the old postmaster's place, reminding Sir John of what he had said. "Well, did you get old —— out?" asked Sir John. "No," replied he. "Well," said Sir John, "as soon as you get him out, you shall have the place." "But the Postmaster General won't listen to me," he complained. "Oh! well, then I'm afraid I can't do anything. I can't interfere," explained Sir John with a delightful assumption of innocence and helplessness.

Sir John's unfortunate habit of indulging in strong drink—but for which he might have lived ten or fifteen years yet in the full vigor of his intellect, and so have extended a career that would have been absolutely without a parallel in the history of the world's legislators and prime ministers—has already been alluded to. Of late years, owing to the care, solicitude and good counsel of his wife, and to other causes which will be spoken of elsewhere, he gained control of this appetite, and limited himself to a very small allowance each day. At one time, however, more especially the period between the death of his first wife and his second marriage, he frequently gave way to drink, sometimes absenting himself from work for days at a time, and paying little heed to the

quality of liquor he drank, or the standing of the place at which he got it. But even at such times his mind retained its seat, and he never allowed his tongue to run loose.

Once he went to speak against a Reform candidate in a North Ontario constituency. When he mounted the platform, after having taken too much strong drink and being shaken over a rough track on the train, he became sick and vomited on the platform while his opponent was speaking. Such a sight before a large audience disgusted even many of his friends, and the prospect for the Conservative cause that day was not bright. The opposing candidate, whom we will call Jones, ceased speaking, and John A. rose to reply. What could he say, or how could he act to redeem himself and gain respect or attention? "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," he began, "I don't know how it is, but every time I hear Mr. Jones speak it turns my stomach!" The conception was so grotesque and so unexpected, that the audience went off in fits of laughter, and disgust was instantly turned into general good humor and sympathy.

At one time complaints were pretty numerous among prominent Conservative members of the drinking habits of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. A member came to John A. and said, "You must speak to him. This sort of thing is a disgrace." After putting them off for some time, John A. went to McGee and said, "Look here, McGee, this Government can't afford two drunkards, and you've got to stop."

Four or five years ago a temperance delegation came down to Ottawa from the West to urge some temperance reforms, followed the next day by a large delegation from the Licensed Victuallers' Association, who strongly presented the "liquor side" of the question. Meeting Sir John after this, Mr. S. E. Gregory, one of his old supporters from Ontario, asked him how he was going to get out of this difficulty, and yet please both sides. "We'll give them a dose of Gregory's Mixture," replied Sir John instantly, "that will bring them round all right."

Akin to this was his remark when the names of the two candidates for Hamilton, at a former election, were submitted to him. One was D. B. Chisholm, a prominent advocate of temperance, and the other was Peter Grant, the brewer. On asking the occupations of the men, Mr. Grant was given by mistake as a distiller. "Where could you get a better combination than that," said John A.—"good water and good whisky."

Though the fact may not be creditable to human nature, Sir John's very weakness was a secret of his popularity with a certain class of men, and he did not hesitate to take advantage of the weakness when the occasion served his purpose. Once he caused great applause in his audience when he said, "I know enough of the feeling of this meeting to know that you would rather have John A. drunk than George Brown sober."

Going home one night, while he lived at Toronto, he met Mr. L——, the tea merchant, who, though one of his many personal friends, was a life-long Reformer. Sir John was a little unsteady, and wishing company home said, "L——, I have known you for twenty-five years, and you've never given me a vote yet; but," he added as he took his friend's arm, "you've got to support me this time."

When Prince Arthur visited Canada, a reception was given him at the Capital, and it was arranged that the members of the Cabinet should meet privately in their Windsor uniforms, just before the reception. One of the ministers, Mr. V——, who was not himself an exemplar of temperance principles, tried on his cocked hat, and one of the company observed that it was not a fit. "No," said Sir John, looking at the subject of remark, "you look as if a cock'-tail would suit you better than a cocked hat."

When the prohibition bill was introduced four or five years ago, the Hon. C. Langelier said to Sir John, "I hope you don't intend to let that go through. It would kill us all in our province." "Yes," replied the Premier, "and it would kill me at home too."

In the later years of his life, Sir John was sincerely desirous of promoting the cause of temperance, as far as the sentiment of the people would support it. A preacher in one of his sermons related this :—

"A friend of mine said to him, 'Sir John, when are you going to give us prohibition?' The prompt reply was, 'Whenever you want it.' 'But we want it now,' said my friend. 'Then say so,' replied the Premier. 'But how shall we say it?' 'By sending prohibitionists to Parliament,' was the prompt and effective answer." The preacher thought the Premier's answer was the solution of a difficult problem in a nutshell. "When the churches do their duty," said he, "then the days of the legalized liquor traffic will be few indeed." The Premier's reply was a good one, and characteristic. While not a prohibitionist in principle himself, he was perfectly willing that the people should have a chance to say whether they wanted it or not. If they voted yes, he, as head of the Government, was prepared to do what he could to pass the law.

One of Sir John's innate good qualities was his faithfulness to his friends that were true to him, and, though he may not have published it, he had a secret horror of the waiting-for-dead-men's-shoes disposition of many office seekers. It is said that there has not been an instance where an applicant who asked for a position in the service occupied by a sick or dying man, before the incumbent's death, ever got it. He truly judged that an office seeker who acted thus was not fit for the place.

The following anecdote is not a case in point, though it comes up by way of association. Mr. G. was applicant for the position of inspector of weights and measures in an Ontario county, and suggested, as the present incumbent was willing to retire on a five years' superannuation allowance, the appointment be made at once. Sir John looked up the question, and when Mr. G. called again he was informed that such

allowances could only be made in the case of civil servants connected with the penitentiary. "If I had only known of that long ago," he added, "I could have sent old Tom to the penitentiary, and then you could have followed him."

When Sir John went to Washington in connection with the treaty with the United States, the Canadian party were treated to a boat ride on the Potomac. Sir John came early and alone, and while waiting for the others to come, a lady, the wife of a senator, fell into conversation with him, when the following dialogue ensued :

"I guess you are from Canada."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You've got a very smart man over there, the Honorable John A. Macdonald."

"Yes, ma'am, he is."

"But they say he's a regu'ar rascal."

"Yes, ma'am, he is a perfect rascal."

"But why do they keep such a man in power?"

"Well, you see, they cannot get along without him."

"But how is that? They say he's a real skalawag, and——"

Just then her husband, the Senator, stepped up and said :

"My dear, let me introduce the Honorable John A. Macdonald."

The lady's feelings can be imagined. But Sir John put her at her ease, saying, "Now, don't apologize. All you've said is perfectly true, and it is well known at home."

Sir John's habit of putting off applicants for places, and of delaying decisions in doubtful or difficult cases, a habit which earned for him the oft-applied nickname of "Old To-morrow," has often been the subject of speculation by students of his character. To give the reader an account of his remarkable resources at Makeshift and Evasion would fill a volume. What is the explanation of his plan of deferring till to-morrow what many thought should be done to-day?

One authority thinks it is "the result of some inexplicable calculation of policy." This is rather indefinite. With regard to questions of appointment he probably reasoned, that by delay further light would be thrown on the subject, and give the opportunity for a possibly better candidate to appear, while it would be apt to tire out any applicant of whom he wanted to be rid, and in some cases be a test of the perseverance of a candidate. Deferred favors, when they did come, would also be more valued by some aspirants. "When remonstrated with on the seeming folly of disappointing fifty persons, whose applications might easily have been forestalled, and the opposite policy of Sir Francis Hincks had been held up in contrast, he has, in vindication of his own course, pointed to the fact that the life of his administration had been much longer than that of the gentleman named. It may be that when a large number of men, more or less influential, have asked favors from the head of the Government, they feel to a certain extent in his power, and that to do anything that might look like desertion would be a disgrace. Once in quitting office, Sir John gave mortal offence to his followers by leaving, as a prize to his successor, half a hundred offices vacant ; but on a subsequent occasion, resolving not again to subject himself to such a reproach, he ran too near the wind by making a large number of appointments when his administration was in a moribund condition, and almost virtually defunct."*

It is known to a few of Sir John's intimate friends that he was offered a peerage, but he declined that high Imperial honor, as he did not consider it in accord with the institutions of a democratic country like Canada. One day in the House he was rallied upon the rumor that he was to accept a peerage, and a member asked him what title he was going to take. He replied : "I will be Lord To-morrow." No one was fonder of making a joke at his own expense on this nickname than he.

* Dent's "Canadian Portrait Gallery."

A French Canadian Conservative member, who had been disappointed in very many requests for Government favors, wanted a legal friend of his appointed to the judgeship of his county, which had just became vacant. When another man, who had been strongly recommended to the Minister of Justice, was appointed, the disappointed member's anger broke out in a paroxysm. It was the last straw that broke the camel's back. He went to Sir John Macdonald, reminded him of the promise he had made, that the very next favor asked would be granted without question, and that on the strength of this assurance he (the member) had positively engaged to place his friend in the judgeship. He wound up by demanding that the appointment should be canceled, and when Sir John informed him that this could not be done, he told the Premier to accept his resignation on the spot. This took place on a Monday. Sir John said he was sorry, but, whatever happened, he would take it as a personal favor if the member would not hand in his resignation till Wednesday. Recounting the interview to the Minister of Justice, the latter asked, "Why did you say Wednesday?" "I don't know," replied Sir John, "except that it is not to-day!" But mark the sequel. On Wednesday the irate member came into Sir John's office in quite an altered mind, and said that, having thought the matter over, he would withdraw his resignation. Sir John knew the man he had been dealing with.

Three or four years ago Mr. F——, M.P., came down to Ottawa, about three months before the usual time of the Session, his business being to obtain the promise of a bonus for a railway in his district. Sir John met him in the hall, and after greeting him asked, "Are you going to be in town long, F——?" "Well," replied F——, "I have come down to get this railway bonus through, and I am going to wait right here till I get it." "Oh," said Sir John with a mischievous glance at his friend, "then you are going to stay till the session opens?"

The county of Lanark was served in Parliament, sometime

in the fifties, by an English half-pay officer named Col. Playfair, a memorial of whom is left in the little village of Playfair, Ont. Col. Playfair was a man before his time, and thirty-five years ago he wrote a pamphlet outlining the plan of a combined water and rail route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and predicted what has since come to pass, that the teas and produce of China would be distributed over that route to America and Europe. Among other things he agitated for a colonization road from Perth northwest to Buckshot Creek, above Trout Lakes. After many disappointments he was informed that the work would be commenced, and, his heart being in the enterprise, he applied to John A. for the superintendency of the road. He was put off from time to time till at last he came to the Capital in a state of indignation, and determined to give John A. a piece of his mind. But John A., like the proverbial flea, was not to be found when he wanted to put his finger on him. At length, he heard a council meeting was being held, and thither the colonel repaired. A man of his fine presence and military bearing was not to be put off by the man on guard at the door, and John A. was called out —and came. "God bless my soul, Col. Playfair, is that you!" exclaimed the minister, grasping him with both hands. "How are you? I'm so glad to see you. By-the-bye, colonel," he went on, after the greetings were over, "we have just been discussing in council a military matter that we cannot decide. Now you, with your great military experience and your memories of Salamanca and Talavera will be able to solve the question." The colonel drew himself up and looked grave. "The question is," said John A., "how many pounds of powder put under a bull's tail would blow his horns off?" And John A., who had been edging towards his office, disappeared through the door and could be seen no more. "And is this the result of all I have come for?" ruminated the disgusted and disheartened colonel as he drove his old mare home with the mail (for he held amongst other offices that of mail carrier from Perth to Playfair); and with muttered

imprecations he sat down on arriving home to open the mail bag. The first letter he took out was an official one addressed to himself, and it contained the appointment he had despaired of. He had been the unconscious carrier of his own appointment.

With regard to his treatment of office seekers, one could never tell whether Sir John was going to grant a request or refuse it; and it has been well said by one of his admirers that he could refuse a request with more grace than most men could grant it. With a funny story or a pretty compliment, he would often send an unsuccessful applicant away with a better feeling than if the place had been given him. On the occasion of one of his political picnics in a village of Ontario, in 1878, he stayed over night at the house of D——, one of the political local lights. On leaving next morning, Sir John said to his host: "Now D——, when I get into power, I want you to come and see me, and if there is anything I can do for you, just let me know. Now don't you be afraid to ask, and whatever can be done for you I'll do." They parted; Sir John came into power at Ottawa, and in the course of time, in the reaction brought about by the over-manufacturing in the country between 1880 and 1882, Mr. D—— suffered a failure in business. Losing his business and prospects he bethought him of the promise made by Sir John, and it occurred to him that his experience would qualify him to become the official assignee for his county under the new Bankruptcy Act passed by the Dominion Government. So one fine morning D—— appeared at the office of Sir John in Ottawa. "Why, I know your face," began Sir John. "Stop now, don't tell me, you are D——, and I stopped all night at your house in the campaign of 1878, and I told you on leaving, if ever you wanted anything, to come right to me. Take a seat. I'm glad to see you. How's your wife? Good. And what can I do for you?" Feeling at home and flattered at his reception, D—— opened out in a confidential drawl: "Well, yes, Sir John, that's the p'int. You see I kind o' failed in business here a month or two ago, and

my friends thought as there was no Ass-sign-nee a'pinted for our county, I ought to git the place; so I tuck a notion I'd come down and see you about it." "What!" replied Sir John, jerking himself up and looking at the top of his interviewer's head, "a man with a head like yours, and with ability such as you have, to take the paltry position of assignee! Why, your talents would be simply thrown away in a place like that. No, no! You just wait a while, and we'll give you something better than that." Carried away with this high estimate of his abilities by the Premier of Canada, D—— agreed that it would be better to wait till a more suitable vacancy occurred, and departed a proud and self-satisfied man, content to wait for the high honor of the future. Meantime the office was given to a presumedly better man, and the day never came when a sufficiently dignified position was open for D——.

Another instance of his ability to send a man away pleased with a disappointment may be given. B——, a Conservative ex-member, had a claim, or thought he had, to a certain piece of land controlled by the Dominion Government. Failing to get it by correspondence, he came down to Ottawa in no pleasant frame of mind, and to a friend in one of the departments he privately expressed his indignation and his determination to have the piece of land or know the reason why. He went to Sir John's office. In about half an hour his civil service friend was coming past Sir John's office to lunch, as B—— came out into the corridor beaming all over with smiles. "Hello!" said the civil servant, "so you got the land, eh?" At the question, B's smile instantly departed and a pathetic shade of melancholy overspread his face "like a summer cloud," as he replied, "No, I didn't!" The spell had passed off. The civil servant, experienced in such incidents, burst into a fit of laughter at the situation, when B—— asked half in reproach and half in extenuation of his own position, "Did you ever ask him for anything?"

One secret of Sir John's longevity and capacity for governing was that he did not worry. and did not attempt to do the work which others were paid for doing. He never attempted to superintend the details of departmental work, but having laid down the principles, left the heads or officers to work them out. Having seen that the most intelligent man available was put into a place, he held that man responsible for the work. A certain public institution was established years ago in Upper Canada, and when installing the director he spoke to this effect: "I'll hold you responsible for the working of the institution. You make your own appointments, from assistant doctor down to porter, and use your own best judgment. I may send some candidates to you for a place, but do not take them simply because I send them; only take them if you really need them and if they suit." The system, under an able head, worked well, until the institution was taken over by the Provincial Government, when, owing to the frequent interference with the details of his work, the director resigned.

Sir John often overruled the policy of his ministers, but he did it with such a grace and deference that the force was not felt, and often the minister whose policy was changed was made to feel that he himself was the author of the change. It was here where the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, his great opponent, failed while holding the reins of power from 1874-8. An able, sincere, conscientious man and an indefatigable worker, Mr. Mackenzie attempted too much, and, undertaking the impossible task of being at the top and bottom of all the departmental work, he broke down under the strain caused by it, and by his disappointment at the failure of those about him to fulfil his ideal of the work he fell heir to. Disappointment at being defeated, after all his hard efforts, weighed heavily with him, and brought on that bodily affliction which left him in a few years the dry shell of what he had been. Sir John, who was personally kind and sympathetic, said to him one day, as they were talking privately on the steps on Par-

liament Hill, and Mr. Mackenzie was speaking of his weakness and depressed spirits: "Mackenzie, you should not distress yourself over these things. When I fell in 1874, I made up my mind to cease worry and think no more about." "Ah," replied Mr. Mackenzie, "but I have not that happy frame of mind." After Mr. Mackenzie was replaced in the leadership of the Reform party, Sir John was always especially considerate and deferential to him, and no unkind word or recrimination escaped the lips of either.

When "Honest Joe" Rymal's constituency of South Wentworth was won by Mr. F. M. Carpenter, the able representative who still holds the seat, Sir John congratulated the county, and said he was glad they had chosen a working-man—a Carpenter—and he would be glad to associate with him, for he was something of a cabinet-maker himself. In his latter days he frequently got off this joke in varying forms, and was given to repeating some of his other old pleasantries, either from lapse of memory, or forgetting that his addresses were always chronicled by the reporters. It may interest the reader to know that the "cabinet-maker" joke is not original with Sir John. Whether it was adopted by him through a kind of "unconscious cerebration," or is one of the many coincidences of such kinds in literature, is not apparent, but it occurs in Sam Slick's anonymous book, the "Letter Bag of the Great Western," published in 1839. In the preface the humorist says: "To the American reader it may not be altogether unnecessary to state that 'Spring Rice,' like many other terms, has a different meaning on different sides of the Atlantic. In America it signifies a small grain raised in low land amid much irrigation; in Ireland a small man reared in boggy land amid much irritation, and the name of 'Paddy' is common to both. In the former country it assumes the shape of 'arrack liquor,' in the latter 'a-rack rent.' In both there is an adhesiveness that is valuable, and they are prized on that account by a class of persons called 'cabinet-makers.'"

On the occasion of his last visit to Prince Edward Island, in 1890, Sir John entered his name in the visitors' book of the Legislative Library as "John A. Macdonald, cabinet-maker."

The Premier, talking once with a friend on the peculiar customs of different people, related that on a visit to the West a reception was given him at which a Bishop from Belgium was present. As the party were being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign Bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trowsers. He replied that it was just a local custom, and that whereas the people in some places took off their hats as a mark of honor to distinguished guests, the people here took off their trowsers.

When Sir John visited St. John, in the fall of 1890, he was invited to dinner at the city club. Among the company were several judges, some of whom paid him high compliments in the after-dinner speeches. In reply, he said he highly appreciated all that had been said about about him, for those who had complimented him were certainly good judges.

The Hon. Sydney Smith was a former minister who had charge of agriculture, but who was thought to be rather deficient in his knowledge of the subject. One day he was expatiating on what the Government were doing in the interests of the farmer, and was telling that they had imported a hundred rams of a new breed. He had forgotten the name of the breed, and while he hesitated at the word, John A. suggested, in a stage whisper, "Hydraulic rams!"

An anonymous writer in *All the Year Round* has given some remarkable instances of great memories. It is there said of Niebuhr that he remembered everything he had read

at any period of his life, but could not remember things unconnected with his books, the reverend doctor having within an hour or so of his wedding forgotten that he had been married. John Wesley had a remarkable memory which was vigorous at eighty-five. Andrew Fuller could repeat a poem of 500 lines after having it read once or twice, could recite word for word a sermon or speech, and enumerate the shop signs from Temple Bar to the end of Cheapside in London, describing the principal articles in each shop-window. Before the days of short-hand reporting, a character known as "Memory Woodfall" used to attend the House of Commons, and after listening to a debate would reproduce the whole without taking a single note. Both Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott had prodigious memories; while Beronicius of Middleburg knew by heart the works of Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, Homer, Aristophanes and the two Plinys. While this is an example of "rote" memory, there is in Mezzofanti, the linguist of Bologna, a striking instance of what might be called intelligent memory. Byron described him as "a walking polyglot, a master of languages, and a Briareus of parts of speech." At the age of fifty he was thoroughly versed in fifty languages with their correct pronunciation and colloquialisms. He used to say that he never forgot anything he had ever heard or read.

Almost akin to the memory of Mezzofanti was that of Sir John Macdonald. He was an omnivorous reader, and had the faculty of getting at the main ideas of a book or article by a hasty glance. While he remembered in a remarkable way what he read, and kept thoroughly posted by his own reading on the doings of the world, his memory of faces and persons was phenomenal. His memory of facts and of incidents in which he had taken part was almost equally striking, and it was of course one of the secrets of the fund of anecdotes and stories he always had on hand, though to be sure the enjoyment of his stories was heightened by his gift of imitation and his mastery of a brogue or dialect.

An exhibition of what has before been called the "intelligent memory" was given by John A. at a comparatively early period. Old politicians, and those who have studied the political history of Ontario, will remember the Dundurn estate scandal. The circumstances, as related by a gentleman engaged in the official inquiry into the matter, are that after having retired into private life, old Sir Allan McNab, the deposed head of the Conservative party, became somewhat reduced in circumstances and wished to raise money. The Government required land on which to build an asylum for the deaf and dumb, and by purchasing Sir Allan's estate on which "Dundurn Castle" was built, they would procure a desirable site, and at the same time, by paying a liberal price, help the old man out of his difficulties. It so happened, however, that the transaction was consummated on the very eve of the Government's resignation, and under the circumstances had a suspicious appearance. The Cabinet had passed the order in-council authorizing the purchase on the very day of their retirement, and the warrant had actually not been issued when the Ministry resigned. On the strength of the order-in-council the deputy inspector general issued the warrant without proper authority, and the title for the land was not obtained. The officer lost his head in consequence when the circumstances became known. A Commission of inquiry was demanded and granted, but when the Commission sat and required John A., he was not to be found. He had disappeared in one of his periodical seasons of dissipation, and when at last he presented himself before the Commission, the prospect of obtaining information was anything but good. His face was sallower than ever they had noticed it, his eyes were bleared, and glanced about in that furtive way peculiar to men in his condition, while the papers quivered in his unnerved hand. The members of the Commission looked at each other and then at him in pity and disappointment, as his testimony was called for. He then began, and without a note to refer to or a moment's hesitation for a fact, he detailed the

history of the whole transaction covering a period of twelve to twenty years, giving the most minute particulars with exact dates, all in chronological order and in the most lucid style of narrative. When he had finished, the members of the Commission again looked at each other and at him, but this time it was with wonder and admiration. The spectacle seemed like some performance in magic.

While living at Kingston, he went out into the country to a farm house near Adolphustown on business, and while waiting for the horses to be brought to the door, sat reading a book. When told the vehicle was ready, he dropped the book and came away. Nine years afterwards he visited the same house, and going to the book-case took down the same book and turning to a certain page, said: "There's the very word I read last when I was here nine years ago."

Charles Watson, of St. Vincent, Grey county, formerly lived near Kingston, and the old Chieftain was his legal adviser. Mr. Watson, relates the Owen Sound *Sun*, attended the great demonstration held there in 1887. Sir John noticed him among the crowd, and walking over extended his hand, saying: "Charlie Watson, am I right?" "Right you are, every time," replied Mr. Watson, and the two friends of by-gone days recalled reminiscences of Kingston life. It was thirty years since they had last met.

In 1867, J. P. Reeves, caretaker of the Government building at Belleville, and a resident of Kingston in his early days, was one of the guard of honor of the Forty-ninth battalion who turned out to receive Prince Arthur. Sir John was one of the party, and after the presentation of the address at the station, Sir John was walking down the platform, scanning the faces of the men, when he suddenly stopped in front of Mr. Reeves and exclaimed, "Hello, Reeves! Stand at ease!" They shook hands and talked over old times for a few minutes, when it transpired that they had not met for over twenty years, when Reeves was only a youth. "The power of memory," says the *Intelligencer*, mentioning the incident,

"shown in recognizing, after such an interval, the countenance and name of a man who had grown from youth to middle age, and was in military uniform among fifty others similarly attired, was wonderful."

Mr. Bell, of the *Belleville Intelligencer*, met Sir John in 1872, and did not see him again till 1885, when he was one of a deputation to interview the Premier on a political question. Having only exchanged a few words and been in his presence a few minutes on the first occasion, Mr. Bell was proceeding to introduce himself, when Sir John anticipated him and said: "Oh! I know you. You are Mr. Bell, the *Intelligencer* man." Mr. Conger, of the Picton *Gazette*, was similarly remembered after a lapse of ten years, Sir John calling him by name, and coming half way across the street to shake hands.

When on his visit to Vancouver in 1886, a man came up to Sir John out of the crowd and began to introduce himself by saying: "Sir John, I suppose you don't remember me." "Oh, yes," replied the Premier, without hesitation. "I met you at a picnic in 1856, and you may remember it was a rainy day." "Yes," said the man, "that was the very occasion" Sir John had met him but this once, and thus remembered him for thirty years. When one considers the changes undergone by the physiognomy of many men in the course of years, with the outward change wrought by growing beards or altering their shape; together with the fact that a public man such as he would meet hundreds of men in a single day, this gift seems almost miraculous.

Mr. D. McLean, of Iona Station, furnishes the following anecdote, of the facts of which he is personally cognizant: "In 1849, John A. Macdonald and Squire George Munroe became acquainted at a convention in Kingston at which they were delegates; they did not meet again until during the memorable campaign of 1882, during which Sir John was tendered a demonstration in the city of St. Thomas. There was an immense procession formed which passed up Talbot

street. Sir John, as was his wont, observed everybody, from the highest window to the sidewalks, which were lined with thousands of spectators. When near the Penwarden hotel, where the crowd was thickest, Sir John saw Mr. Munroe in the crowd and ordered the cab to halt. Calling Mr. Munroe by name, he made to get out and greeted Mr. Munroe, who was then about ninety years old, with the warmth and affection of an old friend. His recollection of the face of this old man, whom he had not seen for a little over thirty-three years, is remarkable."

Once he and a friend were walking together, when a working man stopped before them. Sir John, after shaking hands, said, "Well, D——, it is sixteen years since I met you. By the way, how is your boy?" The man agreed as to the time, and said his boy was better. After they parted and went on, the friend said to Sir John, "Of course that was a chance hit." "No," said he, "I remember when I met him before he was in great distress about his little boy, who was suffering from a lame back." To the same friend Sir John said he might forget one face in a thousand but scarcely more.

At a political meeting at Napanee in 1882, when he ran for Lennox, Sir John noticed a gentleman on the platform, and after looking at him for a moment asked, "Isn't your name Ruttan?" "Yes," replied Dr. Ruttan, for it was he who was addressed, "but I never met you, Sir John. How did you know me?" "By your likeness to your brothers," replied he. "But it must be a long time since you have seen them," observed the doctor. "Yes," answered Sir John, "it is now forty years." To know a man by the likeness of brothers whom he had not seen for forty years is a remarkable feat of memory. Sir John, it may be added, immediately began to recall some funny incidents that had occurred when he was a companion with these brothers, and exclaimed, "I tell you what it is, Ruttan, boys now-a-days don't know what fun is!" The spirit of perpetual youth is in the remark.

His suavity and friendliness to people of all grades became a second nature to him. It not only made him admired and beloved by so many, but often won elections for political friends who lacked that faculty in themselves. In the campaign of 1878, he went up to Newmarket. When he arrived he made inquiries as to the leading men of the place of both sides, and seeking introductions chatted and made himself very agreeable. After the meeting his party returned to the station, and while waiting for the train a couple of hundred young people assembled to see him off, without distinction of party. Leaving his friends in the car he went out on the platform and began shaking hands with the girls and boys, dispensing a few happy remarks to each. "Why, I never thought he would shake hands with me," chuckled one girl to her companion, and for days Sir John formed the chief topic in the village. The sequel was that when the election came off the constituency went Conservative for the first time in many years.

On a trip from Fredericton to St. John down the River St. John three summers ago, a genial gentleman of the latter city was deputed to show the Premier the points of interest on that beautiful and romantic river. The steamer was to stop at Gagetown, and when they were nearing that place our guide asked him if he intended to make a speech, as it was expected that a large crowd would gather at each stopping place. "I can't tell till I see the crowd," he answered. As the steamer came into the wharf, a large crowd was seen, and the landing place was gay with flags and decorations. When the steamer was made fast, he said, "I am going to speak," and coming to the vessel's side delivered one of his short and happy speeches, which, of course, was well received. At the next place, as they were steaming up to the wharf, our guide asked the same question, and he returned the same answer—"I can't tell till I see the crowd." When the boat was made fast he said, "I'm going ashore," and immediately went out

on the wharf, where he spoke privately to all within reach, patting a child on the head here, giving a flower to another there, and kissing a third, while not forgetting attentions to the grown ladies. When the steamer proceeded on her way our guide asked him, "Will you tell me, Sir John, why you spoke at Gagetown and not here?" "Why," said he, "they were mostly men at Gagetown, and they were nearly all ladies and children here." The answer contained a great deal of the philosophy of his political success—he suited his behavior to his audience, or, in the language of the scientists, adjusted himself to his environment.

Gagetown, the Shiretown of Queen's Co., at that time was represented by Mr. G. F. Baird, who was accused by the local press of having "stolen the seat" from G. G. King, the present incumbent. Mr. Baird got on board at Gagetown, and crowding his way to the after part of the steamer's deck near where Sir John was sitting, began with some demonstration to demand a seat. "Strange, very strange, I can't get a seat here. Must have a seat! Got to have a seat!" "Where is the seat you stole?" asked a farmer standing near Sir John. The latter made a desperate effort to keep his face straight amid the general roar, and waiting until Baird went away he left his chair and went over to the farmer, shaking his hand warmly. Finding that the farmer was a Liberal he congratulated him heartily on his *bon mot*.

At another small stopping place on the trip a knot of people were gathered, and among them was a good old negro who did service as a local preacher on Sundays, and on the week days made himself useful by working about the wharf and warping the steamer in when she arrived. He was now dressed up in his best clothes, with a silk hat brighter, if possible, than his beaming face, and when the boat was made fast, he stood in an attitude of intense expectancy, thinking Sir John might notice him. The Premier did not observe him, however, till he was nudged by Lady Macdonald, when he arose and made the old man a very emphatic bow, in which there was a

slight suggestion of effect. The action sent a thrill of exaltation through every fibre of the old negro's frame, and he bowed back till he nearly bowed himself off the pier. Sir John had no information about the negro, but his friends said the bow was a stroke of policy in its way, for the old negro was both well known and well liked.

An incident showing that his human sympathy and tenderness was not confined to a set of friends, or to his own political supporters, occurred only a month or so before his sickness. A Liberal member, now deceased, had been visiting the restaurant bar too frequently, and wandering into the House, leaned up against the wall, where he became a subject of jest among the members who noticed him. Sir John came in while he stood there, and seeing that he was under the influence of liquor, and that some members were making fun of him, went up to him, and gently taking his arm persuaded him off out of harm's way, talking to him meantime in a friendly manner.

Sir John was an adept at placating an opponent, and many members of the Opposition who would have been "rabid" towards any other head of the Government were like lambs towards him. He had some curious ways of winning the personal good-will of members of the Opposition, and suited his methods to the man. A certain country constituency returned a Reform member who was not only below par in education and natural gifts, but had a fondness for drink. He was, in fact, what one would call a coarse man. Sir John had heard of him, and when he appeared in the precincts of the House went up, and in his most hail-fellow-well-met style introduced himself. After a few words, Sir John said to him: "Why, they told me you were a vulgar, coarse, unsociable fellow with nothing interesting about you; and good for nothing but to drink whiskey. But here I find you as good a fellow as ever I met—in fact you are just the kind of man I like. Let's go

downstairs and have a chat." They went into the restaurant, where Sir John ordered a bottle of champagne, and told him some good stories—or, rather, stories that suited the ear of the listener. When they had become friends, Sir John said at parting: "Now, I expect you will vote against me. Of course, that is your duty. But don't think I will be offended at that. You vote just as you think right, because I'll expect it, but you and I will be friends all the same." The new member considered himself enrolled in the great multitude of those who called themselves "personal friends" of the Premier, and it was observed by those who followed the career of the member, that whenever a question of real danger to the Conservative interests came up he did not vote against them, but had some reason for absence.

There were many members of the Opposition whom Sir John's blandishments did not affect, but he did not fail to dispense them in such a way that if they fell short of the mark they would, at least, do himself no harm. Mr. Watson, the able Liberal representative for Marquette, was anxious some years ago to have many abuses in the operation of the Dominion Lands regulations remedied, and called the attention of the Government to the subject, saying he would give them the benefit of his experience. Sir John said he would be happy to have a quiet chat with him, and that what they wanted was more light on the subject. Mr. Watson gave him the benefit of his advice, and a bill was afterwards framed. When the interview was over, Sir John expressed his obligation to Mr. Watson, and added: "I'll tell you what it is, Watson, if all the members were as free from party spirit and prejudice as you and I, the country would be the better for it." Although this was said as a winning compliment, there was a sense in which it was seriously true.

In an after-dinner speech delivered in Toronto, at the Board of Trade banquet, Sir John said: "My good friend in calling upon me described the torture he was suffering in being called

upon to make an after-dinner speech. I think he would have been recompensed a good deal for his suffering by the pleasure he must have felt he was bestowing upon his audience. The position in my case is the reverse. I have the greatest pleasure in addressing a Toronto audience, and the torture I hand over to you. (Loud laughter and cheers.) I rise with the greatest pleasure to respond to the toast. I am pleased, and, more than that, I should be insensible if I were not highly gratified by the manner in which you have received the toast of the two legislative bodies with which we are principally concerned—the Parliament of Canada and the Legislature of Ontario. I have a sort of fatherly interest in the Parliament of Canada because I sat at its cradle, and my good friend, the Premier of Ontario, helped me to rock the cradle. (Loud cheers.) The bantling has grown to a healthy state of maturity * * * With respect to having a second chamber, I would only call your attention to an old story if you have never heard it. It is an anecdote of George Washington, who was an Englishman at heart and a lover of the English Constitution. On one occasion he was discussing with Mr. Jefferson the question as to the advisability of having a second chamber. Mr. Jefferson, as you all know, was a man in love with the French system then in force, a revolutionary system where they had one chamber only, and a pretty mess they made of it. 'What is the use of a second chamber?' said Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson was then taking a cup of tea with Lady Washington, as she was called in those days. 'Why is it,' answered General Washington, 'you are using a second chamber just at this moment? You have two chambers in your hand. You have a cup and a saucer. In one chamber it was too hot for you, and you poured it out into a second chamber to cool it off.' (Laughter.) We are very favorably situated. We are a very happy people. We are happy and we are resolved to remain so, and the best way to remain so is to go on as we have been doing for the last twenty-one years under our present constitution. (Cheers.)

You know the Italian epitaph which was put upon the tombstone of the sorrowing survivors of the one under the sod: "I was well; I would be better, and here I am.' (Loud laughter.) If you try to be better in the way that some few advise, you will try the quack medicine, and I think you will be in the position of the Italian and have someone else write that epitaph for you." (Hear, hear.)

At the wedding in Toronto last year of Miss Maude Van Koughnet, daughter of the late Salter J. Van Koughnet, one of his old political friends, Sir John met Mr. W. A. Murray, a prominent merchant, whom he had also known a long time. Mr. Murray, though now about seventy, was on the eve of marrying a lady of about sixty, and when the coming event was made known to Sir John he slapped Mr. Murray on the shoulder, and said with a twinkle, "Well, well, boys will be boys."

At the election of 1882, Sir John ran for Lennox, and during the campaign came to hold a meeting in Adolphustown, the home of his boyhood. The ladies of the village and neighborhood turned out and formed an equestrian procession to escort him from the wharf to the house of Mr. J. J. Watson, one of his schoolmates. The sight of these ladies on horseback, and the crowds of people of all shades of political opinion who had come to welcome this man, was unique in the social or political history of the settlement.

Sir John made himself at home in the house of his early friend, with whom after many years of separation he sat down, and, throwing aside all thought of politics or ambition, became a boy again, and calling his friend "John Joe," and addressing Mrs. Watson as "Getty," talked with schoolboy animation of those bygone days, when they played tricks with each other on the ice.

At a meeting of workingmen in Ottawa last year, Sir John

was asked to speak, and in the course of his address gave a new turning to the turner and cabinet-maker joke, saying: "He had the honor once of being admitted to the Turners' Guild of London, and he told them on that occasion that although he was something of a cabinet-maker he had never been a turner, and hoped that he would never turn his coat."

"I should not like my opponents to cease their attacks on me," said he on one occasion; "for I should feel that I was a very insignificant individual indeed. It reminds me of an illustration I think I have used before. When boys used to go apple stealing they always used to pick the tree that had the most sticks and stones under it. That's the tree that bears the best apples."

In 1890, a deputation from Toronto waited on Sir John to urge the Government to aid the proposed railway from that city north through Nipissing to salt water, at some point on James Bay. One of the deputation urged as a reason for building a line that it would be very useful in the event of foreign invasion, upon which Sir John asked with a wink, if he meant it as a back door for the people to make their exit by.

John Sandfield Macdonald, who was always a violent political opponent of John A. Macdonald, has been mentioned before in these pages. He was a tall man, and was known to every body by his dress. He wore a brown velvet coat of the pea-jacket style, which from his very erect form, and the fact that he wore a collar of extraordinary height, gave him a peculiar appearance. He was very fond of the violin, but, as in the case of the great majority of devotees to this instrument, the violin had no great affinity for him. He indulged his passion, however, in the bachelor quarters where he lived, and his personal friends, among whom was John A., often spent the evening with him. One time, while he was a member of the Reform Government, he left the city, to be absent for a

couple of weeks, and told his friends if they wished to use his rooms, to make themselves at home there; leaving word at the same time that if anything important should transpire in connection with public affairs they were to telegraph him. One evening John A. and a party of friends went over to his rooms, took possession and got out his old violin. One of them proposed to get the collar and coat to make the character more complete. These could not be found—for the reason probably that the latter article was on his back; but as the subject was of more importance than anything that had transpired since he left, they sent this urgent message over the wires: "We have found your old fiddle, but where's your coat and collar?"

One of Sir John's speeches, which at the time caused many to wear a broad smile, was that which he made when he returned from Europe, after having been unsuccessful in getting a British or Continental Syndicate to take up the Canadian Pacific, but having, nevertheless, succeeded in placing the completion of the road in the hands of Mr. George Stephen (now Lord Mountstephen) and his Canadian associates. Sir John was expected by the Quebec train, *en route* for Ottawa. He was received at the then Hochelaga depot by a number of members of Parliament and citizens prominent in commerce, among whom were Mr. Thomas White, afterwards Minister of the Interior, Mr. M. H. Gault, member for Montreal West—both of whom have since passed over to the majority. The late Premier was never more airily jocose than in referring to the success he had had in getting his syndicate. His speech was important, and strangely enough the only short-hand reporter present was Mr. James Harper, then correspondent of the Toronto *Globe*, who, wedged in the mass of jocular Conservatives, was able to take the speech verbatim, and preserve it in the columns of the *Globe*. Then it was that Sir John spoke that sentence of which so much irreverent fun was made in Ontario newspapers, that the time would come when Canada's

teeming millions would remember that it was the Conservative party which had given the country its great railway. "I shall not be present," said Sir John. "I am an old man," he continued, "but I shall perchance look down from the realms above upon a multitude of younger men—a prosperous, populous, and thriving generation—a nation of Canadians, who will see the completion of the road." Mr. Harper says that these words produced a sort of lull in the jollity of the crowd as the Premier's manner was quite reverent when he used them, and there was less jollity afterwards during the short interval within which Sir John remained and chatted with his friends before the train started. Sir John, however, not only lived to see the road finished, but to ride over it from end to end.

An instance of Sir John's surprising readiness was that with which he met the interruptions caused in a great Conservative rally in Montreal in the campaign of 1878. It had been noised abroad during the day that organized interruptions would greet Sir John in the evening. So they did. When Sir John Macdonald commenced to speak there were interruptions from a crowd evidently supplied with tooting horns and a nondescript instrument invented by Fred. Perry. Sir John stopped a moment, and apostrophized the interrupters as "the *Herald* Brass Band," naming Jim Stewart (since dead), editor of the *Herald*, and Mr. Fred. Perry in course of his remarks, which "brought down the house." Both Grit and Tory recognized Sir John's wit and the good humor with which he spoke. He was not interrupted much more, though Mr. M. C. Mullarky and others were spattered with eggs thrown by persons in the crowd. These were not meant for Sir John, however. There were some ill-natured efforts to break up the meeting. In speaking of the occasion, Mr. Harper, then city editor of the *Gazette*, said the whole yolk of an egg dropped on the note-book on which he was taking notes, and during a *mêlée* near the foot of the platform afterwards he was knocked senseless

with a club in the hands of some person who probably intended the blow for another. Sir John Macdonald never addressed a meeting in a Montreal square after that date, though he was often in Montreal.

After the meeting he met Mr. Perry—who, though a strong opponent, was a warm personal friend and admirer of the Premier, and had known him since the first year of his parliamentary career in 1844—and said: "Fred., what kind of infernal machine was that you had at the meeting?" Mr. Perry described the instrument, which was made by stretching a skin over the top of a bottle from which the neck had been knocked off, and which, by inserting a knotted horse hair, emitted an unearthly sound. When it was explained Sir John laughed heartily, telling Mr. Perry he would get a patent on that for his Kingston meetings. Talking further over the event of the day, Sir John said to his old friend with a laugh, "Fred., your bark is worse than your bite."

There is related a curious anecdote of one of Sir John's former elections in Kingston. A colored barber there who always served John A., and boasted, by the way, that he gave him his first shave, had become convinced, from what he had observed in the world, that when a man went into politics his moral character was destroyed, and discoursing on the subject to his customers he frequently instanced the case of John A., whom he had known when he was a good boy. A new contest was approaching, and one of the candidates was class-leader in the Methodist Church which the barber attended. A friend of John A. approached the barber on the subject of his "vote and influence," and said, "Of course, you will vote for John A." "Not dis time," replied the barber, "I'se promised my vote to Brudder ——" The case was reported to John A., who, having already heard the views of the barber on the moral aspect of the question, sent his friend back with an argument which was probably never before used to gain a vote. "You have been telling your

customers," said the friend, "that a man cannot go into politics without losing his moral character." "Dat's true," breaks in the barber, "an' I 'sist on it yit." "And you think Brother —— is a good religious man?" asked the friend. "'Deed he is," replied the barber. "Then," said the friend, "John A. being already in, you cannot make him worse; but, now you are going to vote for Brother ——, and so help to take away his good name, and send him on the road to ruin too." "Well now, I 'clare to goodness," said the barber, as he fell back into his chair, "dat was a pint what never came into my min' befoah. My vote goes to John A."

The anecdote of the hogs and the chestnuts, though so often referred to by Canadian writers on the tariff question, should perhaps be repeated. A meeting of manufacturers interested in the National Policy was called by Sir John, in the campaign of 1882, and was held in the "Red Parlor" of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. Sir John had reason to think there was a certain lukewarmness among the manufacturers whose business his National Policy had built up. In a short address he told them a parable of a herd of swine that were eating acorns under an oak tree and never once looked up to inquire what power it was that was shaking the acorns down. Thenceforth, it is said, the manufacturers became more interested in the support of the Conservative party.

The Hon. J. A. Chapleau is Secretary of State, and by virtue of that office is custodian of the Great Seal of the realm. On a certain New Year's Day, he presented himself at the Governor-General's levee clad in a superb seal-skin coat falling below his knees. Sir John, taking him by the arm, led him forward to His Excellency, saying:—"My Lord, this is the Great Seal."

On another occasion, it befell him to present to His Excellency the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who was clad in the official scarlet and ermine, and who is noted no less

for the abnormal ruddiness of his complexion than for the profundity of his legal lore. The Premier's introduction was brief but suggestive. "My Lord, permit me to present my well-read friend the Chief Justice."

At his own reception, last New Year's day, a quartet of French priests called upon him, and naturally enough one of them politely inquired whether the Premier had yet had "la grippe." Sir John, with his inimitable twinkle, replied:—"No, my good Father, I have not yet had it, and cannot, therefore, pass it on to you, but I'll tell you what I will do for you, I will give you the Orange grip if you would like to have it." It is only necessary to remember that Canada was at that moment in a high fever of excitement between the Jesuits on one side and the Orangemen on the other to catch the full flavor of this happy reply.

A little while before the election of 1878, the issue of which it was very difficult to prophesy, Sir John was encountered by a member of the Opposition in the vicinity of the French Cathedral one Sunday afternoon.

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed his political opponent, pointing to the sacred edifice, "perhaps you've just been inside to offer prayers for success at the elections."

"Perhaps I have," was the prompt retort. "You see, there is this difference between your party and mine, my dear fellow. We pray for the people, you prey on them."

The formal opening of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition in 1886 was performed by Sir John, and accompanied by President Withrow, Lieut.-Gov. Robinson and party, he visited many of the buildings, examining the leading exhibits. The Premier was much interested in the apiary department, and wished to understand the uses of the many articles now used in bee culture. He listened very attentively to the explanation given by Mr. F. H. Macpherson, of how the "foundation" was made from wax, with the bases of the cells im-

printed thereon; how this labor was saved to the bees, thus enabling them to devote more time to honey-gathering. At the close of the explanations, Sir John turned to President Withrow and said:

"You promised us, Mr. President, that nothing of a wrong or immoral nature should be permitted on these grounds."

"We did, and we have endeavored to prevent all such," said Mr. Withrow.

"Well," said Sir John, "you permit an exhibition of stolen property, and the receivers are allowed to aid and abet the thieves; besides in all these exhibits we have a systematically arranged plan of defrauding the little thief out of his hard-earned labors."

A Methodist minister from the Maritime provinces having made a private call on Sir John, rose to leave after a very pleasant conversation, when the Premier remarked: "It is a great pleasure to have a gentleman call upon me who does not want anything."

At another time he humorously observed to a number of clergymen who called on him: "I find I am the most popular minister in Canada. At a Church bazaar the other day, when votes were deposited for the most popular minister, I led the poll."

Mr. C —, now of Minnedosa, relates the following anecdote: The township of Emily, in the county of Victoria, Ont., is settled principally by North of Ireland Orangemen, of whom I am one; and Mr. George Dormer, then M.P. for the south riding of the county, was a Roman Catholic. I was an applicant for a commission in the first Red River expedition, and went to Cobourg to consult with the late Lt.-Col. Paterson and Brigade Major Smith. On my way home I met Mr. Dormer on the Midland Railway and explained matters to him. He said Sir John was in Kingston at that moment, and if there was time he would telegraph him. I spoke to the

genial conductor, John Bradley, who said they would take on wood and water at Omemee, thereby holding the train about twenty-five minutes. On arriving at the station the following was wired to Sir John: "C—— has applied for a commission in the Red River Expedition, do what you can for him. It will please Emily and do me good," to which Mr. Dormer received the following reply before the twenty-five minutes had expired. "Will do what I can for C——. Who is *Emily?*"

During one of the years of Lord Dufferin's administration, that talented Governor General delivered an address in Greek before the University of McGill College, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Hector Langevin being present with him. One of the reporters wrote in his report: "His Lordship spoke in the purest ancient Greek without mispronouncing a word or making the slightest grammatical solecism."

"Good Heavens," said Sir Hector to Sir John, as they read the report. "How did the reporter know that?"

"I told him," replied Sir John.

"But you don't know Greek."

"True," answered Sir John, "but I know a little about politics."

One evening Lady Macdonald and Sir John were entertaining Sir Hugh Allan, when Lady Macdonald solicited from Sir Hugh a contribution in aid of some church work she had in hand. Sir Hugh hedged and pleaded inability to give what she asked, but she good-naturedly laughed off the plea, and told him he could not take all his money with him when he died. "No," remarked Sir John playfully, "it would soon melt if he did."

A deputation went down to Ottawa from St. Catharines some years ago to ask that a greater volume of water be let into the Welland Canal, for the benefit of the manufacturers. "All right," said Sir John, after hearing the deputation, "we'll

give you all the water you want, but you must buy your own whiskey."

One day in the House of Commons, Sir John playfully said to a member of the Opposition, "You had better come over here." "No, Sir John," the member replied, "we don't row in the same boat." "No," retorted Sir John, "nor paddle with the same skulls, either."

Some years ago, Mr. David Boyle, of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, and Mr. G. Mercer Adam formed a plan to write the life of Sir John. They sent a note to him explaining their intention, and stating that they would call upon him personally. Mr. Boyle, in due course, visited Sir John at his office. Having sent in his card he was ushered into the presence of the Premier, who greeted him with a smile and said: "Oh! you are the gentleman who has come to take my life. But," he added, brandishing a long ruler in his hand, "you see I am armed." Having thus made Mr. Boyle feel at home, he said he should be glad to furnish them with any information at his disposal. The scheme, however, fell through as far as Mr. Boyle was concerned.

On a visit to Parkhill, Ont., he was walking with Col. Goodman, president of the North Middlesex Conservative Association. The Colonel gallantly introduced the Premier to any citizens of the place they chanced to meet, and, among others, to the editor of the Reform paper, who was presented in these words: "Sir John, allow me to introduce Mr. ——, who was once a Tory, but now a very bad Grit." Sir John shook hands very warmly, placed his other hand on the gentleman's shoulder, and, while his eyes sparkled with humor, said he was very glad indeed to meet him, and added:

> "While the lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return."

The editor enjoyed the joke as much as anyone, and there was good humor all round.

While John A. lived at Quebec in the days before Confederation, he boarded almost constantly with Mrs. McHugh, La Chevrotière street, and afterwards in Ann street. It was in Mrs. McHugh's house that he and Messrs. Cartier and McGee first talked over the details of the Confederation scheme. At the time of the Confederation conference he had a room at a Mr. Cheshire's house. On the day preceding his speech here, he had shut himself up all day. Cheshire considering this rather unusual, listened at the door and frequently heard the solitary voice of his lodger. As he knew no one else was in the room, he commented on the proceeding thus to one of John A.'s friends who came to inquire after him: "I thocht the mon was surely daft, for he's been all day alone in his room talkin' till the cat." It was supposed that John A. had been rehearsing his speech.

A correspondent of the *Week* gives this anecdote: Lying awake in a hotel at Sherbrooke one night, a few years ago, the following conversation floated in through the open fan-light. The speakers were two old Scotchmen, sipping their "het toddy" by a stove outside.

"They seem very loyal to the old chieftain here."

"Oh, aye, it's a regular nest."

"Aye, but we haven't a man we swear by like you. Now there's Mr. ——. I once lived in the same house with him, wrote his letters and did other things for him, and after that I rode wi' him a' the way from Windsor to London. He never so much as once asked me, 'How does things go wi' ye?' Who would do onything for a man like yon?"

I told Sir John of this testimony of his enemy. He laughed and said: "Y[illegible] it's a great pity. It's all ——'s shyness. People think it's *hauteur*, but it's nothing but shyness."

At a politicial meeting at Dundurn Castle, Hamilton, a man in the crowd had his coat set on fire by a fire-cracker, on seeing which John A. called out "Another man gone to blazes."

Sir John said of the Rideau Canal, which was originally designed as a military waterway, "That it would never be a paying investment till it was filled in, and a railway run on the top of it." A fact evident enough now, for its traffic is insignificant, while every year its waters flood many square miles of country which would make excellent farm land.

Few things are better calculated to further the progress of the country than the work now being done by the Dominion Government in agricultural investigation—experimental farms and dairy work. The history of the development of this work is interesting, as showing the personality of the late Premier, and showing what was the force of that personality in questions connected with departmental work and policy. It must be understood that government is carried on by departments—these are the wheels of government. Each department has its own sphere, and is presided over and controlled by a head, who is a cabinet minister, the department being known as his portfolio. It is necessary for the smooth working of the machinery as a whole, that there be no friction between these wheels, no crowding, no interference of one with the other. This necessitates a sort of independence in each department, and constitutes the head an autocrat, as it were, in his own realm. So delicate are the inter-relations of this machinery, that where a minister is "set" on a specific policy, his confrères will be very delicate about pressing upon him any matter involving a change. Any interference must needs come from the power of the whole machinery, or practically through the presiding genius, the Premier. How often and how forcible that interference may be will depend, 1st. Upon the individuality of the departmental head—the character of his administration, the measure to which he is committed to the existing policy, and the strength of his personality. 2nd. Upon the Premier's conviction of the need of interference, and his personality as compared with that of the other. In the case in question the

departmental head was John H. Pope, of the Department of Agriculture—a man proverbially strong-willed and "set" in his views. The change contemplated a more systematic prosecution of the dairy and kindred interests, and some institution for such instruction of farmers as would bring about greater uniformity and excellence in their work. As everyone now sees it, it was of extreme importance, and when the subject was brought to public notice by W. H. Lynch, —a gentleman who at great personal sacrifice, and with no personal ends to serve, worked for years to impress it on the country—it was urged on the department by Grit and Tory members alike, and was supported by public sentiment outside. The Department of Agriculture, which had charge of immigration matters and of the patent and copyright business, was then an agricultural department in name only, and was frequently subjected to criticism on that account. Yet, though it needed reform above all others, and though the reform now asked for was evidently popular, Mr. Pope opposed against it a face of flint. About 7000 copies of a blue-book containing the evidence of Prof. Arnold and Mr. Lynch on dairy questions had been circulated by the members, who then asked that a handbook of "Scientific Dairy Practice," compiled by Mr. Lynch, should be printed for free distribution. The Minister of Agriculture was appealed to. He refused to move in the matter, and to deputation after deputation he returned the same answer—No. At last, a Conservative friend of the cause went to Sir John and explained the case. Sir John's penetration at once took in the situation, and he promised that something should be done. The next meeting of the Cabinet council—at which matters of policy are considered—was to be on a Wednesday. On that day, as the Minister of Agriculture was going up the steps to the council meeting he was approached by one of the members on the subject, and returned such an uncompromising "No," that it took the spirit out of the friends of the movement. And yet, when the meeting was over, the minister himself

announced to these friends that their appeal would be granted. How had this entire change of opinion been effected in the mind of the minister? That is one of the secrets which will probably never be known, for all discussions which take place in the Council room are supposed, upon the honor of the ministers, never to be repeated even to political friends. How did Sir John step in here and in a few moments overrule or change the determination, so publicly expressed, of a strong-willed man like Mr. Pope? Was it by taking him by the throat, and saying, "Here, so and so must be done," or was it by arguing the matter out, or only by a suggestion; or, again, by laying it before the other ministers and bringing their votes and influence to bear?

At all events, the reform was taken up, and out of this was developed the Dominion Experimental Farm, near Ottawa; the system of dairy instruction, so well carried on now under the superintendence of Prof. Robertson, and minor reforms of a like kind. It is true that the services of Mr. Lynch, whose self-sacrifice and perseverance set this ball rolling, were never recognized, though to give the public the fullest benefit of his ideas, he went afterwards, at his own expense, to Ireland, Denmark and other dairy countries, to investigate the systems pursued there, giving the results in an interesting series of letters which he sent free to the Canadian press. The Government never so much as offered to recoup him for his traveling expenses, and even refused to allow him the amount of postage on his letters to the press. The Government forgot to consider the services of Mr. Lynch in bringing the matter forward, but they did not forget to claim all the credit for the reforms which were the direct outcome of his work. But this is only natural, and it is perhaps natural also that after Mr. Lynch had urged the Department of Agriculture to allow him to investigate the possibilities of egg shipments from Canada to England, they should now be sending a man over and claiming the idea as an inspiration of their own. However, the point is that Sir John, at a critical moment, stepped

in, and by his tact, promptness and firmness opened the gate to a movement which has proved of great consequence to the country.

Sir John's face was a good subject for the caricaturist, and Bengough could put more humor into the single feature of his nose in a sketch in *Grip* than could be depicted in the whole body of any other Canadian politician of the present or past. For fifteen years not a single issue of *Grip* can be recalled without a sketch of the enlivening face which all eyes sought, as they turned to the cartoons. And how delightful was the wink which the cartoonist would give to the old man! With one catch-word the reader could almost describe the scheme that was being portrayed by that "inimitable twinkle" alone. To the political reader the most pathetic thing connected with Sir John's death was the absence of the chieftain's familiar features from the pages of *Grip*. The sudden pictorial void was more eloquent of the sadness of separation in death than if the pages had been filled with funereal emblems and tributes.

Speaking of Sir John's nose, a member of Parliament told this story: "The last time I happened to be in the barber shop of the Parliament buildings, Sir John was in the chair. The artist was shaving his upper lip as I entered, and had hold of the Premier's nose. I said: 'I suppose, Sir John, that he is the only man in Canada who can take you by the nose with impunity?' The barber was disturbed by the smile of the statesman, as he replied: 'Yes, and he has his hands full.'"

Madame D——, wife of Judge D——, was anxious to convert Sir John to Roman Catholicism. She gave him a lot of Church books to read, and he promised to study them. When she saw him again she asked if he had read them, and when he replied that he had, she said: "Well, Sir John, you will make me very happy if you join our Church." "I am

afraid," he answered with his customary smile, "I shall have to give you the answer of the Irish servant who got into a place were the food was not as it should be—'there's too much to swallow and too little to eat.'"

Readers of "Little Dorritt" will remember the character of Mr. Casby, and visitors to Ottawa who have met the Hon. John Carling may have traced in the refulgent beams of fatherly innocence which that honorable gentleman bestows upon an unworthy world some facial and moral resemblances to that character of Dickens. Whether Sir John had such resemblances in his mind when the following question occurred to him is not known, but the gem is none the less rich for the doubt. One day as the members of the Cabinet were chatting together, after the business of "council" was over, Sir John was seen to look intently and seriously at Mr. Carling. At last he asked, "Carling, I wonder if God Almighty ever created a man as honest as you look?"

In the summer of 1890, Sir John paid a visit to Prince Edward Island, for the first time since his illness in 1870, and he was honored with a reception almost royal in its heartiness and enthusiasm.

While holding a reception in one of the chambers of the Provincial Building at Charlottetown, he performed an act which demonstrated his friendly regard for men of all classes and nationalities. "The chamber," writes Mr. Nash of Charlottetown, describing the scene, "was crowded with the brains and *élite* of the city, when suddenly old Joe Louie, chief of the Micmac Indians in this province, elbowed his way into the room where Sir John was standing, and extended his brawny hand for a shake. Sir John grasped it immediately, and the two chieftains shook hands vigorously under the gaze of hundreds. Louie is a splendid specimen of physical manhood, perhaps older than Sir John. His features are strongly marked, his hair falls in white curly locks, and the two stand-

ing face to face presented a remarkable picture. They were cheered to the echo."

On his visit to the Pacific Coast in 1886, Sir John stopped off a short while at Regina. As every one knows, that ambitious capital of three great territories lies in the midst of a dead level plain, extending in every direction farther than the eye can reach. While the Premier was standing at the railway station, he was approached by one of Regina's gushing sons, who asked him "what he thought of the prospect?" swinging his arms around, so as to indicate the vast plain by which they were surrounded. With many a twinkle in his eye, and the quiet smile for which he was noted playing about his mouth, he said in slow and measured tones, "If you had a lit-tle more wood, and a lit-tle more water, and here and there a hill, I think the prospect would be improved." There was an awkward pause in the conversation till a new topic was propounded.

Some years ago, while Sir John and three or four of his colleagues were returning to Quebec from a trip to Halifax, Mr. R. A. Payne, who had a few months before started the St. John *Sun* as the Conservative organ there, met the Premier. They fell to talking over the good prospects of the paper and the favorable time of starting it, when Sir John observed, as his eye ran along the group of his friends, "Yes, that is true—but that is not the best of it, friend Payne—you have no past record to explain away."

Once at a picnic his attitude on certain questions of a religious bearing was criticized. At that time he had in his cabinet the late J. H. Pope, of Compton, Q., and J. C. Pope, of P. E. I. "Why," said he, replying to the insinuations, "I am better off in that line than even the Vatican, for I have two Popes."

A curious remark was once made by Sir John at the railway station at Hamilton, and whether it was a serious statement of his belief or an unappreciated stroke of humor is not known to this day. Some friends were talking of a murder that had occurred. When the case was tried there was doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, when he remarked that in a case of murder it was better that an innocent man should be hanged than no man at all.

At the Provincial Fair at Kingston, in 1888, Sir John with the Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick and others were taken to see a "side show," consisting of the performances of some Viennese lady acrobats, when Mr. Kirkpatrick asked, "Is this the kind of introduction you give us to an agricultural fair?" "Why, of course," quickly explained Sir John, "we always show the calves first."

The Ontario Press Association, on one of their annual excursions, stopped off at Rivière du Loup, where Sir John of late years spent his summer holidays, and paid a visit to the Premier, who came to the station with them. Standing on the platform he marked the venerable figure of the "father of the Canadian Press," Col. Wylie of Brockville. Sir John instinctively identifying him, asked if that was Wylie. On being told it was, he said, "Call him over." After a short chat with him, Sir John asked, "How old are you, Wylie?" "I am older than you, Sir John," replied Mr. Wylie. "Then," said the Premier, "you are nearer Heaven." To which Mr. Wylie, who was a Liberal, responded, "If all that's said about you be true, Sir John, you'll never get there." "Blessed are they that are reviled," quickly returned Sir John, as he patted the old Colonel on the shoulder.

An observation by Col. Wylie, by the way, would appear to clear up a doubt expressed on page 68, describing the burning of the Parliament buildings at Montreal, in 1849. It was reported to the Colonel that the man who carried off the

mace on that eventful night bore it to the lodgings of John A. but he would not receive it, and said to the man, "Take it to Sir Allan McNab."

Many years ago at Kingston an entertainment to celebrate a political victory was given on the private grounds of the late Mr. Morton, the brewer. John A. was attended there by Mr. Machar (an Irish Roman Catholic, who, however, had done much towards putting him in Parliament), and his daughter. It will be remembered that John A. was then an Orangeman. Felicitations were passing on the victory, when John A., throwing his arms around Miss Machar and kissing her, said, "Nothing can stand against us when we blend the orange and green."

When beginning to recover from his critical illness in 1870, referred to in a previous chapter, Dr. Grant allowed him half an oyster at a meal. As his appetite returned he begged for more, but the doctor said it would be dangerous to indulge himself, and added, "Remember, Sir John, the hopes of Canada are now depending on you." "It seems strange," replied the invalid, "that the hopes of Canada should depend on half an oyster."

At the annual concert given by the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society at Ottawa, in 1869, Sir Francis Hincks, who had just returned to Canada and been elected to represent North Renfrew in the House of Commons, gave the principal speech or oration. A local celebrity who was on the platform, noticing Sir John amongst the audience, made his way to that gentleman, and, apparently after a considerable amount of persuasion, succeeded in overcoming the honorable gentleman's modesty so far as to induce him to take a seat on the platform. At the close of Sir Francis Hincks' oration the chairman came forward to announce that the next item on the programme would be a song, but the audience would not

have it, and vociferously clamored for a speech from "John A." That gentleman with apparent reluctance advanced to the front of the platform, and told the audience that he did not come there with the intention of speaking but, like the rest of them, to listen. However, being a good-natured individual as they all knew, and being at all times desirous of acceding to the wishes of his friends, if possible, he would try to give them a short speech, although totally unprepared. "I am going to introduce my speech," said he, "by claiming "your sympathy, the sympathy of this Irish audience—not "on the plea advanced by my friend, Sir Francis, namely, "that he is an Irishman, but because I am a Scotchman. If "we look back on the history of my country, we find that it "was peopled by a colony from Ireland; and just as plants "are improved by transplantation, so the Irishman was improved and refined by being transplanted from Ireland to "the heather hills of Scotland. So you see my friend Sir "Francis is a specimen of the wild Irishman, and I of the "refined Irishman."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Friends am I with you all.
—*Julius Cæsar.*

How he did seem to dive into their hearts
* * * * *
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles.
—*Richard II.*

A MULTITUDE OF PERSONAL FRIENDS—TWO HUMBLE DEVOTEES.

One of the psychological phenomena presented in the life of Sir John Macdonald is the number of those whom he could call his personal friends throughout the Dominion, irrespective of class, rank, creed or social position. Thousands would have died for him. On the day of his funeral, the writer was standing on Parliament Hill, when, as the imposing ceremonials were in preparation, a white-haired man, bent with years and tremblingly leaning on a staff, approached and stood near him. Falling into conversation on the subject of the day, the writer asked, "Did you know him?" "Know him?" repeated the aged man in astonishment, as he turned upon the questioner. "Know him? For thirty years I've *known no other name.*" There was something extremely touching in the feeling, amounting to adoration, which could be framed in such words. An old journalist on a leading Conservative daily of Ontario used to be struck with the numbers of old men who when in town would inquire for the editor, and come tottering up the stairs to the editorial office to declare their love for the old chief, and to assure him that they were amongst his greatest personal friends, and yet most of them had probably met him but once in their lives. So it was with hundreds of public men who had no other claim to intimacy than the impression Sir John had

made on them. Alexander Kennedy, an old and respected resident of Glengarry, lay dying a few days before the Premier was taken ill. The prayers and litany for the dying were being recited when his friend, Senator McMillan, who had just come down from Ottawa, slipped into the sick room; but no sooner did the sick man see him than he interrupted the reading and rose up, as it were from the grave, to inquire, "How is my friend, Sir John?"

What was the secret of this sense of personal connection by which hundreds of thousands felt themselves attached to him? It was not magnetism, for it was, and is still, felt by thousands who had never been spoken to by him in their lives, and by many who never saw him.

The laying of the corner stone of the new dry dock at Kingston in June, 1890, was a recent one of many occasions which brought out this kind of worship which men had for Sir John. There was no distinction of party or sex in the ovation which was given him. "Ladies," to use the words of one of the reports, "banked themselves about the platforms and wherever safety was assured. The thousands of men were more venturesome. They crowded upon the heaps of rocks, they strung themselves upon the tramways, they clung to the jutting rocks in the great cavern and filled the bottom of the great hole. Upon the great derricks little lads clung with feverish grasp, and yelled themselves hoarse when occasion called for it." When Sir John toiled out of the crowd and came upon the platform, there went up, not a cheer, but a roar of voices calculated to move the most unsympathetic spectator. And when he looked about him and saw old friends of so many years' standing, many of them older than himself, his face quivered with emotion. "There's a lump in my throat," said one man to his friend on the platform. "So there is in mine," was the reply, and there were probably few who did not feel the sense of rising emotion as they gazed upon their idol that day.

When Sir John had concluded a speech in which the audience pathetically protested against his statement that he was

very near the end of his career, the bagpipes struck up. While they were playing, an elderly woman in a plain dress and style, but with a kind face, gently worked her way upon the platform and moved towards Sir John. As the Premier saw her he sprang to his feet, and with a "Hello, old woman!" grasped her in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss. It was Mrs. Grimason.

"Who is Mrs. Grimason?" was a question asked by many a reader of the newspaper reports, in which mention was made of the incident. Mrs. Grimason was a native of the North of Ireland, who, with her husband, settled in Kingston in the first years of Sir John's parliamentary career. They were poor, and her husband dying, she was left a widow in somewhat straightened circumstances, with several children to support. Her husband had bought from John A., but had not paid for, a lot of land on Princess street. He had let him have it at a reasonable price, and in the time of her difficulty never pressed her for the payments due, and this leniency and kindness was probably what first inspired that feeling towards John A. which grew in her till it became a kind of worship. No topic could absorb her as that; and when she spoke of him the pronouns He and Him were alone sufficient to designate by way of distinction the one from all other beings to whom a pronoun in the masculine gender could apply. She had a kind, honest face, was sincere in her friendships as in her dislikes, and though without education to speak of, had sterling good sense and much natural intelligence. Through her devotion to Sir John she acquired quite an acquaintance with "practical politics," and there were few prominent members of Parliament whose leading traits she did not know. She kept a tavern on Princess street, and her property accumulated till she became worth about $50,000. Her influence became no small element in an election, and it was said she could control a hundred votes. To whom these votes went need not be asked. She became so absorbed in that one personality that, in spite of her keen sense of what was becoming in a woman, she would be drawn

to his meetings when often she would be the only female present. More than once on election night, when the returns were brought in, she would appear at Sir John's committee room, and walk up among the men to the head of the table and, giving Sir John a kiss, retire without a remark to anyone. When a political picnic was held near Kingston, Mrs. Grimason's van was always at the disposal of Sir John and his party, and in former days she always made one of the party. One beautiful trait in this remarkable old lady was, that she never presumed upon the fact that she was favored with the affection of Sir John. It was only on rare occasions, such as the laying of the corner stone of the dry dock, or the supreme moment of his triumph at an election, that she came within the veil, as it were, and stole a kiss. At any other time she would let him come and go in Kingston without obtruding herself into his presence, although he might playfully take her to task for neglecting to call; and in an election contest she might never go near to take up his time, but would work for votes with all the soul that was in her.

She often longed to go to the Capital and see her deity on the throne of his glory, or, as she expressed it, to see Sir John "take his seat," and at last, some years ago, at the opening of Parliament she made the venture. It was the event of her life, and it is no exaggeration to say that both Sir John and Lady Macdonald were proud and glad to see her. Readers will remember the remark of the old Scotchwoman on the day the Princess Louise was married to the Marquis of Lorne, and so became connected with the old house of Argyll. "Hech mon! but the Queen will be a prood woman this day!" It was so that Sir John must have felt when he looked up to the Speaker's gallery on this occasion and saw Mrs. Grimason sitting with Lady Macdonald. After the sitting was over, she was shown all the sights of the Parliament Buildings, and the wife of the Speaker took her to his rooms and had luncheon. When here Mr. Mulock, of Toronto, the Liberal member, happened in, and was introduced to her. She thought it strange that an

enemy should be admitted to these sacred precincts, and after manifesting her nervousness and restraint for a few minutes, she determined to tear off the mask, and as she turned a sidelong glance upon him, asked: "Excuse me, Mr. Mulock, may I ask your politics?" Mr. Mulock, who had heard of Mrs. Grimason before, and remembering that she was gifted with a certain eloquence of the kind which Daniel O'Connell had to cope with in Mrs. Moriarty, hesitated and presently admitted, in the apologetic way of one whose crimes have just been unearthed for the first time, that he was a Reformer. Mrs. Grimason's comment on the confession was not soothing to the ears of the criminal who made it, and Mr. Mulock pleaded: "That's rather hard, isn't it, Mrs. Grimason?" Mrs. Grimason did not assuage the wretch's fears by any soft remark. Presently he said, feeling his way gently to her forgiveness: "You live in Kingston, I believe, Mrs. Grimason. You may know an uncle of mine there, Mr. ——?" "And now I think less of ye thin before," quickly retorted Mrs. Grimason, "for your uncle is a good Conservative;" and after making more remarks on people who disgrace the political traditions of their family, she added with dreadful emphasis, "I hate them damn Grits!" Sir John dropped into the room just in time to hear this last imprecation, and taking in the situation, laughed till the tears came down. Mr. Mulock laughed too, but it was that hollow kind of laugh with which we all sometimes mask the feelings of a sick heart. Lady Macdonald took her down to Earnscliffe, and she never tired of telling of the kindness that was shown her. In her good rich brogue she would describe her visit: "They have a lovely place all their own, down there by the Rye-do. The house has a lovely slate roof like they have in England, and beautiful grounds, and everything in style, an' a man to wait on the dure. Lady Macdonald kapes her own cow and hins, and they make their own butter, man dear. They have two fine cows and six servants. Lady Macdonald showed me over the house, and in the fine big library there

was my picture up beside o' His, just where He sits. After showin' me through the house, she says: 'There now, haven't I made him very comfortable?' She's a very plain woman is Lady Macdonald—not good lookin'—but oh, she's the fine eddication, and that's where she gets the best of thim. Why, I heard her talkin' Frinch to the carpenter workin' about the house. It's her fine eddication that makes her so nice, and she takes such good care o' Him. And if I went back there to-day she would make as much of me as if I was the richest woman in the counthry. His library is beautiful, and it's covered over with books to the tip top of the wall. While I was there, the man brought in his letters from the mail,—as thrue as I tell ye there was the full of that of thim" (holding out her apron). As for her sentiments concerning Sir John, words were too weak to express her worship. "There's not a man like him in the livin' earth," was her sincere and simple estimate. To a question of Sir Henry Smith, as to a statement of his, she replied, "If he said it was so-and-so, I'd take my oath that it was so, whether I knew anything about it or not." She had nearly every photograph ever taken of Sir John, and these she prized above all things, especially the one taken in his Privy Councillor's uniform, which she described as the one "taken in his regimintals fernent the Queen." When Sir John returned to power in 1878, it almost broke her heart to know that he had been personally defeated in Kingston. "I went around the next day," she said, "cryin' till I hadn't an eye in me head. 'Never mind,' sez Sir John to me, 'they're all below me yet,' sez he, 'an' I'll be all right.' And sure he was, for they elected him away out in British Columby. 'And now,' sez I to Sir John, when I knew he was in, 'take the best position you can get in the hull counthry, and tell them all to go to the divil.' 'Is that what you would do?' sez he. 'Yes,' sez I. He roared and laughed, and then he said the country would go to the dogs if he did that."

In this election her son-in-law voted against Sir John, and

came to her and boasted of his candidate's victory. She said she would have given anybody five dollars to "lick" him, and she was so angry she would not speak to him for six months.

"I hope the Lord will spare him for many a year, if it is His holy and blessed will," she would say with a sincere and reverent face, "for what will become of the country without him?" When Sir John lay sick at the time of the last election, she too lay ill. To her clergyman who called upon her, she said her own illness concerned her not, but that daily she went down upon her knees to pray that Sir John might be spared and be elected. "Usually," she added, "I don't trouble the Lord with my worldly affairs, but in a case like this you know I think it is different." Could humility to God and unselfish devotion to man be better expressed in one sentence? It used to be her desire that when she died she should rest near him, and some years ago she was fortunately able to purchase a large plot immediately adjoining the Macdonald plot in the Cataraqui Cemetery, where the remains of her husband were moved.

Another of the many of Sir John's devotees in humble life is Patrick Buckley, a cabman and proprietor of a livery stable in Ottawa, from whose vehicle, it is said, the assassin alighted who killed D'Arcy McGee. He had been Sir Allan McNab's coachman, and was about the only one of the household who could manage the gouty old man. In following his present avocation he kept to the seat of government in all its moves from city to city. For thirty-eight years he had driven Sir John, and from the time of Confederation the Premier seldom rode with anyone else. When Sir John was defeated and resumed his old profession at Toronto, Buckley went there too. When Sir John saw him driving along one day he hailed him, and went over to his cab to shake hands. During all the time Sir John was out of power this faithful old man insisted on driving him about, and refused to accept a cent

for the service—a circumstance that could not be attributed to mere policy, as there seemed little likelihood that Sir John ever would be Premier again. It could not have been Buckley's good looks nor the pompous appearance of his vehicle that had won the favor of Sir John, for in former days his old sorrel horse and lumbering, faded, saggy-doored cab were the reverse of attractive, while the wizened, wrinkled face—over which a short sandy grizzly beard bristled out in all directions, and matched well with a pair of shaggy eyebrows, from beneath which a funny pair of big eyes twinkled—was more curious than handsome. A curious little cap he used to wear made his head look smaller than it really was. But Sir John in this odd figure read the one trait he required in a man for this service, and that was faithfulness. Under an exterior that seemed to cover only indolence and ignorance, no one hid more fidelity, discretion or punctuality. On whatever business Sir John required him, Buckley was always there, and on time; and no paltry consideration of an extra fare would induce him to risk the disappointment of Sir John. He might be in front of the Parliament Building knowing that he had a clear hour before Sir John would be likely to come out, but though his cab was a public one he would not move for any offers. One day Lady Macdonald came out of the Parliament Building and observed to Buckley that, as it would be twenty minutes before Sir John would be out, she would take a spin down to a place in Wellington street. "No, my lady," said Buckley, humbly but firmly. When he objected and she still pressed him, "I can't leave this spot till I get the word from Sir John." It was a kind of heroism like Mrs. O'Dowd's at the Battle of Waterloo—and, by the way, expressed in the same words. Sir Frederic de Winton wanting urgently to communicate with the Governor General one day, made the same request with all the authority of his high office, but Buckley declined in a more blunt manner still, adding, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, "There's plinty av cabs down there at the sthand." Buckley used to think that no

living man dressed with the same taste as Sir John, and what increased his affection for his chieftain was that the Premier would never allow the old man to carry his parcels from the cab. When he would insist on doing it, Sir John would say, "No, no, Buckley, I am just as young a man as you are," and would run up the steps with his own books. Buckley would often contrast this with the autocratic way with which some of the junior departmental clerks would order him to carry a parcel up to the office, while tripping up empty handed themselves; and then carrying the contrast on to every other member of Parliament, would sum up with, "He's the most whundherful man in the worruld!" Once Buckley, after taking Sir John home, on an occasion when he was somewhat unsettled, drove up amongst a group of members in front of the Buildings, when he was stopped and one of the group said they wished to ask him a question, and as it was very important they hoped and believed he would tell them the truth. Buckley promised he would. "Then," said the questioner, "was Sir John tight when you drove him down just now?" "What do ye mane?" said Buckley, looking for some road of escape. "Was he in liquor,—was he drunk?" "Shure," replied Buckley, "I have driven him all these years, and I niver seen him *in betther health* in me life thin to-day." The party had made a bet concerning Sir John, and were to decide it by Buckley. It was a clever cut for the old cabman between a collision with the chariot wheels of his conscience on the one side and the ditch of falsehood on the other; but it was agreed by all that Sir John himself could not have steered through more cleverly.

One morning Buckley greeted the Premier with "I'm glad to see ye lookin' so well this morning, Sir John; and may it be a long time before I see anybody else in yer shoes." "You won't, Buckley," replied Sir John, "as long as I've got them on!"

When the Premier was in the throes of his last illness, Buckley was on hand to render his humble service day and

night, and as the tears rolled down his cheeks, he said to an *Empire* reporter: "I have driven Sir John for thirty-eight years, winter and summer, and now they tell me he must die. I have never known him to be out of temper; never known him to say a cross word, no matter how rough the road might be or how careless I might drive. Do you remember his grey suit of clothes? One time I called for him and he had on another suit. As he was going to meet some important people I said to him (for I knew him so well I could take liberties with him), I said, 'Sir John, why didn't you put on your grey suit? You look much better in it.' 'Is that so, Buckley?' said he, and he went and changed his clothes. * * Dear, dear, they say there is no hope. My, my, his like will never be seen in Canada again."

CHAPTER XXV.

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.
—*Byron.*

SOME COINCIDENCES IN SIR JOHN'S LIFE.

In previous chapters a number of coincidences in the life of Sir John Macdonald are given, such, for instance, as taking into his office a student who was to be his peer in knowledge of constitutional law, who was to contest an election with him, to sit in Parliament with him, and like him to be a Premier; such as the appearance in Canada and the starting of the *Globe* by George Brown* in the very year he entered Parliament; and such as the coincidence of his second marriage with the union of the provinces.

Many others can be noted by the reader, and many have been pointed out by writers in the press since his death.

There died a month before the Premier, in Fort Smith, Arkansas, a cousin named John Maitland Macdonald. He was a remarkable character, and was a geologist, mineralogist, mining expert and speculator. The papers mentioning his death said he "squandered three fortunes in England, Australia and the States. He inherited the title of Lord Maitland from his mother, but never assumed it. He had been an officer in a regiment of the Lancers, and was a classmate of the African explorer, Livingstone. While serving in Africa he was captured by the Arabs and held for two years, when he was ransomed by the English ransom fund."

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* Another coincidence in regard to Mr. Brown was that when he was buried the Presbyterian Synod was in session at Toronto, and attended the funeral in a body; and when Sir John was buried the General Assembly of the same Church was in session at Kingston, and also attended the funeral in a body.

See also the coincidence related of Dr. Stewart, of Kingston.

Another cousin, Hugh Macdonald of Essex county, Ont., died the day before the Premier, at the age of 87.

The last speech Sir John made was in defence of his old colleague, Sir Charles Tupper, and it was just after his old friend, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, had made a defence of the same colleague that he was s.[illegible]cken by the assassin.

The day of Sir John's funeral was the eighteenth anniversary of the arrival in Montreal, for interment, of the body of his "political twin brother," Sir George E. Cartier. When Sir George died, the Canadian Pacific scandal was just looming up, and when Sir John died another scandal was coming up for investigation, the principal in the charge being one of his own colleagues. The Hon. J. C. Aikins, a friend of all the public men concerned, was a pall-bearer at the funeral of both Sir George E. Cartier and Sir John Macdonald.

While Sir John lay unconscious in his last illness at Ottawa, Sir A. A. Dorion, one of his oldest political opponents and a colleague of Hon. George Brown in the Brown-Dorion Government, was dying in Montreal from the same disease, paralysis.

The steamer John A. Macdonald, called after the Premier, and owned at Garden Island, Kingston, was always known as a lucky boat, but on the day of his funeral news was brought of her having run aground in Lachine Lake.

Sir John's state funeral at Ottawa took place in the midst of a violent thunder-storm. Napoleon the First also was conveyed to his tomb during a thunder-storm, and so was his rival, the Duke of Wellington.

Among incidents connected with Sir John's death, the following was related the other day, by Dr. Wild, from the pulpit of the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto: "A few weeks ago a friend called on me, telling me he was going to New York, and asking if I could arrange a secret *séance* with a spiritualist in that city. I gave him a letter of introduction, and a private *séance* was arranged for him. He was told several remarkable things about himself and relatives; and the medium further said: 'You hardly believe in spiritualism,

but I tell you something whereby you may know that I am not deceiving you. In two weeks from now a prominent man in Canada will die. His death will cause great alarm and arouse sympathy throughout the land. Nothing will be talked of for several days but his death and funeral.' My friend now declares that he foretold the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. Now, it may be so or it may not. For myself I cannot positively say. I leave the matter with you."

Some months ago a fortune teller at Sault Ste. Marie predicted that Sir John would die very shortly after the election, but no one took any notice of the statement at the time.

Sir John's death took place on the anniversary of the battle of Stoney Creek, an engagement in which his old predecessor in the Conservative party, Sir Allan McNab, took part, and which turned the fortune of war in favor of Canada.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun.

—*Goldsmith*

Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

—*Pope.*

PERSONAL TRAITS, HABITS AND TASTES.

MANY of Sir John's personal peculiarities have been noticed in preceding chapters, but a few more random references will interest the reader.

While he was a hard worker, he was remarkably temperate in his diet. He usually rose between eight and nine in the morning, when he took a cup of tea or coffee and toast, and then went to work till eleven, when he had breakfast, at which very frequently visitors were present. The dinner was at six or seven ; and often he took something light at ten or eleven at night. But all these meals were light. Of late years he did not sleep more than from five to seven hours. He generally took a bundle of newspapers or magazines to bed with him, and with these he read himself to sleep. A friend and colleague, upon his first acquaintance with Sir John, used to wonder how he kept himself so well posted on questions of the day, particularly with current literature, as he never saw the Premier touch a paper or book in his office, and never noticed him spending hours in the library, as many other prominent men did, but the mystery was solved when he learned of Sir John's habit of reading in bed. This was a habit of old standing, and recalls an incident of the visit of the Confederation delegates to England. As before mentioned, the delegates were quartered at the Westminster Palace Hotel in London,

and one night during their stay an alarm of fire was raised in the hotel, and the Canadians, who were aroused at the alarm, were surprised to learn that it was caused by their own chairman. John A. had taken a paper to bed, and having fallen asleep, his lamp set the bed curtains on fire, and nearly caused a conflagration. He was scorched by the flame, and narrowly escaped disfiguration for life. As he went to sleep reading, so on waking he read in bed, often spending a considerable time before rising. He seldom or never allowed himself to be diverted by reading at his office, or while doing the considerable official work he performed at his house. One duty of his private secretary was to go through papers which he had no time to read, and clip or select articles or news of special interest. A correspondent of the Montreal *Star*, describing his habits some years ago, said that "even when he goes off in summer to his pretty seaside residence at Rivière du Loup, below Quebec, he is particular to have the local papers sent him; and if the newspaper offices are a day late in changing the address, a reminder from his private secretary comes over the wires."

It was said in one of the biographies that Sir John spent his evenings commonly at the club, usually playing whist; but he had neither the one habit nor the other. Neither did he use tobacco in any form. Freedom from the latter habit was one reason why his nerves were so firm. The autograph signature in the frontispiece was penned only last year, and his latest letters show a steady hand and the beautiful penmanship for which he was noted. In former years he used to write nearly all his own personal letters, but of late years this work was done chiefly by his secretary, though he wrote many up to the last months of his life.

As stated in earlier chapters, he was never devoted to athletics, though appreciating the taste in Canadian youth. About three years ago he was asked to open the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association's new building, and in the course

of his address he said: "I was never very strong in athletics myself. My recollections of attempts in that way were not very happy, because when I was a boy at school I was fighting all the time, but I always got licked (laughter), and it only shows what a disinterested person I am to come here, and, forgetting my numerous defeats, encourage young men—I was young myself once I would have you know—in the establishment of such an association." Sir John was honorary patron of the Oshkosh Toboggan Club of Ottawa, and consented to open their new slide. The night fixed proved bitterly cold, but the Premier turned out on time and took part in the procession of snowshoers. When asked to speak a few words he said, looking around at the decorations, that "they had evidently brought him to a nice place. Some might wonder why he was there at all, as he was evidently going down hill fast enough. His opponents, however, would consider it appropriate for him to open the slide, because they had always looked upon him as a slippery customer." After some further humorisms Sir John, having declared the slide open, seated himself on a toboggan, and amidst a discharge of fire works, and the cheers of the crowd, "the veteran chieftain shot down the hill at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and in a few seconds was at the other side of the frozen Rideau, a quarter of a mile away." Sir John was not a particularly good pedestrian, and in recent years drove almost everywhere in a cab; although during the last year or two, at Lady Macdonald's request, he took walks for the benefit of his health, and found it improved him. His cab hire during the past three or four years amounted to nearly $1,000 a year, and the item in the official returns came in for some criticism last year. To this Sir John replied, "The fact of the matter is, as long as I am Premier the over-burdened tax payers will have to pay my cab hire. I think they will be quite willing to pay it, and they will think, with the hon. gentleman, that the sum is not too small, because the older I get the less will my powers of walking continue. I may tell the hon. gentleman that in the

winter time I take a cab from my house to Parliament, but in order to economize a little last summer I occasionally took a ride in a bus. I saved a little money by riding in the bus instead of Buckley's cab, but the busses are too cold for my feet in winter and I get a cab now." The item, it is needless to say, passed without further discussion.

Sir John was five feet eleven inches in height, and at the time of the laying of the corner stone of the Kingston graving dock in 1890 weighed 180 lbs., which, strange to say, was more than he ever weighed before.

Shortly after Sir John's restoration to power, he suffered a good deal from catarrh of the stomach, and his end seemed to him so near that he came to the council room one day in 1880 and anounced to his colleagues that he was going to retire, at the same time requesting them to choose from among themselves a successor to the premiership. His colleagues, however, apart from the difficulty of choosing a successor, felt what a void there would be without him, and would not listen to this proposal. "Nonsense!" said Sir Charles Tupper to him, "you will bury most of us yet;" and when after a visit to England, and a course of treatment there, he returned greatly improved, it really seemed as if Sir Charles' prediction would prove true. During the time of this physical trouble he could eat scarcely anything but biscuits and cream and such light food, with small but regular quantities of spirits.

Although he spoke of retirement at that time, it was probably because of the temporary depression of spirits caused by his physical trouble; and it may be affirmed that his grasp of power was never relaxed, except under the stress of this depression and for the moment. He loved power, and never made any secret of it to friend or foe. A friend and admirer of his considered that the two most marked features of his character were love of power and contempt of money. When the Supreme Court was established at Ottawa a friend advised him to take the chief justiceship, and retire into the

comparative quiet of that position and take life easy. He ridiculed the idea, and said he would rather be a dead premier than a live chief justice. His prediction that he would die like Pitt was fulfilled. This famous English statesman appeared in the House of Lords on April 7th, 1778, "to speak on a motion to acknowledge the independence of the United States. He was swathed in flannel, crutch in hand, emaciated and debilitated; and at the end of his speech fell in an apoplectic fit, and was borne home to die a few weeks afterwards. What Sir John no doubt meant was, that he desired to die in harness, and he has had his wish gratified, for he was working and discussing affairs up to the moment that the blow fell." *

He said once to Samuel Thompson, author of "Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer," "I don't care for office for the sake of money, but for the sake of power, and for the sake of carrying out my own views of what is best for the country." And it is quite likely that he would have approached nearer to his ideal of what was in the country's interest if he had not given way often to the clamors of selfish partizans. "There are often times," said he once to another old friend, "when I do things that are against my conscience, and which I know are wrong; but if I did not make certain allowances for the weakness of human nature, my party would turn me out of power, and those who took my place would manage things worse than I." The reasoning is indefensible, but it is one of the evils of government by a party machine. Once, in 1864, he was talking to a party of political friends, when one of them, Mr. R——, asked: "John A., why don't you give us a cheaper legislature?" Quickly the reply came, "You send me a better set of men and I'll give you not only a cheaper but a better legislature. Like any cabinet-maker, I do the best I can with the lumber you furnish me." There was a laugh at this clear and simple statement of the case, for Mr. R.'s own county was represented by a man of the poorest qualifications, and of whom he had himself been complaining.

* Kingston *News*.

Respecting the style of his oratory, opinions differ as widely as on most phases of his character. It is the opinion of a great many who assume to be judges, that he did not compare with many of his contemporaries in eloquence, and yet in the words of a Reform journalist, "a single speech of his on the Washington Treaty counted for fifty votes in the House." A critic writing of him in 1870, as he sat in the House before his illness, said, "Whether the massive head, rendered still more massive in appearance by the profusion of vagrant jetty curls, clustering half way down the brow, be sedately poised on the left hand in an attitude of seemingly profound attention, listening to the vagaries of some weak opponent or some not very able supporter, or whether it be carried jauntily with a smiling countenance, under the discharge of the heaviest artillery of the Opposition, the spectator is at no loss to discover that there sits a man who, either by study or natural endowment, is possessed of the qualities essential to a successful party leader. * * He is rather distinguished for speaking without premeditation, and is a master of repartee. Impatient of the tediousness of formal debate where a few minutes of conversational discussion would dispel every misconception, he leans to seeming frivolity in Parliament rather than to ponderous dignity, though none are more ready to rebuke misplaced triviality of expression on questions affecting the dignity or honor of the country. He makes very few set speeches, but many bursts of extempore impassioned eloquence come from his lips. He is the plague of the reporters' gallery, from careless utterance, irregular inflections of voice, and general disregard of acoustic effect; yet there are occasions when his voice swells and his words flow with extraordinary rapidity, when every sound is hushed and all ears bend to catch the rushing torrent of eloquence which rolls with overpowering velocity from his lips. Such accidental outgushes of strong impetuous feeling usually last but for a few minutes, yet often they have called forth bursts of the wildest enthusiasm." The same writer thought that in debate

it was questionable whether he knew how to be reserved. The writer of a clever but caustic anonymous pamphlet, entitled the "Political Adventures of Sir John A. Macdonald," says he "never understands a subject unless it refers to himself; has none of the high-toned eloquence of Bright; none of the keen logic and the reserve of intellectual power that distinguish Edward Blake; none of the subtle analysis or the sustained argument of Gladstone; but he has the art of adapting himself to the mental capacity of his audience; of supplying the apt illustration most familiar to their ideas and habits; of assuming an air of earnestness even when it is sometimes hard to believe it real; * * and of dexterously appropriating, as his own, popular ideas or patriotic sentiment."

The writer of an obituary article of more than usual ability * looks for something outside of the mere matter of his speeches to account for his power to move men. "Amidst changes for which many contended and against which thousands fought, during a reconstruction of constitutions, the confederation of provinces, the control of innumerable diverse interests, Sir John held his place. While the chiefs of mighty factions fought and fell, while a new geography was planned, a new constitution created, a revolution was begun and ended, while questions were discussed and feuds engendered, this great man, whose greatness was denied by his opponents and admitted without explicable reason by his friends, maintained his supremacy. Promises were made without regard to the possibility of fulfilment. Friends besought him, enemies besieged him, and yet smilingly in the midst of such conflicts the great old man jested with his friends, jeered at his enemies, triumphed when other men would have been overwhelmed, and became the idol of the people when men esteemed greater were offered in sacrifice. It would be unbecoming, in speaking of departing greatness,

* *Saturday Night.*

to make any attempt to overlook or belittle those special qualities so seldom recognized as the central and controlling influence of a successful life. If skill as a rhetorician were to be the standard by which we judge statesmen, Edward Blake would long ago have superseded Sir John. If capacity for detail, rugged honesty of purpose, a contempt for those things by which ordinary politicians intrench themselves, were recognized, Alexander Mackenzie, even in his palsied age, would still be Premier. If being the son of a sect and the apostle of a creed were to make a man supreme, Sir John would neither have attained nor retained the confidence of the people. Then there seems to be something behind all these things, some power to divine that which must happen. * * The man who knows what is to take place is impatient and often unpopular until he is entrusted with the management of affairs and can demonstrate the correctness of his theories. Accident or the design of Providence early placed Sir John in a position where he could prove his aptness as a leader of men and the director of affairs. Long-continued success, an almost reckless disregard of the opinions of others, a buoyant cheerfulness, an unobtrusive egotism which only betrayed itself in his apparent faith that he was born to live and be supreme, characterized Sir John from the beginning."

Speaking of his manœuvres on the floor of the House, one biographer says: "Rigid partizans, who pride themselves on consistency, call his flexible temperament by the invidious phrases of pliability or indifference to principle. But that is simply because they fail to occupy the same standpoint, and survey public measures over a more contracted horizon. After all, the statesmen who have left their mark on the world's history have been the least consistent of the tribe; and it may well be doubted whether any man can hope to rise above mediocrity who looks within to the exclusion of what lies about him. To a greater or less extent a leader cannot successfully command unless he is also content to be a follower. He merely guides, shapes and measurably alters

the course of the ship of state, but supplies none of its motive power. * * * He can hardly be styled an orator, yet few men are equipped so fully with an almost magical power of steadying waverers or startling opponents."

In his style of delivery he was peculiar. He would run on for two or three sentences in a monotone in which but few words could be distinctly made out from the strangers' gallery; then he would throw out a single word with a tremendous jerk of the head, and such emphasis that it could be heard in any part of the chamber. This explosion would sometimes be accompanied by a rapid glance round the whole House, taking in every part, from the Speaker on his left to those who sat behind him on his right. He often spoke with his hands in his pockets, and seldom gesticulated with his arms, except to point a finger at some member of the Opposition at whom he might be levelling a joke. In his early years he was more demonstrative on the floor, and his voice had a certain melody which he lost with advancing age. His manner in his office or in private life was simple and unaffected. In discussing a matter with an interviewer he entered into the subject—no matter how personal or unimportant it was—with as much earnestness and interest as if it was a question touching the Constitution; and he was deferential in giving his views. At home he was very fond of children, and he would sit and engage in their amusements, and make them laugh by propounding riddles or telling them stories. He often used to go down to the house of Col. Macpherson, his nephew, to spend an hour romping with the children. A friend of his in Kingston remembers seeing him toss his silk hat back on his head and get down in the street to play marbles with some little boys. This was when he himself had risen to the dignity of lawyer with an office of his own. The affection he had for children was reciprocated by them, and there were not many little boys or girls of his acquaintance who did not like Sir John. By his second marriage he had only one child, a daughter Mary, who has always been a victim

of hydrocephalus—an affliction caused by an effusion of water on the brain. He loved this daughter very tenderly, and it was touching to see the way in which he tried to make her and himself, as well as those about him, believe she was just as other girls are. Not very long ago Mary had a girls' party. When the young people were preparing to leave, he persuaded them to stay a little longer, as she was fond of seeing them dance. When they resumed the dance, he leaned over his child's chair and said, "You see, May, they want a little more of your society—and a little dancing by the way." How delicately and touchingly the illusion was contrived!

Some years ago, a correspondent of the London *World* visited Sir John, at Earnscliffe, and gave this picture of the Premier at home :—

Where the cliffs rise up abruptly and overhang the river, nestling in a grove of stunted pine, hangs Earnscliffe—such a "house on a hill" as honest Robert Burton would have deemed suitable for a "nobleman" of his own day. Truly a favored spot, perhaps the most favored of the many lovely halting places around the Capital, to one at least who loves the rugged beauty of the Canadian forest, whose dark-green fringe spreads beyond the silver sweep of the water at the foot of the cliff, and is swallowed up in the veil over the Hull mountains beyond, till it dissolves at evening into the melting pink and yellow of the Canadian sunset glory, whose tender brilliance no pen can describe. The house itself is of grey stone, its outlines broken and varied by poetic gable and hospitable arch. The quiet peacefulness which surrounds it seems to harmonize better with Sir John Macdonald's book-loving tastes than the fashionable bustle of "Sandy Hill," the Mayfair of Ottawa, where stands the home presented to him by his admirers and friends. Perhaps it was for this very reason that the noise of the city was exchanged for these quiet solitudes, a goodly tramp—for Canadians are by no means enthusiastic walkers—from the surrounding dwellings in the neighborhood. With but a brief delay, we are

shown into the well-furnished library, where the Prime Minister of Canada spends his leisure time among his well-loved books. As he rises to greet us, we are struck with the resemblance to the late Lord Beaconsfield which has struck so many before. A remarkable man truly, and for nothing more, perhaps, than for that wonderful gift of accommodating himself to his company or his position, which he seems to have caught with his features from our own great statesman. Full of work as he always is—for with him, at least, no office could be a sinecure—he is nevertheless always ready for a few minutes' gossip upon comparatively unimportant topics. He receives us with old-fashioned courtesy, and talks, with a freedom which is rare amongst men in his position, of all manner of things, from Imperial Federation to the price of wheat. Of books too, if we wish, for, as was said, Sir John Macdonald unites in his person an unusual combination of qualities. He is at once a student and a man of the world. Possessed of a remarkably retentive memory, he is a ravenous devourer of books. Of books of all kinds, it is said, for we are told that a common practice of our host, after an unusually severe spell of Parliamentary work, is to relieve his over-worked brain by a systematic course of real yellow-backs, tales of the most blood-curdling horrors, of the most approved blood and thunder type. Be this as it may, he certainly finds time amidst his numerous Parliamentary and social duties to keep "au courant" with all the literature of the day, and of such he talks with all the appreciation, though none of the pedantry, of a scholar. From this his genial tastes and warm sympathy with his kind naturally preserve him, backed perhaps by his keen relish for social enjoyment. * * *

When we rise to go, Sir John accompanies us across the lawn, and points out the quiet charms of the situation. "You see below us here the stream is quite clear. A little farther up those wretched mill-owners have choked it with logs and chips and driftwood, but we get the full flow of the river, and all such things are carried away before they can collect.

How quiet it is! Hark!" And from below comes the musical dip of oars beating time to the chant of the voyageurs, as they guide the great pine logs down towards the lumber markets of the St. Lawrence. And Sir John goes on to tell us how he and Lady Macdonald paid a visit once to these same primitive watermen, and with what hospitality they met, and how they enjoyed the rude fare so heartily offered, the boiled pork and sauerkraut, and the delicious bread baked on the raft, for which the voyageur cooks are so famous. To which Lady Macdonald, who has just come up, adds, "Yes, dear, all but the sauerkraut."

In his literary tastes, Sir John was cosmopolitan. He was fond of the marvelous, but not to such an extent as Lord Beaconsfield. As before mentioned, he frequently put himself to sleep upon a cheap novel, and some situation depicted by the novelist would be neatly fitted in to one of his speeches a month or a year afterwards, as an anecdote or illustration. He liked poetry, and in his youth he even wrote a few stray verses himself. He would get Mr. Griffin, the Parliamentary Librarian, to send him down all the new books that were worth noticing, and he would skim through them, half a dozen at a time. He had a high opinion of a poem by Cardinal Newman, called the "Dream of Gerontius." It describes the experience, in a dream, of a man who dies, and whose soul is taken to Paradise in charge of an angel. The angel explains the mysteries of the strange sphere to the inquiring spirit; and the poem is "full of bold Miltonic conceptions of the mysteries of eternity." Sir John also admired Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.

It has already been mentioned that Sir John refused a peerage, and he did not set the value most men would upon the dignities that were conferred upon him; but what he valued more than anything else was the honor of being made a Privy Councillor of the Queen.

Illustrations have already been given of his extraordinary personal influence over men, and of his ability to hold toge-

ther elements the most diverse and discordant. Of the first mentioned gift, the case of the Hon. Joseph Howe at the time of Confederation furnishes an illustration which, though known to most readers, may here be given in the words of Dent: "Nova Scotia had been protesting against the Union into which Mr. Howe and his friends complained they had been dragged. Everything short of rebellion, and very little short of that, had been threatened. The leader of the Federal Government saw the necessity of allaying an opposition which was as persistent as it was fervent and active; and the best way of doing this was to reconcile Howe, the most stalwart son of Nova Scotia, to the new state of things, and induce him to aid in working the detested machine of Confederation. At this time the leader of the Ontario Government had, for some reason, become thoroughly disaffected to the Premier of the Dominion. The hostility, though not very notorious, was restrained with difficulty, and was in danger of finding expression on some unforeseen emergency. In obtaining the services of Mr. Howe, the aid of the Ontario Premier would be very useful if it could be got. Sir John resolved to ask this aid; though most persons in his position would have concluded that Mr. Howe, to whom a seat in the Cabinet could be offered, would prove an easier conquest than the Ontario Premier, who was already in possession of all Sir John had to give him, and whose ill-concealed hostility was taking a more personal form than that of Mr. Howe. When the two Premiers met in the Queen's hotel, Toronto, there was much reason to fear an explosion, for it was with great difficulty that Mr. Sandfield Macdonald restrained the expression of his feelings. They walked separately to the Attorney-General's office, and when they were left alone their mutual friends feared that an open rupture would be the result of their meeting. What happened? In less than an hour the Ontario Premier confided to a friend whom he met in the street, that he and his namesake of the Dominion were to start next morning by different routes to win over Howe by their joint persuasions. Such an exertion

of personal influence over a man who could himself exercise no small share of magnetic influence is as remarkable as it is rare, and it attests the possession by Sir John of those qualities which pre-eminently qualify a man to be a leader of men."

In his exceedingly graphic and instructive book, "Problems of Greater Britain," recently published, Sir Charles Dilke said the composition of Sir John's Cabinet was a monument to his powers of management. "There never was a ministry so singular for the successful admixture of incongruous elements. Sir Hector Langevin, who is eleven years younger than his chief, although Sir John Macdonald looks his junior, represents the French Roman Catholics, together with Sir Adolphe Caron and Mr. J. A. Chapleau. Sir John Thompson, the Minister of Justice, is a Roman Catholic of a very different type, being by birth a Nova Scotia Presbyterian. Another Roman Catholic member of the Cabinet became celebrated in 1882 as the mover in the Dominion House of the address to Her Majesty, praying she would grant home rule to Ireland. Side by side with these sit as colleagues high officials of Grand Orange lodges, and such is the influence of the Prime Minister that they, carrying with them many non-official Orangemen, voted against the disallowance of the Jesuits Estates Bill of Quebec in the face of the hot opposition of the whole Orange society of Ontario and of every Protestant Church."

A writer in the *Toronto World* makes the following brief but clever analysis of the secret of Sir John's power:

"The question has often been asked wherein lay his power. A survey of the civilized world fails to find a parallel. During the time he has held power in the Dominion, the political figures have changed in every capital on the globe.

"Men have come and gone—arisen, shone and subsided into darkness. He alone grew from year to year in the people's affections until the spectacle was afforded of a statesman in a free state exercising all the powers of autocracy. He was continually surrounded by able men, men who exceeded him in eloquence, in learning, in power of intellect, but not one of

them thought to dispute his pre-eminence. Cartier, Hincks, Galt, Tilley, Tupper, Howe, MacDougall, all bowed to his spell and acknowledged the master.

"It would be difficult, perhaps, to briefly state what were the qualifications and faculties that he brought into his career, but the chief of them seem to have been these :—A well regulated ambition. Concentration of aim. Shrewd insight into the motives that actuate men. Adaptability, and lack of strong convictions. Cosmopolite largeness of spirit. Inflexible will and undeviating purpose.

"These may be enlarged by remarking that he showed no haste in plucking the fruit his ambition craved until it was ripe. He could have been Premier before he was, but gave way to other men. As to concentration of aim, he made politics his trade, and had no other occupation or distraction. The third attribute (insight into motives) has been sufficiently attested in numberless instances. His adaptability is likewise very apparent all through his life. His whole history is a series of adaptations, which he wrought up to the eleventh hour. What is termed his cosmopolite largeness of spirit is an attempt to put into a phrase what was his chief characteristic, allied as it was mentally to his adaptability. He was placed in a country where there were perhaps as many divergent elements as it is possible to conceive of. A great number of antagonistic and repellant elements were met together in small arena. There were French, English, Irish, Scotch. There were French and Irish Roman Catholics and North of Ireland Orangemen. All had to be ruled. The man to rule them was the man who was none of these sectaries. That was Sir John Macdonald. He was colorless in nationality and denominationalism. A Scotchman, it was long a moot question where he was born. A Protestant, it was never very certain which sect he adhered to. He was, it may be said, a common centre, around which the heterogeneous mass that made up the dominant party could agree with, and consent to revolve. All this

would have been useless, however, without the ambition, the energy of purpose and the unbending will.

"He is the greatest figure in Canadian history, not excepting the heroes that brought the wilds of North America under the flag of France."

CHAPTER XXVII.

He was no harsh self-righteous Pharisee,—
The tender Christ compassioned such as he
And took their part.
—*J. W. Bengough.*

HIS RELIGIOUS TEMPER AND SENTIMENTS.

Without pretending to sanctity in his earlier days Sir John grew into or inherited many of the Christian virtues, and among these were notably, patience, humility, forgetfulness of injuries, unselfishness, freedom from resentment or personal ill-will to any one, and freedom from that greed of money which is a specific American sin. He was as free from bigotry as it was possible for a human creature to be. He had his besetting sins, and was therefore tarred with the same brush by which the face of all humanity is spiritually daubed, and there is no doubt that at times he felt those pangs which all must feel who stand up before the spotless Judge of all the earth, and these pangs became keener as he drew near to the close of life.

A few fragments of his religious sentiments have been given at various times, and these are reproduced here chiefly in his own words.

One friend says he had a really reverent mind, and was "humble in estimating his own place in the work cut out for his generation by Providence."

The Rev. J. Bogart, of St. Alban's Anglican Church,—of which Lady Macdonald had long been a member, and of which he also, though born a Presbyterian, became a member—in one of his pulpit references said: "His regularity in attendance at God's house, notwithstanding the cares of state and his many onerous duties; his earnest devotion and reverent demeanor when engaged in the worship of God, more espe-

cially in celebration of the Holy Eucharist; his humble attention to the message delivered by God's ambassador, all show the love he entertained for God's service, which he also exhibited by receiving thankfully that which small minds cavil and sneer at. The gentle pressure he gave to the hand of the priest when placed in his [during his illness], and his fervent declaration of trust in the one great High Priest, spoke of his hopes for the life to come."

At the Methodist Conference at Ottawa, in June, 1890, he appeared at the Conference and spoke. He referred to the success of the churches in the midst of pseudo-science and unbelief, and said it afforded him great comfort in his declining years to know that the various churches were waging a prosperous war for truth and righteousness. "As an old man I can only pray that my declining years may be soothed by the continued prosperity of the great Methodism of our land."

Before this—at the laying of the corner-stone of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Kingston, in 1878—Sir John said in the course of an address: "The champions of infidelity were many in number, and were men of the highest culture in science and philosophy. There were men who lived pure lives and were sincere in their convictions, but who devoted themselves unitedly and systematically to the work of destruction. * * It was a happy omen that men were arising on the side of orthodoxy who brought equal culture and power to the battle with free thought."

During the same year, at a meeting held to further an additional endowment to Queen's University, Kingston, Sir John referred to the fact that he had stood at the cradle as it were of the University and in the course of his speech he said: "There was one great reason why the College commended itself to all Presbyterians, and that was because unfortunately the world was now alarmed by the progress of infidelity. Science indeed seemed to be joining itself with infidelity; and it would require all the culture, education and the resources that education could give to enable the teachers of Christianity

to meet with equal weapons on the same field and with the same force all that science, that sceptics, that materialists, positivists and all the other ists were doing to swell the tide of infidelity all over the civilized world. Therefore if there ever was a time when those who called themselves Christians and those who believed the truths of the Gospel should join in supporting an institution established to further their views it was now."

The occasion calls to mind a beautiful anecdote of a religious kind. Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston, was conducting a campaign for the securing of an endowment fund. Sir John, as one of the founders of the institution, was deeply interested in the enterprise. By a happy chance he was sitting with a gentleman of much wealth in Toronto when the indefatigable Principal, who had already secured a handsome subscription from this gentleman, called to renew the attack in hopes of having the subscription doubled. Principal Grant was of course delighted at finding Sir John there, and at once called upon him to aid in the attack. The gentleman thus beset by a Premier and a Principal at last said in desperation,

"No, no; what I gave you before I gave you for all time."

Leaning towards his old friend Sir John laid his hand upon his knee, and, looking him earnestly in the face, said in his most winning tones:

"Then, my dear sir, won't you give as much more for eternity?" The appeal was effectual.

Another memorable remark was made by him some years ago, when a large deputation of the Licensed Victuallers Association waited upon him in their interest. During the interview some hard things were said about the churches. "Stop, gentlemen," said Sir John, "don't fight the churches. As soon as the churches do their duty *your* days are numbered."

In a sketch written several years ago for the Toronto *News*, a correspondent, "Wayfarer," shows Sir John in a light in which perhaps few had ever viewed him during his lifetime:—

"I knew that Sir John Macdonald had religious convictions. Several years ago, when the United Empire Club was in existence, he came in there one night—I think it was Sunday night. Mr. Manning and a party of solid old Tories were at one end of the parlor. James E. Smith was there also, Jack Beatty, Col. Arthurs and several others I can't now remember. The entry of Sir John caused some little excitement, and there were hearty hand-shakings and exchanges of compliments. The visitor had just come from the Metropolitan or some other church, where he had heard Rev. John Potts preach. A sort of incredulous little laugh went round among a few, when Sir John said that he had been at church. That is a way some minds have of receiving information they would rather not hear, for even the presence of a man who is trying to do well is a reproach to those who do ill, and there is always an effort made to frown or laugh him down. Rev. Mr. Potts had discoursed about the sermon on the Mount. Sir John was very grave, and was in no way disposed to countenance the air of levity that some were inclined to wear. As he leaned easily on the back of a chair, he began to speak to those seated around him of the Beatitudes. One by one he told them over, commenting on each, and showing by the deep reverence of his manner that he had a high conception of the majestic mind that wrought them. He spoke for about ten minutes, perhaps more, with an attractive earnestness that had its effect upon all who heard him. And when he had ended he gravely wished his company 'good evening!' and departed. There was silence in that room for five minutes after he went out. Several there had learned a lesson, and from that day they saw more of the *man* than the politician in Sir John Macdonald.

"When he was travelling through the country on the parlor car Jamaica during the last campaign up near London, or on the Western Division somewhere, that I do not remember very well, a stick of timber protruding from a passing train struck the Jamaica and smashed one end of it. When the train

arrived in the city the next night, I went down to see what damage had been done, for it had been noised abroad that an attempt had been made to wreck the train. The colored porter answered my summons at the door, and he showed me into one of the compartments fitted up as a parlor. Sir John Macdonald sat in an easy chair reading the Bible. He was alone in the car, with the exception of the porter, the other ministers having gone elsewhere, and he was about going to bed. He looked very lonely sitting there in the dim light. He was reading David's Psalms, that have been a comfort to the weary for many hundreds of years. My stay was brief, for it was only to congratulate him on his escape from injury. As I passed out I put a question to the porter. It was prying into private affairs, but I could not help it. The porter's reply was, 'Yes, sir; he always reads the Book before going to bed.' I had formed a different opinion of him. I had judged him by his reputation, until I knew his character; and throughout the country there are thousands, not alone among the Methodists, who will not look at this matter with the narrow prejudices of politics, but will love him for his action of a few nights ago, because they are convinced that what he has declared for is the Truth."

For some years past, Sir John had daily family prayers in his home, a fact which many who assumed to be on intimate terms would not believe when told it during his lifetime. This will be believed, however, when the following interview, given to the St. Thomas *Times* by the Rev. J. E. Hunter, the evangelist, is studied. It refers to the revival meetings held by himself and Mr. Crossley in the Dominion Square Methodist Church, Ottawa, a little over three years ago, and which continued for about seven weeks.

"He was like a king in Ottawa," said Mr. Hunter; "everybody loved him." In this respect his testimony agreed with what has been so frequently said, namely, that Sir John made no personal enemies.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald were present at the evening meeting on the first Sunday, and on that occasion stayed for the after meeting and remained to its close. From that time their interest deepened and they attended frequently, Sir John being present on his seventy-third birthday. Parliament was in session at the time, and Sir John would hasten home, get his dinner and telephone the usher of the church to reserve seats for himself and Lady Macdonald and some friends who generally accompanied him.

Referring again to the effect upon Sir John of the addresses, Mr. Hunter said: "I have seen him sit with tears in his eyes, drinking in what was said, and he would also testify his appreciation and sympathy by warmly shaking our hands. This continued until we asked those who desired to have the prayers of God's people for their souls to stand up. When Sir John and Lady Macdonald rose it was like an electric shock in that vast audience to see that godly woman and her distinguished husband stand up together. 'Let us pray,' said I, and as all bowed their heads in prayer, there never seemed to have been such divine influence in a meeting. When we lifted up our heads every eye seemed to be bathed in tears, Sir John's among the others.

"He invited Rev. W. W. Carson, Mr. Crossley and myself to his home, where we dined with him and Lady Macdonald. The air was that of a Christian home. As we came to the table, Sir John requested me to ask a blessing, and at the close of the meal by his desire Mr. Crossley returned thanks. Though somewhat nervous about it, I had interviews with Sir John on the question of his personal salvation, one in the church and the other at his home. During these interviews I said, 'I am glad to see that you have taken the stand you did. You never did a more manly thing in your life.'"

Sir John said he had never had any doubt as to the reality of these things, he had never been sceptical, though he acknowledged he had been sinful. He had never, he said, forgotten the home-training and the godly influence of his parents. In

his early days he had associated much with the Ryersons, and had often heard them preach at camp meetings, and their sermons made a deep impression on his mind which he had never forgotten.

Said Mr. Hunter, "I would like to know before leaving you, Sir John, if you have accepted Christ as your personal Saviour."

Sir John said, with tears in his eyes, "I have, Mr. Hunter."

Mr. Hunter asked if he had any objection to state this at the closing meeting.

Said Sir John, "I have no objection, but you know there are some who will say, if I do it, that it is from sinister motives, but I will think over it."

"Thank God," said Mr. Hunter. "May the Lord bless you. You have helped us very much in our meetings in Ottawa. Doubtless for it you will have many stars in your crown of rejoicing."

Sir John's interest continued to deepen till the close, and he was at the farewell meeting, as was also Lady Macdonald. When he came to bid us good-bye, there were tears in his eyes and ours, and we felt very much drawn to him and that he felt a fatherly interest in us. The last thing he did was to turn as he was going down the stairs from the vestry and kiss his hand to us, which he seemed to do as tenderly as a mother would throw a kiss to her child. This was the last time I saw him, although we have often had letters and telegrams from him, in which he manifested the deepest interest in our work, and I have no doubt I shall meet Sir John at the gates of Heaven."

The hymn entitled "Rest," by Rev. Father Ryan, the poet of the Confederate States, is said to have been a favorite with him. It is as follows :—

REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow—and never garner grain,
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine—for rest.

'Twas always so; when but a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head: e'en then I prayed
As now—for rest.

And I am restless still. T'will soon be o'er—
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The patriot raised his aged arm,
And gazed to Heaven with rev'rent eye,
"A British subject I was born,
A British subject I will die."

—*J. A. Phillips.*

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standard, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

—*Richard III.*

THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

SIR JOHN'S prescience has been spoken of in previous chapters, and it was again manifested in his last campaign. In his latter days he was fond of speaking of himself as a doctor retiring from active practice—"a consulting physician;" but the consulting physician had his finger always on the public pulse, and knew every symptom of the patient. It was well known to those behind the scenes that more than one member of his Cabinet, and many of his prominent followers outside, thought the time for holding the election, early in 1891, was inopportune, but when the public sentiment evolved by the campaign was disclosed, the dissenters admitted that he had chosen the right moment, and that they were wrong.

There were rumors, in the early months of 1890, of the pending election, but so far as the general public were concerned he kept a close mouth, and it is doubtful how far his own intimates knew his mind on the subject at that time. To the question of Col. Smith, the assistant sergeant-at-arms, one day as to the date of the election, he replied in his usual vein: "Well, Colonel, I cannot say, I haven't seen the morning papers yet. They settle all those things for us, you know."

At a dinner given him by the Albany Club in Toronto, in January, 1891, he let drop the first hint intended to be read by those who run, when he said, in reply to a question, that there was no harm in being prepared. In a short speech on the same occasion he said: "As you are all Conservatives, there is no need to try and convert you—that effort will have to be reserved for the unregenerate Grits. Their fright, when they hear rumors of a dissolution, is most amusing, for although they have been valiantly proclaiming that they wanted the opportunity to appeal to the people, they immediately begin to abuse the Governor General, and call upon him to refuse a dissolution. They have as many aliases for their policy as a thief has excuses for his wrong-doing. It has been commercial union, unrestricted reciprocity, and latterly tariff reform; but there is another name by which it must be known, and that is annexation—which is treason. But we are prepared for them. We have a Minister of Justice at Ottawa and an Attorney General at Toronto who will certainly put the law in force." (Laughter.) He then declared that the Government were going to stand by the policy they introduced in 1878.

The elections were fixed for the fifth of March, and on the ninth of February he issued a manifesto addressed to the people of Canada, and dealing almost exclusively with the commercial and other relations between Canada and the United States. He made it clear to the meanest understanding, that the fiscal policy of the country would not be changed. After pointing out the disadvantages, both immediate and remote, of commercial union or unrestricted reciprocity, he concluded in words which will well bear repeating:

"For a century and a half this country has grown and flourished under the protecting ægis of the British crown. The gallant race who first bore to our shores the blessings of civilization, passed by an easy transition from French to English rule, and now form one of the most powerful law-abiding portions of the community. These pioneers were speedily recruited by the advent of a loyal band of British

subjects, who gave up everything that men most prize, and were content to begin life anew in the wilderness, rather than forego allegiance to their sovereign. To the descendants of these men, and to the multitude of Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen who emigrated to Canada that they might build up new homes without ceasing to be British subjects—to you, Canadians, I appeal, and I ask you what have you to gain by surrendering that which your fathers held most dear? Under the broad folds of the Union Jack, we enjoy the most ample liberty to govern ourselves as we please, and at the same time we participate in the advantages which flow from association with the mightiest empire that the world has ever seen. Not only are we free to manage our own domestic concerns, but practically we possess the privilege of making our own treaties with foreign countries, and in our relations with the outside world we enjoy the prestige inspired by a consciousness of the fact that behind us towers the majesty of England.

"The question which you will shortly be called upon to determine resolves itself into this: Shall we endanger our possession of the great heritage bequeathed to us by our fathers, and submit ourselves to direct taxation, for the privilege of having our tariff fixed at Washington, with a prospect of ultimately becoming part of the American Union?

"I commend these issues to your determination and to the judgment of the whole people of Canada, with an unclouded confidence that you will proclaim to the world your resolve to show yourselves not unworthy of the proud distinction you enjoy of being numbered among the most dutiful and loyal subjects of our beloved Queen.

"As for myself, my course is clear. A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die. With my utmost effort, with my latest breath, will I oppose the veiled treason which attempts by sordid means and mercenary proffers to lure our people from their allegiance. During my long public service of nearly half a century, I have been true to my country and its best interests, and I appeal with equal confidence to the men who

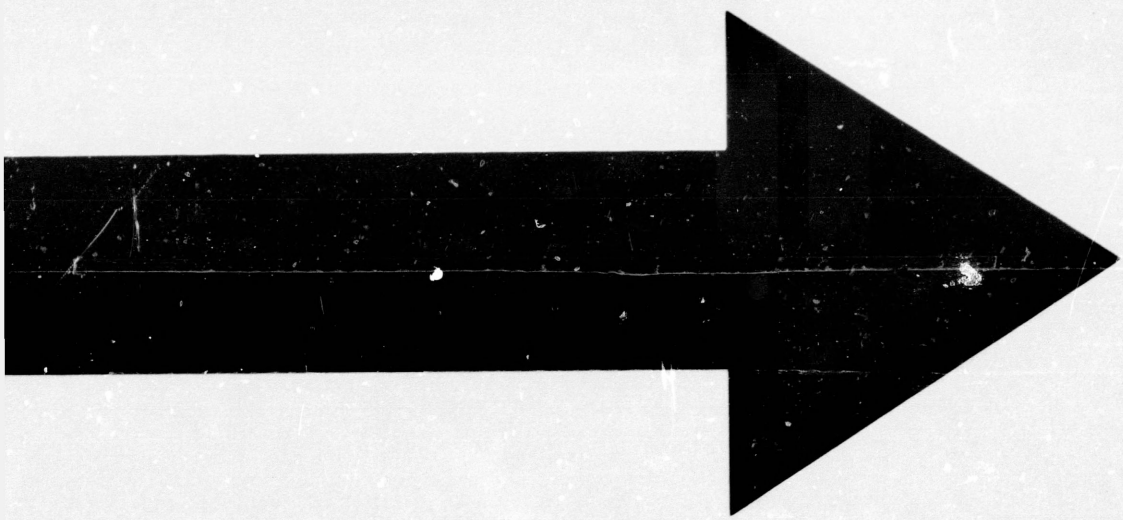
have trusted me in the past, and to the young hope of the country, with whom rests its destinies in the future, to give me their united and strenuous aid, in this my last effort for the unity of the Empire, and the preservation of our commercial and political freedom."

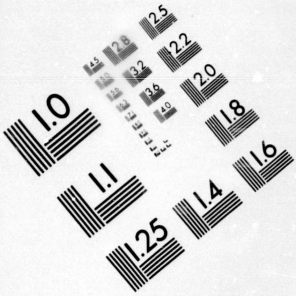
A few days after issuing this appeal, he addressed a vast audience in the Academy of Music, Toronto, where he aroused almost unparalleled enthusiasm and created a profound sensation by exposing a secret pamphlet, written by a well-known political writer, and suggesting to the American Government methods by which Canada could be forced into annexation.

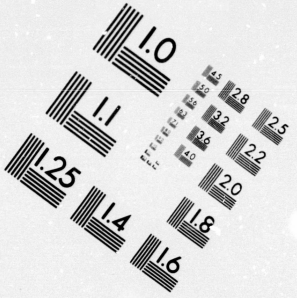
The association of the writer of the pamphlet with certain leading Liberal politicians told heavily against the party in the campaign, and many life-long Liberals in every Province declared their intention of casting their first vote for Sir John. The rousing of the latent sentiment of loyalty countervailed the uneasy and dissatisfied feeling that had been developing on questions of trade, and the result was that Sir John was sustained by a fair majority.

He had exhibited the activity of youth in the campaign. His tour through Ontario was thought to have eclipsed Gladstone's Midlothian march. The Toronto *World* catalogued a week's work as follows:—"After a busy day's work at Ottawa, he left Monday morning for Toronto, arriving here next morning. The Red Parlor was visited by scores of friends and workers during the day. In the evening Sir John delivered his great speech at the Academy, exploding like a bombshell the story of Farrer's treachery. Wednesday afternoon he spoke from the rear of his car at Oakville to the electors of Halton. That evening, in Hamilton, the huge crowds compelled him to speak at two meetings. Thursday he spoke at Strathroy. Friday, he addressed the electors of London on behalf of his old colleague, Hon. John Carling. On Saturday, in the morning, he spoke at Stratford; at 1 p. m. he made an address of nearly an hour at St. Mary's.









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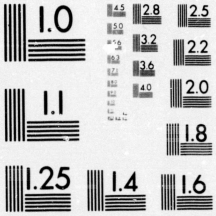

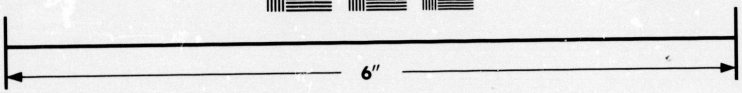

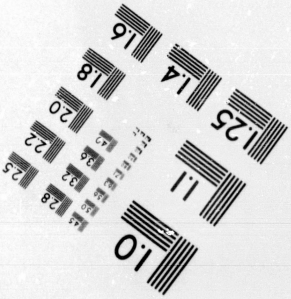

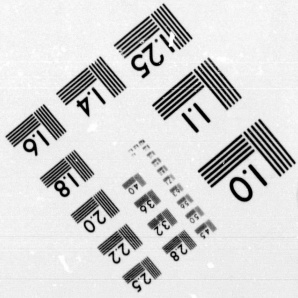

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He spoke briefly at Guelph and Acton, and arrived in Brampton about 7 p. m., when he spoke for fifty minutes in support of Mr. A. McCulla, and then went on to Toronto." Other days in the campaign were equally remarkable for the amount of work and traveling he did; and on some occasions he made two or three speeches in an evening. At times when not traveling he kept three secretaries at work answering letters, encouraging his friends from one end of the Dominion to the other, and giving counsel where it was needed.

He took a violent cold while going through a storm from Kingston to Napanee on the 24th of February, and on returning to Kingston was prostrated. This collapse, after the over-exertion of the preceding days, conveyed the premonition of the stroke that was to carry him off.

There is a pathetic interest in this visit to Napanee, as it was the occasion of his last public address. "Scripto," writing to the *Empire*, gives an account of it, from which the following extract is made:—"On the night of the 24th wind and rain had blocked the roads with ice, making them well-nigh impassable; but the ardent yeomen of Lennox were not to be cheated out of, perhaps, their last gaze on the old chieftain. The rush was terrific, and common to all shades of political opinion. When the old man stepped from the train he was greeted with strains from a bag-pipe, blown by a Highlander in full costume. Sir John was greatly pleased by this happy reference to the time when he was younger and was a piper in the St. Andrew's Society, Kingston. He left much to be implied when he said: "I am not quite as young as I used to be." * * The Opera Hall would not hold half the crowd, so an overflow meeting had to be held in the Town Hall. As the demand was imperative, he had to make two speeches instead of one. Although they refused to accept any excuse in the excitement of expectation, yet, as soon as he stood before them, his audience felt that the beginning of the end had come, and clamor gave place to sympathy and regret. During his speech, the old man leaned on his staff,

weakened by the strenuous exertions he had made all through the campaign, yet showing the reason of his success. He gave the impression not of the haughty indifference of one resting on the dignity of his high station, but the calm confidence of one who rested his claim on the simple fact that he was a man wishing the sympathies of his fellow men. His whole appearance indicated an exhausted frame that was only supported by the extreme vitality of his spirit; yet some were ungenerous enough to misconstrue his weakness and vilify his name. At the close of his address, Mr. Elliott, Collector of Customs, approached Sir John and intimated that he had done enough for one day. Seven years had passed since the two had stood face to face, and as Sir John in his uniform kindness of heart pressed Mr. Elliott's hand warmly, he said, 'It is the last time, Elliott!'

"So indeed it proved, though, perhaps, not in the sense Sir John intended it, and certainly not in the sense in which it was taken. * * His exit from the Opera Hall was blocked by a company of eager school girls, who wished to shake hands with the veteran Premier. He shook them each by the hand, and kissing the smallest one, bade her keep a warm spot in her heart for him. * * His mind was on the campaign, not upon his own physical condition, and so clearly did he sketch the outlook, so animated were his witticisms, and so contagious his hopefulness, that when he took final leave there was left behind little apprehension of approaching illness."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."
—*Anthony and Cleopatra.*

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed;
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!
—*Byron.*

LAST ILLNESS, DEATH AND BURIAL.

WHEN Sir John was taken ill at Kingston, his physicians insisted upon perfect rest, which he took for a few days as far as traveling was concerned; but his mind was so absorbed in the campaign that he apparently recovered his health, and returned to Ottawa in time to give a vote for the local candidate on the day of the election.

On the night of the election (5th March), he sat up nearly all night receiving the returns which were transmitted by private wire to Earnscliffe, where he and his secretary kept tally as the reports came in. About noon the next day he arose, and at once proceeded to answer the hundreds of telegrams and cablegrams of congratulation upon his victory. His voice had failed him and he could only speak in a whisper, but his messages were cheerful, and he could tell some of the newspaper correspondents to express his gratitude to the people of Canada. He had been returned for Kingston by a majority of 474 over Mr. Alexander Gunn, his old opponent, and sent a telegram of thanks to his "loyal and trusty friends for this great victory."

Parliament met on the 29th of April, and Sir John had the

gratification of sitting down in the legislative hall with his son, who had been elected by a large majority for Winnipeg. The occasion, to his political friends at least, was a moving one. Only a year before Hugh John Macdonald's name had been brought up in the House in connection with the Ryckert timber limit scandal. Sir John in a few words, in uttering which it was evident he was laboring under emotion, said he knew his son had faults, but from his knowledge of him from youth up, he believed that dishonesty was not one of those faults. After the case was gone into, Mr. Mills arose from the Opposition benches and said that after a careful examination he believed that nothing had been done by Mr. Macdonald that reflected upon his honor. At this vindication of his son's character the Premier was deeply moved. He did not speak, but with tears in his eyes bowed towards Mr. Mills.

A newspaper correspondent described the Premier's appearance in the House with his son: "Just as the hands of the clock pointed to the half hour after twelve, a burst of applause from the Conservative benches greeted the veteran Premier as he entered arm in arm with his son. The old chief never looked better. He was dressed in a frock coat with light trousers, with the traditional red neck-tie and a "stovepipe" hat. His eye was clear, his step elastic, and everything betokened that he was in good condition for the hard work of the session. After the Premier had exchanged greetings with his followers, who pressed forward to grasp his hand, father and son together took the oath and together affixed their autographs to the parchment, the son signing on the line below Sir John. Then more hand-shaking was in order. It was a pleasant sight to see the two Leaders exchange greetings." This, however, was a rather rosy view of Sir John's condition; for when he spoke on the Address it was noticed that he was not as forcible as usual, nor so happy in his style of delivery, as he frequently stumbled in search of a word. He was, however, as cheerful in his disposition as of old, and the same quickness of movement characterized him up to the moment of his last illness.

In the early days of the session there were rumors of his decreasing physical strength, and the newspapers began to speculate as to what would happen if Sir John should be taken off. On the night of the 12th of May he was expected at the reception at Government House but was not able to attend, having been seized with a strange weakness while passing from the Commons chamber to his private room. Next day he went to his office and thence went to meet the Governor, Sir John Thompson and the Hon. C. H. Tupper at His Excellency's office. After this conference, instead of going to the House as he intended, he felt so ill that he hurried home, and was obliged to remain there some days, while the work of the House dragged. Mr. Laurier, the Opposition leader, was laid up at the same time. Commenting on the feeling in the House, the *Star* correspondent wrote at the time: "It is only in their absence that one realizes how much of the business of the House depends on those two men. * * * The enormous value of both men at their present posts is patent to everyone. It is a very common occurrence when Sir John is only away in his rooms down near the Library for Sir Hector Langevin, who leads the House in his absence, to send a page for him when the debate begins to get involved. They like to feel his hand at the helm."

In a few days he recovered so as to appear in the House. On Friday, the 22nd of May, he seemed to have regained his former spirit, and as he went around among his followers in the House, giving a word here, telling an anecdote there, and talking to little knots of members, many remarked that he was "the Sir John of old." But it was only like the blazing out of those variable stars which flash with unusual brightness before they disappear from the heavens. He had already, it is said, received a premonitory touch from that remorseless disease which had carried away two members of his family. He knew his time had come. Discussing some question of legislation with Sir John Thompson, he said, "You carry that through, Thompson, but I will not be there to help you."

Of late the death of friends had made a more than ordinary impression on him on each occasion, and his latter years had been marked by many bereavements in the decease of those to whom he was personally much attached. His tenderness seemed to increase with his years. Those who were in Parliament when his old friend, the Hon. Thomas White, died will not readily forget the spectacle presented by the old man, when on rising to address the House he got as far as "Mr. Speaker," and after two or three attempts to proceed, threw himself sobbing upon his desk—a tribute of affection such as *Hansard* never recorded in Imperial or Colonial Parliament. So now at almost every turn the shadow of the coming event was thrown across his path, or else he sought it out.

On the occasion referred to in the House he was, however, full of life and spirits. The House was in supply, and were considering the item of the High Commissioner's salary, which was being criticized by the Opposition. Mr. Paterson, of Brant, said in a loud tone: "Might I ask the First Minister, did the High Commissioner tell the truth to the people of Kingston? Did he speak truly when he said that Sir John Macdonald had sent him to that meeting, and had sent a message with this gentleman who is a leading civil servant of this country? That is a question that can be very easily answered, and if the First Minister will favor us with a reply, then perhaps we might be able to follow it up with inquiries in other directions."

Sir John was then chatting with friends in the back benches, but at this challenge he came forward to his own seat and said:

"Well, Mr. Chairman, I cannot resist the seductive tones of my hon. friend, and I may answer him. Sir Charles Tupper did go there at my request, and he made the speech at my instance, and I fancy that his speech must have had a considerable influence, because in the previous election I was elected by a majority of seventeen, and after Sir Charles Tupper made this speech I was elected by a majority that

only wanted 17 of 500. You see, I was pretty wise in my generation in asking Sir Charles to go there and make a speech for me."

"You would be wise if you stopped him at that point," said Mr. Paterson.

"I will go a little further," said Sir John, "and I will say that Sir Charles Tupper came out from England to give us the advantage of his skill, and influence, and eloquence, at my special request."

Mr. Paterson observed that as the counties east of Kingston went pretty solidly Reform, he must have lost his shrewdness or his eloquence as he went east.

"I will tell you what he did lose," replied Sir John, "he lost his voice."

When further pressed by Mr. McMullen to explain why Sir Charles was called out to Canada during the campaign, Sir John replied, "I have already stated what I asked him to come out for."

These were his last words uttered publicly on the floor of the House. That evening he went down to the parliamentary hair-dresser, Napoleon Audette, to be shaved. Audette gave to a newspaper correspondent an account of this and one of the last previous occasions of serving the Premier. On visiting him just after the recent election, he said: "Well, Sir John, you ought to be proud of the great victory." "I am," replied the Premier. "Still, I am sorry that some of our friends went down; some have fallen, but we cannot go into a great battle without losing brave soldiers. You did well in Ottawa, Napoleon, and I am glad the party came through." Then he added, "You remember the Princess Louise? You will be glad to hear she cabled me congratulations. She always remembers Canada."

On this last occasion, while Audette was shaving him, the Premier said, addressing one of the attendants, "Boy, hand me that picture." This was a photograph of the celebrated engraving of the members of "The special Court assembled

under the authority of the Seigniorial Act of the Provincial Parliament, 1854, on its opening on the 4th day of September, 1855." Sir John gazed on the faces of the judges for several minutes, put the picture down, and sighed. A few seconds after he took it up again, recalling to mind the old days of Morin, Day, Duval, Bowen, Augers, Caron, Loranger, Mackay, Beaudry, Dunkin, Badgley, Short, Meredith, Smith, Lafontaine, Drummond, Cherrier, and others who formed the Court at that period. He looked intently over the faces again, and, putting it down, muttered, "All gone, all gone." He then took out some silver, remarking, "Now, Audette, I think I owed you for a visit to Earnscliffe," and, settling the account, presented the attendants with his remaining change. This was his last visit to that portion of the Parliament buildings. Audette gathered up the hair he had cut from the Premier's head, remarking afterwards, "I would not part with it for a mine. I fear poor Sir John felt he was not long for this world. He looked so much at that picture of the old faces."

Sir John did not remain that evening till the adjournment. The hours were wearing on, and Mr. Bowell, thinking Sir John ought to be taking rest, asked Mr. Foster, whose seat was next the Premier's, to suggest that he should go home. Mr. Foster felt delicate on the subject and would not make the suggestion, but Mr. Bowell, in his bluff but kindly way, came over to Sir John's seat and, watch in hand, said, "Sir John, don't you think it about time that boys like you were at home in bed?" Looking up into Mr. Bowell's face with the kindness and simplicity of a child, Sir John replied: "Yes, Bowell, I suppose it is. I will go. Good-night."

That was his last "good-night" here. Debates would go on, divisions would be taken, the whips would gather in the members from lobby and library, from restaurant and retiring room, but the alert figure and the subtle brain of Sir John would never more be here to guide and control.

On the following day he attended the Cabinet Council meeting, and returning home dressed for his usual Saturday after-

noon reception, when he was most attentive to his guests; but on Sunday morning, the Queen's Birthday, he was taken quite ill, and it was erroneously reported that he had congestion of the lungs. On Monday he remained at home; and though he did considerable correspondence at his house in the early part of the week, Doctors George Ross and James Stewart were called up from Montreal on Thursday, 28th, to consult with his physician, Dr. Powell. On consulting, they issued the following bulletin, which was regarded as ominous: "Sir John Macdonald has had a return of his attack of physical and nervous prostration, and we have enjoined positively complete rest for the present and entire freedom from public business."

On the previous day he had gone through considerable public business, and when the physician enjoined upon him that he must go to bed and remain quiet, he replied:

"I cannot lie here with my eyes shut. It would drive me crazy." *

As late as Friday, the 29th, he sent for some of his colleagues and discussed public business, and gave to Mr. Haggart and Mr. Collingwood Schreiber explicit instructions regarding work in the Department of Railways and Canals. On that day, too, he was able to dictate in clear terms a reply to a message of sympathy and inquiry that had come from the Princess Louise among many others—"Thanks for your gracious message." At a little after four in the afternoon, or only a couple of hours after he had dictated this message, and while he was sitting up chatting with Dr. Powell, telling him

*When it was seen that the Premier's illness was increasing, Sir John Thompson pressed upon him the need of retiring from the onerous work of the Department of Railways and Canals, and advised him to take the Presidency of the Council, which was comparatively a sinecure, and was now actually vacant. On the day before the fatal stroke, Sir John Thompson renewed the suggestion. The Premier's reply was remarkable, "I will let you know to-morrow." How often To-morrow had settled questions left in doubt before him, and again To-morrow would solve his own case!

what nourishment he was taking, that physician was horrified to see a dreadful change come over the face of his patient. His features became fixed and set, he was suddenly bereft of his power of speech, and "fell back in the awful embrace of paralysis." A bulletin was issued about eight o'clock announcing the relapse, and the news caused consternation throughout the House. While the business lagged, further tidings were awaited, and came about half-past nine in a note addressed to Sir Hector Langevin. As the note was passed from one minister to another, the members could see that bad news had come. All eyes were fixed upon Sir Hector, when, in tears and with a trembling frame, he rose to say that the Premier was in a most critical condition, and to move the adjournment of the debate. The debate had already lost its interest when the solemn message was announced, and Mr. Laurier, the Liberal leader, seconded the motion, he too being almost overcome by his feelings. A sudden sadness seemed to settle on the House as the members silently separated in twos and threes, whispering over the news as if they were already in a chamber of death. As the lobbies were cleared it was felt that Sir John would never appear within those walls again; and in the electric light tears were seen glistening in the eyes of more than one member. While from dozens of telegraphic instruments the same sad message was being sent east, west, north and south to every newspaper office on the continent, cabs containing Cabinet ministers, members of Parliament, and special correspondents were rattling away down Parliament Hill towards Earnscliffe, where the man whose picture was in every mind lay too helpless to move a limb or even to stir his tongue, and unconscious of all the anxiety that was centred upon his stricken frame. The Governor General came to bid good-bye to his faithful minister, but the minister heeded not the honor, nor rose to do him reverence.

It was found that the stroke was accompanied by hemorrhage of the brain, and the majority of the public, as well as the physicians, soon felt that it would be only a matter of ours, or of days at most, when all would be over.

Meantime telegrams and cablegrams of inquiry continued to pour in, from the Queen of England and the Viceroy of India, down to citizens of the obscurest village in Canada. The whole nation watched at his beside. The bulletins of the daily newspapers were filled almost exclusively with announcements of his condition, and pages in every paper were taken up with the subject and with reviews of his life and work. It was the topic of every knot of men gathered talking on the street, and of every group gathered in a Canadian home. The gathering shadows of this death fell visibly on each separate household in the Dominion.

Bulletins were issued by the attending physicians, Dr. Powell, Sir James Grant, M.D., and Dr. Wright, several times each day; some announcing that he was taking nourishment, was conscious though weak, or resting peacefully, and others that he was rapidly sinking.

From morning till night of each long day a stream of friends and inquirers pressed to the gates of Earnscliffe; but the policeman on guard permitted but one now and again to enter. Silence reigned about the house, in a front upper room of which, with window open wide, the dying Premier lay. Lady Macdonald hovered about the sick room night and day, and clung to the few words of hope which could be gleaned from the doctors.

On the night of Saturday, 31st May, he could move his right foot and hand, which had been paralyzed since Friday, and could take a little milk in spirits. On Sunday afternoon he was turned in bed, and, after taking a little champagne, dozed off into his first natural sleep since the seizure.

On Saturday, a meeting of the Cabinet was held. It was the first meeting of the heads of the Government since their Chief had been stricken, and the feeling that he had forever left the room in which his genius had so long prevailed took away every faculty of statecraft. Like sheep scattered when the shepherd was smitten, or like "children crying in the night, and with no language but a cry," they gathered only to

ask each other, "What shall we do?" When Sir Hector Langevin, the temporary leader of the House of Commons, rose to make a statement concerning Sir John on Monday, and to say that death might be expected any moment, he did so under great emotion, and during the day was so absent-minded that he could not answer the formal questions put till one of his colleagues came to his assistance. The air was full of reports of Sir John's death, and no sooner was one report proved false than another arose like a ghost that would not be laid. And yet hundreds of his old friends refused to believe the facts as posted up on the bulletins, and declared that he would live years yet.

As the Sabbath sun crept up and shot a bloody eye across the Laurentian Hills upon Ottawa it lighted up a region of intense quiet—a quiet that was solemnized by the hollow booming of the distant Chaudière Falls. The air, as the day advanced, was sultry, breezeless and filmy with the smoke of some distant forest fires; and not only through this day, but throughout the ensuing week, there was a certain smothery feeling that seemed to oppress the spirits of all—a feeling that was well expressed in the following lines by an anonymous poet in *The Week*:—

For a week the red sun beat
  Over the City on the Hill,
Till the nights fell heavy with heat,
  Till the dawns rose, close and still,
And the breath of the morning, perturbed,
  And the river's sullen breath,
And the halting spring showers, curbed
  In the awful face of Death,
Told that a soul was passing,
  Told to the souls in fear
  That the dreaded end was near.

Thus—while that red sun hung,
  What but Death in the air?
While the smoky shadows clung

To tower and river and square,
And ever through gloom and glare,
Came—like a funeral boom—
The distant roar of Chaudière.
By that dull note of doom,
By a Nation's vast despair,
Death—what else—in the air!

On Sunday morning, the telegraph companies sent out a message to the pulpit of every church reached by their wires throughout the Dominion, and, that morning, appeals from thousands of pulpits and from hundreds of thousands of worshippers went up to the Throne of Heaven, imploring that, if possible, the first man of their nation might be spared a little longer, and, if not, that he might be received into the haven of eternal rest.

Throughout the day the sufferer lay, with face as ashy as the ashy clusters of hair in which it was pillowed. At times he was quite conscious, and could possibly hear the church bells and the chaunts that floated through his latticed window from the Corpus Christi processionists that were abroad this morning with banners and decorations. At times he could make his wants known by a movement or by a gentle pressure of the hand when a question would be asked by Mr. Fred. White, his former private secretary, or Mr. Joseph Pope, his present private secretary, who faithfully watched by his bedside. Physicians who knew the nature of paralysis, and who knew the violence of the seizure, gave him thirty-six hours to live from Friday; but he lingered on from hour to hour and from day to day, and on Friday he was still alive, while, against recurring reports of his death, men were saying that he would again come back to rule on Parliament Hill.

On Monday, the 1st June, the bells had been taken off the street cars that passed near Earnscliffe, that no noise should disturb the sufferer, and even the steamers that ply up and down the river, towing barges or rafts, ceased their whistling and slowed up their engines as they approached the foot of

the cliff; while those who came to and fro in the grounds treaded with care on the graveled walks. During the week, however, the rule of excluding visitors was somewhat relaxed, and in the lawn under the shadows cast by the maple trees, as the moon rose each night, groups of ministers and members of Parliament gathered with their friends, and whispered of but one subject as they looked upon the dark river below, or gazed up to the window where the sick man lay.

His little six year old grandchild, "Jack," whose features, every body says, so much resemble his grandfather's, often told the visitors that "grandpa was very ill," but, child-like, would soon become interested in sailing his toy yacht or some other childish play. On Wednesday he came [illegible] and, meeting Lady Macdonald, said, "I want to see grandpa." Lady Macdonald told him he could not; but the child pleaded, and at last he was led into the room.

At that moment the Premier had his eyes wide open, which had not occurred for some time, and as the lad came to the bedside and stroked his hand his countenance lightened up with pleasure. While the child prattled away, Lady Macdonald, seeing the good effect on the patient, immediately sent for her daughter Mary. Jack did not know how powerless his grandfather was to answer the questions he was continually asking, but Mary did, and with a tenderness and skill that were pathetic she managed to persuade him to forego his questions. The excitement soon told on the weakened old man, however, and in a few moments, with little Jack's hand still in his, he dozed off to unconsciousness. His vital powers were waning surely, if not so fast as many expected; his circulation was growing weaker, the eyes were sinking and the tissues wasting. On Friday evening the waiting millions who had watched in heart by this bedside were warned by wire from the operator in the tent in Earnscliffe grounds that "the end was near." At half-past ten Saturday morning, Sir James Grant, emerging from the house, said to a reporter, "He is going fast. This is the last flicker in the socket." His

breathing became rapid and labored, his heart action weaker, and as the last few tickings of a clock when it is about to stop become feebler and quicker to the ear of the listener, so the pendulum that kept this great life so long in action was swinging short to its final stroke, till about a quarter past ten on Saturday night, the sixth of June, the pulsations ceased, and the spirit of John A. Macdonald left its tenement of seventy-six years and went out into the Invisible World.

When his poor invalid daughter heard he was dead, she said in her peculiar slow and measured accents, "I must try and be a comfort to mother now, instead of a burden to her.'

At last the strain was over, and all that could now be done pertained to the pomp and pageantry of a public funeral. The remains were embalmed, and it was decided in Parliament to honor the dead chieftain with a state funeral. A simple funeral service was held in the house, and on Tuesday the body was moved to the Senate Chamber, there to lie in state till the next afternoon. Here while the press poured forth a universal panegyric from between inverted rules, while flags fluttered at half-mast in every city, town and hamlet, and while some sign of mourning was visible in every household, like as when the destroying angel passed over Egypt, thousands were pouring into Ottawa by every train on every line of railway to get a last look at all that was left of the Old Leader. A double line of policemen marked a channel from the outer entrances to the Senate Chamber where the casket lay and so on to the place of exit, and along this channel all day a continuous stream of people was maintained. The next morning at half-past five a photographer came to take a view of the dead Chieftain as he lay in Privy Councillor's uniform, sword by his side, and already fifty visitors were counted in the Chamber at a time. Wreaths and emblems of flowers came by every express delivery, until on Wednesday morning the Senate Chamber in which they were placed looked like a vast

conservatory. A wreath was ordered to be placed there by the Queen, and the Governor General coming into the Chamber reverently placed a tribute at the casket with his own hands.

At one o'clock on Wednesday, the most imposing funeral pageant ever witnessed in Canada formed in front of the Parliament Buildings, and proceeded to St. Alban's Church. In the procession were the Governor General and staff, Lieutenant Governors of the provinces, Judges of the Supreme court, Commander in chief of the Militia, members of the Privy Council, Senators and members of the House of Commons, officers of the Militia, mayors of cities, deputations from various corporations, and various societies in bodies. The official robes and dresses of the dignitaries of State, the bright uniforms of the soldiers who marched with arms reversed, the contrast presented to the uniforms by the mourning emblems, the solemn faces of the crowds, the bands of music,—from the throats of whose polished instruments the strains of grief so piercingly expressed in the "Dead March in Saul" lift the dead echoes of the stifling air,—make a combination of sight and sound to move the most unemotional spectator.

Ah! what thoughts were passing in the minds of these old senators and members of the Commons, these high officials and lieutenant governors whose dignities were creations of the dead Leader whose lead they were following for the last time on earth? Many of them he had often led whither they would not, and now all of them he leads whither they would not—to the grave. These little parliamentary pages marching in their trim knickerbockers and smart black jackets after the members, how often at the snap of his nervous finger have they leaped to catch his message and convey it to some member who would perform his will as quickly and willingly as the messenger that brought it. And can they do nothing more? The ministers are here, the followers in Parliament are here, the pages are here, and all the paraphernalia to carry out any behest that such a leader can make—and all are ready and willing—can he lead

them? Yes, he is leading them—to the chamber of a House of Commons to which all are sure of election. They are sure to follow him, but the volition of leadership is no longer his. The height of his ambition was reached, and to this his leadership has led!

> Ambition's voice was in my ear, she whispered yesterday,
> "How goodly is the land of Room,* how wide the Russian sway!
> How blest to conquer either realm, and dwell through life to come
> Lull'd by the harp's melodious string, cheer'd by the northern drum!"
> But Wisdom heard: "O youth," she said, "in passion's fetter tied,
> O come with me and see a sight shall cure thee of thy pride!"
> She led me to a lonely dell, a sad and shady ground,
> Where many an ancient sepulchre gleam'd in the moonshine round.
> And "Here Secunder † sleeps," she cried;—"this is his rival's stone,
> And here the mighty Chief reclines who reared the Median throne.
> Enquire of these, does aught of all their ancient pomp remain,
> Save late regret and bitter tears, for ever and in vain?
> Return, return, and to thy heart thus let the vision speak:
> 'The lesser fame, the lighter load—and blessed be the meek.'"

The procession moves on to the church through streets draped in mourning and crowded with mournful spectators; and after the service for the dead in St. Alban's the procession is reformed to proceed back through the city to the Canadian Pacific Railway Station, whence the body would be conveyed to Kingston. For days the air was heavy and sultry, and no rain had fallen for a long time, but while the procession was reforming, banks of black clouds rolled down upon the city, and as the funeral car slowly passed the Parliament Buildings, the forked lightnings played above the tower, and, with the echoing crash of thunder, torrents of rain came down, drenching the processionists. It was the first thunder-storm of the season at the Capital.

The heavily draped funeral train—the first funeral train that ever went over this line—was met at every station by

* Room, the Oriental name of the Turkish Empire.

† Secunder—Alexander the Great.

crowds who came to pay some floral or other tribute, as it proceeded to Kingston, where the body of her beloved citizen was received by the people and placed in state in the City Hall, with every mark of grief and affection. Another long and imposing procession followed the remains the next day through the draped streets of the city of his youth to the picturesque cemetery of Cataraqui, and here, by the side of his mother and father and the members of his family who had passed on before, the great Canadian was laid to rest. On the granite shaft which had been erected by him to commemorate the dead of his family the single word "Macdonald" was cut in plain Gothic letters, and on his own casket only the plain name "John Alexander Macdonald" was engraved. All nationalities, all creeds, all societies and all ranks stood about his grave in common mourning.

Never was a man so widely lamented, and never did a death strike a whole nation with such a feeling of personal loss. In hundreds of churches on that day memorial services were held,* and for a week or more there were few courts that sat, from the Supreme courts down to county courts, few city councils or municipal councils, and few public bodies that assembled, without making some allusion to Sir John, expressing sorrow at his death or praise of his many great qualities. Of these qualities surely not the least was his affectionate loyalty to the Empire, of which he was—from the Canadian point of vision—so colossal a figure.

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* The memorial service held in Westminster Abbey, London, was without precedent in the death records of colonial statesmen.

APPENDIX.

PREMIERS COMPARED—THE EPISODE OF THE REBELLION—SIR JOHN'S ANCESTORS—HIS LAST WILL—A PERSONAL LETTER—ORIGIN OF "OLD TO-MORROW"—SENATOR BOYD'S REMINISCENCES—A SERMON.

PREMIERS COMPARED.

By the REV. ERNEST A. WILLOUGHBY KING, M.A.

"None but himself can be his parallel."
—*L. Theobald.*

*Some points of similarity and contrast in the circumstances, careers and characteristics of Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., and Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield; with some other comparisons and correspondences.**

SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Macdonald were born within a decade of each other.

Both came of families outside of political circles, and of no special parliamentary influence.

Each was brought up in a country not the father-land of his ancestors.

In his adopted country each has been associated with the most prominent men of two generations, and has served in a long public life under one and the same Sovereign.

* Many of the parallels herein given in reference to Lord Beaconsfield are derived from a French pamphlet published in 1880 by the Hon. Jos. Tassé, editor of *La Minerve.*

CAREERS CONTRASTED.

Both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Macdonald studied law, the latter alone entered upon its practice.

Both were "self-made," and became (under God) the "architects of their own fortunes," and reached the height of their ambition.

In 1837, at the age of 32, and after 4 defeats, Disraeli was elected successively for Maidstone, Shrewsbury and Buckingham, and sat for the last place 29 years, and in both Houses for 44 years.

In 1844, at the age of 29, Mr. Macdonald was elected and always returned for Kingston—except after one defeat, when he sat for Victoria, B.C.—during his 47 years of parliamentary service—a period *without parallel.*

Disraeli after 12 years became 3 times Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was always Conservative.

So was Mr Macdonald, who after 2½ years' service became Receiver General, and held other offices under the Crown for more than 35 years.

One presided over the destinies of the most powerful Empire of the earth; the other swayed half a continent.

PHYSICAL SIMILARITIES.

Both statesmen were rather tall and lithe in figure, slightly stooped, with pale or sallow complexions, close-shaven, neatly and carefully dressed. They bore countenances wrinkled, and of oft-changing expression. Both had dark waving locks, with "a curl that hung lonesomely down on the forehead," a prominent oriental nose, dark eyes full of fire and penetration, a mouth to indicate or to conceal the feelings, a brow well developed, and withal a constitution elastic and full of endurance, whether for campaigning, organizing or attending long and late-houred sessions. Sir John Macdonald had a quick, gliding or semi-limping gait, a pleasing nod, and a smiling, unaffected, jaunty manner, such as were noticeable in Lord

Beaconsfield; and in each the charm of his personal presence passed, by common consent, for a political power.

What has been said of one might be said of the other, viz:— "I never saw a human visage so scarred and scored with strange lines. * * * Beyond doubt it is a thoughtful face, and beyond doubt also is profoundly contemptuous of other people's thoughts."

At the landing of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne in Halifax, Mr. Boyd, an English correspondent, was present with a friend, when the latter called out as Sir John came into view, "Boyd, Boyd, there's Dizzy to the life!"

In Oxford, when Sir John received the degree of D.C.L., the students shouted, Dizzy! Dizzy!

More than 25 years ago, when Sir John Macdonald visited Fredericton, a friend of the Premier asked a certain gentleman to meet him on the steamer there, saying: "You will know him by his likeness to Disraeli." Sir John was told of this, when he remarked, "Yes; they do say we look alike."

In "Problems of Greater Britain," Sir Charles Dilke has most interestingly written thus:— "The Prime Minister of the Dominion is frequently likened to Mr. Disraeli, but this is chiefly a matter of facial similarity, a point in which the resemblance is striking. The first time that I saw Sir John Macdonald was shortly after Lord Beaconsfield's death, and as the clock struck midnight. I was starting from Euston Station, and there appeared on the steps of the railway station, in Privy Councillor's uniform (the right to wear which is confined to so small a number of persons that one expects to know by sight those who wear it), a figure precisely similar to that of the late Conservative leader, and it required indeed a severe exercise of presence of mind to remember that there had been a city banquet, from which the apparition must be coming, and to rapidly arrive by a process of exhaustion at the knowledge that this twin brother of that Lord Beaconsfield, whom shortly before I had seen in the sick-room which he was not to leave, must be the Prime Minister of Canada."

When Sir John Macdonald visited London after Lord Beaconsfield's death, he created quite a stir at a reception where one noble lady fainted at his approach, thinking he was the idol of the Primrose League restored to life.

At Quebec, in 1864, when a ball was given to the Maritime Province delegates, Mr. Geo. A. Sala, then correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, a keen observer and close critic of public men, being present and seeing Mr. Macdonald come in, asked, "Who is he?" and remarked, "How like Disraeli! and with a strong dash of Milner Gibson too. A remarkable man, I should think. One would inquire his name anywhere."

The *New York Sun* recently spoke of Sir John as one of the most distinguished looking men in the Dominion, adding, "His face is very striking, and will suggest to different observers a likeness to different men. Some say he resembles Washington or Edwin Booth, others that *his* face and Disraeli's are as alike as two peas. As a matter of fact Sir John does resemble all these famous persons."

MENTAL CORRESPONDENCES.

In disposition and the charms connected with their domestic life much similarity existed between the two Premiers. Their talk ran "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," being interspersed with philosophical reflections, anecdotes, witticisms and repartees.

Both had a vivid imagination with long and wise foresight, and seem to have kept high aims before them, and to have maintained firm faith in a great personal future. Each knew how to get over disadvantages, to conciliate leading families, to overcome jealousy in rivals, to rise successfully to positions which the superiority of his talents secured, and to make himself acceptable to the public by personifying in word and deed the national spirit.

SIMILAR POLITICAL TACT AND AIMS.

In 1843, Disraeli formed young enthusiastic workers into

the "Young England" party, pledged to follow him loyally; while in Canada young men in the "Junior Conservative Clubs" have as warmly followed Sir John Macdonald—a result to both Leaders doubtless of their well-known partiality for young men and interest in them.

Both were masters of influence over others, keen observers of human nature, and competent to turn even men's inconsistencies to good account. They have both been called "adventurers," and "lovers of power," and it has been said that an "incomprehensible mixture of great qualities and incredible flippancy made the greatest of their rivals seem commonplace."

Disraeli gained his party over to his ideas by not being too exacting, and by consenting to sacrifices both for friends and foes. He often changed Reformers into Conservatives. He distinguished essentials from accidentals. Thus he led a broad national party, based upon a conviction that the institutions of the country were the outcome of its needs, and the guarantee of its liberties, its greatness and its prosperity, commercial and constitutional.

Similar changes have taken place in Canada under the leadership of her Premier. Upper Canadian Tories and Reformers were united with the French party of Lower Canada, and from this union came that Conservative party which has governed the country so long.

Disraeli did much to unite in bonds of mutual interest the two great nations, England and France, and he drew attention to the brilliant future reserved for the Canadian Confederation.

In dealing with their descendants on this continent, Sir John allayed religious and national prejudices, and cemented the French and English elements of Canada. Often at the expense of popularity among his own people, he aimed to unite races, to impress a homogeneous character upon the country, and to consolidate its political institutions.

Although he had no English blood in his veins and was the

son of an unjustly treated race, a Jew by birth and sentiment, yet Lord Beaconsfield kept always in view the prosperity and aggrandizement of his adopted country, and he admired the British Constitution as the most perfect of all forms of government, ancient or modern.

So likewise did Sir John Macdonald.

The Liberal party in England tried to weaken the union between the Mother Country and her colonies, but Disraeli labored to strengthen that attachment by shewing its worth and power both in peace and war.

With similar zeal Sir John exalted the advantages of Canada's union with Great Britain. A great Anglo-Saxon alliance, with a central administration, having the colonies as auxiliary powers, all united under the same Sovereign, and devoted to the same British interests, was his dream.

Sir John Macdonald's speeches on Confederation indicate how this vast political project was developed in his mind.

A similar idea of the intimate connection between Colonial welfare and loyalty, and England's welfare and greatness, was fostered by Lord Beaconsfield.

The Conservatives in England used to depend upon the aristocratic families for recruits, and the Whigs upon the farming and working classes. But with rare skill in regulating, for example, factory work, in securing more comfortable homes, and through electoral reforms, Mr. Disraeli overcame the enmity of the artizan classes against the Conservative party, attached them to it by broad and progressive principles, and enrolled them under his banner. He thus permanently united property, labor and capital—the great social forces of England.

With like wisdom Sir John through different statutes closely secured the votes of farmers, manufacturers, mechanics and workmen by protecting home industries, extending the franchise, and legally recognizing workingmen's associations.

The aims of both politicians seem to have been to adapt legislation to the needs, circumstances and ruling sentiments

of the country. They feared not to modify their opinions and methods of influence, as occasion demanded.

The numerous and powerful Primrose League represents and perpetuates the influence of Lord Beaconsfield upon English politics; and in view of a similar effect in Canada it is proposed to form a Maple League, in order to perpetuate the principles of the late Canadian Premier.

Disraeli hazarded the bold opinion that England is an Asiatic Power whose centre of gravity is Calcutta, in allusion to the many millions of British subjects in Asia. So to increase English influence in the East he gained control of the Suez Canal, acquired Cyprus, and made Queen Victoria Empress of India.

Sir John Macdonald with like statesmanship labored to open for colonization the vast territories of the Canadian North-West, which he foresaw destined to receive millions of inhabitants, and certain to affect the economic conditions even of the whole world. So he bent his energies to construct the Canadian Pacific Railway, in order that, with the fast steamship service on the Pacific Ocean, it might be the most rapid and independent route between England and the East. At the same time he developed a vast region, into which could be directed that surplus of population which is too often attracted by neighboring and not always friendly powers.

The above-named great enterprises, with which England's and Canada's wise Premiers have both been associated, have prepared the British Empire,—always so powerful in commerce—for the "conquest of universal traffic."

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

"A smile for a friend, a sneer for the world, is the way to govern mankind," said Mr. Disraeli in one of his books, and on his foes he certainly did not spare sarcasm.

Sir John also was a master at raillery, yet he was wont to avoid fruitless irritation, and could use satire good-humoredly, and his rare courtesy often gained him valuable recruits even amongst his opponents.

Certainly Sir John had enemies, whom his talents so long shut out from power.

In like manner Disraeli passed for the "best abused man in England."

Neither politician hesitated even to employ opponents, or to put young men forward, if by so doing the good of the public could be the better guaranteed.

Both understood the art of politics, constitutional history and the working of English institutions.

Neither was a great orator, but each could by words, ready, vigorous and incisive, persuade, captivate and control his chamber, and this more by spoken action than by eloquence. Thus each could bend men to his ideas and sentiments,—one of the greatest triumphs of oratory.

Both Disraeli and Sir John understood parliamentary strategy. They could conceal their tactics, so as to make use of defects in the defences of an adversary, and even to set traps for him from which he rarely escaped.

In this way they often brought about the most unexpected and surprising changes. In fact, Disraeli himself said that "to govern men is not enough, one must astonish them." And so he did.

Like many other celebrated men, both of these great politicians owed much to their wives.

By her large private means the Viscountess Beaconsfield contributed much to facilitate her husband's becoming remarkable in the service of his country. This he himself gratefully acknowledged, even declaring that he owed all his success to his wife.

Similarly, Baroness Macdonald, of Earnscliffe, had the happiest influence over the later career of her husband. A woman of fine intellect, of distinguished origin and bearing, of benevolent heart and devoted attachment, she has been nobly associated with the career of her husband, and has always stood high in popular favor.

POPULARITY.

As chiefs these two political leaders seemed made for their parties and their parties for them, and there appeared on neither side any desire of change.

Sir John received a tangible mark of appreciation in a large sum of money obtained by public subscription among his friends in 1870.

In 1873, Disraeli was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, where a public banquet was held in his honor. The day after becoming a peer Lord Beaconsfield was presented with a County Crown, the result of a general subscription organized by the workingmen of England in testimony of his worth.

Disraeli was applauded as having been the chief of his party for a longer period than any one else in English annals.

The same may be said of Sir John Macdonald's premiership, and of his leadership of the Conservative party in Canada.

Political life with its successes and reverses seemed for both of these remarkable men their true element, out of which they could not live, and in which they both attained to the highest and most influential positions.

Neither pretended to be infallible. On more than one occasion they declared that if they could have acted over again in certain matters, they would have done differently. Sir John frankly owned that he made mistakes in language not unlike that of Disraeli, who once said to the electors of Buckingham, "I have done things that I regret, I have said many things that I deplore."

Both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Macdonald had their public services signally recognized by the bestowal of remarkable Imperial honors. After his wife's elevation, Disraeli was himself raised to the peerage. The Queen first nominated Mr. Macdonald a member of her Privy Council and afterwards made him a Knight. Sir John, like his prototype Lord Beaconsfield, was a favorite at the English Court. He had

audiences with the Queen, and was her guest at Windsor. From Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Sir John received many marks of friendship. It is said that Her Majesty had desired to confer honors which he begged to be allowed to decline.

COMPARISONS.

Only Sir Robert Walpole's periods of power in the English Cabinet (between 1714 and 1742) aggregate so many years as Sir John served in a ministerial capacity, whilst the latter's period of virtual supremacy surpassed even Walpole's, and has *no parallel* for length and efficiency except in the careers of men abroad, such as Prince Bismarck, the German Chancellor, and Her Tisza, President of the Hungarian Ministry.

The younger Pitt's premiership lasted 19 years. So did Sir John Macdonald's in periods of 6 and 13 years.

Sir Chas. Dilke, already quoted, has further said of the late Premier :— "The position of personal influence which Sir John A. Macdonald holds in the Dominion is unique among the politicians of the British Empire. If it were possible to institute a comparison between a colonial possession and a first-class European power, Sir John Macdonald's position in Canada might be likened to that of Prince Bismarck in the German Empire.

"In personal characteristics there is much in 'John A.,' as he is often styled, to remind one of another European statesman now deceased—Signor Depretis, the late Prime Minister of Italy—for there are certainly not a few points of resemblance between 'The Old Stradella' and 'Old To-morrow,' as Sir John is also frequently called, from his custom of putting off all disagreeable matters. * * * Sir John Macdonald's chief outward note is his expansiveness, and the main point of difference from Disraeli is the contrast between his buoyancy and the well-known sphinx attitude. Macdonald is the life and soul of every gathering in which he takes a part, and in the exuberance of his antique youthfulness Sir John Macdonald

resembles less Mr. Disraeli than Mr. Gladstone, whose junior he is by a few days more than five years, and whom he also successfully follows in House of Commons tactics or adroitness, as well as in his detestation of those who keep him past midnight chained to his House of Commons' seat."

CORRESPONDENCES.

Comparing Sir John Macdonald with Lord Palmerston, as well as with Lord Beaconsfield, it may be said that the "Imperial idea" dominated *all the three.*

To increase British power was all but a passion with Lord Palmerston. He thus represented English character and opinion, and with that sentiment directed England's foreign policy, and so emulated Chatham, Fox, Burke, Peel, and Canning.

Similarly Beaconsfield gained popular support through his national instincts, and worked for the glory of the British Crown, for the development, expansion and protection of England's interests, and for the maintenance of the Empire's prestige.

Both Palmerston and Beaconsfield believed that desire for peace should never justify submission to affront. They realized that Great Britain's position depended upon a willingness to fulfil her highest duties if she would continue to have the respect of the world and to retain her superior situation of dignity.

The patriotism of Lords Palmerston and Beaconsfield desired British to be like Roman citizenship of days gone by, so that a Briton, like the old Roman, should be free from indignity and injustice in any and every land.

In fact, they wished every British subject to be protected by the ever-watchful eye and strong arm of the Mother Country. So, too, was the value of British citizenship extolled by Sir John Macdonald. He expressed the hope that his children, if not himself, might see Canada the right arm of England and a powerful auxiliary of the Empire, and the

"Dominion" become a worthy portion of a vast and beneficent Imperial structure.

All three statesmen felt that local patriotism was not enough to satisfy Imperial aspirations.

Their wide and noble aim was the uniting of distant peoples by a wise protection and development of all their interests.

All three held office for a long time and died full of years and honors, and their influence will perpetuate their own Imperial idea, namely, the belief in a glorious future for a powerfully united British people.*

A triple comparison has also been made between the characters and achievements of Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales; Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Premier of the Cape; and Sir John Macdonald, the late Premier of Canada.

They have been named together by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as "cohesive forces of the Colonial Empire."

A similarity between Sir John's career and Pitt's is well conveyed by the inscription upon the latter's monument in the Guildhall of London, as follows:—"Dispensing for nearly forty years the favors of the Crown, he lived without ostentation and died poor."

A FEW OPINIONS ON THIS AND OTHER POINTS.

In this connection, the Hon. Mr. Abbott, when alluding in the Senate to the late Canadian Premier's death, said:—"Sir John Macdonald lived during the greater part of his life with unparalleled facilities for amassing wealth. He died a comparatively poor man. * * * None of his bitterest enemies ever accused him of using his political power for his personal advantage."

These remarks about Sir John not having enriched himself were re-echoed by the Hon. Mr. Scott, leader of the Opposition in the Senate.

Mr. Laurier, Leader of the Opposition, in eulogizing Sir John, said, in reference to his fondness for power:—

* *The Empire.*

"In my judgment, even the career of William Pitt can hardly compare with that of Sir John Macdonald in this respect. * * In the intimacy of his domestic circle he was fond of repeating that his end would be as the end of Lord Chatham, that he would be carried away from the floor of Parliament to die. How true his vision into the future was we now know, for we saw him, at the last, with enfeebled health and declining strength struggling on the floor of Parliament until—the hand of fate upon him—he was carried to his home to die; and thus to die with his armor on was probably his ambition.* * * * To-day we deplore the loss of him whom we all unite in saying was the foremost Canadian of his time, and who filled the largest place in Canadian history."

Mr. Martin J. Griffin, the Librarian of Parliament at Ottawa, has just contributed to the N. Y. *Independent* an interesting sketch of the late Premier, Sir John Macdonald. "The last time he spoke to the present writer," he says, "was at night, during the debate on the Franchise bill, when he came to my room to inquire what Mr. Disraeli had done about the elections in view of the Reform bill of 1867; he obtained his precedent, thanked me in his pleasant way, and went back to the House of Commons with such a haggard face and such a faltering step that my eyes filled with an involuntary emotion." Mr. Griffin describes some of Sir John's personal characteristics. "He was sure to have read the last new book worth reading, and to have got at the pith of it quickly. He kept well up with the reviews as well as with the books. A few days before he entered on the campaign of 1891 he was in the Library of Parliament, and amid much talk of other things, he expressed his high appreciation of the exquisite article in the London *Spectator* on Cardinal Newman; he gave some anecdotes of Lord Houghton, which have not appeared in

* The day before the Montreal physicians went to see him he kept his two secretaries busily employed.

print, and an adventure with the late Walter Bagehot at a London dinner-party; he explained his opinions as to the reasons why the Whigs dealt ungratefully by Edmund Burke, and gave a short account of a conversation with Lord Beaconsfield. One of his remarks I will venture to repeat. He had said that Lord Beaconsfield in solemn moments was much a Hebrew, and he illustrated it thus. He said that he told Lord Beaconsfield he had been in public life and mainly in office for forty years. 'Ah,' said Lord Beaconsfield, 'just as long as David reigned.' This much, too, may be said:—Had Lord Beaconsfield lived longer, and Sir John Macdonald continued during that time, as he did, in power, the policy of the Ministers of the Queen would have had a more direct bearing on the development of Canada."

Amongst opinions about comparative careers and characteristics is the following of Mr. N. F. Davin, given in the House of Commons when Sir John's death was formally announced:

"Mr. Speaker, the man whom we mourn here to-day was emphatically a great man. When I came to Canada first, his friends, misdoubting that they might have formed a provincial conception of Sir John Macdonald, used to come to me and ask how he would compare with the great men in England. I said that he could stand up to the greatest of them, and when I knew him intimately, and was brought closely in contact with him, I became more and more convinced that far from doubting he could stand up to the greatest of them; few of them had the varied qualities, the extraordinary, varied and complex qualities that are necessary to make a political leader, such as was Sir John Macdonald. Ranging over the field of history, and recalling the names of the men who have reached those heights, which it takes a lifetime to climb, it is hardly possible to find one who has possessed the varied qualities of the great man who the other day was leading in this House. You may find great power of intellect, great powers of statesmanship, far-reaching views, great powers of oratory, but where will you find, conjoined with all these, that polite-

ness that never fails, that delicate consideration for the feelings of others, that exquisite urbanity which distinguished Sir John Macdonald?"

Lord Salisbury, paying a tribute in the House of Lords to the late Premier of Canada, just after his death, said, "that Sir John Macdonald was as great a constitutional statesman as any nation had ever seen."

It may justly be said that the late Canadian Premier, Sir John Macdonald, was great in himself, great in position and power, great as a politician and a patriot, great as a debater and party-leader, great in tact and discretion, great, too, in clear-headedness, conciliation and kind-heartedness.

He had his faults. Who has not? But the good qualities of heart and hand predominated. In the thick of political warfare and bitter party rancour this geniality remained unchanged, and won the affection of opponents as well as of adherents. In the midst of perplexities a favorite maxim seems to have been to wait till "to-morrow"—to do nothing—and trust to time, the great miracle-worker of any age, to develop a natural and wise solution.

At a meeting of the City Council of Toronto, the following choice words occur in a resolution of sorrow:—

"In history the name of the late Premier will shine as that of a statesman who controlled parliaments, directed parties and guided the destinies of a people. He will also be remembered as a man of a large heart, broad sympathies and a rare personal magnetism, who commanded the esteem of his political opponents, and won the love of his countrymen."

Sir John has been called the "Father of the Dominion," "Father of his country," Père de la Patrie," and not merely a Canadian but an Imperial statesman. "The brightest gem in the British crown was polished and set by his hand," said Mr. Davin.

Hon. Mr. Abbott, in the Senate, said:—

"He built up for himself a reputation, not only on this continent but in England, scarcely second to that of any statesman who has sat in the councils of the Empire."

La Minerve, commenting upon Sir John's death, said: "In Europe the deceased would have ranked with the Beaconsfields, Gladstones, Salisburys, Thiers, Guizots, Bismarcks, Metternichs, Gortschakoffs. He is one of their peers."

The *London Times* of June 8 remarks of Sir John Macdonald that, "For the same minister to have won four general elections in succession is unexampled in the modern history of parliamentary government in Anglo-Saxon communities. * * *

It is an indubitable fact that Sir John Macdonald captivated the imagination of the Canadians by a policy conceived on broad patriotic principles, and appealing as strongly to national sentiment as it seemed to appeal to material interests."

REFLECTIONS.

Posterity will recall the name Sir John Macdonald as one who helped to lay the basis of the Great Confederation, which is destined to become not only the generous rival of the United States, but a "Greater Britain."

These two first ministers of England and Canada whose careers we have compared are "examples of the striking success reserved for talent, work and perseverance in countries truly free."

In Lord Beaconsfield and Sir John Macdonald we have proof that there is no degree so exalted in the social and political scale which, by those who know how to deserve the confidence of their fellow-citizens, may not be attained by the subjects of Queen Victoria.

VIVAT REGINA ET IMPERATRIX.

THE EPISODE OF THE REBELLION.

[To the following letter to the *Empire*, from Mr. William Gunn of Walkerton, it is only necessary to add that though Mr. Macdonald was engaged to defend Von Schoultz, he made no address to the court, as would be inferred, and as has

been stated by so many biographers. Von Schoultz himself saw that no "forensic skill" could save him, and his action as detailed in chapter VII. shows this.]

The prisoners taken at the battle of the windmill at Prescott, in September, 1838, were brought up to Kingston in the old mail steamer Canada and landed at Scobell's wharf, foot of Brock street, where Sanderson & Murray carried on the forwarding business, and for whom I was then agent. A stout rope was fastened around the chest of Gen. Von Schoultz, to which the other prisoners were fastened by the right hand and the left hand alternately. In this way they were marched to Tête du Pont barracks and Fort Henry, pelted by the rabble in the crowd, the jail of the county being too small to accommodate the number, some 120 or 130 men. Although taken by the military in the act of war, in consequence of some peculiarity of the law these prisoners were retained, not in military custody, but in the custody of the sheriff. On a certain night a number of them made their escape. Col. Dundas, of the 83rd regiment, being commandant of the garrison, had Mr. Ashley, the jailer, arrested, and afterwards prosecuted in the Court of Queen's Bench for alleged complicity in the escape. The case excited intense interest. Mr. Ashley was a strong Reformer. The public mind was greatly excited against the American sympathizers. John A. Macdonald, then a very young lawyer who had not hitherto distinguished himself in any way, defended Mr. Ashley. I was present during the whole of the trial, which lasted two days or more. Mr. Macdonald handled the military authorities with great severity, for which they never forgave him, and this feeling of antagonism was kept up, each new coming regiment evidently receiving the tradition from its predecessor in the garrison, but John A. cared nothing for that. Although Mr. Macdonald's friends did not sympathize with him in his onslaught on the military authorities, yet all were surprised and delighted at the wonderful tact and forensic ability he so suddenly displayed in that trial. The jury, after long deliberation,

acquitted Mr. Ashley. The name and praise of the young lawyer were on every tongue. He had made his mark. This was at the Fall Assizes for 1838. His defence of Von Schoultz, for which he was specially retained by friends of Von Schoultz in Syracuse, New York, was subsequent to this. Von Schoultz, while animated by noble motives, had been basely misled as to the condition of things in Canada. He requested as a soldier to be shot, but all that Mr. Macdonald's abilities and energetic effort on his behalf could accomplish was that, instead of being hanged on the common jail scaffold with his companions in arms, he was hanged on a scaffold specially erected under the guns of Fort Henry. The first elevation John A. received at the hand of his fellows was his election in 1840 or 1841, as president of the St. Andrew's Society of Kingston. The society turned out largely in kilts in mid-winter to meet Sir Charles Metcalfe on his arrival, via New York and across the ice from Cape Vincent, as Governor-General. As president of the society, Mr. Macdonald was invited to dine at Government house, and that was his first contact with public life. I voted for John A. as president in 1840 or 1841. He, with all his numerous Scotch young friends, had supported Mr. Manahan in the general election of 1840 or 1841, but when, in response to the requisition presented to him by all classes in Kingston, he consented to run in 1844, he was returned by the majority you mention, 240, although Mr. Manahan was a gentleman highly esteemed in Kingston. Sir John was always truly loyal. In 1838 he joined a volunteer company in Kingston, where he became proficient in drill and military duty. Hon. Mr. Mowat was a member of the same company, which was highly complimented by Col. Dundas on its efficiency."

SIR JOHN'S ANCESTORS.

(From a letter of Duncan Davidson, of Boissevain, to the Winnipeg *Free Press*.)

In the many biographical sketches of the late Sir John A. Macdonald in the public press, I have not observed any account of his ancestors beyond his father and mother. They can, however, be traced back for two generations at least, and I believe the late Premier looked upon them with considerable pride. His father was a native of the parish of Dornock, Sutherlandshire, and I believe he could boast of gentle blood. But I believe he was more indebted to the maternal side of the house for his intellectual vigor and strong personality. His maternal grandmother was the daughter of Grant of Glenmorrstow, a very old family in Inverness-shire. She married Colonel Shaw, who having died, he was left a widow. She married the second time Capt. Shaw, who was cornet in Lord Elisha's Horse on the fatal field of Culloden, fighting for the Pretender. After the settlement of affairs, he, like many of his countrymen, took service in the British army, where he rose to the rank of captain, and upon retiring from the army he occupied till her death the farm of Dalnavert, in Badenach, Inverness-shire. Here on the banks of the romantic River Spey, and under the shades of the highest and most rugged part of the Grampians, with their primeval and extensive forests, Sir John A. Macdonald's mother was born and brought up until she married Sir John's father, who had business relations in Glasgow, where they resided until 1820, when they emigrated to Canada and settled in Kingston. * * * Another daughter of Captain Shaw was married to Colonel McPherson, a son of Cheny McPherson, captain of the Black Watch, who with his clan espoused the Pretender's cause, was particularly obnoxious to the Government, but escaped to France and died in exile. Colonel McPherson and his wife died in Kingston, and are buried in the family burying place there. A third daughter of Captain Shaw

was married to Captain Alexander Clark, who upon the death of his father-in-law occupied the farm of Dalnavert till his death, when he was succeeded by his son, Captain James Clark, of the 42nd Highlanders, who also died several years ago. Captain Alexander Clark had a large family, one of whom, being his own first cousin, Sir John A. Macdonald married, and was the mother of Hugh John Macdonald, M.P., the late Premier's only son. She died many years ago. Captain Clark was nearly related to James McPherson, the famous translator of Ossian's poems, and was the next at law after Sir David Brewster's family to the beautiful estate of Belleville. Sir David was married to McPherson's youngest daughter, and, of course, his family came first. On the north side of the Spey, opposite Dalnavert, is Kinrara, a seat of the late Duke of Gordon. Here lies in a romantic spot in quiet repose the ashes of the clever and celebrated Duchess Jean Gordon, who played such a conspicuous figure in the aristocratic and political circles of the exciting days of the regency of George IV. The dukedom of Gordon became extinct in the son of the illustrious Duchess, but has been revived and attached to the Richmond family, who is both Duke of Richmond and Gordon and Earl of Kinrara. Alongside Dalnavert is the farm of South Kinrara, where the gallant Colonel Lewis Carmichael, who commanded the Glengarry Highlanders in the rebellion of 1837 and 1838, was born. A rough but imposing monument on an island in the St. Lawrence commemorates the event. Those were the surroundings in which the late illustrious Premier's mother was brought up. She was a lady of a very superior intellect, and I believe that Sir John bore a remarkable resemblance to her."

HIS LAST WILL.

I, John Alexander Macdonald, of the city of Ottawa, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, do hereby revoke all former wills and testamentary dispositions made by me, declare this to be my last will and testament.

I hereby appoint my friends the Honorable Edgar Dewdney, now of Ottawa, and Frederick White, and Joseph Pope, of Ottawa, Esquires, and my son, Hugh John Macdonald, of Winnipeg, Esquire, executors of this, my last will and testament.

I do nominate and appoint my said executors in connection with my dear wife Susan Agnes Macdonald, to be guardians of my daughter Mary, who will probably be through life incapable of managing her own affairs.

I give and devise all my real estate and property in the City of Ottawa unto my said executors in trust to allow my said wife to occupy the same during her life free of rent. In case she should desire to have such property sold, then in trust to sell and dispose of the same in whole or in part, and to transfer the purchase moneys and any securities they may take for the payment of the same to the trustees or trustee under my said wife's marriage settlement with me, subject to the trusts and conditions in the said settlement mentioned. In case the said property remains unsold at the time of her decease, then in trust to sell and dispose of the same and apply the purchase money for the benefit of my said daughter Mary, either by transferring the same and any securities taken therefor to the trustees or trustee under the said marriage settlement, or in such other manner as they may deem most for her benefit; and, in case of my wife surviving her daughter, then in trust for the family of my said son in manner hereinafter mentioned and provided.

I give and bequeath unto my said executors all my personal estate and property not hereby otherwise disposed of upon trust to sell, call in and convert into money the same or such part thereof as shall not consist of money; provided, however, that they may postpone such sale, calling in or conversion thereof for so long as they shall think fit, and shall out of the money produced by such sale, calling in or conversion, pay my funeral expenses and testamentary expenses and my debts, and shall invest the residue in some one or more of the modes

of investment hereinafter authorized in the manner following, that is to say: As to one moiety thereof and during the life of my daughter and of her mother to pay such mother my wife the interest, dividends and income thereof for the maintenance, education and advancement in life of my said daughter, and with power to my wife to invest or apply the same for her use and benefit as she my said wife may, in the unfettered exercise of her discretion, think fit without any liability on the part of my executors to see to the application thereof; and upon the death of my said daughter to stand possessed of the said moiety and the interest, dividends, and income thereof for the benefit of my said wife; and after her death for the benefit and advantage of the wife and child or children then living of my said son in the manner hereinafter provided as to the disposition of the other moiety of my personal property. And as to the said other moiety in trust to apply the interest, dividends and income thereof for the benefit of the wife of my said son, and for the maintenance, education and advancement in life of the said child or children, and generally to apply the same for his or their use and benefit, as they in the unfettered exercise of their discretion may think fit, including the right to pay to my said son from time to time the said interest, dividends and income, for the purpose aforesaid, and as to these several applications without any liability on the part of my executors to such applications; and as the said child or children shall become of the age of twenty-one years, either to divide and transfer to each child his or her share of the last mentioned moiety, or to continue the payment of such dividends, interest and income only, as they in their unfettered discretion may see fit, and I would suggest the expediency before any daughter of my son is married of my executors causing an ante-nuptial marriage settlement to be made on such conditions and with such provisions as my executors shall see fit.

There are two policies on my life in the Standard Life Assurance Company of Edinburgh of £2000 sterling each. One,

numbered 1505, has been assigned to the trustees of the said marriage settlement; the other, numbered 317, I bequeath to my executors in trust to invest the same and the proceeds thereof in the manner in which they are herein authorized to make investments, and to pay the annual interest, dividends and interest thereof to my son during his life, and after his death to apply the principal and interest thereof in manner herein before provided as to the second moiety of my personal estate—settled upon his child or children.

I bequeath to my son my law library and all and singular my law books, including such books of reference as are usually found in a well-appointed law library; provided that in case of doubt as to whether any particular book or class of books is included in this bequest, such doubt shall be resolved by my executors or the majority of them. My sister, Louisa Jean Macdonald, now deceased, bequeathed to me all her estate, and made me sole executor of her last will. There is, notwithstanding, in her name, certain stock in the Trust and Loan Company of Canada and in the Confederation Life Insurance Company of Toronto. These stocks or shares I give and bequeath to my said son for his own use and benefit.

I give and bequeath any shares in the capital stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway whereof I may die possessed, and whether standing in my own name or in that of any other person for my benefit, to my executors in trust to pay the dividends therefrom to my said wife during her life, and after her decease to deal with the said shares in the manner hereinbefore provided with respect to my general personal estate, with power to sell the said shares or any portion thereof and invest the proceeds thereof in some one or more of the modes of investment hereinafter mentioned, and then in trust to pay the dividends or income therefrom to my said wife during her life and after her death to deal with the said last mentioned investments in the manner hereinbefore provided with respect to my general personal estate.

I give and bequeath to my wife for her own use and benefit

all my jewels, trinkets, watches, plate, linen, china, glass, books, pictures, prints, statues, statuettes, busts, articles of vertu, furniture and household effects, other than those hereby otherwise disposed of, and without wishing or intending to impress any trust upon the same, I leave it entirely to her discretion whether any of the articles hereby bequeathed to her should be given to my son Hugh, or in case of his decease to his son as being connected with my career as a public man. I would suggest that my said wife should first select out of said books such volumes as she would wish to keep, and then offer the remainder thereof for sale at Toronto or Ottawa by public auction, as many of my friends may desire to possess a book of mine. As the personal welfare of my wife is already provided for by my marriage settlement, and by the testimonial so kindly and thoughtfully presented by a number of my personal and political friends, and settled by deed of trust bearing date the 27th day of March, 1872, I desire that the benefit she may take under my will shall be accepted by her in full satisfaction of her claim to dower out of my real estate, of which I now am or shall hereafter be seized. As to any residue or balance that may from time to time remain in the hands of the trustees of the said last-mentioned trust, and arising from the interest, dividends or income derived from the moneys or securities for money thereby settled after payment out of the same to my wife of the annuity of two thousand dollars by said trust deed provided to be paid, I desire that while my wife and daughter shall both be living, from time to time and immediately after such payment shall be made to my wife on account of such annuity, one moiety of the said residue or balance remaining in the hands of the said trustees shall be paid over to my executors for the benefit, maintenance and advancement of the wife and child or children of my said son in the manner hereinbefore provided with respect to such wife, child or children, and the other half to my wife to be expended or invested at her own will and pleasure, knowing well that in

expending or investing the same she will have due regard to the interests of my said daughter, and in case my said daughter shall predecease my wife, I desire that during the lifetime of my said wife the whole of the said residue or balance from time to time remaining in the hands of the trustees, after payment of the said annuity, shall be paid to my executors, to be applied by them for the benefit, maintenance and advancement of the wife and child or children of my son in manner hereinbefore described, and that after the decease of my wife the whole of the moneys, funds and securities, the proceeds of the said testimonial, be applied also for the benefit, maintenance and advancement of the said wife and child or children of my son in the manner hereinbefore described. In case my wife should predecease my said daughter, I desire that the whole of the said moneys, funds and securities proceeds as aforesaid be by the said trustees paid over, transferred and assigned to my executors, who shall hold the same in trust to apply and invest the same in some one or more of the modes of investment hereinafter authorized, and shall, during the lifetime of my said daughter, apply one moiety of the interest, dividends and income thereof for the benefit and advantage of my said daughter in the same manner, for the same purposes and with the same discretionary powers as is hereinbefore provided with respect to other properties settled for her advantage, and shall apply the other moiety for the benefit, maintenance and advancement of the wife and child or children of my said son in the manner hereinbefore described, and upon the death of my said daughter, I direct that my executors shall apply the moiety first above mentioned as well for the benefit, maintenance and advancement of the said wife, child and children in the manner hereinbefore described as well as the moiety secondly above mentioned.

All moneys liable to be invested under this my will may be invested in or upon any of the public stocks or funds or other Government securities of Great Britain and Ireland, or of the

United States of America, or of the Dominion of Canada, or of any province of the Dominion, or upon the debentures or securities of any municipal corporation of any county, city town or township in the Dominion, or upon mortgage upon real estate, either freehold or leasehold, in the said Dominion, or in the capital stock of any bank duly incorporated by the Legislature of the said Dominion, or in any incorporated loan or investment company of the said Dominion, with discretionary power to my executors from time to time to alter, vary and transpose the said investment for others of a like nature; and in lending money on any mortgage security, my trustees may accept any title or evidence of title that may appear to them sufficient, and may at any time release any part of the property comprised in any mortgage security upon being satisfied that the remaining property comprised therein is a sufficient security for the money owing thereon.

I desire to repeat that wherever in this my will I have desired that any interest, dividends or income shall be paid for the benefit, maintenance and advancement of the wife and child or children of my said son, the same may be paid to my son if my executors think proper to do so for the said purposes, and that my executors shall not be obliged to see to the due application thereof. I desire that I shall be buried in the Kingston cemetery near the grave of my mother, as I promised her that I should be there buried.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

(Signed),

JOHN A. MACDONALD [L.S.].

Signed, sealed, delivered and declared by the said testator, John Alexander Macdonald, as for his last will and testament, in the presence of us both being present at the same time, who at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as attesting witnesses.

(Signed),

MARJORIE STUART
BENJAMIN CHILTON } Witnesses.

A PERSONAL LETTER.

The following is a sample of Sir John's private letters :—

KINGSTON, July 11, '64.

MY DEAR DALY :—

I want you to get for me a neat, light, efficient fowling-piece for Hugh—say for a boy of 16—with the necessary apparatus. I don't know anything about such things, and I suppose you don't know much, but you can get one of your sporting friends to select. I want a good, but not an expensive article. Hugh will probably choose his double-barrel for himself by-and-bye.

Poor Morton was buried yesterday. The funeral was very large.

Yours always,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME "OLD TO-MORROW."

There has been a general impression that the nick-name "Old To-morrow," so commonly applied to Sir John, was first given by an Indian chief, and Poundmaker's name has been mentioned as the chief. A correspondent from the North-West, however, kindly gives me the origin, as follows :—

"As I do not remember ever having seen an account of the origin of the name 'Old To-morrow,' it may interest you to know it. Sir John always controlled the North West Mounted Police. In the fall of 1881, Col. Irvine, the commissioner of the force, was in Ottawa with his adjutant, Superintendent Cotton. A young gentleman of Montreal, Mr. Ronald Prevost, was very anxious to obtain a commission on the force. He was visiting Ottawa for this purpose and was living at the same hotel—the Old Queen's—with Col. Irvine and Supt. Cotton. Mr. Prevost was very anxious to see Sir John but could not succeed. Day after day he went to see him, but always came back with the stereotyped answer: 'Come back to-morrow.' This must have continued for several weeks, till

the officers were accustomed to greet Prevost with 'Well, are you to go back to-morrow?' One evening he came into Col. Irvine's room and said he was to see Sir John to-morrow, when Col. Irvine cried out, 'Old To-morrow would be just the name for Sir John,' and he immediately gave the Blackfoot translation of it—Ap-e-naq-wis. The party laughed over the idea, and it soon spread and was taken up by the daily press. It indicated Sir John's tendency to allow time to settle difficult questions; not to move hastily, but to adjourn the decision of dangerous matters until opinion had cooled. His opponents applied it to him in the sense of temporizing with grave questions which demanded instant action. They frequently called him 'Old To-morrow,' in discussing the Half-breed rebellion, accusing him of criminal delay in dealing with that question. The Opposition papers often stated that the name was applied by the Indians, and, I believe, attributed it to the Blackfoot chief, Crowfoot. The Indians may have heard the name, but I do not think he was commonly known by it among them."

SENATOR BOYD'S REMINISCENCES.

The following is the substance of an interview with Senator Boyd, of St. John, N.B., published in the Ottawa *Journal:*

"The only pity," said the senator, "is that Sir John before his death did not see consummated his long cherished hope in the admission of Newfoundland into Canada and the signing of the treaty of reciprocity with the United States, which was the cause of his late appeal to the country. He got his country's verdict in the late election, but instead of taking the needed rest which his life-long friend, Senator Sullivan, urged him to take after his labors in Kingston, he came to the Capital and plunged into arduous Cabinet work. A week after the opening of Parliament I was in the Railway office. He sent for me. He was just preparing for toilsome work, with a bundle of papers in his hand, looking very tired and breathing heavily. I said, 'Ah, Sir John, you should not work so.' He

replied, 'My dear Boyd, I cannot help it; the work must be done.' I replied, 'God in His providence has given to our great party in the last election many excellent ministers of railways, but only one for Premier in this time, when the potsherds are dashing against each other.' But he only smiled, and with some usual kindly, merry words I parted forever with my steadfast friend of a quarter of a century.

"Eight months ago, he visited St. John and spoke to our workers at the great exhibition. In the evening six thousand gave him a royal welcome in our largest rink, and thousands left unable to get near it. 'We want to look at Sir John,' was said by old men who had voted for him since 1867, and some of whom had come hundreds of miles to see their leader and if possible shake his hand.

"A quarter of a century before, he came to see the city, and that night in St. John he met some of our people along with his friend, Sir Charles Tupper, who had him in medical care. There were Sandfield Macdonald, Judge Tuck, Simeon Jones, Judges King, Palmer and Waters. And how the hours flew! His humorous stories were a revelation to us all. Lady Macdonald and Colonel Bernard were with him. Among other places, we visited Dr. Waddell at our model asylum for the insane, where a lovely girl under religious melancholy said, 'Ah lady, I love you, may I kiss you?' And the mistress of Earnscliffe kissed her young wan cheek, and both looked happier for it.

"During the first preparation of the N. P. tariff, which fell specially to the lot of the then Finance Minister, Sir Leonard Tilley, that statesman, worn out with the work, was ordered by Sir James Grant to a darkened room. Sir John said to me, 'Tilley will have to go it blind now.' In after years, when Sir Leonard had to go to the Massachusetts hospital, Sir John, most anxious for his recovery, sent for me on my return and made solicitous inquiries for him. Then the Premier branched off to politics, and asked, 'Did you hear much of the fishery question in Boston?' 'Yes,' I said, 'it was all the talk, and

so I secured interviews with the Democratic *Globe* and Republican *Journal* for Sir Leonard and other persons of influence.' Sir John's eye brightened as he said, 'That's good—we only need to mutually understand these questions, for both only seek what is their own, and God knows, next to the prosperity of Canada and Great Britain we seek that of the United States, for our interests are one. We are of the same family, and each should say of the other as the Psalmist puts it, "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces."'

"How he was longing," exclaimed Mr. Boyd, "for the coming treaty, which he was working toward, which would forever remove the petty irritations which ought never to have existed!

"It was my privilege," continued the senator, "to attend the Conservative caucus of some seven weeks ago, when he made some pleasant allusions to the senators coming among them, alluding to the invitation he gave me to be present. Who will ever forget his reception as he entered the room? And then the address of this experienced father to the young M. P.'s, not to prepare long essays, but to fill their minds, and then speak out what they thought, warm and fresh—always to be ready with a reason. The wit, wisdom, adaptability, and the binding together of his remarks were so manifest! He had an inimitable way with his young supporters. Take the one, for instance, whom he dubbed Ajax—Mr. Weldon of Albert. Mr. Weldon wrote the Premier for a little favor, closing his request with the words, 'Grant me but this, dear Sir John, and Ajax asks no more.' The prompt reply came: 'The favor is granted, but only on condition that Ajax will ask for more.'

"I remember one striking instance of Sir John's nervous endurance. He left Earnscliffe at 9 a. m., attended committees, met deputations and men in Parliament from 3 p.m. until 6 a.m. next morning, not having gone home for rest. After a speech of six hours from Mr. Blake, Sir John arose at 4 a.m. to reply. Lady Macdonald, I remember, was anxiously

scanning his face from the gallery, and I said to her 'Bright as ever.' And so he was. Jaunty as a boy, smacking his lips as though he was enjoying a sweet morsel, and merry as a spring song bird, he for two hours dissected Blake's oration, left only bare bones, and showed that all his talk about Ireland had no more substantial foundation than had the same orator's speech in defence of Riel."

Mr. Boyd went on to state something of which the *Journal* does not remember much public mention before. "Twenty years before," he said, "Sir John framed a bill for Ireland, which, had it been adopted then, as was his bill for Canada in 1867, would have made Ireland as prosperous as has been Canada. This did Justin McCarthy publicly avow at a banquet to him in St. John, five years ago."

Continuing, Mr. Boyd made some references to Public and Separate school issues, in which he said Sir John had taken an interest which might have culminated in action had he lived. "But even for this," said Mr. Boyd, "let me use the words of Principal Grant of Queen's University, when writing me last week on Sir John's death: 'We are in critical times, and the skilful hand that has been piloting us is about to be withdrawn from the helm. However, no man is indispensable—let us have faith in God, and He will do exceeding more than we can ask or think.'

"Like President Lincoln," said Mr. Boyd, "Sir John was an example of the men who are most thoughtful, and yet most cheerful; who perhaps could not carry the heavy burdens of care, had they not a merry heart to keep them. I remember how on a trip down the Bay of Fundy, while Lady Macdonald discoursed with Capt. Thompson on the coasts, the tides and currents, Sir John sat with me full of fun and story, glad to shake off the weighty cares of state for even the day.

"As has often been said, he never forgot a service. Some years ago he claimed from one of his ministers a place in the department for a poor woman, because 'thirty years before her father was a supporter of mine in Quebec.'

"Last year at Rivière du Loup, a young lady of the city, whose rich voice can be heard in the choir of Rev. Mr. Casey's church, sang to him, and daily he would ask her for his favorite, 'The land o' the leal.'" Senator Boyd then gave the words:

I'm wearin awa', Jean,
Like snaw wreath in thaw, Jean;
I'm wearin awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearful e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal
Now fare ye well, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

"And our great leader," concluded the senator feelingly, "is there now, for I had seen him with earnest face listening and with full voice singing at nightly services in a church here beside his wife the songs which enabled him, while passing through the valley and shadow, to fear no evil. And so while our country, which he made, mourns him, I trust his life's work will not be lost on us, and as for me,

"I wait and trust the end may prove,
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals; the blow is love."

A SERMON.

DELIVERED IN BOND-STREET CHURCH, TORONTO, JUNE 7, BY JOSEPH WILD, D.D.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." II Samuel iii. 38.

These words express the estimate and sorrow of King David in relation to the life and death of Abner. Language similar to this, I believe our beloved Queen Victoria could use in respect to the life and death of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Not a more useful, faithful and loyal subject had she among the millions in the vast Empire over which she rules so acceptably than the departed brother we mourn over this day. Canada and the country's interest and the name of Sir John A. Macdonald have been so intimately mixed for a generation past that we shall have some difficulty in separating them for a short time to come.

No one familiar with Sir John thirty years ago would have thought that he would have lived so long, and been so well and active. I remember at that time his death was looked for at any time. I am under the impression that the most of his latter years of active life are due to the influence, watchful care and rare judgment of Lady Macdonald. Their marriage was one of love—as ours has all been. (Laughter.) And their wedded life has been one of trust and supreme respect in and for one another—a remarkable example for any politician and statesman in this respect. Lady Macdonald deserves the honor and well-merited esteem of the people of this Dominion for the noble part she has played so lovingly, so well and so successfully.

Any person having seen the late Benjamin Disraeli and Sir John would at once acknowledge a remarkable personal likeness between the two; and it is well known that each of these wonderful men had extra reverence for his wife, and their wives had very great influence over them. In the time allowed for a sermon one cannot do justice to this memorial service. Though I cannot say that I approve of all Sir John has said and done—and sometimes I have taken the liberty to criticize his actions in the past—yet this I can freely say, I believe him to have been the ablest, best and most useful citizen that Canada has ever had. (Applause.) A young and growing country like ours needs just such a man; especially so till

the ship of State has passed by the breakers and entered into smooth and steady waters. God be thanked that he has been spared so long, and enabled to do so much for his country's welfare. His presence, influence, and guiding hand will be missed but the country will go on. There is another loyal diamond in the rough somewhere among our people that will come to light when needed, and will be polished by the country's necessities and demands. He may be called the father of Confederation without any great force in the objection. I can remember when the provinces were small, scattered municipalities, and when Upper and Lower Canada were at deadlock in each other's arms—bitter and complaining one towards the other—a time when many of our best citizens in both Provinces despaired of the peace and unity of our land. In those uncertain and stormy times the political anchor and hope of the country was John A. Macdonald. From him others drew inspiration, hope, and courage. The danger point was passed in 1867, and Confederation became a fact to last till the world ends. (Applause.) The work that this statesman has done and completed on lines like these—hell nor earth will never undo. Our Confederation was not born in war, like the United States or that of Germany, Italy and other federated countries, which, without a single exception, had to fight for their Confederation. Why have we been an exception? I believe it is very largely due to the skill and courage of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Find some other reason for it if you can, but we are a remarkably singular exception. (Applause.) We are the only people on the face of the earth that ever went into confederation peaceably.

In our relations and dealings with other countries, even Great Britain, he never allowed us to suffer; his genius and tact always kept the country's interests in safety. He took an active part in the commission that met at Washington to settle the Alabama claims, the Fenian raid and other such difficulties in 1871. And in the subsequent fishery commis-

sion that met in Halifax, he was, of course, the chief person, gaining for the Dominion the award of $5,500,000, and which I believe we should not have received had any other man been sent as chief commissioner. In talking with the late President Garfield, he turned his conversation to Sir John and said: "He is a remarkable man. I saw him the other day, and very different to what I expected him to be in his personal appearance. And do you know it has always amused me when I think of that Alabama claim; our men thought they had diplomatic children to play with, but that Sir John A. euchred them all." (Applause.) Sir John's strength was a rope of several cords. First, he was a pleasant man, genial to friends or opponents, and no one had so many friends among his opponents as this same man. Of all men he was the best for a commission to go and interview. No one had need to be afraid of being insulted or cut short when he went into his presence. In the second place, he was a remarkably good judge of men; he had a knowledge of human character, and knew the weakness and strength of those with whom he surrounded himself. In the third place, he had good foresight on the line of national forces; he could see ahead several years. No man knew better when to plunge an election on the country than he did. In the fourth place, he was well posted in the dangers, wants and strength of our country; no man was better posted with regard to the relative condition of our country. In the fifth place, he was a man who had great influence over other men—a sort of magnetic influence, I presume, arising from his own self-control, and from his faith in the country. Look at the elements he held together, racial and religious; who could keep together the different races and religions in Cabinet and Parliament like Sir John? No man. I am told by one of the members of the Cabinet that in his presence they are as quiet as lambs. Yet he was a decided man; we have a fine example of that in the case of Riel. I was in Ottawa at that time, when all those French members—the Roman Catholic members at least—

were requested to stay out for half an hour till he decided. When the half hour was up they had to come in and hear the result, and he stood to his post like a man to fall or carry as he had decided to do. (Applause.) It was a critical moment, but I have always been glad that he stood so true at that point. I was conversing with a gentleman from Montreal a short time ago, and we got into politics (and when you get there you are sure to find John A.—you couldn't talk about them any more than you could get a *Grip* without his picture) and he surprised me by this statement: "I am opposed to John A. in politics and always vote against his party, but I want to say this, that I am glad that John A. lives and I hope he will live a long time. Now, mark you," he says, "I like him, though I oppose him, because we are thoroughly persuaded that no other man could hold us together in peace; whereas in time past we were broken up into too many parties which was dangerous to the welfare and trade of the country, so that if we are not in favor of his political platform at all, yet we find that he is of service to the country." In the sixth place, he was loyal to his country, to the Empire and to his Queen. His famous remark is now a truism, "A British subject I was born, and a British subject I will die." (Applause.)

Yonder in Earnscliffe the mortal remains of the patriarch rest in quietness, while the spirit has gone to God who gave it. I am glad that he was not allowed to linger in pain and suffering, and also that he was in the harness when he was called. I would have hated to see him a poor paralyzed man without that activity of brain that so characterized him in the past, or to have seen him thrust overboard like a Bismarck and become an inferior citizen in this our prosperous Dominion. I am glad that after this long night of service it has pleased the Father of us all to call him suddenly from his task, and to cause him to cease his work at once and live.

I have said he was remarkably loyal, and his own description of loyalty is worth remembering. "It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at loyalty. I believe that the senti-

ment of loyalty and the sentiment of patriotism are both requisite in order to make any country a great country. I do not believe in that universal charity which makes every man love foreign nations better than his own. I believe that even under a cloud of misfortune loyalty and allegiance should be the ruling principle in every honest heart. I believe as was believed in early times, that loyalty is still the same whether it win or lose the game—true as the dial to the sun although it be not shined upon." A better description of loyalty you can hardly get than that. In the seventh place, he had faith in his country, and that is what a great many people have not to-day when speaking about it, I am sorry to say, and, therefore, he was always planning gigantic enterprises that must receive their true value in generations to come, such as spreading out railways, enlarging canals, and especially that wonderful undertaking, the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending from ocean to ocean—that must remain one of the finest monuments to any statesman in the world. (Applause.) In the eighth place, he was a hard worker, and did more than any other man has done at Ottawa. A few weeks ago, just before the opening of Parliament, I was taking dinner with one of the members of the Cabinet. Said he, "You will have to excuse me; I shall have to go. The old man is going to kill the whole of us. A very great number of deputations are in the city waiting, and he is receiving two or three a day, and we are getting tired out." In the ninth place, he was honest himself, he has made no wealth (he has been clear on that point); sometimes he has been cajoled and deceived into paths that he could not justify. I remember a little incident that occurred about two years ago that provoked my sympathy and at the same time made me feel a little angry when the estimates were brought down. Among the items that were presented there was $134 for cab fare for the Prime Minister. Some one got up and objected to it. Many of you will remember the answer: "I am sorry that the honorable gentleman objects to that small item; I do myself; but here

I am in the latter days of my life; I am not able to keep a footman, horse and carriage, and my limbs are getting so weary and weak that I cannot walk as I used to, and it does seem hard to me that I am not to be allowed to ride occasionally to and from my residence on business purposes." Oh, I thought the answer was a very nice one. Here is a man, after nearly half a century's active work, who has not the luxuries of the rich and who himself is a poor man. It speaks much for his honesty and integrity on his own line. (Applause.)

With respect to the famous Pacific scandal; now, I think his answer to that is rather a manly one. He knew his fault and acknowledged it. He says in one part of his speech, "I have fought the battle of Confederation, the battle of union, the battle of the Dominion of Canada. I throw myself upon this House; I throw myself upon this country; I throw myself upon posterity; and I believe that, notwithstanding the many failings in my life, I shall have the voice of this country and this House rallying around me. And, sir, if I am mistaken in that, I can confidently appeal to a higher court—to the court of my own conscience, and to the court of posterity. I leave it with this House with every confidence. I am equal to either fortune. I can see past the decision of this House either for or against me; but whether it be for or against me I know, and it is no vain boast for me to say so—for even my enemies will admit that I am no boaster—that there does not exist in Canada a man who has given more of his time, more of his heart, more of his wealth, or more of his intellect and power, such as they may be, for the good of this Dominion of Canada." (Applause.) He was above all a Canadian; a Scotchman by birth and a credit to his race, among whom competition is so great and superiority so difficult of attainment, because Scotland has given birth to so many great and noble men; but Sir John A. Macdonald is not the least Scotchman by any means; still he was in a pre-eminent sense a Canadian. There was no clannishness in him. He was not sectarian.

Sir John's fidelity and ability have given the country renown, respect and influence, especially in the money market, and that is a point that interests some of us. It is a queer thing, but it is a fact, that when John A. is at the head we can borrow money from 2 to 1½ per cent. cheaper. Why is that? Because he has confidence in the country and imparts that confidence to others, and if the world continues they know they will get their interest and principal back.

It is pleasing amidst the gloom and sorrow of his sickness to see the world-wide interest taken in him. Our beloved Queen—God bless her, I love her more every day (applause)—asks for a report twice a day of one of her colonial subjects. And I am glad the press has been so generous toward the sick and now dead chieftain. It did my soul good to read the scores of newspaper references. I like when a man has done his work and done the best he could—even with failings, as he himself acknowledged—that the people will try when he has gone to sleep to speak kindly of him. May they be as generous to you and me on a smaller scale when they come to recount the race we have run and the battles we have fought. May his influence abide with us for good in all that makes for the interests, prosperity and peace of our country. Farewell, old patriarch! Farewell, old chieftain! Farewell, old man, so called! Farewell, noble Premier of Canada! Sir John A., farewell! God bless your family, and bless the country you have lived in and done so much for. Amen.

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