

political leader Canada has ever seen—not even excepting Sir John A. Macdonald himself.

Mr. Laurier's phenomenal success is due to several qualities, partly positive and partly negative. None but abstract political philosophers (and they are usually cynics) know how many leaders have been destroyed by positive qualities. Intellectually Mr. Laurier is not very great. He is an educated man of refined tastes and literary instincts. He has not the strong grasp of current political problems which would make him a masterful man, and—note it well—to mediocrity an alarming man. But he has a heart—a large, kind, generous heart. This involves more than the ordinary politician realizes. The test of greatness, even in this poor materialistic age, is the heart not the brain. Our immortals are men who have been able to warm the imagination of mankind, not merely problem-solvers or mental prodigies. Every word which Mr. Laurier utters to friend or foe is gilded by a kindly touch. Every time he appears before an audience even his opponents admire him and have a little sentiment of love toward him. How many leaders have failed because they lacked this unspeakable power. Admiration, indeed, they may evoke by the display of surpassing power, but instead of drawing toward them they are doomed to arouse against them phalanxes of hostility. Mr. Laurier is enormously strong in his negative qualities. Want of very emphatic opinions on most questions enables him to speak on them with a judicial gravity that quiets apprehension and avoids opposition. When pressed for definite statements on delicate issues he is able to sweetly and pleasantly becloud the question with a vague and lofty generality which is almost worthy of Gladstone himself. This quality of Mr. Laurier's of being able to lift up the tone of discussion on all occasions, to always give the question a higher tinge, and never vulgarize or debase it by commonplace remarks or lowering sentiments is more than a negative quality. It is one of positive importance and always gives his character an elevated association among his fellow-men.

At all events, there he sits on the right of the Speaker, the Prime Minister of a budding nation, greater and richer than that over which Queen Elizabeth reigned. He has no sign of a rival in the ranks of his own party. He enjoys the respect of his political opponents. French in blood, and Catholic in faith, he commands the immeasured confidence of the English and Protestant population of Canada. There he sits with a grave and kindly face, which, entirely beardless and with lofty brow, is made doubly picturesque by the generous bunch of hair which falls upon his neck, dignified always, courteous without fail, placid, genial and kindly. I may be mistaken, but he seems to me designed in the natural course of events to maintain for a long time an unique ascendancy in Canadian affairs.

Beside Mr. Laurier sits another, and a veteran personality—Sir Richard Cartwright. Born an aristocrat and bred a gentleman, he has developed into a Radical sufficiently advanced to satisfy the Extreme Left. Sir Richard is not a person easily described. He is a man of education. He has opinions—well-defined opinions—on most current topics. He has a mind well cultivated and a presence never to be forgotten. It would be unusual for a person to have Sir Richard pointed out to him to-day and not recognize him to-morrow.

In points he is the exact antipodes to Mr. Laurier. Mr. Laurier's weak points are his strength; Sir Richard's strong points are his weakness. He has, as already said, clear and positive opinions on most subjects, and a heaven-born gift of uttering them. No person in Canada can speak with such deadly directness, such inexorable clearness, such killing pertinence. We have heard laudations upon the merit of calling a spade a spade, but Sir Richard not only calls a spade a spade but he is quite likely to hold up the spade with galling malignity, and make his opponent feel that the air is dense with spades which are likely to strike in any direction. Sir Richard has the dangerous gift of humour. No doubt he has the kindly article which makes us laugh, and even when the point is turned against us, we join in the fun and feel our own wits brightened. But this is strictly reserved for home and friends. For his opponents Sir Richard's

humour is barbed. From his bow fly poisoned arrows, and most of them hit the mark.

It is not individuals alone who are wounded by these barbed messengers which are sent in hosts to find their victims, but very often great interests. Hence enmities, hence bitterness. History is made by breaking down abuses, and smashing the ugly head of privilege. It is right and patriotic and manly to do it. But if these words reach the eye of some ambitious youth who thinks that high office is the greatest thing in the world, then let me whisper gently in his ear, "Don't do anything great, my friend. Don't hurl your sturdy javelins at injustice and fraud and usurpation. Drift sweetly along. Let other enthusiasts deal the blows and get the abuse, and do you with amiable smile make your peace with averages and mediocrities. Then, indeed, covered with the serene mantle of Opportunism may you hope to become Premier!"

Sir Richard Cartwright is the ablest financier in Canada and best fitted for the position of Finance Minister, and would be Finance Minister if it had not been deemed wise by the Liberal leaders on the eve of the election to throw a sop to the tariff pets, combinesters and monopolists. Word was passed round that if Laurier wins Sir Richard will be set aside, and therefore you will be safe from his sledge-hammer blows. When the Government was formed, some effect had to be given to this implied compact. Hence Mr. Fielding became Minister of Finance, and Sir Richard was consigned to what, under ordinary circumstances, would be the purely ornamental post of Trade and Commerce. It would be strange, almost ironical, if Sir Richard should still prove to be the commanding force in the tariff policy of the new Government. Let the combinesters have a care. Knowledge is power, and Sir Richard *knows* more about tariff framing than any other member of the Government. He may consent at a later stage to waste the hours of declining life in the comfortable dalliance of the High Commissioner's Chambers, Victoria Street, London, S.W., but it is doubtful if this is done until the new tariff is safely launched.

And the new tariff itself—what is it to be? A compromise? A bone to the masses—a sop to the manufacturers? Here is the great problem now confronting Mr. Laurier's new Cabinet. It will be at least six months before we know.

Perhaps I may continue these little free-hand sketches later. PRICK.

* * *

Land Battles on the Canadian Frontier in the War of 1812-15.—II.

IT was the American plan for 1813, that, while Dearborn threatened Lower Canada, Harrison and Wilkinson were to recapture Detroit and reduce Upper Canada, after which the three armies were to unite in a march on Montreal and Quebec, to be followed by a military occupation of the Maritime Provinces. By the carrying out of this plan the British were to be expelled from the continent of America.

The American Commodore Chauncey equipped a fleet of fourteen armed vessels on Lake Ontario, and, after receiving 1,700 troops under Gens. Dearborn and Pike, sailed for York (Toronto) April 25th, 1813. The next day the troops were landed three miles west of York, after driving away the grenadiers of the 8th Regiment who attempted to oppose them. Gen. Sheaffe, who commanded at York, had 700 troops and 100 Indians with him. He also was compelled to retire into a fort, when the United States troops, commanded by Gen. Pike, landed. Gen. Dearborn pleaded indisposition and remained on board. The invaders carried the first battery of the fort by assault and after capturing an intervening battery they re-formed to attack the citadel. But, at this time, a magazine exploded, killing numbers on both sides, among them Gen. Pike. Gen. Sheaffe was then obliged to retire towards York, from thence, with the greater number of his forces, he fell back on Kingston, leaving Col. Chewett in charge of York. He was instructed to treat for a capitulation, after which York was surrendered. The United States lost over 600, the Canadians over 400 in