

excepting where some powerful European nation has held sway. Since the termination of the American war, the Southern States have been in the hopeless confusion of anarchy. In all those unhappy countries, like causes have brought about like results. The malaria which has stricken them all has been miscegenation. While the Blacks remained in slavery and were controlled by the superior intelligence of their masters, all went well enough, but the depravity of the white population which was the root of the evil, and their subsequent folly in not removing the mongrel breed—instead of liberating it, was its growth.

In the Island of Jamaica we had an instance of a blood-thirsty brutal population endeavoring to exterminate their former masters, and we witnessed the prompt victory of white intelligence. In the unhappy Island of Hayti, we have seen the uprising of the black masses against the whites and the ultimate defeat of the scanty white population. The two Islands lie side by side, and we can note the comparison:—Jamaica peaceful and prosperous,—Hayti the abode of bloodshed and desolation. In the one intelligence gained the victory, in the other, for the time being, brute force. Either of these two results lie before the Southern States of the neighboring Union. Already hostilities have commenced. Blows have been exchanged, and skirmishes almost assuming the proportions of pitched battles have been fought with varied results, but in the main in favor of the whites. Under any ordinary circumstances, we would predict a speedy and decisive overthrow of the negro element; but the present political situation in the United States gives the struggle a most serious and doubtful aspect. The Republican party, which at present controls the government of the United States have all along been the oppressors of the Southern people, and, in pursuance of their vindictive policy, have granted the newly liberated negro superior rights to his former white master. The white population of the South are devoted to the Democratic party who desire to restore them to their former privileges. The aim of the Republicans is, then, to gain as many votes for their party in the South as they can, and to cancel as many Democratic votes as possible. Pursuing this plan they enfranchised the negroes and established the Freedman's Bureau to support him at the expense of the nation. An oath of allegiance was framed which every white man who fought on the Southern side through the Rebellion must take before he is allowed the right of the elective franchise. The oath was purposely so framed that it would be so repulsive to the Southern people that they would refuse to take it, and thus leave themselves politically powerless. The blacks finding themselves endowed with privileges which were denied their former master, conceived a "prejudice of color" against them, and fancied their day

had at length come, and commenced to persecute them. The Southern people were always a brave race, and a long disastrous war had failed to bend their spirits. They retaliated, and, in self defence organized the Ku Klux Klan. If the object and bloody deeds of this association were horrible, let us remember that their provocation was even more so. From midnight assassination on both sides, it at length proceeded to open hostilities, and by our latest despatches we find them in downright warfare. The Republican rulers in their usual charitable way are sending assistance to their "black lambs" to aid in dispersing their white foes, What the immediate result may be no one can tell; but after the Fall elections shall have terminated, we may expect to see both Republicans and Democrats unite to suppress the "irrepressible darkey."

SOME months ago we referred to the publication of a new work by Major Scoble, Inspector of Drill Sheds, which was shortly to make an appearance. That work has now reached us, and we have much pleasure in recording our entire satisfaction at its perusal. It is very neatly gotten up and is well adapted for what its title indicates a—"Hand Book for Field Service"—being small, concise and condensed, containing the gist of many more voluminous works on the same subject. The Author, in his preface, very modestly disclaims any pretensions to originality and says:—"I have taken advantage of the 'piping times of peace' to cull from many distinguished military Authors, those hints and maxims which will apply to this country, and to the constitution of the Canadian Volunteer Militia Force." In the object thus laid down we are convinced the gallant Major has well succeeded, and we hope his work will be properly appreciated and patronised by the members of the Force. Things of this kind, we know from experience, are labors of love and very often are repaid only by that satisfaction which arises from the conviction of having performed a praiseworthy action. Major Scoble in this compilation has thrown together in a neat and concise form a vast amount of information positively required by the Volunteer who wishes to shine in his profession. To such it is a necessity and should be in the hands of officers and men of every Battalion that desires to uphold its individual efficiency. Besides the many useful hints as to camping &c. There is contained in this neat little work a great deal of information in reference to billeting, courts martial, and the miscellaneous routine of military life, carefully culled from the most reliable sources.

There are also two excellent diagrams;—one representing the encampment of a Battalion, and the other a Field Fortification, which cannot fail but be of use to corps which may be called to the field either for exercise or to repel invasion. We are well

pleased with Major Scoble's work, and hope it will receive every encouragement. Typographically it is very creditable to Mr. Row-sell, publisher, Toronto.

We have great pleasure in presenting our readers this week with a chapter from a new work about to be published by an esteemed contributor, and a gentleman who has seen much service in distant lands. The title of the work is "Ned Fortescue; or Roughing it through Life," and contains sketches of character, and relates incidents in such a simple, natural and charming style, that we cordially recommend the work to the patronage of our readers; feeling certain from the specimen we give this week, that they will find it every way worthy of support. The author, from his peculiar position, has had opportunities of seeing a vast deal of the bright and dark sides of European life in India, and from the stores of his experience draws forth many strange and interesting remembrances of people and things connected with the British in India.

The book will contain about 250 p.p., cloth bound, and cost one dollar. Persons wishing to obtain copies can send their names to this office, and the work will be forwarded by mail when published.

THE excellent paper by our valued correspondent, Captain Dartnell, published in this and a preceding number, entitled "Notes from an old Regimental Order Book" recalls to our memory a time when as brigade clerk in Malta it was our privilege to spend many a drowsy hour rummaging among the obsolete "Order Books" of a past period. Well do we remember, stout old Jefferies, who, ever true to the traditions of the past, declared mustaches a heretical innovation of the French Revolution and walked into the office every morning exactly at ten o'clock while the hammers of the ethiopians on the top of the palace were slowly beating out the time, in those incomprehensible chimes which it takes a stranger so long to understand. But to return to the Order Books—one of the year 1804 was a favorite hand-rest of ours, and while awaiting the advent of each fresh order, it was my especial delight to scan the writings of a past generation, and endeavor to draw from them ideas and lessons of that glorious age of chronic warfare when manhood, in the heroic sense, was of paramount importance—before science had made the meeting of foemen a miserable system of wholesale butchery—when physique, courage and daring were the qualities required in a soldier, and not as now when a child can turn a crank and overthrow hundreds of tall towers of manhood. Verily we regret, as what soldier would not, the heroic glories of the past, and sigh to think they can never come again. Sitting on the angle of bastion which, bearing the arms of d'Aubisson, the immortal hero of Rhodes, looks down upon those waters whose every