

not flattened—that is too gentle a word—but actually splashed about. The targets were spotted all over with hits. Those untrained, inexperienced Londoners would have utterly cut up a body of horse or foot half a mile off!

When the firing began again, I went to see the conclusion of the contest for the Queen's Prize—the highest honor of the week. The competitors had already been shooting at the 800 and 900 yard ranges; and when I walked up, a party of the Scots Fusilier Guards, in undress, were fixing up the tent to fire from at the final distance of 1000 yards. The target was also in this case white, with a centre two feet in diameter. It looked hopelessly distant.

Imagine yourselves standing at the Oxford Street circus, and expected to hit a tea-tray in Tottenham Court Room.

There was quite a purple haze, that made the butt look like a distant hill, the target showing like a white cottage at its foot with one small window.

Thousands of spectators had now assembled to watch the progress, or rather final struggle, of the match. The signal-flags were so distant, that many would not trust their naked eyes, but used a telescope.

In a very short time, the strife became exceedingly interesting. Mr. Ross and another gentleman were ahead of the rest, and equal. It was Mr. Ross's turn. He knelt down, aimed deliberately, and pulled the trigger. Alas! his rifle was only at half-cock. This threw him out for a minute. Several voices sympathetically enough said: 'Ah, now he will miss.' A shade of nervousness crossed his mind. His close competitor, strung up to the tightest strain of excitement, lay down upon the grass, and hid his face. Ross, having now cocked his rifle, missed, as was predicted.

The other gentleman picked himself up from the ground, and came forward. See! he kneels down, steadies himself upon his heel, and puts his rifle to his shoulder. No—not yet—something dazzles him. He takes it down for a moment, and passes his hand over his eyes. Another aim—crack! Yes—up goes the white flag: the target is hit—he is one ahead.

Now, Mr. Ross, this is the crisis of your fame: miss, and you lose the prize: hit the centre, and you win—that will count two, and leave you victor by one point. It is a trying moment. The little dot on the white target seems to move further off: you can barely see it; but to hit it, with that small candle end of lead you have just pushed into your rifle, shade of Robin Hood, behold! Now for nerves of steel, and a pulseless heart.

All hold their breath. The marker's hand stops midway with fresh-dipped pen: the very policemen on duty shade their eyes with their palms to catch sight of the possible signal. The gallant young volunteer kneels coolly down in the door of the tent, and raises his rifle. Crack! a puff of smoke; no other sound breaks the silence. No!—yes, yes, it is the dark flag; he has struck the centre, that little hopeless dot, no bigger than a parasol, nearly a mile off: and the suppressed breath of the multitude burst forth into a well earned cheer.

After this, he shot off one or two ties, and established his victory.

And now fresh bodies of Volunteers came pouring into the common, dusty, and, to judge at the rate at which they rushed into the refreshment-booth, when they had piled arms, thirsty as sand.

NOTES ON THE DEFENCE OF CANADA.

No. V.

The cession of Russian America to the United States, though of intrinsically little value, possesses general political significance in the present position of European difficulties. It is not the amount of territory acquired, its geographical or strategical position, that elevates the transaction to the prominent position in the political world which it at present occupies, but it is the policy which it illustrates and foreshadows, that gives it importance. The traditional policy of Russia, towards which she has been steadily working since the days of Peter the Great, is the absolute rule of the Eastern Hemisphere. United States politicians are filled with the idea of an universal dominion over the western; consequently they are natural allies—the despotism of the autocrat and democrat differing only in name. One Power stands between both parties and the realization of their desires. Great Britain opposes an impassable barrier to Russian ambition by the occupancy of India, and the British American Colonies are equally insurmountable obstacles to the realization of the day dreams of the Washington politicians. Under the circumstances, it is a natural supposition that the English press would have a due sense of the trouble likely to arise from attempts on the part of these Powers to carry out their ideas. If the Crimean war was just and politic for the preservation of the peace of the world, and to curb Russian ambition, it is certain that no difference in the position of parties since can lead to the supposition that the same motives will not influence the same Powers with increased intensity, especially when such an able ally in the cause of aggression as the United States can be secured at the sacrifice of a little flattery. Yet the conduct of the leading English journals would point to the conclusion that the British people looked on with complacency at the ominous conjuncture, and were totally unable to avert its consequences; at least that is the idea a reader of the London 'Times' or 'Pall Mall Gazette' would reasonably impute. Both these journals, but especially the latter, roundly assert that the politicians of the United States are sufficiently powerful to swallow Canada at a mouthful, and are so thoroughly pro-Yankee as to look at the event prospectively—of course with complacency; but in this it can be safely asserted that they neither give utterance to the public opinion in Great Britain, nor echo the convictions of one statesman in her national councils.

The absorption of these Provinces by the United States would be followed by the loss of the India and every English colony worth possessing. How long her commercial superiority would outlive her political downfall is for the politicians of the 'Times' and 'Pall Mall Gazette' to consider and decide. As for the people of British North America, when that time arrives—hastened, no doubt, by the patriotism of those writers—they will know how to take care of themselves, and will uphold the Red Cross banner in spite of Yankee annexationists, newspaper patriots, or Yankee politicians. Posted on the outworks of the Empire, the people of these Provinces can see clearly the faults of both systems of government—a "limited constitutional monarchy" contrasted with an "irresponsible democratic despotism." The

best answer to the speculative political philosophers of the English press is that we, without hesitation, decide on casting our lot with the Imperial regime, and are determined to resist the imposition of the yoke of the model republic to the last extremity.

It has been necessary to point to the result of the war of 1812-14 to show that the conquest of Canada, which half a century before had taxed the resources of Great Britain to the utmost, was then an impossibility to the whole force of the United States. At that period the population of Upper Canada was 100,000 souls, and Lower Canada about 400,000, and the population of the States was over 8,000,000, or 16 to 1; yet after three years of war the Yankees did not hold a rod of Canadian territory, and had been beaten in pitched battles by young men who never were before under fire. The assistance furnished by England was very slight indeed, and the most important action of the war was fought either without the assistance of regular troops, or with very little aid therefrom. At the conclusion of the war, the Yankees could point to one battalion of regular troops as prisoners, but not a single company of Militia was captured by them.

A careful study of those old chronicles is recommended to these pro-Yankee sympathizers who endeavor to throw discredit on provincial patriotism—which is not the purchasable commodity they try to make people believe—especially because they will find no degeneracy since. A comparison of these colonies and the United States at the present day will show that there is no such disproportion between the forces each party could put in the field as to warrant the conclusion that British North America could be easily overcome by the Yankees. The actual number of our population is over 4,000,000 souls; the reliable portion of the States, 20,000,000, or 5 to 1—no such disproportion as when the issues were tried in 1812. Moreover, if the political philosophers of the English press will advocate the necessity of maintaining her naval supremacy on the part of Great Britain, thereby laying an embargo on "emigration, the "Provincialists" would try the issues over again without flinching.

It has been asserted that the late Lord Palmerston was favorable to a recognition of Southern independence during the late civil war, but was dissuaded from it by some croquet of Earl Russell. That great man no doubt penetrated the consequences likely to arise from the only alliance in Europe open to the United States, and his proposed action therein would have been a simple solution of the difficulty which Canada will be obliged to meet probably at an early day. In the event of European complications, the States will be arrayed against Great Britain. Her vulnerable points are her Colonies, and Canada stands foremost on the list. In view of this contingency these "Notes" were written, and a summary of the points treated of will bring this matter closely before the public.

It has been demonstrated that Canada proper can furnish 500,000 soldiers for defensive purposes. Of these 30,000 should be trained as artillery corps, and 70,000 as light cavalry; organization, training, &c. should be strictly local. Operating on the natural defensive lines which the Province affords, it would require four times their number to make a permanent lodgment, and to overrun it would be simply impossible. The author of the latter brilliant idea must have known very little of the country he so unceremoniously handed over to the Wash-