

to British commerce. During the campaigns of 1813-14 he repeatedly risked great stakes on the even chance of winning much less, and, like other gamblers, he ultimately lost all.

THE INVASION FROM A COMMON-SENSE POINT OF VIEW.

The weather in the English channel was, as he well knew, uncertain, and the sea often rough. Even if he had had control, it would only have been for a very short time, and he could not be sure of fair weather during that interval. If all his flotilla had safely got to sea, there were many possible contingencies to be borne in mind. He had only to reflect what would have happened on the Egyptian coast had Nelson approached pending the disembarkation. Many out of his hundreds of transports would immediately have sailed for France, and others would have come to grief. At the best he would only have landed part of his army and stores, besides losing his fleet. In a similar manner, what if the British fleet hove in sight while his flat-bottomed craft were in mid-channel crowded with sea-sick soldiers? It is certain that numbers would instantly have returned, and he might have found himself in a hostile country with but half his army and stores and with no chance of receiving reinforcements. When the Allied fleets neared the Crimea, conveying their transports, although they were vastly superior to the Russians, the Admirals believed that if the Russian fleet had only shown itself out of port, it might have seriously interfered with a successful landing.

FIGHTING MEN AND THEIR RELATIVE VALUE.

If everything had turned out right—a rare occurrence in great military undertakings—that he had had undisturbed control of the channel for several days; that winds, tides and seas had been propitious, he would have disembarked about 120,000 men. The authorities had arranged that, in case of the French landing, all the horses and cattle were to be driven away.

The total land forces of the British Empire, including volunteers, numbered about 530,000 men, with upwards of 400 pieces of field artillery. A critical examination of Napier's Peninsular War shows that, taking an average of all the battles fought during Wellington's campaigns, two British equalled three French soldiers. The embodied militia, when serving with regulars, were, as was proved at Talavera, equal man for man with the French. The volunteers, when serving in their own country with regulars, may be taken as equal to one-half of their number of French regulars. Sir Walter Scott narrates the feat of a regiment of volunteer Scotch borderers, who, on a false alarm of invasion, hurriedly assembled and then marched twenty miles to the rendezvous playing a spirit-stirring local tune as they entered the town. Such men would have cheerfully and confidently faced an equal number of Napoleon's veterans.

As Napoleon would have had to leave detachments to watch Dover Castle, guard his communications and flanks and also to protect his stores, he would not have been able to approach London with more than 90,000 out of his 120,000 men, and they would have had to attack foes strongly posted, greatly superior in number, and, on the whole, of greater fighting efficiency. Every hour that he delayed the British forces would have increased in number, and his own, through the attrition of war, would have diminished; hence he would have lost no time in marching to London. But it would have been a marvellous feat to have arrived within ten miles of it in eight days from quitting the French coast.

THE STAND OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Therefore, suppose the British had made a stand near London, say to cover Woolwich arsenal, the probable number of their forces by that time may be estimated thus:—

British Army.	Military Value.
70,000 regulars, equal to.....	105,000 French
20,000 embodied militia, equal to....	20,000 "
40,000 volunteers, equal to.....	20,000 "

Total. 130,000.

Total. 145,000

But Napoleon, at the very outside, would have had but 90,000 men.

NAPOLEON'S CALCULATION.

He said at St. Helena that he estimated that a great battle with the English would have cost him 20,000 men, but he anticipated victory; that the poorest classes would have sided with him and that the Government would have given way. It savoured of childishness to suppose that any of the people would have joined him.

PROBABLE RESULT.

After prolonged and desperate fighting he would have discovered that his chance was hopeless; that the forces of his adversaries increased daily, while his own diminished, and he would have been forced to retreat to the coast with greatly lessened numbers. But Nelson by that time would have come back and barred his return to France, and the British Government would have raised their forces, at the very least, to 180,000 men. The remnant of the French army must ultimately have surrendered from lack of food, supposing that they were too strongly entrenched to be attacked.

FRANCE.

When Napoleon's continental foes became aware of the dreadful plight that he was in, they would have hastened to take advantage of it, and those lesser German rulers who sided against their country would then have sided

against its foe. The French (as in 1870) would have been infuriated by their Emperor recklessly throwing away their finest army, and he would have been dethroned. At that time Marengo was his only dazzling European exploit since 1797, so that then he had not one-half the fascinating influence that he had after Ulm and Austerlitz. France, almost defenceless, would have been unable to tyrannize further over Europe, and there would have been peace by the very latest in 1807, instead of in 1815.

CONCLUSION.

I therefore maintain that practically it was a national and European misfortune that Napoleon failed to invade England. With a country so well adapted for defence, and with such a resolute race able to bring superior numbers against him, he would have certainly signally failed.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

THE RAMBLER.

I HAVE been delighted with a letter I received last Friday from a reader of THE WEEK residing at Broadview. My correspondent gives me the information I was in search of regarding the Prairie Crocus, and I am glad to see that my remarks on this subject made in a past issue are corroborated by a resident in the Territories. The flower misnamed a crocus is the large, purplish Anemone or Pasque-flower, and is more like the Passion-flower of the hot-house than the crocus of the garden.

Now, let us try to place this pretty blossom—a specimen of which has been kindly forwarded to me. It is one of the Crowfoot family (*Ranunculaceae*), and therefore is classed with the Clematis, Hepatica, Thalictrum or Meadow Rue, the Buttercup, the Marsh Marigold, the Columbine and the Baneberry, which are all commonly found in Ontario along with six or seven species of Anemone. But the *Anemone patens* or *pulsatilla* is a native of the prairies from Illinois and Wisconsin northward and westward (according to Gray, the friend of the botanist), and the carefully-pressed specimen sent to me I shall cherish with great pride, you may be sure, for it is the first one I have ever seen. Will my correspondent please continue her kind offices and send me some other specimens of the prairie flora? Perhaps she will tell us about that mythical "floral gem," the Queen of the Prairie, the *Spiraea lobata* of Gray. I should like to know if that grows on our Canadian prairies.

I wondered the other day at the large incursion of commercial travellers into town, especially the private precincts. At least, I took the individuals carrying black travelling-bags for commercial travellers, or canvassers, until I was informed that they were lawyers, and that the fashion of the black and coloured bag of damask has gone out.

I think it is such a pity! It was a distinguishing mark that must have been useful in its way, and from experience I think papers travel better in a loose bag than in a closed valise. I hope it is only a passing fancy and that all my legal friends will soon go back to the old-fashioned bag of red or dark-blue. Will someone explain the reasons for this change?

Apropos—I was informed one day last week that a gentleman wanted to see me, and as Mary-Ann's "gentlemen" are occasionally peculiar products, I asked what kind of person he appeared to be. When told that he carried a small black valise I instantly drew in and refused to see him. "It is only either flower-seeds or filters—send him away, please." And it turned out to be an eminent Q.C., and a man I had particularly wished to meet as he was not often in my direction. I hope that the defect does not arise from any self-conscious dislike of being odd. I hear it is a very difficult matter to persuade students at our universities into their gowns. How ridiculous! We shall have ministers of the Gospel next refusing to wear their particular attire. Policemen will follow, and then the railway conductors. Charles Lamb divided mankind into two classes, the men who borrow and the men who lend. But you might as easily and truthfully divide it as follows: the men who love a uniform or distinguishing badge of any kind, and those who hate it like poison.

I once was presented to an individual—this was Out West—clad in a brownish-green corduroy coat, pepper and salt trousers, and blue striped cotton shirt, long hair and a cowboy's hat, as the Rev. Mr. Sm—th. I had taken him for a livery stable keeper. And he was an Anglican too, that was the best of it, and a remarkably fine preacher.

The *Living Church* remarks that the appearance of American locomotives in the Holy Land on the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem is possibly the fulfilment of a prophecy—which is as follows: "The chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of His preparation. . . . They shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightning." The editor is probably a descendant of Mother Shipton.

Mrs. Mackay—of course, everyone knows what particular Mrs. Mackay I mean—has taken up her abode in Carlton House. There is a Henry II. dining-room, panelled with mahogany. The ball-room is hung with real Gobelin tapestry. There are two ideal bath-rooms, one Japanese

the other Pompeian. There are other "Beauvais" hangings and genuine Louis XVI. needlework. But Mrs. Mackay has not been the presiding genius of this rare mansion. It was decorated chiefly by Mr. Lock for C. H. Sandford, a London millionaire, who, however, suffered with the Baring complications, and was obliged to surrender what a newspaper most justly calls "a pretty toy."

When you read of such unprecedented luxury you turn Socialist at once—at least, the quill-driver, ink-slinger does. What did Bacon say?—"Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit." But certainly Mrs. Mackay is not a person likely to be troubled by any remarks of the late Lord Keeper of the Grand Seal.

The suggestions thrown out by Prof. Goldwin Smith concerning the formation of an Authors' Club, or club composed of representative artistic and literary men, are exceedingly timely. Such suggestions have, of course, been made by others from time to time with, so far, no permanent result. There is a want of cohesion in Toronto society, from the fact that this, which, in vain moments, we call the Queen City, is actually a very much larger centre than we suppose. In Montreal, the English-speaking people—as I have often remarked, and perhaps in this column—are drawn together by the presence of the French, and act accordingly with greater alacrity and community of feeling than, I honestly think, Toronto people ever do. The McGill College Book Club of a few years back would be an excellent model for one kind of literary organization, but that did not, if I remember aright, aim at being a social club. There are difficulties ahead, no doubt, but a true patriotism might easily overcome them. Several amateur literary and musical circles exist already in Toronto. I know two that treat of modern languages, a third is devoted to readings aloud from the best authors. So that while it is not safe to say that there is actual apathy among us, the difficulty will be to focus all this wandering light into some strong and permanent form. For this, is chiefly needed, a leading spirit. Then, when the effort has been made, and the organization is declared to be a recognized fact in our national growth, the leading spirit, or spirits, must see that the aims are thoroughly National, and are progressing Nation-wards! Nothing less than a Canadian Club, governed, stimulated and supported by Canadians, will satisfy us. We are not just hewers of wood and drawers of water, although agriculture is an important feature of our civilization. The artistic feeling—nay, perhaps that deeper artistic discontent which is the foreboder of great things—is rapidly developing within us. And I cannot admit that the Royal Society and its workings quite satisfy that artistic discontent. Does anybody?

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AS A SUMMER RESORT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Blushing summer will soon be upon us, and hundreds of hard-worked and dusty toilers, with their families, will then leave their homes in the busy city in search of freedom, fresh air and sea bathing. To such permit me to warmly recommend our bonny island of Prince Edward, the Garden of Canada, the Gem of the Gulf. Freedom? It is the very law of our life, and then what delightful fields, forests and rivers we have! Fresh air? The island breezes, blow them from what airt they may, are the freshest and the most salubrious imaginable. Sea bathing? It can be indulged in anywhere and the deep blue water is so invigorating and bracing. The great question of our submarine tunnel has for some time past occupied the minds of many of our leading statesmen at home or afield. Nor must we forget to offer warmest thanks to Principal Grant for the hearty manner in which he came forward and supported the island's claims for the "continuous communication" promised us at the time of Confederation by the Dominion Government. Sir Douglas Fox's estimate, though larger perhaps than was expected, has brought the matter to an issue; and we shall expect at no distant date to hear that work on our tunnel has begun. But this is a matter of no interest to summer tourists as such, since during the months of June, July and August the sail from Point du Chêne to Summerside or from Pictou to Charlottetown is too delightful to lose even in favour of a tunnel from Cape Tormentine to Cape Traverse. We are familiar with the far-famed Inch Arran House, at Dalhousie, in New Brunswick, and its charming surroundings, nor are the numerous watering places on the St. Lawrence altogether unknown to us, but, while these all possess attractions more or less great, we are of the opinion that none of them is so entirely satisfactory to the summer visitor as any of the least interesting of our delightful nooks and corners would be if they were as well known as they deserve to be. Living is expensive, there is some trout fishing, unlimited sea fishing and absolute seclusion can be obtained at almost any point. The weather in summer is nearly always settled, nor is it ever too hot to be enjoyable. Our scenery is neither bold nor striking, but to the tired brain worker its pastoral character is far better suited because it is more suggestive of rest and repose. The islanders everywhere are very hospitable and particularly attentive to any stranger who may visit them. Hotel accommodation is not