

ism of the Future," of universal interest in these days when the labor question is being agitated all over the world; "Prosper Mérimée's *Lettres à une Inconnue*," which have created such an extraordinary sensation in Paris; "Russian Songs and Folk Tales," illustrating Slavonic Mythology and Russian Social Life; and "The Difficulties of the Liberal Party."

# VON MOLTKE ON WAR AND PEACE.

A great English artist has painted two well-known companion pictures entitled respectively, "War" and "Peace." In the one, a trooper lies dead by his dying horse on a battle-field, and the scene suggests the awful refrain that rang in the ears of the mortally wounded Marmion—

"In the last battle, borne down by the dring,  
Where mingled war's rattles with groans of the dying."

In the other, a lamb on an upland pasture licks the mouth of an old, rusty, dismounted cannon, while children play around, and we insensibly recall the mysterious words of the sacred prophet respecting an era in the distant future, when "men shall learn war no more." Small wonder is it indeed that some well-meaning enthusiasts should desire to hasten the advent of that happy time by advocating a general disarmament of the nations and a recourse to international arbitration. Last summer in the blazing dog-days, when members of Parliament, eager for the moor and the loch, are apt to shun the stifling halls of St. Stephen, Mr. Richard got a small House to endorse such peaceful and impracticable views; but everybody felt that the motion, which in effect recommended that the millennium be rung in as soon as possible, was a barren farce, and people were heard to remark how Von Moltke would smile at the whole proceeding. Probably he did; but yet it appears the German field-marshal sympathises with the feelings which prompt the policy of the Peace Society. In the remarkable speech which he addressed to the German Reichstag upon the Army Bill he observed:—"The desire to economise the great sums that are yearly disbursed for military purposes, and to hand them over to the tax-payers to be expended on peaceful objects, is certainly a most laudable one. Who would not wish it? Who does not picture to himself how much might be done with the money?" And yet what was the burden of Von Moltke's speech? Simply the old maxim—*Si vis pacem, para bellum*. That in the remote future a time might come when international differences might be peaceably settled, the field-marshal did not deny; but in the meantime—for several generations at least—the dogma must be accepted "between State and State, there is no arbiter but power. He did not say "the sword," but "power"; by which, of course, however, he meant the power of using the sword.—Now, Von Moltke has earned a right to speak with authority on this matter, for he is not merely an able general—one whose sword and whose brain are at his country's service when she requires them to be used in the field—but he is one of the greatest masters of the whole art of war which the world has ever seen. As such, he knows right well the international conditions which lead to a commencement of hostilities, and those which tend to a maintenance of peace. In a word, he is a Statesman as well as a soldier; and it is by deep study of this kind—by researches which embrace both war and politics—that Germany has attained that position as a military power which she now holds. Von

Moltke and his colleagues, by their success, in the Franco-German war, strikingly illustrated the truth of what Colonel Hamley propounds as "the moral" of his valuable book on "The Operations of War," namely, "That the conditions of success are attainable and capable of demonstration; that the preparation of study and thought is essential to success in war; and that being thus prepared, a leader, in order to achieve the most notable success, need not be gifted with inspiration, but only with the more appreciable, though still rare, combination of sound sense, clear insight and resolution." The opinions of such a man on war and peace must therefore unquestionably be listened to with deference. Some, indeed, may perhaps be inclined to think that one who has been a man of war from his youth must look with an eye of favour on the practice of his profession, and must naturally feel disposed to deprecate international arbitration, a condition of affairs under which, like Othello, he would have to say "farewell" to the "big wars that make abition virtue," and sadly admit that his occupation was now indeed gone. But we do not think that so much allowance is to be made for a feeling of this kind as might at first sight be supposed. For Von Moltke is a veteran who has won his spurs—or rather we should say, his *baton*—who can therefore afford to let his sword hang rusting on the wall, and gave us his candid opinion about what has been the business of his life; and so we believe that he is speaking his true sentiments when he says that "armies are stupid and wasteful things, except when they procure and defend the peace of a country."

But, as "a crooked figure may attest in little place a million," so that small word, "except," was Von Moltke's excuse for asking the German Parliament to maintain a standing army of 401,000 men, not to speak of the reserves—and Landwehr, the Land-sturm, and so forth—reckoning which, the North German Confederation will, under the new Army Bill, be able to put about two millions of men into the field. "For," says the Field-Marshal, "the results which we have gained in half a year of war we may have to guard for half a century with our army." Doubtless he is right; for unquestionably there is in France a deep smouldering craving for revenge which it is to be feared will break out sooner or later, despite the fact that the great majority of the people in that country are—just at present—painfully convinced of the necessity of maintaining peace. And the French Government, by the magnitude of their schemes of military reorganisation, seem to be determined that if a wave of popular passion precipitate another trial of strength with Germany, the Army shall be found better prepared than on the last occasion. Indeed, in view of the warlike preparations going on in France—"our interesting neighbour," as Von Moltke with grim humour calls her—there seems to be no option but for Germany to endorse, as she doubtless will, the concluding words of the Field-Marshal, which, were in effect as follows:—"We must not only keep the peace ourselves, but we must make it binding upon others, and show the world that a powerful Germany in the centre of the Continent is the best guarantee for the peace of Europe. If, however, we are to bind others over to keep the peace, we must have a strong Army ready for war."

And while such is the state of affairs on the Continent, it is obviously useless for England to ignore the action of the other great Powers. Far be it from us to contem-

plate a collision with the hosts of either France or Germany, but however much we may desire to hold aloof from Continental complications, we must at least accept the maxim that it is only "when a strong man armed keepeth his house" that "his goods are in peace." Accordingly, in order that our commerce and our industry may flourish and develop in security, it is essential for us to maintain a Navy and an Army capable of defending their interests. Those who counsel reduction in our armaments would do well to lay to heart a principle laid down by Von Moltke, to the effect that "the main reason for maintaining efficient establishments in time of peace is that every diminution of effective strength extends its consequences to a period when we know not whether we shall be at war or at peace."—*Broad Arrow*.

The Hon. John M. Francis, late Minister to Greece, writes in his paper, the *Troy Times*, about the drinking habits of Europe. He says that in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and Greece, where the consumption of wine is very great, there is far less drunkenness than in Great Britain or the United States. His opinion is that the substitution of mild wine for the whiskey so generally drunk here would be a reformatory agency in checking intemperance. The result of his personal observations in Spain was that wine shops met him at every turn, but he rarely saw a drunken man. Outside of English and American colonists he knew of very little drunkenness in Paris. In Germany he witnessed a tremendous flow of lager, but believes the proportion of confirmed inebriates there does not equal one to twenty of the same class here. In Russia a liquor stronger than our worst whiskey is used with bad results, and in Great Britain the evil somewhat approaches its extent in the United States. Glasgow was the most drunken city he saw abroad.

It appears that when the canvass was going on in the region of Lander in Berwickshire, a voter pledged to the Tory candidate was asked "if he knew the meaning of Conservative." "Oh yes," he replied, "that's a thing for preserving flowers; there's one at Thirlestane Castle."

Reports in regard to Prince Bismarck's illness are discouraging. The patient is in a state of great prostration.

The Emperor Francis Joseph will visit Naples, when he will meet the King of Italy and accompany him to Turin.

The poet Longfellow proposes to spend the summer in Canada. He arrived at Hamilton on the 21st inst.

The House of Commons has passed the little bill for the Ashantee expedition—four millions of dollars.

Mr. Disraeli has refused to receive a deputation who desired to urge the pardon of the Fenian convicts.

It cost the United States Government about \$153,000 to furnish tobacco to the army last year.