

old anti-military animosities, and creating a new spirit altogether. The essence of a true localization scheme is general service, for which each depot is the appropriate centre. Here, again, we eagerly seized the idea, and in seizing it we got more accustomed to what was behind. But we stopped short again, and curved away from the logical result. All these curves and temporary advances, however, have brought us a little nearer to the thing we once dreaded, and we begin to see that there is nothing very dreadful in it. Political changes have assisted. With the growth of new Powers in Europe, wielding mighty armies, the doctrine of non-interference—a newer and truer rendering of the old formula of non-intervention, which implied even moral isolation—has assumed a greater power, and the necessity for self protection has taken a more pronounced shape. We do not want an Army of real strength and efficiency to protect others, but to protect ourselves. Liberty, not conquest, is the new motto; and freedom is seen to be the foster-sister of self-assertion. The old opposition to a standing Army was based upon many absurd ideas, most of which have evaporated, and the newer idea is that an Army is necessary but need not be professional, in the strictest sense of the word. In other words, if armed nations are good for anything, they are more valuable for national protection than national aggrandisement, by means of foreign conquest. It is the big standing Army that tempts rulers to be ambitious, not the armed nation. Military experience has added its warnings. War is more swift and terrible. We can no longer afford to blunder in the beginning, and trust to energy and wealth to make us all right in the end. If our Army is small, we must be able to place it in the field at the shortest possible notice, and rapidly repair all the ravages war may make in its ranks. At this point, once more, we notice the half-thought already referred to. Short service and the Reserves are parts of a system of compulsion, not as yet logically developed, but ready to fit into it, whenever we shall have advanced so far.

Shall we make this advance at two strides or one? The presumption is largely in favour of two. *Festina lente* is a very good motto in these matters. We are approaching compulsion by a series of zigzags, and if, for the time, we seem to be going away from it, we shall be much nearer to it by and by. Public opinion, as Mr. Hardy says, will have to pronounce "very generally and strongly in its favour" before any kind of compulsion will be reached. We shall reach it first by means of the Militia ballot, and, if the experiment should become popular, of which these best qualified to judge have not a particle of doubt, we shall take the next step, and make the required service so long in one force and so long in the other. We may be many years in reaching the complete system, but there cannot be much doubt that we shall ultimately reach it. There is no real resting-place for us between our present stage and the final one. In the event of another war, in which our existence as an independent Power may be at stake, the nation will become the force to which we must ultimately appeal. It is the only force behind the Army at any time. The notion of a foreign contingent, which pleased many Liberals when we had only been nine months at war with Russia, cannot be again entertained. There was much prophetic force in the language used by the late Lord Grey when

a question of this kind was being debated "Though he was not ready to deny that for the purposes of our own defence we should sometimes employ foreign troops, yet he could not help thinking that the wisest course for us was to rely on what had been emphatically called, *the energy of an armed nation*." Speaking from a purely military point of view, there can be no other ground of reliance. When Earl Russell asked, in December, 1854, for 10,000 troops, enlisted abroad, there was every disposition to enlist in the army at home, and the indignant outburst of Lord Lytton will long be remembered. "What I has it come to this? In an empire on which we are told the sun never sets, the national council is hastily summoned to prepare and parade all its military power. One Minister tells us his recruits are more than he can manage; another says he could bring a million soldiers in the field—some day or other; and then, when all the world is breathless to know what you are about to bring forth—*nascitur ridiculus mus*—out creeps this proposal to borrow or crimp from the foreigner 10,000 troops to bedrilled in these realms." Crimping being out of the question in the future, why should we not fall back now or very soon upon the real source of true defensive military power—the nation?

Failure will educate us more thoroughly. If we cannot get good men for the old system, we must offer more pay, and then the Army will be come unbearably costly. Economy will plead for something else, in a voice of its own. Perhaps we shall not have so many millions to waste, or, at any rate, not be so ready, by means of a large standing army, to keep up a wholesale system of substitution, for which we have to pay in imperial taxation. The idea that something must be done is being pressed home upon us from many quarters. What other shift is open to us that will not lead us one march further on the high road to compulsion? We know of none; the most sanguine civilian army-reformers cannot suggest one. In every direction we are confronted with compulsory service, and no one can plead—with the Militia law before him, which Mr. Hardy promises to consolidate, so that "we shall have a better groundwork in future years to move upon in respect to the ballot and the enrolment of the Militia"—that compulsion is adverse to the genius of our constitution. We suspend; we do not destroy. To-morrow, perhaps, we shall no longer suspend—we shall begin to create. It is as well we should cultivate familiarity with the inevitable. Bloated armaments may excite apprehension, but these apprehensions are best allayed by that condition in which panic is impossible, and foreign contingents would be ridiculous. The fleet is our sufficient present stay. But does it cure us of moods of national disparagement and flutters of foolish fear? To be strong in one way is undoubtedly better than not being strong at all; but Britain is Britain and it, out to be invincible—at home.

The latest discovery in France is that the numerous Gypsy bands scouring that country are entirely under marching orders and military discipline from Berlin. They are wont to pick out their camping grounds fifty miles ahead, and know in advance the name of the man owning that ground as well as he knows it himself.

## Rifle Match.

The fourth competition for the subaltern Silver-Challenge Cup took place yesterday, Her Majesty's Birthday, over the Range of Hastings Rifle Association, ranges 200, 500 and 600 yards—five rounds at each range. Highest possible score was 60 points—Wimbledon targets and scoring of 1873. The weather was all that could be desired, with a slight breeze from the left rear. At the hour of 10 o'clock, there being no other aspirants present, Sergt. Bennet and Pte. Tammadge made their necessary deposit of five dollars each, and got to work in good style with the following result:—

	200y.	500y.	600y.	T'l
Pte. Tammadge.....	17	17	16	50
Sergt. Bennet.....	15	18	13	46

The shooting made by Pte. Tammadge in this match is very creditable, both to himself and to the 49th Battalion, which Battalion he will represent at the coming competition at Wimbledon, 50 points being the highest score made in any match on this ground since the opening of the Hastings Rifle Association matches six years ago, and shows that our "crack" shots are moving forward in the art of rifle shooting towards perfection, and should meet with the encouragement they deserve from the public. We congratulate Pte. Tammadge on his success in this match against a shot of the reputation of Sgt. Bennet, and hope he will receive all the encouragement and aid necessary from the officers of the 49th Battalion, in his intended visit to Wimbledon, and may success attend his efforts.—*Bellefille Intelligencer*.

Dr. Carpenter, an eminent English savant, who has been engaged in hydrographic researches in the employ of the Royal Navy, has made a discovery which is analogous to that of Harvey. He has found that the ocean, like the blood in the animal system, circulates regularly. The Poles supply the place of a heart, and the motive power is the action of heat and cold. The intensely cold water of the Arctic and Antarctic regions is continually moving towards the Equator, the warmer water from which latitude flows northward and southward. It is singular that the same important item of scientific information was contributed by a Russian named Leus fifty years ago, but dropped entirely out of the history of science. His theory is expressed in terms almost identical with those used by Dr. Carpenter, though the latter could not have known of the existence of such a theory.

A LOCOMOTIVE ON LEGS.—At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences a short time ago M. Tresca exhibited a model of a locomotive engine now being tried on the Eastern Railway. This engine has no wheels, but what may be called legs. It does no roll; it walks, runs, or gallops. It is like an ordinary railway engine with straight rods terminating in broad circular skates. There are three legs in front and three behind. The moving cylinders, instead of turning wheels, raise the feet, and the whole acts something after the fashion of a three-legged horse. This invention is especially adapted for carrying great weights up an incline. The engine at work on the Eastern Railway weighs ten tons, and does seven or eight kilometres an hour, and can accomplish if desired twenty kilometres. Of course, this new style of locomotive is not likely to displace the one now in use, but is specially applicable to mountain railways, and is a step in a new direction. The model exhibited at the Academy of Sciences ascended an incline of 25 deg. with ease.—*London Times*.