

take he ever made in his life was when he fell foul of the "Seven Resolutions," which he characterised as a delusion and a snare, but which his hearers know to be practical realities within their power, far more easily realized than that favourite panacea of the Manchester School with which they have deluded the working men of England, viz: a redistribution of the landed property of the realm. Mr. Gladstone did not put his hearers in possession of any Government scheme for equalising labor and capital, he did not tell them that his colleagues had devised any plan for affording state aid to emigrants so that the overcrowded labor market could be eased and the honest English working man raised above the inevitable pauper's doom; oh! no, that was certainly too practical for *philosophical Bill*, or as his admirers are fond of calling him—the people's William—but what people? Not the working class by a long way; oh! no, the supple tool of the manufacturing and commercial monopolist has nothing in common with that class and is both detested and despised by them, and there can be no doubt but the shadow of coming events emanating from these Seven Resolutions appeared like an avenging Nemesis to punish Radical political falsehood and selfishness by heaping ridicule on its great leader and exponent. The protean facility with which he tries to adapt himself to all shades of political feeling, momentary or otherwise, must seriously compromise his personal dignity, if he ever had any, in the minds of the English people and confirms the estimation of those who declare he is little better than a political mountebank ready to forewear principle and honor when it suits his purpose to sustain a morbid craving for popularity and a selfish clinging to power unexampled in English history since the time of that "ape" in politics, the Duke of Newcastle. That the English people should tolerate such an administration can only be accounted for by the fact that his supporters fear to face their constituents again, and that his adversaries are either indolent or quietly playing a waiting game; political matters move slowly in England, the combination of the Peers and people will be some time before it bears fruit, but it is evident from the Greenwich deliverance of Mr. Gladstone that the termination of his rule is a question of a very short time indeed.

GREAT BRITAIN having for centuries furnished an example to the world of constitutional government is now passing through a crisis which will try severely her time honored institutions. That military organization which with all its faults had raised her to the eminence of a great military power, potent in all European complication, dreaded and respected abroad has been destroyed and as yet nothing devised to fill its place. The close of the Peninsular war left her the first power in the civilized world. The so-called

Reform Bill of 1832, by placing the interests of her commercial class above that of all others in the state, resulted first in loss of prestige, as every national movement was made a question of profit and loss; secondly, in the disorganization of her army and navy; lastly, her abasement in the scale of nations from being a first to a third rate military power. That this view is not exaggerated our readers have only to look to the part she has played, first in the Italian campaign, secondly in the Danish war, thirdly in the seven weeks war (Prussian-Austrian), fourthly in the late Franco Prussian war, which Mr. Gladstone with a *blinched face* announced to the terror stricken Commons, within two months of the date Cardwell had triumphantly declared that by disbanding 20,000 veteran soldiers he had saved the Manchester pedlars £2,000,000 and that universal peace was assured. The last act in this drama is being played out; England has no longer an army; the order for its reorganization has been issued, and until that has been effected the military force of the empire that carried the old Red Cross triumphant throughout the world has ceased to exist, and the question may well be asked as to what shall supply its place? The history of the process by which this state of affairs has been brought about must be familiar to our readers, the scandalous indecency with which constitutional usage and etiquette has been outraged in reference to the Bill for reorganizing the army is well known; the infamous manner in which the Royal Warrant was rescinded and the use made of the Royal Prerogative are too recent to require comment. The supplemental measure has at length appeared: on the 30th of October a Royal Warrant was published for the purpose of reorganising the British army, the text of which appears in this issue from the *Broad Arrow*, and it is certainly one of the most wonderful schemes for the proposed purpose we have ever read; it is by no means original but appears to have been constructed on the French, Prussian and Chinese model. The French inasmuch as its admirers say, that every drum-boy may carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, the Prussian because merit alone determines rank, and the Chinese in the character and value of its competitive examinations. In fact, the principle appears to be identical with that on which the "Review of Chinese Metaphysics," in the celebrated *Edinburgh Gazette* was founded. "The critic crammed for it, to use a technical but expressive term, he read up for the subject at my desire in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

• • • he read for Metaphysics under the letter M and for China under the letter C and combined his information." The scheme of the illustrious Pott has been adopted in its entirety by Cardwell; little did the late Charles Dickens think when writing the memoirs of the Pickwick Club that he was actually laying the foundation of that scheme of competitive examinations

by which the sucking Marlboroughs and Wellingtons of the future British army were to burst through the trammels of obscurity and "the cold shade of aristocracy" into the bright sunlight of fame, honor and wealth by the cheap process of one universal *Cram*; but this is only a part of the beauties of the new system. Not only must the variety of knowledge be combined, it must also be utilized, and how? why by that system of espionage by which the name of *Fouche* has attained an infamous notoriety throughout the civilized world; confidential reports from all ranks, beginning at the sublieutenant (a new name imported from the French army) upwards, and we do not know if it does not descend to the lance-corporal, to the Field Marshal commanding in-chief, who in turn becomes the spy of the Manchester cotton spinners, or his tool which may happen to be pitchforked into the office of War Minister. This is a synopsis of the system and by no means an unfair one. People are congratulating themselves at home that it is not as revolutionary as they expected; we should like to know what it is then? and are perfectly well able to prophesy that England can have a bad lot of detective police but never such an army as that which struck down the great Napoleon with all Europe and the United States at his back.

Our readers are aware that during the late Fenian raid on Manitoba the notorious scoundrel O'Donoghue was captured by some loyal *Mettis* and handed over to the Deputy Collector of Customs at North Pembina; that he eventually found his way into the hands of Colonel Wheaton, commanding a wing of the 22nd Battalion United States army, at South Pembina, that certain newspapers, without any knowledge or wilfully preventing facts, charges it as a fault or blunder on the part of the Deputy Collector, that this notorious criminal escaped unwhipped of justice and indulged in some unpleasant remarks on his conduct in this matter. As we happened to know sufficient of Mr. F. T. Bradley, the Deputy Collector, to warrant an enquiry respecting the real facts of the case; our readers will hear with pleasure that it was in every way worthy an officer representing the Dominion of Canada and characterised by bravery and prudence under very trying circumstances, as the following extracts from a letter from that gentleman to the Editor of the *Volunteer Review*, dated at North Pembina, 30th October, 1871, will show.

"• • • On the evening of the 4th October, while staying at Winnipeg, I was sent for by His Honor Governor Archibald and asked to return to Pembina without delay as affairs looked rather dangerous at that place and the Government desired to have some one there in whom they could place confidence. I accordingly started early on the 5th and arrived at Pembina about 8 o'clock in the evening to find that the raid had actually taken place, that my office had been occupied and my clerk made a prison-