

PASTORAL.

BY A. J. MONDAY.

I sat with Doris the shepherd maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;
I sat and wooed her through sunlight-wheeling,
And shadows stealing for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer roses of faint perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed and hark-
ened
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;
She said, "Ye linger, we must not stay;
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder—how far they stray?"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore;
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling;
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more."

She whispered sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I loose to-day;
My fold ungarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded and sent away."

Said I, replying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home—
And well rewarded by friend and neighbour,
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,
"That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild,
But, if they love me, it's none so fervent;
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me
And love did win me to quick reply;
"Ah! do but prove me, and none shall blind
You,
Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine;
But I did brave them—I told her plainly
She doubted vainly; she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes,
And homeward drove them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming
dews.

That simple duty from grace did lend her—
My Doris tender, my Doris true;
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling—
With love, exulting and undimmed;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent—
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

Another Warning Voice from 1805.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL T. B. COLLINSON, R. E.
1793-1801.

The Pith of the Lesson.

In the year 1790, when the great French Revolution was beginning to look threatening to the peace of Europe, and when most other States began to get themselves into war condition in anticipation of a storm, Great Britain, that country of bold and practical minded people, disbanded the very respectable Army she then possessed, dismantled her admirable Navy, and sold her naval stores. The lion did not wait to have his claws cut, but deliberately cut them himself, and that without the excuse of one atom of love, nor even of the quiet reserve of a great heart, but simply from the exigencies of Parliamentary warfare interpreting a selfish policy of isolation. The balance of political parties in Great Britain at that time prevented the government of the day from preparing for war, and the opposition used for their purposes the national ignorance of continental politics. There were other States in Europe which, for their own selfish interests, abstained from joining in a war against French dominion long after Great Britain had heartily begun; but Great Britain was then especially, as she is now pre-eminently, the one power, which, by her geographical position, her character and her resources, could interfere most effectually and with least danger to herself, in preventing the spread of war in Europe.

Hence we must acknowledge that this largeness of the people and opposition of the rules in preparing to take their part at the beginning of the disturbance, has, from an historical point of view, an aspect of selfish isolation. They had had many lessons in the course of their history on evil consequences and uselessness of such a policy of separation, but they persisted in burying their heads in their island nest in the hope that the hunters would not see them, and in shutting themselves up in their stronghold in the hope that the fire raging in the town would not reach them, and the result was that they themselves afforded to their posterity a stronger example of those consequences than any of their predecessors. A long drawn war of 20 years, and a debt of which we seem never to be relieved, was mainly the effect of their taking the course in 1790 directly contrary to what appears now to have been the right one.

This proposition, so difficult to impress on the minds of the English people, is demonstrated, I think, with sufficient clearness in the histories of those times. From the beginning to the end of that long war, the speeches, letters, and reports of the statesmen, admirals, and generals, read like one continuous commentary on the mistake of being unprepared for war at the beginning—a mistake which took 15 years of the war to rectify. The very statesmen who at first opposed the idea of interfering with the progress of the Revolution, were at last most energetic in taking those measures against it which, if adopted at the commencement, might have prevented the desolation of Europe. It is surely no excuse to say that in this long period of tribulation, the plants of a better liberty took firm root in every State, and that Great Britain reaped a harvest of glories that would never otherwise have flourished: the plain duty of a country placed in the world in the position of Great Britain, is to preserve the peace; and that is the only and sufficient argument for the maintenance of its war forces.

The form this continuous commentary took, is the best evidence of the truth of the proposition: like the repeated chorus of some song of lamentation, comes the cry of one minister after the other—"O! for an expeditionary force to send on to the Continent—O! for a well equipped body of trained troops—O! for 50,000 disciplined soldiers! But 50,000 disciplined soldiers are not to be bought at Covent Garden Market every day in the week: such an article requires some years to grow in, it is a perennial plant, and the attempt to substitute for it annuals trained by forcing to look like the real thing, may make a flower show, but produces no fruit. And so the war ministers of the day found it, one after another: for they all attempted for some years to supply the deficiency, which they felt, by making the general Militia act the part of Regulars—an expedient which gave satisfaction to no parties concerned, except perhaps to the enemy. It was felt to be an unfair application of this old constitutional force to make it a sort of recruiting depot for the Regulars; it was equally unfair to the Militia to expect them to do the work of regular soldiers in foreign expeditions; and to the commanders of these expeditions, to expect them to act as if their whole force was composed of equally trained soldiers. But, it will be said, the troops of the French Revolution were at that time equally untrained; that is true, but it is also true, that when it was a fair field the French Revolutionary

troops at that time were beaten; and had they been met by a properly trained force, under a good commander, the French Revolution would have been considerably curtailed in its progress.

The first Failure.

The British people were roused from their position as indifferent spectators in 1792, and very suddenly. In June of that year the King dismissed Parliament without a prospect of having to disturb that position of economical isolation, in about a month afterwards, Royalty in France was put an end to, an event which touched the feelings of the English greatly, but not enough to disturb their peace. In another month, however, their pockets were touched by the occupation of Holland: and this was a blow which brought Parliament together again about six months after: their peaceful separation, to re-establish the dismissed army, to reconstruct the dismantled Navy, and to repurchase the sold stores. The first idea on going to war was quite worthy of the Old British race, namely, to attack the enemy at once, and in the part where he had inflicted the injury on us; and the first operation of this long war was the siege of Dunkirk. This expedition is, therefore, highly interesting to us as a pregnant example of the first performance when there was so much promise—in spirit. Time was when an expedition into France would have brought all the youth of England together as for a holiday excursion, with the prospect of successful enterprise, and the French would have remained at home in anxious preparation. In 1793 the British Government, after three weeks' labour—of which those who have been in our War Office at the outbreak of a "little war" will be able to form an idea—got together 35,000 British and Hanoverian troops and leaving the Dutch and the other opponents of the French to their own devices, undertook this little independent operation at Dunkirk. The French already dealing with troops by the 10,000, brought a superior force upon this isolated expedition, and such was the defective condition of our Navy, that they attacked the British besieging force by sea as well as by land; and this first episode resulted in a failure to the British arms.

It was a fair example of many other such unsuccessful expeditions with which the war on land was carried on in a desultory manner for the next fifteen years. All undertaken from the feeling of the necessity of attacking the enemy on his own weak points, and all failing from the want of a sufficient strength of properly trained and properly equipped soldiers. Early in the war, Mr. Pitt pointed out the necessity of so doing: "The power of Great Britain at sea, however irresistible on that element, could not, in the nature of things, make an adequate impression upon an enemy whose strength was concentrated on land." But the absence of the only efficient means to produce that required impression was shown by the successive attempts to modify the Militia so as to feed the regular Army with the best kind of soldiers available. They had no others, and what they had of these were so few and so unfitted for the work, that those little isolated attempts of a few thousand men at one point and another of Europe, "this warfare of pigmies," as Napoleon afterwards called it, only encouraged the enemy and discouraged the people of Great Britain.

The Result.

In 1797, four years of this kind of warfare resulted in Great Britain being shut up in