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The Volunteer Review

AND MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Military and Naval Forces of the Dominion of Canada

VOL. VIII.

OTTAWA, (CANADA,) TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1874.

No. 4.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A despatch received from Newfoundland states that the Bennett Government has been defeated. Mr. Cartet, who is favorable to Union with Canada, has been called upon to form a new Government.

Mlle. Albani, the Canadian prima donna, has won the greatest success in Moscow. On the night of her debut as *Somnambula* she was called before the footlights forty times.

Advices received at the War Department on the 20th from the English expedition against the Ashantees in Africa, state that the Highlanders and Rifle Brigade have arrived at Cape Coast Castle, and the troops have disembarked. They are all in good health.

Captain Glover with his native auxiliaries will immediately join Sir G. Welseley, who is now forty miles east of the river Prah.

It is rumoured that the King of Ashantee has sent an Embassy to General Welseley suing for peace and offering an indemnity.

The ball given at the American Legation was a brilliant affair. General Kauffman, commander of the Khivan expedition, and all the leading diplomatists were present.

Mr. Gladstone has declined to receive a deputation to urge the claims of women to the suffrage.

The King of Bavaria has just conferred on M. Richard Wagner, the composer, the order of Maximilian for Science and Art.

The Princess Pierre Bonaparte has opened a dressmakers' establishment in Bond Street, London. She recently visited Paris to make purchases.

The German Minister of War has ordered the immediate destruction of the present fortifications of Cologne, and the erection of a new girdle of forts round that city.

In some of the public schools in England the teaching of telegraphy has been tried with much success. Instruments are lent by the Government, and the children learn very rapidly.

The fusion of the two Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha has at last taken place. Hitherto each duchy possessed a separate Diet. A commission of twenty-one members has been chosen, who will arrange the affairs in common of both duchies.

Du D'Case, Minister of Foreign Affairs, acting under the influence and on the recommendation of Prince Bismarck, has announced the determination of France to respect the existing order of things in Italy, and also to suppress the violence of the French Ultramontanists.

The *Mincheha*, from Calais, for Dublin, has been lost off the Scilly Islands Ten of her crew were drowned.

A special despatch from London to the *Globe* of Glasgow says the dismissal by the Home Secretary of Dr. Henry Bell, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, has caused a serious difference of opinion between Messrs. Gladstone and Lowe, which will probably result in the retirement of the latter from the Government.

A man named Cambatz, who served as a colonel under the Paris Commune was captured at Carthage by the Spanish troops.

The late King of Saxony called at a telegraph office in his dominions to inspect the workings of the institution. The operator telegraphed the fact to his next neighbour, and received for an answer, "The King pokes his nose into everything." This arrived during the royal presence, and the operator was obliged to read the edifying intelligence to his majesty.

An admiral statue of Hercules has been discovered at Esquiline. It is larger than life, and is intact with the exception of the feet and left arm, which are broken.

Mrs. Antheorian, an aged lady belonging to one of the first families in Buenor Ayres, died recently, leaving a property valued at ten millions of dollars in gold. She left the bulk of her money to the poor.

A memorial tablet is about to be placed on the house in King street, Covent Garden, London, in which Dr. Arne, the composer of "Rule Britannia," was born.

A touching incident has occurred in connection with the funeral of Rollo, one of the men drowned by the foundering of a steam-tug in the Tyne, which has moved the seafaring population of North Shields deeply. He buried a favourite child on Christmas Eve. On leaving the graveside he was heard to say, "Good-bye, darling; I will come to see you on Sunday," and the afternoon of that day his body was placed in the grave alongside of his little pet.

The Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, of which the Prince of Wales is a member, have long felt the desirability of having his portrait painted by some eminent artist, to

be hung in their fine hall. In response to this wish, Sir William Knollys has addressed a letter to Mr. John Loch, Q.C., Attorney-General of his Royal Highness, wherein he states that the Prince will have great satisfaction in sitting for his portrait immediately upon his return from Russia (which will be in March next); and "that he should prefer Mr. Watts to be the artist employed."

The Duke of Wurtemberg, who is a Field Marshal in the Austrian Army, delivered a lecture the other day, on Central Asia, in view of the progress of Russia in Asia, to connect Ku-rashee with Constantinople by a line of railway.

The Duke of Edinburgh, on behalf of the Grand Duchess Marie and himself, has accepted an invitation to a ball, to be given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in honour of the approaching royal marriage. It will probably take place about the middle of March; an arrangement which will enable American citizens to reach London in time.

The threatening article in the North German *Gazette* last week, on the policy of France with regard to the Papal questions, excited universal indignation in Rome, and the Paris *L'Opinion Nationale* says that notwithstanding the recent success, the Prussians are still ignorant of that nobleness which refrains from insulting the conquered.

The publication of three more newspapers of Madrid recently have been suspended by the Government. The iron-clad, *Numanzia*, has sailed from Mersel Reber for Carthage, convoyed by the *Vittoria* and *Carmene*.

Mr. Washburne, the American Minister to France, on Monday presented to ex-President Thiers a gold medal on behalf of the French residents of Philadelphia.

The Communist who was recently captured at Carthage is said to be a reporter of the New York *Herald*.

The International Postal Congress will meet in Berlin on the 12th October.

Waterloo has lost another of its links with the present generation in the death of Mr. Henry Terry, who was under fire in the battle as an assistant surgeon in a regiment of the line. He died, aged eighty.

Heni Rochefort is still alive, despite the recent reports of his death. The French Government has received information of his safe arrival at the penal colony to which he was sent. On the voyage he suffered from sea sickness, but otherwise was in good health.

THE EMBARKATION OF THE BLACK WATCH.

Portsmouth, Dec. 4.

By what gauge shall be estimated the quantity of beer which was drunk in Portsmouth last night, to say nothing of the mountain dew, which is the native liquor of the Scots, whose last night it was on the sod of Britain? Except for the unfortunate defaulters, there was no confinements to barracks. Colonel McLean, knowing and trusting his men, had told them in the forenoon that they might take the evening and welcome, but that the honor of the regiment demanded that there should be no absentees when the time should come for them to embark. Accordingly the Black Watch did take the evening, and there were signs and tokens about watch-cutting time that the evening was not the only thing which they had taken. But it was not quite all pot houses and beer-shop work, although those who know soldiers will understand how much of this there was.

The "turn out" this morning was set for a quarter to ten, but long before that hour the parade ground of the shabby Clarence Barracks was full of life and bustle. Al ready, too, long before the hour one had to struggle and elbow one's way down the narrow lane which leads to them from the High street, because of the crowd that al ready closed it. A strange miscellaneous crowd it was—that it was not wholly a reputable crowd will be easy understood by any who have a knowledge of a garrison town. Yet in the strange medley there was no indecorum; the sentiment was a mixture of regret, pity, and enthusiasm. At the gate sentries kept watch and ward, and only for favored civilians was their any admittance. Already, very soon after nine o'clock, nearly the whole regiment had turned out into the barrack square. The men wearing trows and Glengarry, valises, and the new pattern unipeplayed belts which have just been served out to them, stood chatting cheerfully in groups, waiting for the "fall in." Everywhere was heard the burr and breadth of the Scottish accent for the Black Watch is not in name alone, but in reality, a genuine Scottish regiment.

Two companies of the 42nd had been quartered in the Cambridge Barracks along with the 100th, and they had to join headquarters before the parade should be consummated. About half past ten came Major Green struggling through the crowd in the lane, with the report that he had got two companies under way, and that they would arrive at once. It had been no easy task to rescue them from the engrossing comradeship of the 100th. The "Canadians" had swarmed around them, shaking hands to the very last; had shouted "Good-bye, Scot-tie, ould chap," till they were hoarse; and had finally formed an alley down to the barrack gate, in which formation they had cheered until they had recovered their voices again. The band of the 100th had turned out to do honor to the, Scotsmen, and was on its way to the Clarence Barracks at the head of the two companies. Presently there was aural evidence of this fact, and then as one looked out into the lane, it seemed as if the crowd in it had suddenly gone crazy. In front was the 100th band sturdily forcing its way to the music of that defiant Border ditty, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" The defiance was buncombe, for the whole lane was meddling with the Scots who followed. The ranks were inundated by a succession of human waves. Men seized hands and shook them

fervently; women were hugging and sobbing as the column slowly staggered onward through its difficulties. But they were conquered at last, and the band drew to one side as the two companies, marching in fours, strode through the archway leading into the barrack yard, greeted with a shrill welcome from the bagpipes. Then were brought forth from out the guard-room the colors of the regiment, carried by the two junior subalterns, and guarded by the color-sergeants, the medals on whose breast testified that the sacred charge was confided to no unworthy hands.

The "fall in," has sounded, and the confused groups which had filled the barrack square with so picturesque a mass of color, resolves themselves into companies. To the front of everything are the pipers, luckier than the kilted band behind them, in that they are bound for Ashantee with their comrades. The band for once is out of conceit with itself. That seven-foot lance corporal who performs on the big drum has no swagger left in him, and would forego a cubit of his stature to be in trows and among the service men. Behind the band are the companies in quarter distance column. In this formation the exceptional size and muscular developments of the men show to the best advantage. Frederick the Great, the connoisseur in big men, would have found a company after his own heart; but although it contains the picked men of the regiment in the matter of stature, the other companies, if they do not look quite so imposing, look to the full equally as serviceable. The out-marching strength is 471 men, 29 sergeants and 17 drummers, besides the officers, thirty in number, all told. The numbering off proceeds all right, but it is observable that some how for this parade there is considerably more wandering of the eyes than is consistent with discipline, construed in the strictest sense. There never was a truer remark than that "there is a good deal of human nature about most people." Discipline is an excellent thing and "eyes front" on parade a most proper ocular attitude; but if "eyes right" or "eyes left" will enable a poor fellow bound on foreign service to snatch one last look at his wife and bairns, who shall wonder that nature gets the better of discipline? It is true that he commits a military offence, but the recording angle, in the shape of the company sergeant, is not prone to day to rebuke. In very truth, the honest sergeant himself, stern and centred on duty as he appears, seems not wholly indifferent to a little picture, commonplace enough, perhaps, yet with a certain tenderness and pathos in it, framed in yonder window in the dull brick wall. It is only a little woman with very wistful eyes and a tremulous twitching about the mouth, who stands there dropping undemonstrative tears on the face of the baby at her bosom. But it so happened, friends, that the little woman and the baby are, except the regiment the only things that the honest sergeant has got to love in this world; and you may haply thus come to understand how it is that curious gulp and working of the muscles of the throat precede his command, "Right number of!" As the officers take post, it is to be noticed that several of them look desperately fierce. A truculent and bloodthirsty scowl settles upon their features, and their orders are emitted with remarkable harshness. Whence this ferocity of demeanor? Are the Ashantees reported to be out side the barrack yard, and is Koffee Calcalli regaling himself on rum and gunpowder on the Common Hard, prior to disputing the passage of the regiment over

the drawbridge at the Gun Wharf? Or is it assumed to mask emotions of a very different character? There was no ferocity, but inexpressible love and tenderness, in the face of that gallant fellow, now scowling so, as a minute ago he stood, her hand clasped in his, looking into the eyes of that lady by the messroom door who let her veil down so suddenly as with a last, "God bless you!" and a last pressure he turned away, doing something to his eyes with the back of his hand. Wondrous few tears do we see in these quiet partings. Millais read aright this page of the book of human nature when, in that most pathetic of all pictures I know, "Ordered on Foreign Service," he limned the two gazing into each other's eyes with a wistful, yearning, concentrated earnestness, that comes so straight from the heart that it cannot pause or turn aside by the way to unloose the fountain of tears. What a strange medley the scene is of the pathetic and ludicrous! Look at this gallant defender of Britain. He has been ordered to fall out from his company, on the ground that he is most decidedly drunk. It happens to be one of those things about which there can be no mistake. It is the most that he can do to keep on his legs, yet he has got his belts and kit on somehow, and has staggered on to parade to take his place in the ranks. He pleads hard to be saved from shame—"I ken I'm fou," says he, with a beery candor; "deevlitch fou, in fac'; but I'm no' that bad but I can march middlin' straight. Will ye gie me a chance, Captain, gin I douk my heid in cauld watter?" It is clear that this recipe would not suffice to make him an efficient, so he is committed to the charge of the rear guard, but allowed to remain under arms.

Just as the parade is complete, Major Cooke, of the 100th, arrives, accompanied by the officers of the regiment, who have breakfasted their comrades of the 42nd this morning, and are come now to convey them on board ship. The pipers strike up "The Campbells are coming," which has been the regimental "advance" since before Waterloo and the band, forming fours, marches out under the archway in rear of the pipers, and with the regiment behind it. Just in the archway there is a momentary block. The unfortunate Irish wife of a Scottish soldier has, it would appear, parted with him on not the most friendly terms, and is here now, "like Niobe, all tears," and with a child in her arms to make it up. This she proceeds to do by going into wild hysterics in the very centre of the band, and her screeches and wild ejaculation, "Arrah, bedad, would yez keep me from me own Pether?" from scarcely a happy accompaniment to the music. Whether she ultimately finds "me own Pether," or whether she is got out from the band somehow, and handed over to her less excited sisters in affliction, cannot be enquired into, for we must move on in the rear of Col. Mac'eod, on one side of whom walks General Kollo, an old 42nd man, who has come to see his old regiment off, and on the other Major Cooks, of the 100th. The band of the regiment takes up the tune from the musicians of the Black Watch, and, amidst a burst of cheering, the head of the column steps out briskly to the tune of "The Blue Bells of Scotland." In the High street the throng stands so thick that it is with difficulty a passage can be opened. Men and women crowd in upon the column to shake hands for the last time. Flags and handkerchiefs flutter from the windows, and between the gusts of cheering you may hear many a "God bless them poor fellows!"

from the lips of women. Opposite the General's home, Colonel Elliott, the Quartermaster General of the district, falls into the procession on horse back; the only mounted man there, for the field officers of the Black Watch are thus early practically accustoming themselves to the absence of horses on the Gold Coast. Out side the Gun Wharf the men of the Royal Artillery have gathered, and give their comrades of the line a volley of hearty cheering as they tramp past. On the Common Hard, that historical centre of nautical Portsmouth, the crowd is thicker than ever; and out of compliment to the black-eyed Susans and lovely Nans of the Hard, the band changes to "The girl I left behind me." As the rear guard presses its way through the throng that has closed in at the dock yard gate, there is a heaving and commotion on the Hard behind, over the sound of which exclamations rise high in the broadest Scottish Doric, "Clear the gate, ye deevils" "Hanns aff," "No, deil anither drap," are some of the cries we hear; and then we see, battling his way through the crowd with determination, but also with many a lurch, the absent man of the Black Watch. Yes, there had been one man absent, although for shame's sake the fact had been kept quiet. Could it be that he was skulking to escape the service on which his comrades were going, or was it that he had forgotten himself and got too drunk to "come up in time." There he was to answer the question, had his condition rendered it in the slightest degree necessary to ask it. He had been awakened from a drunken sleep by the music of the passing bands, and here he was struggling vehemently to overtake the regiment, obviously under the impression that if he did not do so incontinently he must be left behind and incur eternal disgrace. Fate was kind to him, for he reached the rear guard before it got to the jetty, and having been duly made a prisoner of, staggered along in that capacity in a condition of the serene contentment.

The *Sarmatia* looms large in the berth where lay the *Victoria* and *Albert* when she received the shah on board of her, on his visit to the British fleet at Spithead. The regiment forms into line, and stands halted for a while—a "thin red line" in the midst of a dark sea of civilian humanity—till the arrangements are announced as complete. Then the files begin to move away from the right, and passing up a gangway near the ship's bows, so enter the 'tween decks. At the foot of this gangway comes the last good bye. By some judicious flank movement, a number of the women of the regiment have got down here as soon as the men, and have taken up this advantageous position by the gangway. It must be said that, under the circumstances, the files move on board somewhat slowly. It is not quite easy for a man, no matter how strong his sense of discipline, to stride past his wife on such an occasion as if he sees her not. Over the murmuring of the parting salutations rise the homely, familiar, tender strains of "Auld Lang Syne," played by the band of the 100th. The minutes wear on till the curtain falls on a drama that was not to be witnessed without some emotion. The last private has filed over the gangway into the bowels of the ship, and the women, like Lord Ullin's daughter, are left lamenting. Yet, accepting the fact that they are soldiers' wives, they have much to be grateful for. Sympathy with and consideration for them have been manifested in high quarters. Women married with leave and without leave alike have the option of quarters in barracks

while their husbands are going, or of being sent home to their friends, and are to receive sixpence a day allowance, and threepence for each child.

About noon there is a new sensation on the dockyard jetty. The hundred and forty volunteers whom the 79th have given to the Black Watch, having arrived from Aldershot by train, march on to it with a firm, springy tramp. From the teeming deck of the great ship rises a fervent cheer, "Hurrah for Scotland!" and the officers of the Black Watch note with satisfaction that the sister regiment has given it no "wasters," but its very best men. There is another cheer when Sir Archibald Alison, distinguishable by his sleeveless left arm, is seen at the gangway. With him are Capt. Russell, Lieut. Fitzgerald, and others of the Aldershot contingent. Behind them comes a young gentleman in plain clothes, but he, it seems, cannot pass. The sergeant sentry blocks the way with, "I beg your pardon, but my orders are to allow no civilian to pass." "But I'm no civilian," replied the young gentleman, laughing. "You're not in uniform, sir," persisted the inexorable sentry, "and my orders are strict." "I'm a captain in the Rifle Brigade, and my name's Prince Arthur," says the gentleman in categorical satisfaction of the honest sergeant, who on this presents no further obstacle. The Prince has come down to see the last of his querry, Lieut. Fitzgerald, and of his Aldershot friends. But the time that the 79th are all on board, the dinner bugle has sounded, and Colonel Elliot proceeds to make his official inspection of the troop deck, accompanied by Prince Arthur, the officers of the regiment and some of the ladies and gentlemen who were on board. Both as regards messing and accommodation, the well being of the troops has been most carefully and successfully studied. Tomorrow, morning, at eight o'clock, if present arrangements hold good, the *Sarmatia* will steam out of Portsmouth Harbor, and her speed is so great that she is expected to make the voyage to the Gold Coast in fifteen days.

A GOOD OLD BOOK.

THE ORIGINAL RECORD OF WASHINGTON'S LITTLE HATCHET.

Few and pitifully ignorant must be those citizens of the United States who have never heard the story of George Washington and his little hatchet. Yet we question whether, out of the millions who have been familiar from childhood with that pleasing anecdote, there are more than a few hundreds of this generation who know to whom they are indebted for communicating it to posterity. Hence it gives us more than common pleasure to be able to present the story to our readers in the very words of the biographer who first committed it to print, and give some account of his book, famous in its day and not yet out of print, which has marks and merits of its own that notably distinguished it from all other books of its kind. It has no likeness in all the range of English literature. It could have been written by no man that ever lived save its author. It is all his own; and we do not hesitate to assert that, in spite of the eccentricities of its style, which sets all the established canons of criticism and rules of taste at utter defiance, it is the best book ever written on these shores to inspire the young with a burning love for their country and a reverence not to be shaken for the fathers who

comprised its independence and established its free government.

The copy of this book which lies before us is an old one, thumbed and dog-eared by hands that were young when they turned these faded pages, but which have long ago gone to dust. We transcribe the title page in full:

THE LIFE
OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
WITH
CURIOUS ANECDOTES
EQUALLY HONORABLE TO HIMSELF AND EX-
EMPLARY TO HIS YOUNG COUNTRYMEN.
SEVENTH EDITION.

A life how useful to his country led!
How loved while living—how revered, now
dead.
Lisp! lisp! his name ye children yet unborn,
And with like deeds your own great names
adorn.

By M. L. WEEMS,
FORMERLY RECTOR OF MOUNT VERNON PARISH.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1808

We regret that we know little of the history of Mason L. Weems. But we have met aged persons who have seen him in the flesh, and from these we have heard nothing but praise. He was a brave, sincere, enthusiastic, honest clergyman—the enemy of gambling, intemperance, and the prevailing vices of his day, against which he wrote books that had great popularity; and he was the outspoken but genial and winning advocate of virtue and religion, the warmth of his heart endearing him to people wherever he went and preparing them to give a fond ear to his fervid appeals for truth. Above all, he was a patriot whose enthusiasm for the liberties of his country was the master passion of his soul. He was the pastor of the old church at Pohick and the friend of Washington, who attended his preaching, and he was for many years a familiar visitor at Mount Vernon. His love for Washington bordered on worship, and when he came to write the life of his hero his whole heart was thrown into the work, and fancy and imagination, which held sway over all the other faculties of his mind, were not sparing of tints to complete the portrait of the perfect man. We have been informed that Mr. Weems lived to a great age, but of the time and place of his death we have no information. He had a son who was a reputable member of Congress sixty years ago, and that is all that we know of his family. But he still lives, and we trust for the honor of his country he will always live, in his book.

The opening of the first chapter of this curious volume is an admirable introduction to what follows, presenting in a single paragraph a fair specimen of Weems's original method of writing biography. We transcribe it:

"Ah, gentlemen," exclaimed Bonaparte—"twas just as he was about to embark for Egypt—some young Americans happening at Toulon, and anxious to see the mighty Corsican, had obtained the honour of an introduction to him. Scarcely were past the customary salutations when he eagerly asked, "How fares your countryman, the great Washington?" "He was very well," replied the youths, brightening at the thought that they were the countrymen of Washington, "he was very well, General, when we left America." Ah, gentlemen,"

rejoined he, "Washington can never be otherwise than well, the measure of his fame is full. Posterity shall talk of him with reference as the founder of a great empire when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions." Who, then, that has a spark of virtuous curiosity but must wish to know the history of him whose name could thus awaken the sigh even of Bonaparte?

Who? surely enough.

This pertinent anecdote, like many others that enliven Parson Weems's book, it is almost needless to say was the product of his overflowing imagination and, as its admirers may argue, is no more than a piece of fiction. It is without foundation in fact, but an allegory or a parable, a very other fanciful device for getting a good moral or a wholesome example squarely before the reader's mind. To this class of pleasing and instructive inventions belongs the famous hatchet story, which, without any delay, we present in the original words of Weems:

When George was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's peasticks; he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father "do you know who killed that beautiful little cheery tree yonder in the garden?" This was a tough question and George staggered under it for a moment, but quickly recovered himself and, looking at his father with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all conquering truth, he bravely cried out. "I can't tell a lie, Pa, you know I can't tell a lie: I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father, in transports, "run to my arms—glad am I, George, that you ever killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees though blossomed with silver and fruits of purest gold.

Parson Weems had small idea with this little fiction shaped itself in his head that it was destined to descend to posterity leaving his most labored and eloquent passages in oblivion, and be ground into the heads of children in the nursery as a piece of immortal and instinctive truth. It was in flights like the following that his fancy loved to soar. He is describing the battle of Trenton, and when he gets his hero on a battle field his pen invariably runs away with him:

The sun had just tipped with gold the adjacent hills when snowy Trenton, with the wide tented fields of the foe, hove in sight. To the young in arms this was an awful scene, and nature called a short lived terror to their hearts. But not unseen of Washington was their fear. He marked the sudden paleness of their cheeks when first they beheld the enemy, and quick, with half-stiffed sighs, turned on him their wistful look.

As the big lion of Zara, calling his brindled sons to battle against the mighty rhinoceros, if he mark their falling manes and crouching to his side, instantly puts on all his terrors; his eyes roll in blood; he shakes the forest with his deepening roar, till kindled by their father's fire the maddening cubs swell with answering rage and spring undaunted on the monster. Thus stately and terrible rode Columbia's first and greatest son along the front of his halted troops.

This is the way that Mr. Weems thought Gen. Washington must have looked when making an address to his officers:

As he spoke his cheeks, naturally pale, were reddened over with virtue's pure emotion, while his eyes of cerulean blue were kindled up with those indescribable flames which fancy lends to an angel orator animating poor mortals to the sublime of goodlike deeds.

An amusing instance of Weems's way of descending suddenly from the sublimest discursions of the imagination to the homeliest illustrations of truth, is presented in the following passage. After speaking of his hero's wonderful virtues as a husband, friend, citizen, farmer, and master, he proceeds:

But his eulogists have denied him these the only scenes which belong to man the great, and have tricked him up in the vile drapery of man the little. See! there he stands, with the port of Mars the destroyer, dark frowning over the fields of war; the lightning of Potter's blade is by his side; the deep-mouthed cannon is before him, disgorging its flesh-mangling balls; his war horse paws with impatience to bare him, a speedy thunderbolt, against the pale and bleeding ranks of Britain. These are the drawings usually given of Washington—drawings masterly no doubt and perhaps justly descriptive of him in some scenes of his life; but scenes they were which I am sure his soul abhorred, and in which at any rate you see nothing of his private virtues. These old-fashioned commodities are generally thrown into the back ground of the picture and treated as the grandees at the London and Paris route treat their good old aunt and grandmothers—huddling them together into the rooms, there to wheeze and cough by themselves, and not depress the fine, laudanum-raised spirits of the young sparklers,

The following description of the reception in England of the news of the French and Indian war, in which Washington followed Braddock; and which was provoked by incursions of the French and English settlements, has no likeness to any thing else that we have ever seen in the range of our little readings:

Swift as the broad winged packets could fly across the deep the news was carried to England. Its effect there was like that of a stone rudely hurled against a nest of hornets. Instantly, from centre to circumference, all is rage and bustle; the hive resounds with the maddening insects; dark, tumbling from their cells, they spread the hasty wing, and, shrill whizzing through the air, they rush to find the foe. Just so, in the sea-ruling island, from queen's house to ale house, from king to cockney, all were fierce for fight. Even the red-nosed porters, where they met, bending under their burdens, would stop full-but in the streets to talk of England's wrongs, and as they talked their fiery snouts were seen to grow more fiery still and more deform. Then throwing their packs to the ground and leaping into the attitude of boxers, with sturdy arms across and rough black jaws stretched out,

they bend forward to the fancied fight. The frog-eating foe, in shirtless ruffles and long, lank cue, seems to give ground; then rising in their might, with fire striking eyes, and foot, with kick and cuff and many a hearty curse, they show the giggling crowd how, damn'em, they would thump the French. The news was brought to Britain's King just as he had despatched his pudding and sat right royally amusing himself with a slice of Gloucester and a nip of ale. From the lips of the King down fell the luckless cheese, alas! Not graced to comfort the stomach of the Lord's anointed while crowned with snowy form, his nut brown ale stood untasted by his plate. Suddenly, as he heard the news, the monarch darkened in his place and answering darkness shrouded all his court. In silence he rolled his eyes of fire on the floor and twirled his terrible thumps—his pages shrunk from his presence, for who could stand before the King of thundering ships when wrath, in gleams of lightning, flashed from his dark red eyes. Starting at length, as from a trance, he swallowed his ale, then, clenching his fist, he gave the table a tremendous knock and cursed the wooden-shod nation by his God. Swift as he cursed the dogs of war bounded from their kennels, keen for the chase, and snuffing the blood of Frenchmen on every gale, they raised a howl of death which reached these peaceful shores.

We have space for but one more selection from the book of this patriot parson. After a description of the deathbed of Washington, conceived in his finest vein, he gives the following characteristic account of the departure of his hero's spirit to the other world:

Swift, on angel's wings, the brightening saint ascended while voices more than human were heard (in fancy's ear) warbling through the happy regions and hymning the great procession toward the gates of heaven. His glorious coming was seen afar off and myriads of mighty angles hastened forth, with golden harps, to welcome the honored stranger. High in front of the shouting hosts were seen the beautiful forms of Franklin, Warren, Mercer, Scam-mel, and him who fell at Quebec, with all the virtuous patriots who, on the side of Columbia, toiled or bled for liberty and truth. But how changed from what they were when, in their days of flesh, bathed in sweat and blood, they fell at the parent feet of their weeping country. Not the homeliest infant suddenly spring into a soul-enchanting Hebe—not dreary winter suddenly brightening into spring, with all her bloom and fragrance ravishing the senses, could equal such glorious change. Oh! where are now their wrinkles and gray hairs? Where their ghastly wounds and clotted blood? Their forms are of the stature of angles, their robes like morning clouds streaked with gold, the stars of heaven like crowns glitter on their heads, immortal youth, celestial rosy red, sits blooming on their cheeks, while infinite benignity and love beam from their eyes. Such were the forms of the sons, O Columbia! Such the brother band of thy martyred saints that now poured forth from heaven's wide opened gates to meet their beloved chief who in the days of his mortality had led their embattled squadrons to the war. At sight of him even these blessed spirits seem to feel new raptures and to look more dazlingly bright. In joyous throngs they pour around him; they devour him with their eyes of love; they embrace him in transports of tenderness unutterable, while from their red-seate cheeks tears of joy such as angles

weep roll down. All that followed was too much for the dazzled eye of migration. She was seen to return with the quick-panting bosom and looks entranced of a fond mother near swooning at sudden sight of a dear loved son, deemed lost, but now found and raised to kingly honors. She was heard passionately to exclaim, with palms and eyes lifted to heaven, "Oh, who can count the stars of Jacob or number the fourth part of the blessings of Israel? Let me die the death of Washington and may my latter end be like his!"

It may lend additional interest to the book to set down the circumstances that Mr. Lincoln, in the days of his poverty-stricken youth, borrowed Weems's *Life of Washington* and devoured it eagerly as all boys do; but having left it exposed to the rain, where it became utterly spoiled, he pulled corn for three days to pay the owner for its loss.—*N. Y. Sun*

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

CAPTAIN GLOVER'S EXPEDITION.

It appears from the latest news from the neighborhood of the River Volta, that Captain Glover has now in camp on the banks of the river about 1,200 Houssas and it was expected that before the end of November he would have an additional force of 30,000 well armed native auxiliaries at his disposal. His first business will be to deal with the Awoonlahs and Aquamoos, two tribes who are ancient allies of the King of Ashantee, having within the last twelve months supplied that monarch with large quantities of ammunition and salt. The expedition is encamped on the western bank of the Volta, at a place called Jenzenna. A correspondent, commenting on Captain Glover's plans and tactics, says that his Excellency, from former experience, is well acquainted with the "ins and outs" literally of the Volta, and figuratively of the disposition, character, and "tricks" of the Awoonlahs, a tribe inhabiting the eastern banks of the river, who, for twenty years past, have been the cause of much trouble to the British Government, and for the last five years been undisguised allies of the Ashantees. The sovereignty over these tribes was handed over to the English Government by the Danes in 1856, when the latter handed over their other possessions on the coast to the English. The Danes obtained their sovereignty over the Awoonlahs by conquest. To know Captain Glover's character is to be well assured of the success of his plans. His subordinates are treated by him with unvarying kindness; but he nevertheless demands and receives prompt and cheerful obedience to his orders. The next fortnight will undoubtedly open the "Glover expedition" on the Volta, and its important bearing on the future welfare of these districts cannot be too highly estimated. King Tockee of Accra has started for the camp, and will be joined in less than a week by from 12,000 to 15,000 of his followers. The Kreepees, Kroboos, and a portion of the Aquapims, to the number of 17,000 men, are already in the field; so that in less than ten days Captain Glover will have at his disposal no less than 30,000 native auxiliaries, well armed and equipped and eager to follow him—the Kreepees especially, burning to take vengeance for the disastrous ruin caused to their country by the Awoonlahs, Ashantees, and Aquamoos in 1868, 1869, and 1870. This force is irrespective of 1,500 Houssas and Lagos people, also encamped at the Volta, and some 8,000 auxiliary Agotims to

the north east of Awoonlah. There is not the shadow of a doubt that if the Awoonlahs, as it is rumoured they will, attempt to hinder the execution of any of Captain Glover's plans, a very speedy account of them will be rendered by that officer.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WEDS THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIÉ.

St. Petersburg, 23rd.—The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchess Marié was solemnized at one o'clock this afternoon. The day has been observed as a holiday, and since early morning when salutes were fired, the streets are crowded with people, the festivities in celebration of the event, will continue several days. The city is gaily decorated, and it will be illuminated to night, Saturday and Sunday nights. On Monday a grand military review will take place in front of the winter palace. The troops participating will consist of forty-one Battalions of Infantry, thirty-seven squadrons of Cavalry and an artillery force 140 guns. Weather delightful and sleighing splendid.

Throughout the entire country the bells are ringing in honor of the nuptials and marriage, services are being celebrated in the English Church.

THE DAY IN LONDON.

London, 23rd.—Flags are displayed from all public and many private buildings, in honor of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh. The residence of the Prince of Wales, at Sandringham, and other buildings occupied by the Royal Family are profusely decorated with bunting.

UNITED STATES

A St. Louis despatch says that Sage & Co, representing themselves as a branch of an extensive Detroit house of the same name, have absconded, after swindling extensively. One bank advanced them five hundred on warehouse receipt for two hundred barrels of whiskey. The barrels proved to be filled with water. The exact amount they realized is not known.

A despatch from Havana, 17th last., viz., Key West and Washington, says the Spaniards under Esponda, numbering six hundred and fifty, met eighteen hundred insurgents at Los Meloles, and after a fight of six and a half hours, the Spaniards retired with a loss of fifty four wounded.

Private Cuban advices report that Esponda had 1200 men, only 250 of whom escaped death wounds or capture. The Cubans regard this as a great victory for them. It is semi-officially reported that preparations are being concluded for a draft of twenty thousand men to suppress the insurrection. They will be conscripted from Cubans and negroes who are to be freed. The majority of the conscripts being Cuban sympathizers, the proposed measure is regarded as absurd. A forced loan of thirty millions is disagreeable to all natives and foreigners. The latter pay because their business depends thereon.

As the United States man-of-war, *Worcester*, sailed from Havana on the 15th inst., with the band playing, the rabble congregated on the wharf and hissed as she passed, dipping her flag to Morrocastle and the Spanish war vessels.

The Imperial Parliament has been dissolved,—the writs issued for a general Election,—and the new House summoned to meet on the 5th March. Mr. GLADSTONE explains his reasons for this step in his address to the electors of Greenwich, as follows:—

"That, since the defeat of the Government upon the Irish Higher Education question by the concurrent efforts of the leader of the Opposition and the Catholic prelatry of Ireland, the Government has not been possessed of sufficient authority to carry out great legislative measures. Its experience, during the recess of Parliament, has not indicated that any improvement in its position was probable. The chief of the Opposition having refused to accept office on the occasion of that defeat of the Government, and the Cabinet feeling that they have not the support which every Ministry ought to enjoy, an appeal to the people is the proper remedy for such a state of things. The advantage of a dissolution at the present moment is that the estimates are so far advanced that the Government is able to promise a surplus of five millions sterling, with which it intends to abolish the Income Tax, and to relieve Local Taxation. Among the matters likely to come before Parliament are the readjustment of the Educational Act, the improvement of the Local Government, and of the Land, Game and Liquor laws. The address promises a large measure of relief from duties on articles entering into general consumption, and expresses a hope for the speedy assimilation of the County with the Borough Franchise."

We learn per special telegram that three regiments of British troops have been ordered to be held in readiness for departure to Canada. The cities in which they are to be quartered has not yet been decided. Our correspondent further telegraphs that this intelligence is in every way reliable; in so far as the present intentions of the Home Government are concerned.—*Citizen*.

We regret to have to announce the death of J. B. Lewis, Esq., Q.C., one of the Candidates for the representation of Ottawa in the House of Commons, whose melancholy event took place on Saturday evening. We learn the immediate cause of death was inflammation of the bowels. His death has cast a gloom over the whole city, for he was universally respected, and doubtless would again be re-elected as one of its representatives.

A special despatch from Greensboro', N.C., gives additional particulars of the death of the Simese Twins. Last Saturday one of the twins' sons, who slept on the stairs, heard a cry of alarm, and went to the twins' sleeping room. Eng was found greatly excited, his brother Chang having died during the night. He grew gradually worse, remarking, "I suppose I must die too." In two hours he expired. The family physician and other medical men, after the death of the twins, desired to cut the ligament that bound them to examine it in the interest of science, but they were not allowed to. It is believed, however, that the relatives may be prevailed upon to permit an examination,

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The Volunteer Review,

AND

MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

"Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard the Monarch, fence the Law."

OTTAWA, TUESDAY, JAN. 27, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters addressed to either the Editor or Publisher, as well as Communications intended for publication, must, in addition to the pre-paid Correspondents who have in mind that one end of the envelope should be left open, and at the corner the words "Printer's copy" written and a two or five cent stamp (according to the weight of the communication) placed thereon will pay the postage.

The City of Ottawa is the Capital of the Dominion of Canada; it has for its population as fair a proportion of individuals whose martial instincts and patriotism impel them to discharge the first duty every man owes to the State, by qualifying themselves for military service, as every other city on this continent, and while they have always displayed commendable energy and eagerness in time of danger, and their services were warmly acknowledged; yet the civic authorities and the good citizens generally repaid those services by any amount of tall talk alone, carefully avoiding any tangible evidence of their gratitude.

We do not set up for municipal reformers nor is it our desire to meddle with matters out of the line of duty, but the Volunteer Force of the City of Ottawa deserve at least

some recognition of their services beyond that which affords the local orators an opportunity to exhibit their rhetorical powers; and we would suggest that the great want of the force is a drill shed or building which may be applied to that purpose or any other which would be necessary.

It is well known that the city does not possess a single public edifice in which a promenade concert could be given—and it argues little for the spirit that pervades its people to find that on every occasion when a citizens' ball or other public demonstration requires it, recourse must be had to structures most inappropriate in position and design for the purpose.

Now, a well designed public building could be erected on Cartier Square capable of affording accommodation to the Volunteer Force of all arms as a drill shed and armory, and at the same time have sufficient space for concert rooms or any other public purpose.

The Township of Nepean adjoining the city has erected a most tasteful and commodious drill shed for the company of the 43rd battalion, and it is used for agricultural exhibitions as well as other purposes; would it not be possible for the city to follow so good an example, and by an expenditure commensurate with its position and pretensions, apply a remedy to the present rather disgraceful state of affairs? An expenditure of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars should provide an ample drill shed and armory with an upper story capable of being used as a concert or assembly room.

This is a chance for some of the city fathers to immortalize themselves, and even the gratitude of the public.

We have to acknowledge the receipt from Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, late 56th Regt., Literarian and Assistant Secretary to "The Royal United Institution," of a pamphlet "On Colonial Defence," by Captain J. C. R. COLOMB, late R.M.A., read before the Royal Colonial Institute on 28th June, 1870, which we deem of sufficient value to reprint for the benefit of our readers, because it contains not only vast amount of sound military strategy as applied to a subject considered almost without the pale of that science, but clear logical deductions which points unmistakably to the political as well practical necessity which exists for the application of the Federal principle to the dependencies of the Empire.

The strategy of defence as applied to its outlying and isolated dependencies is treated with the confidence of a master hand, and the total ignorance of the principles on which it is based as manifested by the British Government illustrated, by incidents in the career of Admiral SEMMES and the *Alabama*, showing how England paid three millions sterling, not because of the damage done by that bold cruiser, but because Mr.

WELLES, the United States Secretary of the Navy, was utterly ignorant of military strategy.

We quite agree with the gallant lecturer that a Federation of the Empire is a necessity—that a Federal fleet and a Federal army are requirements of the day, and that the defence of Great Britain as well as of its most insignificant dependency is incomplete without it. We are also certain that the colonies are prepared to pay their share of the cost as well as to bear their share of the burthens, as far as Canada is concerned no difficulty would be found in applying any portion of her army to Imperial purposes if necessity required, nor would she be wholly defenceless as far as naval power is concerned; one of her people (Sir HUGH ALLAN) controls the largest and finest line of Ocean Steamships possessed by any company in the world—vessels that would realize the gallant captain's idea of efficient ocean cruisers in the amplest sense of the term. With all those advantages we still require political consideration and the infusion into the councils of the Empire, an element that will always enlarge the political idea and teach the English people that its defence means something more than the "hedge rows" of the United Kingdom. Speaking for ourselves we want the recognition of the principle that there is no difference in the Imperial policy between the County of Middlesex in England and the County of Middlesex in the Dominion of Canada. Captain COLOMB has formulated that idea, conclusively shows how it can be carried out, and we leave his valuable paper to our readers with the assurance that it will meet their approval and be worthy their attention.

Our issue of the 13th inst., contained a communication from our respected, talented and gallant correspondent, *Centurion*, reviewing Lieutenant Colonel FLETCHER's able "Memorandum on the Militia System of Canada"—the object which the latter gallant officer appears to have proposed to himself of provoking discussion on this most interesting of all subjects has been fully attained, for we question if there is any officer in the force more capable of giving an opinion on the working of the Militia Law than *Centurion*, or who would bring to bear on its practical appreciation to our social system, a greater amount of expression and practical knowledge. It is evident that the working of a system of such an anomalous character must be attended with great practical difficulty—the problem now before the country appears to be the best method of maintaining the efficiency of the volunteer force. As our correspondent has shown most conclusively that the system on which it is based—voluntary service—is not only the one best suited to our social condition—but the one best calculated to bring the military element amongst our people to

the front. We are no believers in vital organic changes—the "Militia Law," was well devised," and only in matters of detail have any errors of magnitude been developed; we therefore concur with *Centurion* in the propriety of a commission composed of officers of the force, with power to examine those acquainted with the practical working of the system, and report on such parts of it as need revision, and there could be hardly a more competent person than himself to conduct such inquiry.

We have always advocated such additions to the "Militia Law," as would relieve the officers from expenses now incurred in keeping up the strength of the corps—the change of arms, clothing and store. On the one hand this should not affect the responsibility undertaken when the corps were first recruited, that of keeping up its numerical strength; on the other hand, no expense should be incurred by the individual; now as it is manifestly impossible to enforce the ballot as well as impolitic and undesirable, the real difficulty to be encountered is that arising from want of inducement to the rank and file, as *Centurion* puts it, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day will not be sacrificed for a paltry 50 cents with the privilege of playing at soldiers for a week or two.

Any project having increased efficiency in view must seek it in throwing on the municipalities the expense of maintaining their volunteer contingents in a proper state, both as regards numerical strength and equipment.

It is a fact that the people of Canada are more lightly taxed than the people of any other country, and this is especially true as regards rural municipalities; it would follow that a revision of the "Militia Law" should look to that source as available for the increased expenditure, which as a matter of fact must be incurred; putting the question of the cities aside, it is possible to suppose that each county in the Dominion should supply a battalion of from six, eight, or ten companies according to population; that during the period of annual drill that the Government should pay each soldier 75 cents per diem and rations, and the municipality a like sum, so that the individual should incur no loss. In this case it would be supposed that the officers would give their services for a like sum as their circumstances would be presumed to be rather better than those of the rank and file, but provision should be made for the pay of their rank if such was required. The municipalities should provide all drill sheds, armories, and proper custodians of the public property confided to the volunteer, whose officers should be relieved of all responsibility for the same the moment the last parade was dismissed.

Service in the city corps should be one of the conditions of citizenship and ought to be exacted from every man physically capa-

ble of rendering it. A well devised system of organization would add materially to the security of life and property, lessen the cost of a local police force, and be attended with many advantages. City corps, as a general rule should only be moved from their localities in cases of great emergency and while it would be most desirable to leave it in the power of the Executive to use the Canadian troops for Imperial or other purposes abroad or at home, it would be well to establish the rule that for mere local purposes such as annual drills or manoeuvres, it would be best to leave the city contingents undisturbed. The reasons are sufficiently obvious, at certain periods of the year agricultural pursuits admit of the withdrawal of a portion of the people engaged therein without detriment, a phase which commercial or manufacturing industries do not present. Some adjustment of this description sketched out is a necessity of the period, for we are convinced that the military spirit of the people needs no stimulant beyond fair and liberal treatment. Colonel FLETCHER deserves the thanks of the community for raising this question.

The recent complication between Spain and the United States arising out of the capture of the piratical steam vessel the *Virginus*, and the execution of some of the marauders on board, do not redound to the honor of the latter country. The readiness to claim all vessels flying the flag of the Union, as well as every waif that takes shelter beneath its folds, a special object of maternal protection and regard, has led to some awkward results; in the present case, aided to some extent by the unfortunate social condition of Spain, but principally because she reckoned on the assistance of Great Britain, the United States succeeded in wringing a reluctant assent to the surrender of the piratical vessel and the remainder of her crew from the Spanish revolutionary government, under a pledge that the whole case should be adjudicated upon as the Spaniards say, by outside arbitrators; but Mr. HAMILTON FISH, with the ready mental reservations for which he is so remarkable, declares it was intended to be tried by the law officers of the United States, in other words, that power was to be principal, judge and jury in her own case—well it was submitted. The States' Attorney General (and was Chief Justice) declared that the vessel was a pirate, had no claim to carry the Union States' flag, and consequently Mr. HAMILTON FISH would be obliged to restore her and her surviving crew to Spain, in whose affairs he had so unwarrantably meddled. As he quibbled about the arbitration so he resolved (in order to please the people we suppose) to cheat even justice, he liberated the prisoners without any inquiry as to their acts and contrary to the stipulation, and it has been asserted he contrived to sink the *Virginus* on her passage to New York for adjudication,

the latter action is only asserted, but as it occurred with the *Florida*, a vessel the United States was compelled to restore to Brazil, the presumption is that the assertion is substantially correct. As a matter of course the Spanish people, especially the Cubans, are furious at the manner with which solemn engagements have been broken, justice over-ridden, and bullyism displayed by a contemptible foe. The following paragraph shews clearly what is thought of the honor of the United States. It is from the *Voz de Populosa* and dated Havana, December 30th.

"We did not expect anything else from the American Government. It has acted with the *Virginus* the same as it did with the *Florida*, in order not to be compelled to return that steamer to Brazil. Such nobility corresponds with the course of those who are patronizing the Cuban assassins and incendiaries in their enterprise. This will not exempt them from paying the full value of the *Virginus*, she being a prize of the Tornado, or from giving ample satisfaction and paying proper damage to Spain for the great injury America has inflicted in breaking its treaty stipulation scandalously in permitting the enlistment of men after such enlistment had been advertised in the journals, and protecting such men, when once out of the country with their flags and vessels of war upon the high seas and in foreign ports, thereby making themselves the accomplices of assassins and incendiaries. If the weakness or fickleness of Castelar, not of Spain, delivered to them the *Virginus*, the bad faith of the American Government buried the pirate ship in the bottom of the sea as it did the coal barge at the mouth of the dry dock in the Brooklyn navy yard, to prevent the departure of the *Arapiques*, which they feared so much. With such deeds they will gain everything except honor, and they will transmit to the pages of history that which, instead of being their glory, will cause their descendants to blush for having had such illustrious ancestors. It is useless to try to gather pears from elms. What Grant, Sickles, and the rest of the crew can produce, has already been fully demonstrated. For the great wrongs of the Spanish nation, terrible punishment is reserved."

"The *Diario* says:—"Punic faith and American justice will appear closely united in history; enjoying some unenviable celebrity. Punic faith was severely condemned by all ancient peoples. American justice will merit the name of iniquity among the moderns. The *Diario* referring to the liberation of the *Virginus* prisoners, says the word infamy rises to our lips, and is applicable to the conduct of the American Government officials. The liberation of these prisoners makes it appear as though they were innocent. We can only answer that American justice is iniquity and perfidy. This is the judgment which the signers of the Washington protocol reserved. This judgment is a bloody farce, committed against Spain before the eyes of humanity. When an American war vessel took a confederate cruiser from Brazil the act was declared a violation of the rights of the latter government, and the return of the cruiser ordered. The Americans sink her to avoid complying with the duty of returning her. We were told that Spain insisted upon the return of the *Virginus*; now we learn of its loss. We believe the motive of the United States for its action towards Spain is the same as towards Brazil; we believe, and we

cannot do less than call the act a low fraud. The Madrid government was fully justified in its demand for the return of the steamer and prisoners, and it is now their unavoidable duty to demand the delivery of the latter, turn them over to their captors, and full satisfaction for the fraud employed. Weakness made us ridiculous, and only firmness can place us in a position that befits us. The Spaniards in Cuba protest against such iniquitous manoeuvres in an interview with Captain General Jouveller. The latter stated that newspapers gave their opinions. The Government neither inspires nor is responsible for the articles they print. The Government acts independently and according to circumstances. It does not follow that because articles pass the censure of the press that they reflect the opinions of Capt. General Jouveller, who denies having seen them.

That portion of the English Press which distinguished itself by loudly abetting the action of the Washington Cabinet must find themselves in an ugly position; it is evident their virtuous indignation was not warranted by facts, and that they presumed to pass in judgment on matters of which they literally knew nothing; and backed by their influence the overbearing bullyism of the people of the United States in order to advance the projects of unscrupulous politicians.

Throughout the whole of the transaction the course of the United States has been marked by falsehood. Before the capture of the *Virginias* the Spanish frigate *Arapiles* sought the aid of the United States Navy Yard at Brooklyn in order to effect some repairs, when just ready for sea a coal barge was sunk conveniently across the gate of dock, and she was virtually detained as a prisoner by a friendly power, under pretence of an accident the real reason being that alone; there was no vessel in the United States Navy capable of resisting her. The following version of the transaction is taken from the *United States Army and Navy Journal* of 13th December, but the master of the barge says she was taken forcible possession of by the United States naval officers, that he was turned out of her with his crew, were not allowed to remove their property, and the next thing he heard was that the barge was sunk in front of the dock gates, he also states that he was paid the full value of property lost by the dockyard authorities. Our contemporary, however, makes the best of a bad business, as the paragraph alluded to will show:—

"On the morning of December 6, about one o'clock, a coal barge, laden with some 200 or 300 tons of coal sunk near the gate of the dry dock at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, completely obstructing the opening of the dock. It appears that the barge arrived at the yard late on the previous evening and was moored near the dry dock gate and must have struck a ledge which projects about four feet beyond the stone work of the dock. This ledge has caused similar accidents as many as four times before the coal barge *Upland* was sunk. In 1865 one of our iron-clads was found in the middle of the night keeled over so much on one side as to par-

tially submerge her deck, one side of her resting on the ledge. In constructing the dry dock at this yard piles were driven for the stone work to rest upon. An outside planking was placed against the piles and broken stone and cement were used to fill in and make the work stronger and more durable. This extending beyond the dock proper has caused the accident referred to. The accident happening at this particular time, and when the Spanish iron-clad frigate *Arapiles* was ready to leave the dock, after completing her repairs, have given rise to many conjectures, and absurd statements have been made by the daily press. It certainly is very aggravating to the Spanish officers, however it may have occurred. The sunken barge was examined by divers December 10, and as soon as practicable she will be raised."

The whole transaction is a miserable record of bad faith, want of national honor and pusillanimity, which looks badly on the page of history of the present or future for the nation that permits such an outrage on honesty.

The following article which is extracted from the *Volunteer News* of 26th November opens a very interesting problem to our amateur riflemen. The value of the weapon altogether, not on its own excellence, but on that of the cartridge fired from it; therefore it is necessary to have those manufactured with extreme care for as the experiments shew a single defection one may render the weapon useless. We should like to have the opinions of some of our reader experts on this subject; it is not by any means a new development.

An article on the subject of the Mauser rifle, and which is the best rifle, has appeared in the Russian military periodical *Il'Oronjeik Sbornik*, or "Review of Long-range Firearms," under the title, "Actual State of Manufacture of Firearms in England, Belgium, Prussia, and Austria," and contains some excellent remarks. It is from the pen of an officer of high rank, who has been superintending some searching experiments with regard to the question of long range small arms. We take the following from it:—

"The Prussians whilst acknowledging that the needle-gun has had its day, hesitated to give large orders for the Mauser rifle. In this they have shewn circumspection; and the indecision proves that they have not perfect faith in these results which by other Powers are considered as decisive, results from which it appears that each believes that the problem has been solved to his own advantage. It is actually stated that attention is at present being paid to improving the Mauser system, that the imperfections of this arm are being remedied. In what do these alterations consist? It would be difficult to point out, as they are being carried out with the greatest secrecy. The result of all this is that we cannot say what will be the pattern actually adopted, and if it will present any feature quite peculiar to it, distinguishing it completely from those which other Powers have adopted into their service.

"In our opinion the Mauser system comprises the two systems, Chassepot and Berdan No. 2. The time actually required for loading is nearly the same as that for the needle-gun, an advantage to which the

Prussians attach great importance, because it will consequently be unnecessary to teach the men a new leading drill. Moreover, the whole of the mechanism in the Mauser system can be taken to pieces without any tools being required; a great advantage and one which until now has alone been peculiar to the Prussian needle gun. We have not seen the new cartridge, but as far as we can judge from what has been told us, it is very similar to our Berdan cartridge, but it has been really said that it is the Bavarian Werder cartridge which has been adopted.

"Nowadays, when those persons who are interested in the weapons with which troops are armed, meet together, they are pretty sure to ask, 'Which do you consider to be the best rifle?' It appears to me that all discussions on this subject are now evident proof that no determination has yet been arrived at as to whether a large or small bore is preferable for a weapon which fires rapidly, apparently because this question has been argued out to such an extent that no doubt can any longer be entertained with regard to it. In the same way the problem which consisted in deciding whether the barrels should be of steel or iron has been solved; ten years ago it was a point which gave rise to much controversy. As for us, after numbers of experiments carried with arms made on different patterns, firing metal cartridges, adopted by the various Powers are equally good, if the cartridges are good, and equally bad when the cartridges are bad.

"This conclusion might appear strange to many people, and yet there is nothing in it which is not perfectly natural. In fact every one ought to know that where the rifle is of that pattern with which metal cartridges are to be used, paper cartridges cannot possibly be fired from it. We may ask why. Because this pattern is not constructed in such a manner as to hermetically close the breech by means of the mechanism, the paper cartridge likewise cannot be expected to do it, from whence it results that if the cartridges split, that is to say when they are bad, we may say that none of the patterns which have been adopted would stand continuous firing.

"According to our views there is no reason to go into the question as to this or that part of the breech apparatus getting out of order, in order to determine upon the value of such and such a pattern. We are perfectly convinced that it is possible by splitting the cartridge up and inserting it in a particular manner to make everyone of the different patterns adopted in the service unserviceable. We have not the slightest doubt in this respect. We believe that to obviate this inconvenience attention must be paid more to the manufacture of the cartridge than to the construction of the rifle. This was the answer which I always made when the question of the best pattern of rifle was mooted, and the majority were of my opinion. In a certain small-arm manufactory, however, I encountered a strong opposition; I was told that the pattern shown to me was one which it would be impossible to injure or render unserviceable, and I was pressed to put it to the test. To decline this invitation would have been to acknowledge that my allegations had no foundation, consequently it was necessary to put them to the proof.

"I was asked to explain the detail of my method of proceeding. I requested that a cut should be made in the edge of one cartridge, and one along the socket of a

second one. I inserted the first one and fired, then the second one; no particular result ensued. It would have been most mortifying to have succumbed. I said to myself, 'Are my assertions to be looked upon as nonsense? in which case these strangers will have good cause for laughing at me.' It would not do to hesitate, as I took a file, made an incision in an cartridge, and fired. A slight flash escaped from the breech. The inventor, who was present during this experiment, on observing this explosion (the others not having observed it), convinced that everything was right, suggested that I should open the breech mechanism. I tried to do so, but it would not open; in my turn, I begged the assistants to try to open it; they succeeded, but only by the united strength of two persons. The interior was covered by a thick bed of scales. I was told that the difficulty which had been experienced in opening the breech lock was due to this fouling, and not to any injury sustained by the breech mechanism. To settle this question, I requested that the mechanism might be cleaned. On taking it out, it was evident that the difficulty above mentioned was not due to the fouling, but to the fact that the pivot on which the breech closing apparatus turns was greatly bent; most probably the mechanism would have been blown out had a second shot been fired. With regard to that, I was told that the injury to the pivot was of no consequence and that the rifle could be fired without it. To prove this, two shots were fired by hand; but each time when I asked the man who fired if he would be willing to fire again, but with a notched cartridge, he distinctly declined. 'Thus you see,' I said to those present, 'when the cartridge is not split (in other words, when you are perfectly certain that the cartridge is good) you can fire with a weapon from which one of its most essential points are missing, whereas with a split cartridge—i.e., a bad cartridge—it is dangerous to fire, even with a rifle the pattern of which apparently presents every guarantee of solidity. The persons present agreed with me, and begged, me to show them how the cartridge ought to be cut and placed in the barrel in order to injure the mechanism; which I did.

"This experiment extemporized, so to say, and which had such a complete success, has confirmed me more than ever in this idea—viz., that it is quite useless to endeavour to obtain a method of closing the breech which cannot be rendered unserviceable with cartridges which are liable to split, that for the moment attention should be exclusively directed to the soundness of the cartridge, but this problem once solved, the best breech-closing system will be the one that is cheapest, and can be easiest taken to pieces and put together again. To worry oneself with the view to obtain a system which permits one shot more or less to be fired a minute, is simply to pursue an object of quite secondary importance.

The above contains such important facts, and such good and practical advice, that but little needs to be added. We are, fortunately, able to make metal cartridges which will compare favourably with those of any other nation in Europe. The following facts, however, may be deduced:—That one of the first essentials for an effective rifle is a cartridge, the case of which is guaranteed to be perfectly gas tight, as without that every nature of barrel, system of rifling, or plan for closing the breech will alike fail, the moment the ammunition is faulty. It is very evident that in the event of such a case, the blame must be laid upon the

maker of the cartridges, and not upon the inventor or the gunsmith. On the other hand, supposing the cartridge to be perfect, we cannot give the first place to that rifle—never mind what the mechanism may be—from the breech and barrel of which excellent results are obtained with this cartridge, looking at them solely from a firing point of view, such as accuracy and range. It is necessary to be certain the extractor throws out the old cartridge without any hitch, that the striker does not remain imbedded in the base of the cartridge, that the cartridge is not too heavy, when we come to consider the total weight which the man must carry. Also whether the weapon can be easily taken to pieces and put together again, whether rust, dust, rain, &c., may not prevent the mechanism from working with rapidity.

With regard to the Mauser rifle, three movements alone are required to load it. In the first, the moveable breech-lock is worked from right to left, and pushed back into the breech aperture, so as to throw out the old cartridge and at the same time cock the striker; in the second, a cartridge is put into the chamber; in the third motion, the movable breech lock is advanced, so as to close the rear chamber of the breech, whilst shoving the cartridge into its place, the lever of the breech-lock is then pushed back into its socket. The cartridge used with it is a metal central fire one. Owing to the large number of Chassepot rifles which the Prussians have in their possessions, they are anxious that the Mauser bullet should fit that weapon.

REVIEWS

There is so much of beauty and artistic excellence in the February number of the *Aldine*, no lover of fine arts can well afford to allow it to remain a closed book. The promise held out for the New Year, in the January number, of a volume of surpassing worth and taste, is sustained in this issue. A dozen beautiful pictures embellish its pages, more than half of which are original American views. Mr. W. M. Cary has a spirited full-page picture of "Antelope-Hunting on the Plains;" the hounds are in full pursuit of a herd of deer, which are coursing like the wind over the foot-hills at the base of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. John Hows has a series of five pictures, which he drew last summer in the lovely region of the famous Juniata River in Pennsylvania. One of these is a grand and massive whole page picture, representing "The Juniata River near Huntingdon, Pa.," showing a deep cut through the rocks on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Two large companion pieces, full of the feeling and atmosphere of out-of-doors, give the beholder wild and rugged views of the inlet and outlet of "Sinking Spring," a river which flows for a mile under the mountains. Two other charming sketches, full of the beautiful water, cloud and foliage effects, are sketches of the river—"Lewistown Narrows," and "Juniata River near Lewistown." No finer series of pictures of American scenery has ever been published. Mr. John S. Davis contributes a characteristic sketch of the village "ne'er do-well," "An Idle Dog," which is true to life, as well as being graceful in pose and composition. Specht has a fine picture of Scotch greyhounds, "Gentlemen of Leisure," and "Cinderella" is one of those fairy-like pictures, after Lejeune, representing a pretty maiden sitting by the open fire-place. The other illustrations are a large and handsome picture called "The Old Bible," by G.

Wagmuller, a child reading to her grandmother; a sweet picture of a young lady seated on the flowery bank of a stream, "A child no more! a maiden now," and a dashing sketch called "Budding Genius."

The literary contents of this number of the *Aldine* are choice, varied, and original. A poem never before published, called "The Scythe and the Sylphids," is from the pen of Richard Adams Locke, now dead, but who will be remembered as the author of the famous "Moon Hoax" of years ago. Joseph Watson, a Shakspearean scholar, has a readable paper on "Sir Joshua Reynolds." H. Emily Baker contributes some interesting "Sketches in Old Newport." Chandos Fulton writes entertainingly of "Cloud Pictures;" Mrs. M. F. Butts has a pretty poem, or song, called "When the World gets Green;" Frances Lee tells a capital story of the famous "Moon Hoax" of years ago. "Taking it for Granted;" Dr. T. M. Coan, late literary editor of the *Independent*, has a valuable essay on "Imaginative Friendships;" J. H. Batty writes of "Antelope Hunting;" Rev. Samuel W. Duffield has a pensive poem called "Foot-Prints;" Edward Olin Weeks is represented by an entertaining story, a Florentine legend, entitled "Michael Botello;" Prof. Wm. C. Richards has a jewel of a poem, "My Doubt;" Geo. Kingle a poem called "Blighted;" Maria S. Ladd a sketch of "Polly;" and M. Despard writes of Eliza Greatorex;" the editorial articles are "An Idle Dog;" "A Juniata Jaunt;" and well filled departments embracing music—"Progress of instrumental music;" Drama—"The Metropolitan Stage;" Literature; and Art—"The Brooklyn Art Association." With this catalogue of the contents of the February *Aldine*, we can safely say no other American publication ever offered its readers so many art and literary attractions. Subscription price \$6, including chromos "The East," and "The West." James Sutton & Co., publishers 58 Maiden Lane, New York City.

We have received the January number of the *New Dominion Monthly*, published by John Dougall & Son, Montreal; and are pleased to notice a steady improvement in the management of this now interesting Canadian Monthly. It has a very good likeness of the late Professor Agassiz for its frontispiece. Publishing price \$1.50 per annum; Single copy 15 cts. To be had at Durie & Son's, Sparks Street.

QUEBEC HUSSARS.—We had great pleasure in being present at the ride of the non-commissioned officers of No. 1 Troop, which took place last night at the Riding School, before Colonel Casault, C.M.G., commanding the district, and Lieut.-Colonel Forsyth, commanding the Cavalry. The officers of the Troop were present, viz: Captain McDonald, Lieutenant Flanagan and Cornet Martin, as well as the Adjutant, Major Gray. The men went through the double ride in a most creditable manner under regimental Sergeant Major Maguire, late of H. M. 13th Hussars who came out specially from Aldershot to act as Drill Instructor to the Quebec Hussars. We feel certain that the Commandant as well as the officers of the corps must have felt highly gratified with the manner in which the ride was gone through. —*Saturday Budget*.

THE SONG OF THE MARINES.

The following admirable lines have been written by a Marine veteran (T. J. McCartney) as an address to his son, on enlisting as a drummer in the glorious old corps, and bear the date of "The Royal Marine Barracks, Plymouth, 12th November 1873." They are worthy of being preserved by every man of the Marines who feels pride in the record of the gallant deeds of "the glorious past," and we trust they will be likewise an incentive to the youngest to whom they are addressed to do no act unworthy of the honourable coat he wears.

Come to my side, my stalwart son, my little man of strife,
There's something I would say to thee now at thy opening life;
For great deeds of the mighty past are crowding on my view
And 'tis of that immortal past that I would speak to you.

You see this little globe of brass that you so lightly wear,
Also those tiny laurel leaves entwined around it there;
There is no nobler emblem worn beneath the dazzling sun!
I'll tell you why you wear it, boy; I'll tell you how 'twas won.

Were all the battles of your corps upon its colors placed,
A plumed category, boy, no pen has ever traced;
How quickly would the great names stand on its unsullied fold,
For they have borne an honoured part in the great fights of old.

They help'd to win the mighty Rock long wept by haughty Spain,
That like a couchant lion seems to watch its wild domain;
Both Bunker's Hill and Charlestown Heights enhanced their renown,
And in the conquest of Belleisle they gained their laurel crown.

Their spirit fired the flagging Turks at Acre's battered walls;
They marched through Egypt's burning sands at Abycromby's call—
They at St. Vincent's glorious fight did battle with the famed,
And through the smoke of Camperdown their deadly bullets aimed.

They mann'd the guns whose thunders shook the towers of Elsinore
And long did Denmark mourn the wreck then scattered on her shore;
They were in that immortal strife where Nelson fought too well,
And perished on the heroic deck where that great hero fell.

They bled that Algiers' lawless Dey his prayers should cease,
Fought at famous Navarin to break the chains of Greece;
At Irun and Ametz they did not charge in vain,
But dyed their steel in Carlist blood for the young Queen of Spain.

They shared the toll, and shed their blood, on the Crimean snow,
And smote on India's parched plain the rebel Sopyoo foe;
Fearless they faced a thousand deaths in China and Japan,
In opening those eccentric lands to commerce and to man.

The sun of tropic climes has dyed their brows a deeper shade
In Arctic and Antarctic snows their vallant hearts are laid;
The storm has sung the requiem of thousands 'neath the waves;
Yea, every spot of earth and sea has furnished them with graves!

The lustre of their proud exploits can never, never fade:
They've storied a thousand battlements, a thousand brasses made;
Their blood has crimson'd every land, and every ocean's foam,
And from the farthest ends of earth they've brought their trophies home!

They did their duty nobly throughout the glorious past,
And should the sky of Britain with clouds be overcast,
The gallant corps, whose duty 'tis to serve by land and sea,
Shall, in the hour of England's need, the State's SHEET-ANCHOR be!

ON COLONIAL DEFENCE—A PAPER BY CAPT. J. C. R. COLOMB (LATE R.M.A.)

READ BEFORE THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE, ON 25TH JUNE 1873.

His Grace the Duke of MANCHESTER in the Chair.

My Lord Duke and Gentleman,—Though this subject has direct reference to the Colonies, it is necessary to observe that "Colonial Defence" cannot be considered as an abstract question, any more than that "National Defence" can be limited in its meaning to the defence of the United Kingdom. The full force of this assertion is not, however, generally understood.

When we get frightened on the subject of what is falsely termed "Our National Safety," but one idea is prevalent in the minds of nine people out of ten, to the exclusion of all other considerations; it is this:—guarding the soil of the British Islands against invasion.

In time of profound peace we like to talk of "our vast Colonial Empire, our extended commerce, and interests in every part of the globe." It sounds big and grand, and, perhaps, some vainly imagine that big swelling words must frighten away aggression; but when danger, real or supposed, threatens, and the nation is alarmed, we habitually forget that "England with her colonies is still a giant amongst nations, and that without them she would be a dwarf." (a) and exhibit practically our disbelief in the "giant" by seeking a refuge in the "arms of the dwarf."

Look back a few years, and by past events test the truth of this assertion. Take the panic of 1859 and its results. We were in a state of wild alarm. We imagined that France threatened our safety, nay, our existence. We took fright at her successful armies, and her powerful fleets, capable of transporting those armies. We steadfastly shut our eyes to the fact that the possibility of the invasion of England involves, as a natural consequence, the possibility of investment, the cutting of the Imperial lines of communication, and attacks upon "our vast Colonial Empire, our extended commerce, and interests in every quarter of the globe;" we, in short, forgot everything except our personal safety, and instead of taking measures for defending the Empire, we were satisfied with taking measures for defending the hedge-rows of England.

Again, we owe change in our military system to the last panic. We are told by the Government of the day that England (the dwarf) is now better prepared to resist an attempted invasion than during any past period of her history. How has this result been attained? By rendering her colonies and possessions (which swell the dwarf into the giant) less capable of resisting attack.

The military policy has been to disarm the giant in order to arm the dwarf.

I must, however, here observe that I do not argue against the pressing necessity which existed for defending the Imperial base of operations by withdrawing the insufficient garrisons formerly maintained in the colonial outposts; on the contrary, I was one of the first to advocate the withdrawal of the few regular troops quartered in certain colonies and possessions, (b) as a necessary part of a scheme of Imperial

(a) Vide Sir E. Sullivan on "Our Economic Causes."

(b) For the purpose of concentrating them at certain strategic and Imperial positions.

defence; but the scheme did not propose to leave the question of the defence of our colonies and possessions in the air, as has been done. What appears objectionable in the limits of the defence of the Imperial base, to the exclusion of all considerations for the safety of our Imperial communications, the security of our Colonies, and the maintenance of our power in distant possessions.

I therefore venture to assert that before these troops were withdrawn, before the question of military reorganization was practically dealt with, it was the duty of statesmen to cast their eyes beyond the shores of "Happy England," to look beyond the "streak of silver sea," and to face this truth viz., that the security of the United Kingdom against invasion is but a part of the great question of "National Defence." It is now nearly five years since, at the Royal United Service Institution, (a) I endeavoured to draw attention to this fact, in these words:—"The defence of the United Kingdom against invasion is an object of primary importance, but to suppose that this is the one thing needful in the matter of national defence, is a grievous error. We are bound to look to the general welfare of the Empire. The sources of our greatness are the possessions of India, and our commercial prosperity. Our commercial prosperity is in direct proportion to the freedom with which we can carry on trade with our Colonies and other countries. Commerce is in fact the link that binds together the several interests of the scattered territories comprising the Empire. . . . Bearing this in mind, let us suppose that the view which limits national defence to the protection of Great Britain and Ireland against invasion be practically adopted, and that the whole resources of the country have been wholly and exclusively directed to rendering the soil of the British Isles secure, and that this object has been fully attained, what would our position be in time of aggressive war on the part of one or more great powers? Does it not stand to reason that, as the object of all aggressive war is either to acquire territory, or to weaken, if not destroy, the power of the nation against which war is made the easiest and safest mode is adopted to carry out these objects: under the circumstances we have supposed, therefore, an enemy would naturally confine his efforts to destroying our commerce and our power in India, leaving the British Isles to watch his proceeding with impotent dismay."

If the heart and the citadel of the Empire is alone protected, will it "surprise us to hear" that, when the Empire is attacked, our enemy prefers cutting our unprotected communications and appropriating our undefended colonies and possessions, to a direct assault upon a "small island bristling with bayonets?"

In the celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review* it is written:—"Steam applied to navigation has done at least as much for a defending as for an invading Power; even the stores of coals needed for marine locomotion are principally ours; and while by the aid of this powerful agent the ships of both nations may scour the coasts with favourable weather at from twelve to fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, the railways which gird the land to say nothing of the telegraphs, may in all weathers carry the armies which are to guard it and their material

(a) "Lectures on the Distribution of our War Forces," 1869

from point to point at twenty, thirty, or forty." (a)

Now these are the utterances of a master-mind, but it is passing strange that it never seems to have occurred to the writer that we cannot limit the field of operations of an opposing fleet. If our enemy's fleet can scour the coasts of "Happy England" at from twelve to fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, they can scour the coast of "Unhappy Colonies and Possessions" at the same rate, where their operations will not be hampered by the presence of any army at all. Even the stores of coal needed for marine locomotion, "though principally ours," are conveniently situated at commanding points along the Imperial roads, and by being for the most part totally neglected and undefended, afford a guarantee that the enemy's fleets shall not be inconvenienced by want of fuel in a raid upon "our vast Colonial empire, our extended commerce, and interests in any part of the globe."

It is said that a certain bird when hard pressed in its flight buries its head in the sand, and finds imaginary security because ceases to see the near approach of danger; and the present policy pursued by this country in the matter of defence appears to me to be somewhat analogous. Our Imperial Eagle, whose wings cover the seas buries her head in the sands of the defended shores of England, and blinding her vision of danger with a few men, guns, volunteer reviews, and autumn manoeuvres, her statesmen bid her believe that she is safe!

This is one side of the picture; let us glance briefly at the other. It is not many years ago since our defensive measures were based upon an exactly opposite principle, and one equally dangerous to the safety of our Empire. Our armies and our fleets were scattered indiscriminately over the face of the globe, while the United Kingdom (the Imperial base of operations) was left destitute of any power of resistance. All our war force was exhausted on means for the direct defence of our Colonies and distant possessions, to the exclusion of all considerations relative to the security of the Imperial base.

The defenceless state of the British Islands at the same time of which I speak, can best be pictured by recalling the concluding words of the celebrated letter of the Duke of Wellington, in which he showed the ease with which these islands could be carried by assault: "I am bordering on seventy seven years passed in honour. I hope that the Almighty may protect me from being a witness of the tragedy, which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert." We were then as oblivious to the truth that the capture of the citadel involved the downfall of the Empire as we are now blind to the fact that the security of that citadel is no guarantee for the safety of *twenty nine thirtieths* of British territory, or for the protection of the lives and properties of *four fifths* of Her Majesty's subjects. (b)

In avoiding Scylla we have encountered Charybdis. Where, then, is the true channel through which the Empire may safely pass, defying attack? Many may think, with the Government of the day, that this question may be solved by saying to our Colonies and possessions—Arm yourselves;

(a) "Germany, France, and England." *Edinburgh Review*, 1870.

(b) The area of the United Kingdom is about one-thirtieth of the total area of the British Empire, and the population less than one fifth.

it is every man's duty to defend his hearth and home. Do as we have done in England, raise volunteers, create what military forces you please, do as we have done, and our Empire is safe! Now, let us consider whether this be a true solution of the problem. In the first place, it is not possibly to lay down a general rule of self-reliance and self-defence applicable to all Colonies and possessions alike. The power of resistance of each fragment of the Empire can only be measured by a comparison between its population, its geographical position, and natural defensive advantages, and those of its possible enemy. It is simply ridiculous to tell any one of our West Indian islands to be self-reliant, and to trust to its citizens to resist the war power of the United States. If this general rule is the basis of our plan of Imperial defence, and is to be applied, it means in plain English that in the unhappy event of a rupture with America, we offer that nation peaceable and quiet possession of 100,000 square miles of territory, and make over the lives and properties of 1 1/4 millions of British subjects!

I fear it would not be difficult to find what are termed "advanced thinkers" in the country—nay, in Parliament, and seated on Government benches—who would not think this a very great national calamity. Possibly such persons might argue that the United States would allow the money value of these territories as a set-off in the final balance-sheet of American claims of indemnity for expenses caused by war. It is therefore necessary to observe that the loss of the West Indies affects the safety of Canada. First, by increasing the resources of the United States; secondly, by securing to that power the command of the Western Atlantic—thus rendering it impossible for Imperial forces to create a diversion in favour of Canada, in the hour of trial, by blockade and attack on the southern and eastern shores of America.

It follows, therefore, that the general and indiscriminate application of the policy of fragmentary self-reliance and self-defence, though possible to Canada as a direct means of frontier defence—besides involving the loss of other possessions—is the most certain method of ensuring she shall be left in her struggle unaided and alone.

Similar arguments apply with equal force to other Colonies and possessions elsewhere; but as it is impossible to deal with this great question in a short paper, I think I have said enough to show that this general rule of "self-reliance" fails to solve the problem of Imperial defence. The question, therefore, remains—What are the general principles on which the defence of the Empire must be based?

Before we can give a reply worthy of the name, it is essential that we should understand what is the Empire, and what is vital to its existence. Speaking generally of its geographical position, it consists of ten groups of territory separated by long sea distances. The British Islands, British North America, the West Indies, the West Coast of Africa, the Cape, the Mauritius, Australasia, Hong Kong, the Straits' Settlements and India.

This is a rough sketch of the ground to be defended. Now to quote from a work by Sir C. Pasley, written in 1808. (a) "The strength of an empire composed of several islands or possessions, divided from each other by the sea, will be further modified by the geographical position of its respective parts. The strength of an empire of any

(a) "The Military Policy and Institutions of the British Empire."

kind, whether insular or continental, will be greater or less, with equal resources, in proportion to the facility with which its several parts can afford each other mutual assistance when attacked, and to the difficulty which an enemy may find in supplying and supporting his invading force."

This able exposition of a great military truth brings to light two great principles:—

1. That it is of vital importance that the safety of the Imperial communications be secured.

2. That it is essential to the military strength of the empire that forces created or existing for the defence of one portion be not so constituted as to preclude the possibility of using them in the defence of another.

If the Imperial communications are not secured, our enemy can make it *physically* impossible for the several parts to afford "mutual assistance when attacked." On the other hand, although they may be tolerably safe, if the military forces of each part are by law so constituted so as to preclude the power of moving them to another, we ourselves render it a *moral* impossibility for the several parts to afford "mutual assistance when attacked." In the one case the enemy cripples the necessary power of concentration; in the other we save him the trouble by doing it ourselves. What then becomes of the military value of forces constituted as our militia and volunteers are, at home or in the Colonies, when weighed in the Imperial scales?

If the empire is to be defended at all we must apply, on a large scale, the ordinary and common military principle applicable to the defence of all territory, large or small.

The fundamental principle is briefly this: The success of all operations of war, whether defensive or offensive, depends upon the disposition of force in such a manner as will best secure the base of operations, and ensure safety and freedom of communication. It is useless to do one without the other, for in the one case neglect of the rule must lead to a "lock out," in the other the "lock-up" of military force. Our former disposition of our force risked the "lock out" of military force by rendering the capture of the base possible: our present plan endangers, nay courts, the "lock-up" of military force at the base by leaving our communications exposed, and our outposts undefended.

In the late war we saw first of all an attack upon the advanced positions on the lines of communication; next the cutting of the lines of communication; and lastly, as an inevitable consequence Paris fell.

The United Kingdom is our Imperial base. The Imperial main lines of communication are:—

1. To British North America across the North Atlantic.
2. To the West Indies.
3. To India, China, and Australasia by the Mediterranean.
4. To India, China, and Australasia round the Cape.
5. From Australasia and the Pacific round Cape Horn.

The Imperial base can be rendered in two ways:—

1. By direct assault; invasion.
2. By indirect means; investment.

It is curious—I trust I may be forgiven for saying it—that while the possibility of invasion is not generally disputed, I believe I happen to be the only individual who

believes in investment; at least I know of no other who has for eight years tried to force on public attention the fact that the certainty of investment, partial or complete, follows the possibility of invasion as surely as night follows day.

Consider for one moment on what the presumption of possible invasion rests. It rests on this—the loss, temporary or permanent, of the command of the waters surrounding the British Islands. But remember that the lines of communication all radiate from these waters; the loss, therefore, of our command here cuts every one of the imperial lines; and what is this but investment?

The statesmen who could, in a magazine, speak complacently of an opposing force "scouring our coast at twelve, fifteen or sixteen miles an hour," must surely have forgotten that the hearts of the Empire thus cut off from its sources of supply must cease to beat. Hardly a mile could be so traversed in triumphant defiance without injury, in a greater or less degree, to some artery or nerve, producing in some far-off member of the body politic of Empire results more or less disastrous. It might be but a nervous tremor produced by a temporary disarrangement of the free course of trade, or it might be paralysis caused by a prolonged interruption of the vital power of communication. The question of results is but a question of time.

As regards the safety of communications, it must be borne in mind that the greatest danger to which they can be exposed is that which threatens the greatest number at one and the same time. Geographically speaking, this can only happen at the point of convergence or radiation, which in our case is the Channel.

The Royal Commission of 1859 discarded the Channel Fleet as a first line of defence against an invasion, because "Were a undue proportion of our fleet tied to the Channel," our enemy's "would be proportionably set free, to the great danger of our colonies and to the injury of a commerce which becomes of more vital importance with every step of national progress. But I desire to observe that, though it may not be our first line of defence against invasion, it is our first line of defence against investment, and, further, the front of our first line of colonial defence. Of what avail is it if our Colonies, though protected in their own immediate neighbourhood, are "locked out" from the mother country by a force in the Channel, against which we are unable to contend? Of what use is it protecting our commerce on distant seas if it is to be destroyed within sight of the shores of England? Surely, in reckoning up our means of defence, we should not forget that if our enemy confines his operations to an attack on our communications, and we are unprepared to resist it, the forces we have created for the special purpose of repelling invasion will be after all but harmless host of spectators of a ruin they are powerless to avert.

I do not for a moment underrate the immense importance and absolute necessity of being prepared to resist invasion impossible by purely military forces. If we are not so prepared we shall see the fate of the Empire on, perhaps, a single naval engagement. A temporary reverse at sea might (by the enemy following up his advantage) be converted into final defeat on land, resulting in a total overthrow of all further power of resistance. It is necessary for the safety of the Channel that invasion be

efficiently guarded against, so that should our home fleet be temporarily disabled we may, under cover of our army, prepare and strengthen it to regain lost ground, and renew the struggle for that which is essential to our life as a nation, and our existence as an empire—the command of the waters of the United Kingdom.

We are all so keenly alive to the necessity of rendering invasion impossible, that this part of the subject may now be dismissed. I may also pass from the front of the first line of colonial defence with the remark, that the fleet required to maintain it must not be confused nor mixed up with the cruising force necessary for the safety of the distant lines of communication. To hold our supremacy of the Channel we require a force composed of vessels adapted to the combined action of fleets, and of a strength equal to that which may possibly be brought against it. This remark also applies to the protection of the line of communication passing through the Mediterranean. But on a more distant seas, for the protection of such lines, a special class of cruisers, capable of keeping at sea for long periods of time, is required; the strength of this patrolling force on each line being in proportion to the value of the line, and to the force against which it may have to contend. The fleets necessary for the safety of the Channel and Mediterranean are not adapted to the protection of distant lines, nor are the vessels suited to the defence of those lines of any value as a reserve force to be called in to aid in the defence of the Channel and Mediterranean.

But the defence of our communications is not secured by the mere presence of sufficient naval force at home or in the Mediterranean; for as there are two modes of attack on the United Kingdom, so there are two ways in which our lines of communication may be destroyed—1st. By direct attack on the point of convergence. 2nd. By a variety of attacks on one or more lines at points far removed from the place where they all meet. Assuming provision for meeting the first to have been made, I will now deal with the means to be adopted to this other mode of attack; and this is the most interesting portion of my subject.

Communications, whether sea or land, whether long or short, can only be secured by a firm grasp of the points which command them. The greater the extent of the line, the greater is the number of defended points necessary for its safety. In order to cut a line of communication, the first thing to be done is to seize the point which commands it, and in defending a line the point which commands it is the last to surrender. Such points are the minor bases of operation of forces acting in defence of the line. The relative importance of such points to the line, and to each other, can only be estimated by the circumstances of their geographical position and their distance from the main base from which the line springs.

There is the difference, however between the defence of sea as compared with land communications. Naturally in the second, a purely military force only is required, but in the case of sea lines the employment of a purely military as well as a purely naval force is necessary. The navy furnishes the patrolling or skirmishing force, while the army secures to its bases or arsenals. To leave the naval force responsible for the protection of its base would be to tie its hands. It would be "using the fleet to maintain its arsenals, instead of the arsenals

to maintain the fleet." (a) Some years ago a governor of an eastern Colony proposed to leave such places almost exclusively to naval protection, and the late Sir John Burgoyne thus speaks of the value of the proposition: "Under the system proposed, a small squadron, with 3,000 or 4,000 troops in eastern seas in time of war, would take the Mauritius and Hong Kong, and destroy the naval arsenal and means at Trincomalee, if it did not capture the whole island of Ceylon." (b)

The force thus alluded to might be Russian or that of some other power. In any case, how would the loss of Ceylon affect our military position in India? Might it not gather strength, and might not Ceylon be a convenient base of operation for an attack on Australasia? If, therefore, we trust the protection of our lines exclusively to a purely naval force, by imposing on our fleets the defence of the points which command them, we risk may we court a general attack, not on England, not on the Channel, but on "our vast Colonial empire, our extended commerce, and interest in every quarter of the globe."

It is now time to ask what are these points? and, in an attempt to reply, I will take each line separately:—

1. The line to Canada. The only point is a terminal one—it is Halifax.
2. To the West Indies. Here we have Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica and Antigua. The strategic value of Bermuda was fixed by Sir John Burgoyne. (c) Jamaica, from its central position and capacious harbour, is of considerable importance. I add Antigua for two reasons—(1) because Jamaica is far to leeward to be of value as a coaling station or arsenal for cruisers acting in the defence of communications to the Eastern Islands; such vessels would burn a quantity of fuel in steaming up to their station from Jamaica against the trades; (2) vessels bound for the greater Antilles and Gulf of Mexico generally pass between Antigua and Guadalupe.
3. To India, the East, and Australasia, by the Mediterranean. The points here are Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Bombay, Cape Comorin, (d) and King George's Sound on the main line, with Trincomalee, Singapore, and Hong Kong on its northern branch.

Of all the Imperial roads this is the most difficult to defend, owing to its want of continuity. The most commanding position—the Isthmus of Suez—is not in our possession. Here our line can be most easily cut, and here we have least power to prevent the contingency. So long as the canal is neutral or in the hands of a neutral power, so long is it at the disposal of friend and foe alike. Were it in the hands of our enemies, it is only open to them and not to us. To make this line safe, the occupation by military force of the Isthmus might, under certain conditions, be a necessity. Are we prepared for that?

(a) Vide Defence Commission Report, 1859.

(b) See Appendix to "Life of Field Marshal Sir J. Burgoyne." (c) *Ibid.*

(d) Although there is now not any harbour of importance at Cape Comorin, those who have read the paper on "Indian Harbours" by General Sir A. Cotton, will understand the strategic importance of the position, and the possibility of creating a harbour at "Colachul" in its vicinity.

(To be continued.)

The railway viaduct at Toquella, Spain, fell and thirty-eight workmen were killed.