

own example—climbing the precipitous steep which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress of the American continent—there, under its walls joining in the deadly conflict—wounded—stretched upon the field, faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed—his life ebbing fast—cheered at last by the sudden cry, that the enemy is fleeing in all directions—and then his dying breath mingled with the shouts of victory.

An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture: History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of their day, which affords a gleam of true glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St. Lawrence in his boat, under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, in order to effect his landing at an opportune promontory, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms—then only recently given to mankind, now familiar as a household word wherever the mother-tongue of Gray is spoken—the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' Strange and unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! And as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions in a low but earnest tone, that he 'would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.' And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket: the true glory of the poem still shines with star-bright immortal beauty. How might this comparison be extended!

Of military prowess, in reference to fame, Mr. Sumner entertains but a poor opinion. Animal courage, on which military ardour is based, is exhibited in a greater degree among some of the inferior tribes of creatures. 'Courage,' he says, 'becomes a virtue when exercised in obedience to the higher sentiments—to promote justice and benevolence by Christian means. It is of a humbler character if these objects are promoted by force, or that part of our nature which we have in common with beasts. It is unquestionably a vice, when divorced from justice and benevolence, it lends itself to the passion for wealth, for power, or glory.'

The question, however, may be put—Is there no difference between the defenders of their country from unjust invasion, and those who fight aggressively? No doubt those who die in repelling violence are worthy of cordial sympathy; but the strife is to be regarded, 'only as a token of the dishonourable barbarism of the age—like the cannibalism of an earlier period, or the slavery of our day.' Every considerate person must join in regarding war as an unchristian institution, and at best 'a melancholy necessity, offensive in the sight of God, hostile to the best interests of men.'

Unfortunately, there can be little hope of seeing war and warlike preparation abated as long as jealousies and rivalries are maintained between neighbouring nations; and we might almost venture to say, that if half the pains were taken to cultivate a good understanding among the people of contiguous countries, that is employed to raise mutual distrust, even defensive wars would be unknown. No pains of this kind, however are ever taken. The people of one country remain in ignorance of the people of another, and by the entanglements of diplomacy, as well as by the manoeuvres of those who make war a trade, are too easily brought into collision. Glory gained in battles which are so brought about, can be spoken of only with loathing and detestation.

We close our paper with the following passages, which seem to us to possess the character of true oratory.

'God only is great,' is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Massillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased Monarch of France, called in his own age Louis the great. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness. Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, knowledge, benevolence and power, and as justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only. Should all these qualities auspiciously concur in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal supremely endowed reflecting the image of his Maker. But even knowledge and power without those higher attributes, cannot constitute greatness. It is by his goodness that God is most truly known: so also is the great man. When Moses said unto the Lord, 'show me thy glory,' the Lord said, 'I will make all my goodness pass before thee.' It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are merely memorable in the world's annals, and those who are truly great. If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery or a false appreciation of character has expressly awarded this title, we shall find it given inappropiate. Alexander, drunk with victory and with wine, whose remains at the early age of thirty two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great; Caesar, the ravager of distant lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great. Louis the fourteenth of France, the magnificent spendthrift monarch, prodigal of treasure and of blood, and panting for renown, was not truly great; Peter of Russia, the organiser of the material prosperity of his country, the murderer of his own son, despot, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great. Frederick of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous art of war, who played the game of rob-

bery with 'human lives for dice,' was not truly great. Surely there was no grandeur in their lives.

There is another and a higher company, who thought little of praise or power, but whose lives shine before men with those good works which truly glorify their authors. There is Milton, poor and blind, but 'bating not a jot of heart or hope'—in an age of ignorance, the friend of education—in an age of servility and vice, the pure and uncontaminated friend of freedom—tuning his harp to those magnificent melodies which angels might stoop to hear—confessing his supreme duties to humanity in words of simplicity and power. 'I am long since persuaded,' was his declaration, 'that to say or do aught worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than love of God and man kind.' There is Vincent de Saint Paul, of France, once in captivity in Algiers: obtaining his freedom by a happy escape, this fugitive slave devoted himself with Divine success to labours of Christian benevolence, to the establishment of hospitals, to visiting those who were in prison, to the spread of amity and peace. There is Howard, the benefactor of those on whom the world had placed its brand, whose charity—like that of the Frenchman, inspired by the single desire of doing good—penetrated the gloom of the dungeon, as with angelic presence. And lastly, there is Clarkson, who, while yet a pupil of the university, commenced those lifelong labours against slavery and the slave trade which have embalmed his memory. Writing an essay on the subject as a college exercise, his soul warmed with the task, and at a period when even the horrors of the middle passage had not excited condemnation, he entered the lists, the stripling champion of the right.

Taking an example from these instances of true glory, 'let us reverse the very poles of the worship of past ages. Men have thus far bowed down before stocks, stones, insects, crocodiles, golden calves—graven images, of tea of cunning workmanship, wrought with Phidian skill, of ivory, of ebony, of marble—but all false gods. Let them worship in future the true God, our Father as he is in heaven, and in the beneficent labours of his children on earth. Then farewell to the Syren song of a worldly ambition! Farewell to the vain desire of mere literary success or oratorical display! Farewell to the distempered longings for office! Farewell to the dismal, blood-red phantom of martial renown! Fame and glory may then continue, as in times past, the reflection of public opinion; but of an opinion sure and steadfast, without change or fickleness enlightened by those two sons of Christian truth—love to God and love to man. From the serene illumination of these duties, all the forms of selfishness shall retreat, like evil spirits at the dawn of day. Then shall the happiness of the poor and lowly, and the education of the ignorant, have uncounted friends. The cause of those who are in prison shall find fresh voices, the majesty of peace other vindicators, the sufferings of the slave new and gushing floods of sympathy. Then, at last, shall the brotherhood of mankind stand confessed—ever filling the souls of all with a more generous life—ever prompting to deeds of beneficence—conquering the heathen prejudices of country, colour, and race—guiding the judgment of the historian—animating the verse of the poet and the eloquence of the orator—edifying human thought and conduct and inspiring those good works by which alone we may attain to the height of true glory. Good works! such even now, is the heavenly ladder on which angels are ascending and descending, while weary humanity, on pillows of stone, slumbers heavily at its feet.'

THE MARRIED MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Hang the women. They are always fretting about something or other? Yesterday the coal wouldn't burn and the grate must be set; and the furnace must be repaired: and mercy knows what all; and to-day it's as hot as fire. Save us from the wants of an inconsiderate woman. Only let her get the upper hand and she'll drive like blazes. But I won't be driven. Not I. If she wants the door fixed, or wood dried, or water brought, or the leech set, or the tubs hooped, she may do it herself. Confound it. I can't go into the house, but what something is wanting. If it isn't one thing it is another. I'll leave my boots in the parlour every night, if I have a mind, and she may help herself. See if I don't. We'll see who will be master. Before we were married it was—'If you please my dear.' But cracky,—if her tone hasn't changed. She shall and shan't from weeks end to weeks end, if I venture to put in a word otherwise, I'm shut up by her infernal clatter. Talk about late hours and extravagance. Wonder what she calls late hours, I could stay out once until broad daylight, and she too, if the party was agreeable. But now if I chance to attend the club but once a week, there is a pretty mess directly. And don't never think of her. Gracious me. I wish I could forget her for five minutes, just to see how it would seem. If young men only knew. But no. If a man says a word he is set down for a nippy. He must grieve and bear it, if it cuts ever so close. And oyster suppers. Wonder if she don't like oysters. Tell me about the propriety of sitting down to the breakfast table with her hair uncombed. Once she was all curls and smiles. Now she's slatternly as a washer-woman. Hang the race. They ought to be indicted for obtaining husbands under false pretences. If they'd only show out, the men wouldn't be such gudge-

geons. But no; they'll smile and spurk and twitter, until a fellow is fairly cut, and then, Jupiter, if they don't haul down their colors. And then the baby tending. It's worth a fortune to be compelled to hear the squalling brats night after night. Croup or Cholera is eternal complaint. If I had my way I'd shake cholera out of them in a hurry. But no; they might be doctored with pink and annis, and onions, and the deuce knows what, and trotted until their gizzards are fairly shaken out; and then it any one is to be kept up, why Slocum can set up, it won't hurt him. But I've done with it, I won't that's a fact. What's that you say? Mended my pants? And four new shirts, and a neckcloth? Well I declare, Mrs Slocum is clever after all. If she didn't scold so like—but no matter, I know I provoked her, I'll give in; I'll own up; I'll—The remainder was lost in something like a kiss. Five shirts must have done it—for Slocum forgot to swear when he was asked to attend the baby.

A MARRIED WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ONE WHO HEARD IT.

Yes, it's go, go, go, go, and get, get, get, for every body on earth, but one's own wife. If I should ask Mr. Slocum to go out, at such a time of day, for a water pail or a basket of oranges, d'ye guess he'd go? Not he, not he; I might wait one while and take it out in waiting. Oranges, forsooth. 'Twas only yesterday I asked him to call at William's for Charley's shoes. Would'n't you like to have heard him scold, though. If he didn't tune up. Always something wanting. Wished he could go to the store and back without calling for a dozen articles? And when he came in and put them on Charley's feet, slapped him for crying because the pegs hurt him. Poor fellow, he limped round till his father went, and then palled them off the pegs were an inch long at the least calculation. And now, just because Mrs. Brown hints at a water pail, he's up and off in a minute. Why couldn't Brown go. Just as though her own husband wasn't good enough to wait upon her. I'd show him the difference, if I was Brown. A pretty how'd do we shall have of it, if things go on at this rate. I'll ask Brown to do my errands and see how he likes it.

If the girls only knew. But no they won't believe a word of it. 'Bought wit is the best, if you don't get it too dear.' Dear, I wonder what some folks call dear. There's Nelly Bly. You may talk to her until next July, and she wouldn't believe it. But she'll learn a lesson for herself she'll not forget very soon.

If I was a girl again I wouldn't change my condition in a hurry. Not I. There was Slocum always ready to run his legs off—but now—he'll go sooner for that Mrs Brown than for his own flesh and blood.

But I'll pay him, see if I don't. I won't get him a mouthful of supper. He may get his victuals where he does his work. See how he'll like that. If I should do so: always trying to please other folks' husbands instead of my own—we should have a pretty kettle of fish. There's Willie, he's teased for an orange these three days, and not the peel of one has been seen yet.

There he comes, puffing like a steam boat. If I had sent him he wouldn't have been back these two hours. Calling at Mr Brown's, too, if it ain't enough to vex a Saint. I'll tell him I'll quit—I'll—but no, he'll like that too well. The brute.

I won't please him so much. I'll stay if it kills me, and Willie shall have an orange if he wants, and no thanks to him either—There he comes again, and both hands full. Wonder what he has got now, and who else is he running for? Coming through the gate, and yes—both pockets full of oranges. The dear soul: I knew he wouldn't forget his own children. Won't Willie have a good meal? And I will—yes, he shall have muffins for supper. Slocum loves muffins.

That's all we heard, reader, for when Slocum opened the hall door, Charlie, Willie, wife, and all out to meet him, and get some of those same oranges.

Mrs Slocum did get supper, and Slocum had muffins.

A CHRISTIAN HOME.

Oh great and unspeakable, is the blessing of a godly home. Here is the cradle of the Christian. Hence he sallies forth or encounters with the world, armed at all points, disciplined in all the means of resistance, and full of hope and victory under his heavenly leader. Hither he ever afterwards turns a dutiful and affectionate look, regarding it as the type and pledge of another home. Hither, too, when sore wounded in the conflict, he sorts to repair his drooping vigour. Here, when abandoned by the selfish sons of the world, he finds, as in a sanctuary, the children of God ready with open arms to receive him. And here the returning prodigal, enfolded in the embrace of those who know not of the impurities of the world with which he has been mixing, feels all at once his heart burst with shame and repentance. Merciful God, what a city of refuge hast thou ordained in the Christian home! A true Christian home can scarcely be said to die. It may disappear from the eyes of flesh, but its better parts, those which are truly valuable, belong also to our everlasting home. It has but to throw off the elements of flesh, and it becomes at once that spiritual home to which eternal bliss is appended. All its occupations are preparations for another life; all its actions converge to that point; its

Society originating in the flesh, has long ago been established in the spirit. Its inmates regard each other as companions of the life to come, and deride the power of any separation which this world can effect. They look with contemptuous pity upon the miserable expedient for union after death to which wordling-resort, the laying up their bones in a costly vault, thus making a mockery of home in a disgusting assemblage of mouldering skeletons. Being one in spirit, whether in the same grave or with half the world between, they are still in union.—R. W. Evans.

The Politician.

The British Press.

From the London Punch.

THOMAS IN PARIS TO JEAMES IN LONDON.

CITIZEN JEAMAS—FRATERNITY, and as I say to master liberty and equality! Though, citizens, we have never embraced one another as brothers of the people; nevertheless Citizen, your beautiful works have made you a broker in every hall, in every pantry, in every kitchen. Citizen Jeames, we fraternise. This precious city of Paris has had such a shaking that masters and men are all alike now; none standing up above another, but all equal, like knocked down nine pins; the drawing room has been shaken into the kitchen, and *vice versa*. Liveries is abolished; and bottoms—with crest upon 'em—it is allowable to swear at. Yes; now too, your bottoms is to be a real citizen.

They've cut my yellow plush into kettle-holders; and my blue coat and red cuffs have been sent to a convent for the nuns to work 'em into cockades. On the 25th February, master and I comes a new 'rangement. Sometimes he was to drive me, and sometimes I was to drive him. Equality and brotherhood was to take their turn; now inside and now on the box. Well, all this was very well; and every night in the hall—when we consented to go there—I sung the Marshallsays and the Moorire poor patry afore we went to bed. Citizen Dobbs, the footman, and citizeness Mary Ann, the housemaid, and young citizen Maximillion the page, joining in the chorus. Howsomever, last Tuesday week, the citizen my master, said he must discharge me; for our brothers, the French, wouldn't let any of their brothers, the English stay in Paris, to eat up the bread that was meant, they said, for Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity. After all the citizen, my master, is not so bad a citizen; and as I'd agreed about the inside and the box, I thought I'd make a push to stop and support the Republic. I'll not be an Englishman says I—Citizen. No, I'll be a brother of America, and for two days I passed among the Fraternity of the French, as Washington Spike, citizen of New York. I didn't like to deny my country—but the citizen, my master gives good wages. P'raps it's the gentleness of my manners, but my brothers the French wouldn't have me as a Yankee brother no how. So they was beginning to kick up a bobby, when the citizen, my master sends for me, and says 'Thomas, this American dodge won't do, no how, so you must wear this, and hold your tongue, and pass for a Poleander, or a German.' Saying this, the citizen, my master, gives me a false nose with mustachers to it—for all the world like the things that gen's wear at masked balls; and for the last three days I have put, I may say, a new face upon the box, and never spoke in my own mother tongue. When I swear in French, the horses understand me just as well as afore, which says something for my haccent. You may think I'm romancing; but I send you my proof of what I was, and my Daggettype of what I am. There's I don't know how many English citizen coachmen driving about in the same way. So no more at present, from your brother—Thomas Rew Saint Honary. P. S. Mary Ann leaves for London to-morrow, and brings this. The citizeness refused to wear a Roman nose, saying—with all the spirit of a woman—she wouldn't hide her sweet little pug, not for the best Republic that ever walked.

From the London Maa in the Moon.

LATEST DECREE OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

'Liberty! Equality!! Fraternity!!!' In the name of the Republic, the Provisional Government decree as follows:—1st. That every Citizen shall possess an income of 50,000 francs, no more and no less. 2nd. That every Citizen shall be exempt from influenza and colds in the head. 3rd. That no Citizen shall cook his dinner, or brush his boots, but that a paternal Government shall do both for him. 4th. That all Citizens shall be equal in weight or height, as well as political privileges. 5th. That all Citizens, being workmen, shall be paid by the piece, and upon the principle that he who does least shall receive most. 6th. That any citizen who has a good coat to his back is a tyrant and an oppressor, and ought to lose it. 7th. That Citizen Dumas having made great sums of money by writing novels, and the same being an infringement of liberty and equality, that all Citizens shall be empowered henceforth to write as good novels as citizen Dumas. 8th. That Citizens Lamaitre, Victor Hugo, and Horace Vernet, having acquired great fame respectively by their acting, dramatic writing, and painting, and that the same being an infringement on the rights of man, which are naturally and eternally equal, that all Citizens be empowered to carry out the wholesome principle broached in the circular of citizen Carrot, no citizen