

—a victory without bloodshed, or suffering, or loss, or sorrow, to any single being, but of profit and incalculable benefit to the whole race of mankind, and the unborn myriads of the most distant posterity. May these be the victories that in future may blaze with all the pomp of glory, and all the festive splendour of success — victories that, instead of severing nations and people, shall unite them in bands of universal brotherhood!

There is no frowning artillery here to make the Battery agree with its warlike name—no mighty walls, no upheaved mounds. It was once, I believe, applied to the use its name points out, but has been entirely dismantled, and looks the very abode of peace and repose. So in due course of time may all the earth witness one grand disarmament and dismantling of all her warlike strongholds, and Reason and Justice reign paramount!

Speaking of justice, there is one very gloomy-looking building in New York, called "The Hall of Justice." The architecture professes to be Egyptian, and the edifice is built of a rather dark-coloured granite, quarried at Hollowell in Maine. Its architectural ponderous massiveness, combined with the sombre hue of the material, gives the building a truly prison-