



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

TO-MORROW.

Sweet day, from whose perpetual dawn  
Half of Life's little light we borrow;  
Veil of the future yet undrawn—  
Hope's own blue beautiful To-Morrow!  
Day ever rising—never n—  
Time ever coming—never come!  
Thou, who dost paint the soul's dim prison  
With landscapes of Elysium,  
Still peeps thy morning-star behind,  
Though sorrowful To-Day is glooming;  
And o'er the vexed, tempestuous mind,  
The thunder-peals of thought are booming!  
When th' heart to its black depths is stirred,  
Still, in each pause of raging sorrow,  
A voice—a soft, blest voice—is heard!  
'Tis thine—the sky-lark of Hope's heaven—To-Morrow!

What hoards of Happiness to be,  
Lie somewhere in thy secret keeping!  
Aye keeps, as keeps a sunny sea  
The rich wrecks in its bosom sleeping!  
Yet, blast in that expected pleasure,  
Earth's millions wait, and watch thy dawn,  
As well the owners of those treasures  
Might wait to see the deep gulf yawn,  
And give them back their gold! Oh! when  
That burial-vault of wealth shall ope,  
How shall the soul—and not till then,  
Unfold the landscape of thy dream, oh! Hope!

Like some bright host with untired powers,  
Bright, marching in the morning sun,  
Started To-Day, with all its hours,  
Prepared a bright career to run;  
Like that lost army, madly striding  
The battle field ere day is done,  
From all that field's dumb death and ruin,  
But one voice heard, and that a dying one:  
Such this To-Day's last hours—now taking flight,  
With all their hopes and aims and prospects bright,  
And purposes sublime, to everlasting Night!

Then, wherefore hail a Day new-born,  
As though, upon its soundless wing,  
Some dove unto life's Ark forlorn  
The olive branch of Peace might bring!  
No Eden Bird this bosom's emblem!  
The stormy Peiret's mine might form,  
That binds no nest, but flutters—trembling,  
Lives out at sea, and fights the worm!  
Crawling its sad song o'er the abyss,  
Lead but by men distressed; as this,  
Lost on the world's dull ear, may reach lone misery's.

ANY—INCIDENTS IN NAPOLEON'S LIFE—THE SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

no less strange than true that some of the greatest men ever lived have had a presentiment that a secret destiny their lives, and that they were intended, under Providence, to meet a peculiar and great end. It was the case with Napoleon Bonaparte—Alexander the Great—Pit—Charles the Twelfth—Cæsar—the present Emperor of France—Washington—Moses—Julius Cæsar—King David—Mahomet—Cromwell—Wellington—Cyrus—Daniel the Prophet—Byron—Kossuth and others. The Indians used to say that they could never be slain. He need for an object. The inquisition and machinations of Rome could not destroy Luther. Moses, the forlorn, cast away child in the floating basket of bulrushes, as found by Pharaoh's daughter, through an eventful life, became the founder and leader of the mightiest of nations—the author of the most transcendent influences and dogmas that have ever been seen or come under. How humble was his origin and how glorious his end! Napoleon need to say "there was but one step between the sublime and ridiculous," and it is true in his life's history. See him the poor boy of Corsica, or "peasantry's boon," as he was called, and behold him master of the

world within twenty years after. Every nation trembled at his name—even Albion shook with terror at his contemplated approach. The pyramids of Egypt bowed to his power. Again witness his flight in terror at Waterloo, crying "Sauré que peut!"—"Save himself who can;" no friend to succour, no house in which to lay his head! In St. Helena, his once mighty heart was carried from its resting place, after his death, by a rat. Pitt of England, his great baffler, and the ruler of the destinies of Europe, died in an obscure house, without even a friend to see his spirit depart. Cæsar was stabbed with a hundred dirks, no hand being lifted to save him. The bones of Cromwell were dug up and exposed to the hated gaze of royalists. The present Emperor of France was a post-house boy of New York and London a few years ago. Louis Philippe was a Prince, then an American school teacher—then the ruler of France for near eighteen years—then a miserable exile—a picture of the sublime and ridiculous. A sort of destiny govern ed the life of Wellington. Human history declares that man's destiny is essentially a democratic one—the immediate result is democratic—same is so—the high are brought to the dust, and the humble elevated to the skies.—Ed. Sox.

In Montholon's history of the captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, it is recorded that he twice attempted self-destruction, once early in his career, and again in 1815. On the first occasion his life was saved by Demasis, a former comrade in an artillery regiment. Napoleon was then in Paris, depressed and suffering from illness. His mother having fled from Corsica, was at Marseilles, without subsistence, and had written to him for aid. Napoleon had nothing but an assignat of an hundred sous. Relating this adventure to Montholon, Napoleon says:

"In a state of dejection I went out, as if urged to suicide by an animal instinct, and walked along the quays, feeling my weakness, but unable to conquer it. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual, dressed like a simple mechanic, and who recognized me. He put a handkerchief on my neck, and cried 'Is it you, Napoleon?'—what joy to see you again!" It was Demasis, a former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had returned to France in disguise to see his aged mother. He was about to go, when stopping, he said, 'What is the matter? You do not seem to me. You do not seem glad to see me. What misfortune threatens? You look to me like a madman about to kill yourself!'

This direct appeal awoke Napoleon's feelings, and he told him every thing. "Is that all?" said he, opening his course waistcoat, and detaching a belt he added, "here are thirty thousand francs in gold; take them and save your mother." "I cannot," said Napoleon, "to this day explain to myself my motive for so doing, but I seized the gold as it by a convulsive movement, and ran like a madman to send it to my mother. It was not until it was out of my hands that I thought of what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Demasis, but he was no longer there. For several days I went out in the morning, returned but until evening, searched every place where I hoped to find him."

The end of the romance is as eccentric as the beginning. Fifteen years Napoleon saw no more of his creditor. At the end of the war he discovered him and asked "why he had not applied to the Emperor?" The answer was that he had no necessity for the money, but was afraid of being compelled to quit his retirement, where he used happy, and peaceful horticulture. Napoleon now paid his debt, as may be presumed magnanimously; made him accept three hundred thousand francs as a reimbursement from the Emperor for the thirty thousand and lent to the subalter of artillery; and besides, made him director-general of the gardens of the Crown, with a salary of thirty thousand francs. He also gave a government place to his brother.

In April, 1814, when Napoleon was at the head of his army, preparing to attack the allies, his marshals demanded a view with him. They were opposed to his plan of operations, and looked upon an attempt to re-enter Paris as hopeless. They proposed that he should abdicate in favour of his son. This was also the advice of the Emperor Alexander. Napoleon did as was proposed; but Marmont and his army had surrendered on that day.

After this the allies rejected all negotiation. The propositions and offers of Napoleon to his officers and soldiers were unheeded by them, and he at length signed an unequivocal abdication for himself and family. This led to the second attempt on his own life. He thus narrates it:

"From the time of the retreat from Russia," said he, "I had constantly carried round my neck, in a little silken bag, a portion of a poisonous powder which Ivan had prepared by my orders, when I was in fear of being carried off by the Cossacks. My life no longer belonged to my country; the events of the last few days again rendered me master of it. Why should I endure so much suffering? and who knows that my death may not place the Crown upon the head of my son. Franco was saved.

"I hesitated no longer, but leaping from my bed, mixed the poison in a little water, and drank it with a sort of happiness. But time had taken away my strength; fearful pains drew forth some groans from me; they were heard, and medical assistance arrived. It was not Heaven's will that I should die so soon. St. Helena was my destiny!"

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON IN 1812.

The Anglo American Magazine for July, among a variety of useful reading matter, contains a thrilling account of the Battle of Queenston. We feel, as an individual, more interested in this battle than any other during the last war, because our father took an active part in it, especially in the afternoon battle, he having had a large company of the excellent people of the vicinity of Hamilton under his command. We have frequently heard him give a thrilling account of it. One of his company, the venerable Daniel Crossway, who has just gone to England after a residence in Canada of over 50 years, was conversing with us on the subject a few days since. The British on the occasion of this battle, which in respect of the loss of the brave General Brock and Colonel McDonnell early in the day, was a disastrous one, behaved with great tact and courage. On the other hand the Americans, who in the morning behaved gallantly under Scott and other leaders, in the afternoon behaved with great fear and cowardice. Not so much those then on the British side, as thousands who with arms and ammunition in abundance, looked from Lewistown on the slaughter and defeat of their companions in arms. At the afternoon battle the Americans were as numerous as the British, who had been reinforced; and in the morning they were three times their number. In the afternoon battle each were perhaps over 2000 cowardly militia at Lewistown looking on, and over 2000 American regular soldiers under General Smith at Buffalo, not brought down at all. The British could not have mustered over 2000 men within a hundred miles of the battle, and had on the whole Niagara frontier only about 1200. Nothing in the history of the two American wars with the British exhibits on the part of the Americans more want of foresight and cowardice than the results of this battle, except it be the surrender of Hull at Detroit shortly before. Had the Americans used proper precautions and brought down from Buffalo their regulars, they could not only have taken possession of all Canada west of, and including Hamilton, but they could have sent 2000 men on to Toronto, then York. Harrison was then invading the western part of Canada with a large army of Kentuckians, and would have formed a junction with the eastern armies. He fought on his way down the battle of the Thames, in which the brave Tecumseh fell, about whose death we will give an account in our next.—[Ed. Sox.

POSITION OF THE ARMIES BEFORE THE BATTLE.

The position of the parties was now thus: The Americans occupied the heights at Queenston, with a force, certainly, exceeding eight hundred, and General Van Rensselaer advised, according to his letter to General Dearborn, that "a number