

pressors, it was when he loosened himself from that strong sympathy which only belongs to human rights, and to the prospect of man's happiness and enjoyment, that he became weak and powerless.

The moral strength was gone, the mere physical shell remained. And so Napoleon Bonaparte fell—

“To point a moral, and adorn a tale.”

the moral of the tale being that which I have shown in all the events which I have hitherto mentioned, and which October, in its record of battles, proclaims trumpet-tongued,—that human rights and the enjoyment of freedom are the only provisions for national strength, and the best safeguard of a nation's immunity from invasion and conquest.

Perhaps I should not dismiss these events without recalling that the first of these stages of decline in the life of Napoleon—the battle of Trafalgar—was marked by the death of an illustrious man in the list of England's heroes. I cannot praise the greatest name in the annals of heroism without reservation. Nor can I mention Lord Nelson without remembering that there were passages in his career which cannot be excused, and which any advocate who attempts to justify or palliate discredits his own moral sense by such an endeavour. I would especially name his breach of faith with the Neapolitan insurgents. With these reservations the career of Nelson was one which, I think, savoured more of the heroic in the limited sense of the word than is to be found in any other individual of modern times. He started in his profession with few advantages, unaided by patronage, and even in some degree kept down by a ministry hostile to him in political opinions. He possessed a genius which broke through the technicalities of the naval profession and applied his mental powers to new modes of attack, and that too with most brilliant success. He could even be disregarding of authority when victory was at stake; and at the battle of Copenhagen he refused to see the signal of retreat

which was flying at the masthead of his commander. He exposed himself as much as he did his men, to such an extent in fact that he had scarcely more than a moiety of himself to expose. Nelson had assuredly as ample a right as any man possibly could have to close his career by that memorable sentence, “England expects every man to do his duty.”

The records of October are by no means exclusively those of success on the part of popular efforts—it has also its martyrology in the list of deaths found in the calendar, from the suicide of Brutus, (B.C. 42), after his vain attempt to strike down tyranny in the person of the tyrant of Rome, to the assassination of Rienzi, (October 8th, 1354), who aimed at reviving the forms of old Rome and perished for his temerity. From these down to the defeat of Kosciuszko, (October 4th, 1794), and the execution of Porlier and the gallant Riego in 1815 and 1823, we have a succession of admonitions that those who venture all in behalf of humanity most frequently lose property and life in the cause. Sacred be the memory of those who have acted thus nobly.

There is a last event which I extract from the calendar. It was in October that America was discovered. It was between the 11th and 12th of this month, in the year 1492, three small vessels, the largest not fifteen tons burden, two of them without decks, and upon the greatest calculation with only 120 men—some say not more than 90—were floating upon the Atlantic 750 leagues west of the Canary Islands, where human being was never known to have steered ship before. With the exception of one day they had been out of sight of land for thirty-five continuous days, and deemed themselves cut off from the world of human beings. The wind had shifted back for Europe: this they contended was an intimation that Heaven commanded them to return. Dark thoughts with respect to their leader were rising in their minds. Their organization and subordination were at an end. Columbus alone, with an unquailing soul, ruled, not by acknowledged