

MODERN HEROES.—We take his sketches of two of the heroes who fell at the battle of the Nivelle in 1813: The first, low in rank, for he was but a Lieutenant, rich in honour, for he bore many scars, was young of days. He was only nineteen. But he had seen more combats and sieges than he could count years. So slight in person and of such surpassing and delicate beauty that the Spaniards often thought him a girl disguised in man's clothing; he was yet so vigorous, so active, so brave, that the most daring and experienced veterans watched his looks on the field of battle, and implicitly following where he led, would, like children, obey his slightest sign in the most difficult situations. His education was incomplete, yet were his natural powers so happy, the keenest and best-furnished intellects shrunk from an encounter of wit, and every thought and aspiration was proud and noble, indicating future greatness, if destiny had so willed it.—Such was Edward Freer of the forty-third, one of three brothers who covered with wounds, have all died in the service. Assailed the night before the battle with that strange anticipation of coming death, so often felt by military men, he was pierced with three balls at the first storming of the Rhune rocks, and the sternest soldiers in the regiment wept in the middle of the fight when they heard of his fate. On the same day, and at the same hour, was killed Colonel Thomas Lloyd. He likewise had been a long time in the forty-third. Under him, Freer had learned the rudiments of his profession; but in the course of the war, promotion placed Lloyd at the head of the ninety-fourth, and it was leading that regiment he fell. In him also were combined mental and bodily powers of no ordinary kind. A graceful symmetry combined with Herculean strength, and a countenance at once frank and majestic, gave the true index of his nature: for his capacity was commanding, and his military knowledge extensive, both from experience and study.—On his mirth and wit, so well known in the army, I will not dwell, save to remark, that he used the latter without offence, yet so as to increase his ascendancy over those with whom he held intercourse; for though gentle, he was valiant, ambitious, and conscious of his fitness for great exploits. He, like Freer, was prescient of, and predicted his own fall, yet with no abatement of courage. When he received the mortal wound, a most painful one, he would not suffer himself to be moved, but remained watching the battle, and making observations upon the changes in it until death

came. It was thus at the age of thirty, that the good, the brave, the generous Lloyd died. Tributes to his merits have been published by Lord Wellington, and by one of his own poor soldiers! by the highest and by the lowest! To their testimony I add mine; let those who served on equal terms with him say whether in aught I have exceeded his deserts.—*Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

[From the Montreal Garland.]

STANZAS WRITTEN ON MONTREAL MOUNTAIN.

'Tis good to leave the heartless strife,
The jostlings of the crowd,
And count the pulses of that life
Which beats 'neath yonder cloud;
Think what consuming passions rage
From fiery Youth to hoary Age.

To hear the busy fearful hum
Of thousand thousand hearts,
Whose muffled beatings hither come
In sullen, fitful starts,
And know the strongest and most brave
Are toiling but to find a grave.

The homeless wretch—the jewelled fair
Gazed on so fondly now;
The light of Heart, or crazed with Caro,
And he whose haggard brow
Shows Guilt, and Want, and grim Despair
Hold daily fearful revel there.

With countless throngs whom Hope and Fear,
Wild Love and Jealousy
Alternately torment, and cheer,
Alternately belie:—
All—all press on in light or gloom
To find one common home—the Tomb.

Fierce as now their quenchless strife,
And burning as their Hate;
How wide soe'r their path in life
By just desert or fate:
For all—one lot, one home abide,—
Shall sleep in quiet side by side.

EQUALITY.—Equality is deemed by many a mere speculative chimera, which can never be reduced to practice. But if the abuse is inevitable, does it follow that we ought not to try at least to mitigate it? It is precisely because the force of things tends always to destroy equality, that the force of the legislature must always tend to maintain it.—*Rousseau.*