

France, a nation of twenty-five millions, just recovering from the destruction caused by himself? Who dares to say that the individual is an unnoticed atom in human affairs? With a bare thousand men Napoleon invaded a hostile country, and its king, its nobles, fled before him. An enemy was sent against his force—then grown to perhaps five thousand—under Marshal Ney, the bravest of the brave—his honor, his word, his sword, pledged to Louis XVIII. Yet at the beck of Corporal Violet all is forgotten; the strong mind yields to the stronger—or may we say, strongest?—and with his whole force he joins the army he meant to destroy.

One more incident will illustrate the whole revolution. That part of the French army which remained true to the king, was sent against the emperor under a loyal commander. Arrived opposite Napoleon's position, they bivouacked for the night. Picture the evening in camp—guards pacing to and fro on the dark background of the forest; camp fires shining on martial forms and trapping; royalist colors flying, royalist bands waking the forest echoes—the strength of the House of Bourbon encamped. And what force comes to meet them? With his usual impetuosity, Napoleon waits not to be attacked, but charges on the enemy on the very evening of their arrival—and in what array? Down the long arches of the forest the soldiers see an open carriage rapidly approaching; arrived among them a single man alights and holds out his arms to them, and the royalist army is destroyed, annihilated; nay, more, it is become an enthusiastic, revolutionary army, its commander protesting in vain. Nowhere in the history of mankind do we meet with another such instance of conscious power.

Arrived at Paris, I need not mention the marvellous skill and strength with which his plans for government and defense were compiled and executed. An army was raised as if by magic—two hundred thousand men to a million arming against them.

The events of the Hundred Days are familiar to all, and at its close we see Napoleon at the ever-famous field of Waterloo opposing Wellington and Blucher. Their combined force was superior to that of the French, but Napoleon hoped, by his old tactics of cutting them apart, to defeat them separately.

What must have been the feelings of this man while that mighty game was played? when for the long hours his Old Guards were poured against Wellington's solid squares, almost illustrating the old conundrum "if an irresistible force meets an immovable body;" when, as says Hugo, "each square became a volcano spouting death, each attacking squadron a cloud striking destruction in lightning flashes of steel." We can not but feel sorrow for the man of genius, beaten by the iron strength of the English machinery. We can not but acknowledge that, given all circumstances favorable, machinery can do better work than the hand, but vary one important circumstance and it requires intelligence—aye, genius, to bring about like results.

Men do live through the supremest moments of their fortunes, but there are times when one would think a long life-time would not measure the events of a single moment, that the crush of contending passions would leave no room for life, and if ever such time were it was at the final charge of the French at Waterloo and their repulse.

It is useless to speculate on the effects of a contrary result. It was not to be. The man who would be as the

gods, ruling over men, must be destroyed by the momentum of nations. Even this mighty car of progress is at times a juggernaut, crushing its victims under its iron wheels. The individual who would push back the world, who would turn back the shadow on the dial, who would cause the sun to stand still in the heavens, must be annihilated, with only the grandeur of his destruction as his reward.

That star which Napoleon saw whenever he raised his eyes showed itself a meteor at Waterloo, and has gone, leaving behind it a trail of light; but in falling it has burned a record on the minds of men that will never be effaced. '84.

PUNCTUATED JOKES.

If brevity is the soul of wit, how is his ¶?—Wheeling Journal.

It is without a I.—New York Enterprise.

Do you expect anybody to " " that?—Mirror.

Those are the worse jokes of the .—Wash. Post.

My * * you are as pointed as a †, aren't you?—Burlington Enterprise.

We ~ the opportunity to say that these are real ? ? ? you fellows propound.—Gold

Well, they offer us a \$ous sort of amusement at best and — our spirits greatly.—Railway Journal.

If you were in this § of country we would grasp your ☞.—Meridian Recorder.

An editor is an * his reputation with such puns.—Welcome.

Much ado about 0.—Detroit Free Press.

We would like to £ such punsters. We can hardly withhold a wicked ! When we all get to the hot place we'll apply for the job to put the : to roast you fellows.—Mining Journal.

Beans U have shown such ✕ — X — of Xtra wit, lettuce ✕ another word 2 it.

"Truth is mighty—mighty scarce."—Josh Billings.

"Yes," said Jack to his chum, "it was so quiet in my room last night that I heard the bedtick."

"You are in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" moaned an old lady.

"Which of Shakespeare's plays do you like best, Mr. O'Flannagan?" "Well, I like the Irish ones the best." "And which may those be, Mr. O'Flannagan?" "Why, O'Thello, Cornalius O'Lanus, Mike Beth, and Katharine and Pat Rucio.

"It is not the whichness of the which nor the when nor even of the which, but of the what that constrains the philosophical do; but ising the isness of the is, is a matter of no less difficulty than the whatness of the what."—Concord School of Philosophy.

Of all nuisances, the very worst is that mutilator of music and cardrums, the whistler. He always comes too late school, whistling some outlandish homicide of a murderous tune and makes recitation hours more hideous than did the "third Hallites" of last year. He ought to be squelched.