

It matters little whether the remains of Napoleon lie in a gorgeous sepulchre amid the multitudes of Paris, or raised high over the sea on a lonely rock of the Atlantic, like an eagle dead in his eyrie. The scourge which vexed the nations has been laid by ; the purpose of mingled wrath and mercy which it was called into existence to accomplish has been fully performed. The last lesson taught regarding it was to show how utterly passive and powerless a thing it was in itself, when flung aside by the Omnipotent Hand which had wielded it. The melancholy prisoner of the rock,—the fretful invalid, so unhappy in society, and yet so unfitted for solitude,—the petty squabblor with officials and underlings about forms of etiquette and modes of address,—was the terrible Napoleon, the hero of a hundred fields, the dispenser of crowns and sceptres, the warrior who had borne down the congregated soldiery of civilized Europe, the conqueror of powerful kingdoms, whom the united might of a Cæsar and an Alexander might have assailed in vain. Never was there greatness so great, or littleness on a smaller scale ; and it will be long ere the people of France find for his dust so sublime and appropriate a monument as the huge rock of St Helena. Its dark walls of a thousand yards, compared with which the walls of the great Babylon were as hillocks raised by the mole,—the unceasing surge that idly frets itself against its base,—the vast surrounding sea, with its dim and distant line,—the sublime o'er-arching canopy,—the minute and speck-like tomb rising towards the clouds on a pedestal not its own,—where else will it be felt with such soul-stirring effect that man is so very little, and God so very great ? Not among the mingled palaces and hovels of Paris, or amid the half-infidel, half-idolatrous veneration of its frivolous and theatrical people.

“ Change grows too changeable,” says Byron, when referring to the state of matters twenty years ago. “ In what