

circumstances, think you," says Dr M'Crie, in addressing a correspondent, "if you and I were to retire for two years to some sequestered island, would we find our native country on our return?" The amount of vicissitude and revolution spread over centuries in the past has been concentrated in the present within the compass of a single lifetime; and there are perhaps few things more interesting than those tide-marks, if we may so express ourselves, which, like the measure of Thiers, show the ebbs and flows of circumstance and opinion, and the wonderful suddenness of their rise and fall. Who would have said twelve years ago that a Minister of France would have set himself to court popularity and to strengthen the kingly authority by finding a tomb for the Emperor in Paris? And who that remembers that the remains of Henry IV.—*Henri Quatre*—the beloved of the people, the theme of their tales and their songs, the hero of their only epic,—were torn by these very people from the sepulchre, and cast ignominiously into a ditch, will venture to say that another and very different chapter may not yet be added to the posthumous history of Napoleon? The current that sets in so powerfully in one direction to-day, may flow as powerfully in a different direction to-morrow; and the half-idolatrous respect that more than canonizes the memory and the remains of a great warrior and statesman now, may be soon exchanged by a fickle and varying people, ever in extremes, for a detestation equally strong, and surely not less rational, of the despotic subverter of popular rights,—the destroyer of a million and a half of creatures with souls as undying as his own,—the cold-hearted and selfish calculator, who made human lives the coin with which he bought and sold, and who could reckon out his tale of these, and pay them down, as coolly, for some definite extent of wall or trench, or some certain amount of territory, as the land-agent or the merchant could the common circulating medium, when