

Had the Lord Protector been in Napoleon's place, misled by no high imaginings, and infinitely less selfish than his great antitype, he would have restored their ancient independence to the Poles, erected their kingdom into a powerful barrier against the Czar, taken his revenge on Russia, not by attempting to dictate to it from its ancient capital, but by undoing all that Peter the Great had done, and shutting it up from the rest of Europe. Whatever he attempted he would have performed; and, instead of dying in exile, a solitary prisoner at St Helena, he would have expired at Paris, Emperor of the French, and his son would have quietly succeeded him. The three great military *doers* of the Anglo-Saxon race were all alike remarkable for their sobriety of mind and sparseness of imagination, and for exactly knowing—much in consequence of that sobriety and of that sparseness—what could and what could not be accomplished. And so, unlike many of the great men of antiquity, or of the more volatile races of the world in modern times, they rose to eminence and glory by comparatively slow degrees, and finished their course without experiencing great reverses. There is a still rarer type of greatness, of which the entire history of man furnishes only some one or two examples, in which the imagination was vigorous, but the judgment fully adequate to restrain and control it; and we would instance Julius Cæsar as one of these. By far the greatest man of action of the age in which he lived, he was also one of the greatest of its orators,—second, indeed, only to perhaps the greatest orator the world ever saw; while as an author, his work takes its place in literature as one of the ever-enduring classics. By the way, has the reader ever remarked how thoroughly the features of Wellington, Washington, and Cæsar were cast in one type? Had they all been brethren, the family likeness could not have been more strong. There is the same firm, hard, *mathematical* cast of face, the same thin cheeks and