

as an imaginary apostrophe of Napoleon in contemplation of his death.

"Oh bury me deep in the boundless sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave,
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free,
As the course of the tempest-wave.

And as far from the reach of mortal controul
Were the depths of my fathomless mind,
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world
As in life 'did the voice of my fame,
And each mutinous billow that's skyward curl'd
Shall to fancy re-echo my name.

That name shall be storied in record sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth,
And renown'd till the wreck of expiring time,
Be my glorified land of birth.

Yes, bury my heart in the boundless sea;
It would burst from a narrower tomb,
Should less than an Ocean its sepulchre be,
Or if wrapped in less horrible gloom."

These lines were attributed at the time to Thomas Moore, but I am not aware that they have been ever published under his name.

L. L. M.

A course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy by Alexander Skakel, A. M. will begin the 7th of November, and be continued every Wednesday till 1st May. Terms 3 guineas the course, or 5s. a lecture.

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