

cerning the disposition of the body; and where he had been imprisoned there was he to be buried. On the 8th of May the inhabitants of the island turned out *en masse* to witness the interment. At half-past twelve the solemn procession started, the heavy coffin was carried to the hearse by twelve stalwart grenadiers. Close behind the bier followed the stricken household, and behind these the Admiral, Governor, and members of the staff. The whole of the British garrison, 2500 strong, lined the road on the route, and, forming in as the procession passed, followed to the grave, while bands on either hand made sweet the air with mournful requiems. As the body was lowered into its lonely habitation three successive discharges from a battery of fifteen guns proclaimed that the ceremonies were over.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

Even into the grave insult followed him, and only a plain headstone, without inscription, was permitted. Twenty years later, the French nation, as one man, rose and demanded from the British the remains of their beloved Emperor. The request was creditably granted, and amid the enthusiasm of a people, ever prone to enthusiasm, and with a splendour of ritual never since rivalled, they bore all that was mortal of the great Napoleon to his final resting-place, beneath the richly decorated dome of of the *Hotel des Invalides* of Paris.

Close we here, no space to moralize over this eventful history; one lesson, however, is so suggestive that it should not pass unnoted. The pursuit of fame is not the highest wisdom. Jason sought it with his Argonauts, when he stumbled on the golden