

speeches—simple, unadorned, and concise, the grace of Franklin (for he had also that charm) was the grace of an antique statue; while Walpole's more frequently resembles that of a French painting. They were both men of various and extraordinary talents; but one, living only for pleasure, produced nothing that could do more than contribute to the idle amusement, while the other engaged in every thing that could add to the solid happiness and moral dignity, of his countrymen. Walpole, afraid of passing without the pale of good society clipped his talents down into accomplishments; Franklin, with the wide range of the world before him, took an easy flight into its various paths;—the one could hardly have been more, the other could hardly have been less than he was.

There is not a nobler sight in the world than an aged Christian; who, having been sifted in the sieve of temptation, stands forth as a confirmer of the assaulted, testifying, from his own trials, the reality of religion; and meeting, by warnings, directions, and consolations, the cases of all who may be tempted to doubt it.—*CECIL.*

NAPOLEON.

The mighty sun had just gone down
Into the chambers of the deep;
The ocean birds had upward flown,
Each in his cave to sleep.

And silent was the island shore,
And breathless all the broad red sea,
And motionless beside the door
Our solitary tree.

Our only tree, our ancient palm,
Whose shadow sleeps our door beside,
Partook the universal calm,
When Buonaparte died.

An ancient man, a stately man,
Came forth beneath the spreading tree,
His silent thoughts I could not scan,
His tears I needs must see.

A trembling hand had partly cover'd
The old man's weeping countenance,
Yet something o'er his sorrow hover'd
That spake of War and France;

Something that spake of other days,
When trumpets pierced the kindling air,
And the keen eye could firmly gaze
Through battle's crimson glare.

Said I, perchance this faded hand,
When Life beat high, and Hope was young,
By Lodi's wave—on Syria's sand—
The bolt of death hath fung.

Young Buonaparte's battle cry
Perchance hath kindled this o'd cheek;
It is no shame that he should sign,—
His heart is like to break.

He hath been with him, young and old;
He climb'd with him the Alpine snow;
He heard the cannon when they roll'd
Along the silver Po.

His soul was as a sword, to leap
At his accustom'd leader's word;
I love to see the old man weep,—
He knew no other lord.

As if it were but yesternight,
This man remembers dark Eylau,—
His dreams are of the Eagle's flight,
Victorious long ago.

The memories of former time
Are all as shadow's unto him;
Fresh stands the picture of his primo,—
The later trace is dim.

I enter'd, and I saw him lie
Within the chamber, all alone,
I drew near ve y solemnly
To dead Napoleon.

He was not shrouded in a shroud,
He lay not like the vulgar dead,
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud
From his pale brow was fled.

He had put harness on to die,
The eagle-star shone on his breast,
His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,—
The sword he liked the best.

But calm—most calm was all his face,
A solemn smile was on his lips,
His eyes were closed in pensive grace—
A most serene eclipse!

Ye would have said some sairted sprite
Had left its passionless abode,—
Some war, whose prayer at morn and night
Had duly risen to God.

What thoughts had calm'd his dying breast
(For calm he died) cannot be known;
Nor would I wound a warrior's rest—
Farewe'll, Napoleon!

No sculptured pile our hands shall rear;
Tny simple sod the stream shall lave,
The native Holly's leaf severe
Shall grace and guard thy grave.

The Eagle stooping from the sky
Shall fold his wing and rest him here,
And sunwards gaze with glowing eye
From Buonaparte's bier.

JAMAICA FIRE-FLIES.—I was in the habit, almost nightly, of enclosing a dozen or more of fire-flies under an inverted glass tumbler on my bedroom table, the light from whose bodies enabled me to read without difficulty. They are about the size of a bee, and perfectly harmless. Their coming forth in more than usual numbers is the certain harbinger of impending rain; and I have frequently, whilst travelling, met them in such myriads, that, be the night ever so dark, the pathway was as plain and visible almost as at noonday. The light they emit resembles exactly the lustre of the diamond, and I have been told that it is no uncommon thing for the *Cæole coquettes* to insert a few of them, confined in pieces of thin gauze, amongst their hair, and in various parts of their dress, just as our belles at home avail themselves of the ingenuity of the paste-jeweller.—*Author of Science in Fiction.*