

NAPOLÉON'S GRAVE.

Night closed around Napoléon's' final home ;
 A shadowy form stood by the moonlight tomb,
 And 'mid the shelt'ring willows mournful play,
 Thus pour'd it's plaint, it's sad unearthly lay.

" And is this narrow confine all,
 This low and poor decay
 The mighty end, the cov'ring pall
 Of man's imperial sway ?
 Ye cares, ye sev'rish toils, in vain
 Your proudest triumph seem,
 To the freed spirit passed the chain
 Of life's delusive dream.

Is this his doom whose high decree
 The law to millions gave ?
 A prison-rock amid the sea,
 An humbled captive's grave !

Here should the pitying stranger tread,
 Oh ! 'mid the desert lone,
 The name let young Ambition read
 That marks this mould'ring stone.

A Husband, Father,—unredeemed,"—
 The voice became a sigh—
 It ceas'd, a moan of sorrow seem'd
 Alone to tremble by.

The moon from dark'ning land and main
 Withdrew her pallid ray ;
 Silence resum'd its awful reign
 The spirit pass'd away.

ERRORS IN PAINTING.

Would any man believe, that all the whole-length portraits that have ever been painted since the death of Reynolds, by the most eminent English portrait-painters, have stood on their toes from the painters' ignorance of design ? And would any man, further believe, that when a portrait was sent with the feet properly in perspective, so corrupt were the eyes from long habit of all the eminent painters, that they cried out, " the man stands on his heels !"—*Haydon in the Times.*