law grants the criminal; we scarcely meet with one victim in a thousand who has the resolution to refuse this cruel benefit."

We arrived at the prison, and we had great difficulty in traversing the court, where twenty thousand persons waited, with impatience, the moment of execution. The entrance of the Conciergerie has nothing repulsive except in the idea attached to it. After having passed under the fatal archway, guarded by a piquet of soldiers, appointed as an escort to the criminal, we presented ourselves at the wicket, which opened at the voice of the Doctor. The silence of death reigned, already, within those vaults elevated on the site of the ancient palace of our kings, ; the frightful dungeons, by which we were surrounded, formed, heretofore, part of the apartments which St. Louis inhabited. This court, which the criminal paces, revolving his past crimes, or where perhaps some innocent sheds his tears in secret is the same enclosure where King Charles V. assembled his council; where the princes of the blood, and the nobility of the kingdom, met to discuss the interests of the people, and the necessities of the state. We were between the two wickets, in the parlour of the Warder's Office, whither the criminal was about to be brought. Exactly at half past three, when the Serjeant of the Imperial court arrived, in order to conduct him to the place of execution, the door of a long obscure corridor opened with a great noise, and the assassin, Laumond, appeared between the executioners, not having on the earth, from which he was about to disappear, any other creature who interested himself in his fate, except the virtuous ecclesiastic, whose holy office is to administer consolation to despair, and present hope to repentance. There are emotions, of which we cannot give an idea, even after having felt them: such are those produced by the sight of a being who breathes, who thinks, who moves, who is in full possession of his faculties, physical and moral; and who in a few minutes will present only the image of death —will be nothing more than a corpse. I wish in vain for the power of expressing that which passed within me at the sight of this unfortunate, whose hair fell beneath the fatal scissars, and whom the executioners stripped, after having tied his hands. In contemplating him standing on a stool, his eyes haggard, his head reclined on his breast, every muscle of his body in convulsive agitation, the assassin disappeared; I no longer saw any thing but a man, and sentiments of horror gave way to those of pity. The bell tolled four. At this signal of death, the gratings flew open: he again saw the sky; he found himself, once more, in the midst of men, from the number of whom he was already proscribed. He mounted into the car of infamy, amidst the noise and imprecations, with which his appearance inspired the multitude, and which accompanied him even to the scaffold, erected in the Place *de Greve*, which he had more than once traversed, in meditating, perhaps, the crime for which he was about to receive punishment.

After the criminal's departure, the Dr. conducted me to the keeper's apartments, where we found, in a saloon agreeably decorated a young person who was taking a lesson in music, and who sung in a sweet voice, accompanying it with the piano, the ballad of "*The beautiful country of Spain.*" This near approach of objects so contrasted, of a vile assassin and a young girl, full of grace and innocence; of a gloomy dungeon and a musical saloon; of the noise of chains, and a song of love; furnished me with a source of reflections which I need only hint, to suggest a similar train to the imagination of my readers.

BONAPARTE.

(Concluded.)

Such he was by nature—education would operate but little on such a mind. He was, say M. de Pradt and a hundred other authorities, *supremely ignorant*. He is said to have been a good mathematician—it never could be discovered from his method of argument. He read often, but little; he galloped through a book like a child looking for pictures, and except Michiaval and Ossian, he despised all literature. Miss Williams says rather absurdly, that *she* loved him because he loved Ossian, and that *he* loved Ossian for his description of battles. This is but a poor explanation; What Napoleon valued in Ossian was, not his wretched skirmishes, but the vague, the dark,—the union of natural and supernatural facts and fancies, in which his own mind delighted. But his instinctive fondness for Machiaval and Ossian is not more characterestic than his deep and *undisguised* hatred of Tacitus. It was singular to hear Napoleon Bonaparte, in the face of the world justifying Tiberius and censuring his historian.

He was incapable of any application that required repose and considered as fit only for ordinary men, the usual modes of acquiring knowledge—accordingly, of France, the country with which he was best acquainted, he knew, says M. de Pradt, neither the men nor things, and those who travelled with him were astonished at the *sublime ignorance* on ordinary subjects which he ever displayed in the perpetual flow of his volubility. His harangues (they could not be called conversations) were eternal; and with all his sagacity, his invention, and his genius, he frequently fell into the most common places, ran round and round the most tiresome and common place repetitions, and a good thought or happy expression became a food of talkativeness for hours and days together.

Of the arts, which he *protruded* rather than protected, he knew nothing, or next to nothing. Of painting he scarcely concealed his attempt and could not conceal his ignorance; of sculpture and architecture he knew as little; and his *taste* in both was miserable; but he loved them because they were splendid, difficult, and lasting; they flattered by the size or duration of their subjects the immensity of his ambition. The Pyramids and the Parthenon would equally gratify his taste, if they were equally old; but he would think the Pyramid a more beautiful object than the Parthenon *by two thousand years*. When M. Denon was once expatiating to him on the merits of a picture and happened to drop the word *immortality*, "How long," interrupted Bonaparte, "may a picture last?" "About six hundred years!" "Bah!" cried he, "there's a fine immortality!" In truth Bonaparte valued no work of art but as it was *monumental* and then only when monumental of *himself*. The Apollo at Rome or the Venus at Florence were mere *stones* in his eyes; they became *animated* only when, at Paris, they told their admirers that Napoleon had brought them thither. He forgot that they also would tell of the bad taste and rapacity which had removed them.

He was, as M. de Pradt truly says, a man and of extremes absolutely contradictory; a hero and a coward; and it is doubtful in which he was greater. Conqueror of Austerlitz Wagram and Jena; from Egypt, Seorgonie Leipsic and Waterloo, an infamous deserter; he audaciously invaded France with six hundred men, and fled from it in dismay, when he might still have commanded an hundred thousand: He had overturned councils, senates and directories; had curbed and manacled the whole French nation; had overthrown half the kingdoms of Europe; yet he submitted, without an effort, to be ignominiously shackled and exiled by the single hand of general Becker. In action he was a giant, but in suffering a child: and he who had covered the world with mourning, was never known to shed a tear, till he cried, more for fear than vexation, when his toy sceptre was broken. M. de Boufflers long ago called him "*the night-mare* of the world;" but the chevalier could not then have known the whole truth of his own expression nor have foreseen that the world would one day, shake it off, and wonder at the terror which so wretched and contemptible a phantom had inspired.

Of what is usally termed *feeling*, he had none, but for himself; he never felt either pity or love His mother, when she wished to praise him, used to say that he had feeling enough to wish that he had more. "Pour le cœur," said she, "Napoleon aurait bien voulu en avoir:" but Napoleon himself rejected this half praise, and on more than one occasion honestly confessed "qu'il avait le cœur a la tete," an expression as forcible, characteristic and satanical, as ever we recollect to have met. One of those sagacious doctors, called craniologists—who, when they know a man's character by his actions, can afterwards discover it by the shape of his head; found in Bonaparte's the organs of the tiger and the peacock—cruel and climbing; a judgement equally pronounced by the just and the witty description that was given of him, as "*Robespierre a cheval.*"

His manners, habts and language, exhibited the same contradictions as his mind; his language was a mixture of oracular sublimity, and low vulgarity; we should blush to repeat the instances we could select of the latter. He was by fits so liberal and so sordid that the Archbishop says "avarice and munificence each held a strang of his purse." His manners and habits vacillated between majesty and meanness. He insulted, with gratuitous ferocity, the tenderest sex, and yet took lessons on deportment from an actor; and he is said to have envied equally Alexander his empire, and Palma the applause of the parterre. On that famous night, when he endeavored to rally his fugitive troops at Fontainebleau, and to throw himself into Paris, to continue the struggle for the empire of the world, he lost his time and his health in a filthy amour. And the evening before he left paris for the last time, when, as Miss Williams says, one would have supposed that his thoughts were occupied with contemplations suited to the solemnity of his situation, he employed himself in procuring and packing up tapes, cambrics, and perfumery, for his translantic voyage!

In short, this man—displaying in his alternate extravagancies all that is most noble and most vile in human nature; the greatest majesty of sovereignty and the boldest decision of command, with the most ignoble subterfuges and the most dastardly pusillanimity; listening though key holes for evidence on which to dethrone monarchs, and uniting the audicity of Tamerlane with the arts of a waiting woman—exhibits, to use M. de Pradt's lively expression, a species of *Jupiter-Scapin*, which had not before appeared on the stage of the world.

LONDON, MAY 10.

The following is an extract of a letter from on board the Spanish slave schooner Rosa, prize to H. M. S. Bann, dated Sierra Leone, Jan. 26.

"*My dear Sir*—I have just arrived in the above vessel, which we have captured, after an anxious chase of many hours, and a smart action with our boats of an hour and a half. We were refitting here in H. M. S. Bann, about a fortnight since, when information was received of three vessels under Spanish colors, well manned and armed; being at the Galines, a place about 150 miles to leeward of Sierra Leone, taking in slaves; with great exertions, being entirely dismantled at the time, we got the ship ready and at sea by eight o'clock the following morning. The wind falling, we did not get off the place until the 6th morning by day break; when, to our great satisfaction we discovered a large schooner in shore, who, on seeing us, immediately cut his cables, and made all sail with a light breeze off the land—we after him, but soon found he had the advantage in sailing. At 12 o'clock, lucky for us, it fell calm, chase about nine miles distant, when the second lieutenant was dispatched with all the boats. A little before three, being within shot, chase run up a Spanish ensign and pendant, swept his broadside round to bear upon the boats; and commenced a sharp fire of round and grape upon them; there being a very heavy ground swell on, and no wind, I am happy to say it took very little effect; about four, being within pistol shot, prepared to board, one boat on each bow, and one on each quarter, schooner keeping up a heavy fire of grape and musquetry—our pinnace having a 12 pound carronade, cut him up very much; his main-mast at this time being shot away, gave three hearty cheers, darted along side and carried him sword in hand. The vessel proved to be the Rosa under Spanish colours, from Havanna, pierced for 16 guns, but only four mounted, about 20 men her crew, all Americans, and 276 slaves; being under Spanish colours is all nonsense, as the prize was formerly the American privateer Perry, of Baltimore, and is now manned entirely with Americans, commanded by an Ameaican, and had beat off, only four days previous to our falling in with her, under American colours, the colonial vessel of war Princess Charlotte. When the rascal found our boats getting the upper hand, let about 50 slaves out of irons, and arming them with boarding pikes, told them, that should we get on board they would all be murdered, which made the poor wretches fight like devils; they stood the deck when every American that was able had jumped below. Thank God, we have none killed owing to the heavy roll of a sea that was on; our assistant surgeon and three or four men, are badly wounded; about the same number of Americans are wounded; but the vessel is very much cut up about her masts and rigging—the main-mast is shot away. After taking out the prisoners, and putting her to rights as well as we could, I was despatched in her, with fourteen men to Sierra Leone, where, having had favourable winds, we have arrived safe after a short passage—She was the last of the three we went in quest of, her two consorts having sailed 3 days before we arrived; one of them mounted 18 guns and 80 men, with 500 slaves; the other 6 guns and 30 men, with 300 slaves; all three came from Havana. Her trial has not lasted long, the Admiralty Court here having condemned her immediately. I do not know yet what is to be done with the American prisoners.—The coast is full of American vessels, under Spanish colours, all well manned and armed. To-morrow we sail in quest of a ship now off Cape Mount, with part of her cargo on board; the whole, when complete, will consist of 1200 slaves; she mounts 24 guns, and is manned with 150 men."

BOSTON, JULY 24.

SPANISH AMERICA.

The accounts from this quarter continue vague. The following is from a Spanish Royal source, and was received in Baltimore from Laguira.

Extract of a letter dated Laguira, June 19, 1816.

"The expedition of Bolivar, cannot fail to sound, I presume with great bustle in your newspapers, as it happens always in cases of like nature; but we have nothing to apprehend from the rash enterprise of that desperado. He has not been able to do any thing of consequence since the second of May. Pampatar, the considerable port of Margaretta, is in our power and out of all danger, though we lost a brig and a schooner in a contest with the fleet of the Banditti.---The commanders of the above two vessels fell a glorious death in the engagement, and the famous Admiral of insurgents, Briva, was severely wounded.---As Bolivar thought it impossible to succeed in Margaretta, all his hopes being defeated with regard to it, he moved to attack Carumpano, a poor insignificant harbour, 20 leagues from Cumana. He seized there two small vessels, and entered the village with 300 men. Such is the progress of his great expedition. Pampater has been reinforced with troops and provisions. Another fleet sailed for the same place with ammunition on the 12th inst. To Carupano a detachment of 1000 regulars did immediately march, and they must be there on the 18th.

"We have at Cumana, 10 vessels of war, 6 brigs and 4 schooners, together with a rowing flotilla and the squadron of Carthagena is expected here every moment. Morales, the conqueror of Maturin and of Boca-chica, has arr. from the Kingdom of Sante Fe, with the undaunted victorious division under his command; and he is now marching with wonted celerity to Carupano, from whence he shall proceed to Margurita.

Dreadful destruction of the French in Russia.

We expressed our opinion, (says a late writer) that One Hundred Thousand of Bonaparte's followers, might have fallen in Russia, victims to his cruel ambition, by the climate and sword. The following Russian official accounts, will show that more than double that number thus perished!