

following:—"Other books have given us Napoleon in the field, or in the Court; in the saloon, and in the privacy even of his apartment; but Bourrienne shows him in the cabinet, in the private cabinet, in the birth-place of all his vast conceptions, and the starting point of each of his great courses. The scene of his mental debates, and the asylum where he retreated to decide, to consider, and to give the first movement to his great designs." And again:—"They (the Memoirs,) are in every respect the work of an able man, and we have given our opinions that they are also the production of an honest one. Napoleon is not represented in an amiable

light, the question of his private life. We may say of it, as is often observed of portraits of persons whom we have not seen—it looks a likeness—it bears all the strong marks of reality." This is not eulogatory praise, but it is marked, characteristic, and tangible. It is not such as can be adapted to every work—it has an individuality leading us to one. It is more valuable than a volume of indiscriminate flattery.

We know of no book which has lately issued from the press so interesting as these Memoirs. They are to be classed among the productions which characterize an age. They stand alone, and unconnected with the general histories of the great man to whom they relate. They will be in the page of history what a strong and characteristic portrait is in an historical painting. We would comment for a moment on one of the passages just quoted—"Other books have given us Napoleon in the field or in the court; in the saloon, and in the privacy even of his apartments." True—all our histories consist of such things. With ordinary characters this would be well. The good they have done in their lives, as connected with society, is all we wish to hear—all that will be useful as a precedent; as to the rest, they are but beings like all the less fortunate part of the world. The insignificance of their public life shows us they are so—we do not seek to enquire. But with a

usually are found in a country entrance hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the allusion, and endeavoured, with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured.

A patient of Dr. Gregory, a person it is understood, of some rank, having requested the Doctor's advice, made the following extraordinary statement of his complaint. "I have been, for some time, suffering at five, and exactly at the hour of six arrives, I am subject to the following and painful visitation. The door of the room, even when I have been weak enough to bolt it, which I have sometimes done, flies wide open; an old hag, like one of those who haunted the beach of Farne, enters with a frowning, intense countenance, comes straight up to me with every demonstration of spite and indignation which could characterize her who haunted the merchant Abudah, in the Oriental tale; she rushes upon me; says something, but so hastily, that I cannot discover the purport, and then strikes me a severe blow with her staff. I fall from my chair in a swoon, which is of longer or shorter endurance. To the recurrence of this apparition I am daily subjected. And such is my new and singular complaint." The doctor immediately asked, whether his patient had invited any one to sit with him when he expected such a visitation? He was answered in the negative. The nature of the complaint, he said, was so singular, it was so likely to be imputed to fancy, or even to mental derangement, that he had shrunk from communicating the circumstances to any one. "Then," said the doctor, "with your permission, I will dine with you to-day, tele-a-tele, and we will see if your malignant old woman will venture to join our company." The patient accepted the proposal with and gratitude, for he had expected ridicule rather

knowing the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which attached me to him, consented to retire. This I regarded as a triumph; for, certainly, from the frankness of Bernadotte's character, and his quick sense of honour, he would not have allowed the cutting remarks which Bonaparte appeared in business to address to him. My strategem had all the success I could have hoped; nothing was suspected; one thing only attracted notice—the victim had escaped. After the audience, the First Consul, on entering, exclaimed—"Can you conceive it, Bernadotte did not come." "So much the better for him, General," I merely said. Nothing ensued; for on re-ascending, after a momentary absence in Josephine's apartments, he found me in the cabinet, as if never having left it, five minutes sufficing for my little negotiation. Bernadotte always shewed himself sincerely grateful for this piece of friendship; and, in truth, from a feeling I cannot well explain to myself, the more I beheld Bonaparte's unjust hatred increase, the greater became my interest in the noble character which was its object."

Let us now give an instance of the noble justice of the author towards his master—we might say his oppressor. After Bourrienne's unreasonable dismissal, he received from the First Consul a singular invitation to attend him in his apartment. The subject of the meeting was equally

istence, sat in my deranged visual organs of depraved imagination. Still, I had not that positive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant highland chieftain, who has been seen to change to all the colours of his own plaid, if a cat by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when, within the course of a few months, it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which, at least, had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a grey man usher, dressed as it to wait upon a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty. This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tambooured waistcoat, and champagne-bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and, whether in my own house or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and at sometimes appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honours which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce much impression upon me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce on my intellects. But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a skeleton. Alone or in company," said the unfortunate invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination

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