

Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that
 splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like
 some ancient ruin whose frown terrified the glance
 its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and
 peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit,
 wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A
 mind, bold, independent, and decisive, — a will,
 despotic in its dictates, — an energy that distanced
 expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch
 of interest, marked the outline of this extra-
 ordinary character, — the most extraordinary,
 perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever
 rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life in the
 midst of a revolution that quickened every energy
 of a people who acknowledge no superior, he
 commenced his course, a stranger by birth
 and a scholar by charity! With no friend but

his sword, and no fortune but his talents,
⑧ he rushed into the list where rank, and
wealth, and geniuses had arrayed themselves,
⑨ and competition fled, from him as from the
glance of destiny. He knew no motive but in-
terest, — he acknowledged no criterion but
⑩ success, — he worshipped no God but ambition
and with an eastern devotion he knelt at
the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this,
there was no creed that he did not promul-
gate profess, there was no opinion that he did
not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty,
he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a
divorce, he bowed before the cross, the orphan
of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of
the republic; and with a parricidal ingrati-
tude, on the ~~throne~~ ruins both of the throne
and the tribune, he reared the throne of

his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Caesars.

C. Phillips.