

"Oh! the great, the glorious man!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands in ecstasy, and turning away from the coach, "the matchless!—the wonderful!—the great Napoleon!—there is none like him—there never was—he is a sun among the stars—they cannot twinkle in his presence."

He and his friends received a weekly paper amongst them—it was the day on which it arrived; they followed the coach to the post office to receive it—and I need not tell you with what eagerness the contents of that paper were read. James was the reader; and after he had read an account of the battle, he gave his hearers a dissertation upon it.

He laid his head upon his pillow, with his thoughts filled with Napoleon and the battle of Jena; and when, on the following morning, he met two or three of his companions at the corner of the village, where they were wont to assemble for ten minutes after breakfast, to discuss the affairs of Europe, James, with a look of even more than his usual importance and sagacity, thus began:—

"I hae dreamed a marvellous dream. I saw the battle o' Jena—I beheld the Prussians fly with dismay before the voice o' the conqueror. Then did I see the great man, arrayed in his robes o' victory, bearing the sword of power in his hand, ascend a throne o' gold and o' ivory. Over the throne was gorgeous canopy of purple, and diamonds bespangled the tapèstry as a firmament. The crowns of Europe lay before him, and kings, and princes, and nobles, kneeled at his feet. At his nod, he made kings and exalted nations. Armies fled and advanced at the moving of his finger—they were machines in his hand. The spirits of Alexander and of Cæsar—all the heroes o' antiquity—gazed in wonder upon his throne; each was surrounded by the halo o' his victories and the frame o' ages; but their haloes became dim before the flash o' his sword of power, and the embodiment of their spirits became as a pale mist before the majesty of his eyes, and the magnificence of his triumphs. The nations o' the earth were also gathered around the throne, and as with one voice, in the same language, and at the same moment, they waved their hands, and cried, as peals of thunder mingle with each other—'Long live the great Emperor!' But, while my soul started within me at the mighty shout, and my eyes gazed with wonder and astonishment on the glory and the power of the great man, darkness fell upon the throne, troubled waters dashed around it, and vision

of night and vastness—the Emperor, the kneeling kings, the armies, and the people, were encompassed in the dark waves—swallowed as though they had not been; and, with the cold perspiration standing on my forehead, I awoke, and found that I had dreamed."*

"It is a singular dream," said one.

"Sleeping or waking, James is the same man," said another, "aye out o' the common run. You and me wad hae slept a twelvemonth before we had dreamed the like o' that."

But one circumstance arose which troubled James much, and which all his admiration yea, all his worship of Napoleon could not wholly overcome. James, as we have hinted, was a rigid Presbyterian, and the idea of a man putting away his wife, he could not forgive. When, therefore, Napoleon divorced the gentle Josephine, and took the daughter of Austria to his bed—

"He hath done wrong," said James; "he has erred grievously. He has been an instrument in humbling the Pope, the instrument foretold in the Revelation; and he has been the glorious means o' levelling and destroying the inquisition—but this sin o' putting away his wife, and pretending to marry another, casts a blot upon a' his glories, and I fear that humiliation, as a punishment, will follow the foul sin. Yet, after a', as a man, he was subject to temptation; and, as being no common man, we maunna judge his conduct by common rules."

"Really, James," said the individual he addressed, "wi' a' my admiration o' the great man† and my respect for you, I'm no jock clear upon your last remark—when the Scriptures forbade a man to put away his wife, there was nae exception made for kings or emperors."

"True," said James—"but"——

James never finished his "but." His conscience told him that his idol had sinned when the disastrous campaign to Russia shortly after followed, he imagined that he beheld in its terrible calamities the punish-

* Many in this neighbourhood, who read the Loveller's dream, will remember the original. Twenty years ago, I heard it related by the dreamer, with all the enthusiasm of a staunch admirer of Napoleon, and I have preserved his words and imagery as closely as I could recollect them.

† I have often remarked, that the admirers of Napoleon were wont to speak of him as the great man.