

REMOVAL Of Napoleon's Ashes.

Attend you gallant Britons bold, unto these lines I will unfold,
The deeds of valliant heroes I'm going to relate,
Who for centuries that are gone by, fought for England manfully,
And in the british records, there you'll find the date,
All of a valliant Corsican, as ever stood on Europe's land,
I am inclined to sing in praise; how noble was his heart,
In every battle manfully, he struggled hard for liberty,
And to the world a terror was Napoleon Buonaparte.

And now across the foaming waves, to fetch from St. Helena's grave
The proud and gallant Frenchmen, so boldly do depart,
To bring away, as Britons say, and consecrate without delay,
In Paris town, the ashes of Napoleon Buonaparte.

We read of gallant Mariborough: we read of valliant Nelson,
We read of noble Jarvis, brave Howe, and gallant Blake,
Of Wolfe and Abercombe, great men who fought by land and sea,
Back from the drys of Wellington unto Sir Francis Drake,
They were men of courage true, and fought like Britons of true blue,
Always was undaunted, so noble was each heart,
But Europe we must unders'and, could not boast of late of such a man
As the valliant little Corsican, Napoleon Buonaparte.

When at the Isle of Elba, Napoleon fought for liberty,
And when he went across the Alps, he did the world amaze,
He would never yield when in the field, but strive to gain a victory,
Europe will long remember, how Moscow it did blaze,
But fatal June at Waterloo, did make Napoleon for to rue,
To see the tricks of Blucher struck terror to his heart,
It was then he had to fight or run, he cried, alas! I am undone,
Like a bullock sold in Smithfield, was Napoleon Buonaparte.

It was in the days of Castleragh, brave Buonaparte was led astray,
At the battle of great Waterloo, was bought by English gold,
We long may recollect the day, when Grouchy did the French betray
And brave Napoleon Buonaparte upon the ground was sold;
He in the field then valliant stood, saying, while I have life and blood
I will not die a coward (with his hand upon his heart),
I always proved myself a man, but now I can no longer stand.
My glass is nearly run, cried brave Napoleon Buonaparte.

He was by his friends forsaken, and prisoner he was taken,
And he was sent to England, just like a convict bound.
Far across the briny waves, a gallant soldier bold and brave,
On board the Bellophon man-of-war, to Plymouth Sound,
Where he a little time did lay, and thousands flocked by night and day
From here and there, and everywhere, in droves from every part,
They were struck with wonder and amaze, as anxiously on did gaze
That valliant little Corsican Napoleon Buonaparte.

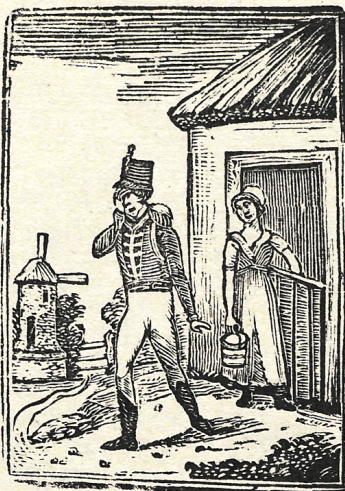
Then soon it was concluded, Napoleon should be banished
Unto some distant Island, where he no more should smile,
And he was sent across the sea, a prisoner for life to be,
His days to end 'in misery on St. Helena's Isle;
Louisa for her husband wept, and day nor night she seldom slept,
The briny tears rolled from her eyes to sooth her aching heart,
Where is my Emperor? she cried, Oh! cursed be that gold that brib'd
Galse Grouchy to betray my brave Napoleon Buonaparte.

Some years he lived an exile, and mourned on St. Helena's shore,
And there, alas, he was deprived of evero bosom friend.
He respected was by high and low, through Europe wheresoever
you go;

On the Isle of St. Helena he there his days did end.
He cried my glass is nearly run, I can behold my setting sun;
And as he spoke, he gently laid his hand upon his heart,
He looked around, and gave a smile, and died upon St. Helena's Isle
And there they laid the ashes of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Now to erect a monument agreed is every soldier,
The peer, likewise the peasant, every Frenchman bold and brave;
and in a very little they'll bring from St. Helena's Isle
The ashes of Napoleon that lies mouldering in the grave.
In the city of great Paris a tomb will be erected,
For so splendidly to contain his ashes and his heart,
And rich and poor who pass that way, will joyfully tribute pay,
To the ashes and the memory of Napoleon Buonaparte.

SPEAK OF A MAN.



The Old Mousquetaire.

'Neath a vine cover'd porch sat an old mousquetaire,
Watching intently a fair child at play,
The toys around him scatter'd, tho' simple they were,
Bore the old soldier's thoughts far away;
At the sound of the drum he was feeble no more,
But flourish'd his crutch in the air—
"If a soldier you be, find a tutor in me:
Shoulder arms!" cried the old mousquetaire.
Then the old mousquetaire, spoke in warlike array,
He built mimic ramparts, and storm'd mimic towers;
Oh, the heart of a soldier was formed that day,
In the garden of fresh wild flowers;
"Twas thus" he cried, "our Emperor stood,
His sword flashing bright in the air;
His cry, 'Vive la France brave! comrades advance,
To the charge! on my brave mousquetaire.'"
"My musket and sword I have hung up to rest,
With my knapsack and belt and batter'd canteen,
At Jena, at Wagram, the East and the West,
With the old mousquetaire they have been,
I could still stand a brush tho' nearly four score,
But prudence now whispers beware,
For the period draws nigh when King Death's shall cry,
'Pile your arms, to the old mousquetaire.'"

SPEAK OF A MAN.

Oh, speak of a man as you find him,
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, let's remind him,
From vice we are none of us free;
If the the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many wee'd pass by in scorn
We are loading with high honours now.
Let's speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say,
If he's frail why a kind word will bind him,
When coldness may turn him away.
For the heart must be barren indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom;
Then why should we cause it to bleed,
If a smile or a frown change its doom.

