



A Dream of Napoleon

One night sad and languid I went to my bed,
 And scarce had reclined on my pillow ;
 When a vision surprising came into my head,
 Methought I was crossing the billow,
 Methought as my vessel dashed over the deep,
 I beheld that rude rock that grows craggy and steep,
 Ah ! that rock where the willow is now seen to weep,
 O'er the grave of the once famed Napoleon.

I dreamt as my vessel she near'd the land,
 I beheld clad in green his bold figure :
 The trumpet of fame he clasped firm in his hand,
 On his brow there sat valour and rigour :
 " Ah, stranger," he cried, " hast thou ventured to me ?
 From the land of thy fathers who boast they are free,
 If so a true story I'll tell unto thee,
 Concerning the once famed Napoleon !

Remember that year so immortal," he cried,
 " When I cross'd the rude Alps—fam'd in story,
 With the legions of France—for her sons were my pride,
 And led them to honour and glory !
 On the plains of Marengo I tyranny hurled,
 And whenever my banner the Eagle unfurl'd,
 'Twas the Standard of Freedom all over the world,
 The signal of Fame"—cried Napoleon.

As a soldier I've born both the heat and the cold,
 I have marched to the trumpet and cymbal,
 But by dark deeds of treachery I have been sold,
 Tho' monarchs before me did tremble.
 Now rulers and princes, their station demean,
 And like scorpions they spit forth their venom and spleen,
 But Liberty soon o'er the world shall be seen,
 As I woke from my dream, cried Napoleon.

The Curly Headed Boy.

My father was a farmer, and a farmer's son am I,
 And down in these parts I were born,
 When but a saucy urchin not half a handful high ;
 I tented the sheep night and morn,
 My dad and mam spoil'd me, I was their only joy,
 And they called me their pretty little curly headed boy,
 So I play'd and prank'd it prettily for life was but a toy,
 To the very merry pretty little curly headed boy.

But soon I shot up taller ill weeds they grow apace,
 Then who was so likely as I,
 The ruddy glow of healthfulness stood laughing in my face,
 And I reckon'd that I look'd pretty sly.
 For the village girls would titter, and cry with seeming joy,
 See there goes the pretty little curly headed boy.
 So I kiss'd and rompt it prettily, for life was but a toy,
 To the very merry pretty little curly headed boy.

Now dad and mam is dead and gone, the little farm is my
 own,
 But so stupid is a batchelor's life,
 I'ze resolved for sure and sartain I'ze no longer live alone,
 So in that case mun get me a wife.
 Then the image of his dad I shall seem to crown his joy,
 On my knee another pretty little curly headed boy.
 Oh ! I'ze nurse and teach it prettily, while wife will cry wi'
 joy,
 How like his dad is the pretty little curly headed boy.

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

Oh, if you love me furl your sails,
 Draw up your boat on shore ;
 Come tell me tales of midnight gales,
 But tempt their might no more.
 Oh stay, Kate whisper'd, stay with me,
 Fear not the rover cried ;
 Yon bark shall be a prize for thee,
 I'll seize it for my bride.

The boat was in pursuit—it flew,
 The full sails bent the mast ;
 Poor Kate well knew the rover's crew,
 Would struggle to the last.
 And ceaselessly for morning's light,
 She pray'd upon her knees ;
 For all the night, the sounds of fight,
 Were born upon the breeze.

And morning came it brought despair,
 The rover's boat was gone ;
 Kate rent her hair, one bark was there,
 Triumphant, but alone.
 She sought the shore, she brav'd the storm,
 A corpse lay by her side ;
 She strove to warm the rover's form,
 Then kissed his lips and died.

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