REFLECTIONS OF BUONAPARTE, OR. A SKETCH OF BUONAPARTE'S LIFE. A MILITARY POEM; ORIGINAL AND WHIMSICAL POETICAL FANCIES, DEDICATED TO CAPT. H. R. BENSON, 17TH LANCERS

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REFLECTIONS OF BUONAPARTE

AS SLOWLY HE IS RIDING ON HORSEBACK ALONG THE ROCK OF ST. HELENA;

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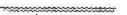
A SKETCH OF BUONAPARTE'S LIFE.

A Military Poem,

DF THE AUTHOR OF THE OBIGINAL AND WHIMSICAL PORTICAL FANCIES,

DEDICATED (BY FERMISSION) TO CAPT. H. R. BENSON, SEVENTEENTE LANCERS.

Which Work is also contained in this Volume.





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REFLECTIONS OF BUONAPARTE,

AS SLOWLY HE IS RIDING ON HORSEBACK ALONG THE ROCK OF SAINT HELENA.

POSSESSOR of kingdoms and of a crown; As Emperor, conqueror, I stood alone: Oh! hide me in my grave, there lay me down; Nought in this world now can I call my own.

Kings humbl'd, at my feet, would seem to kneel; All their soldiers in battle I had slain: My thoughts from myself fain would I conceal; My bosom heaves with one continued pain.

I cross'd Mount St. Bernard, great was my pride; That day to me seemed an age of glory: As o'er this barren rock I slowly ride, All is lost, nought lives but in memory.

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-Marengo-in my youth that battle fought; My warlike fame then so rapidly rose: My mind now bewilder'd, with madness fraught; I never more shall feel night's soft repose.

-Italy-men naked, starv'd, still some left: There, I fought, and conquer'd, fortune was kind: Here, a poor soldier of all hopes bereft, I seek a friend to soothe my troubled mind.

-Austerlitz-that fight won mid great slaughter; 'The field of battle prov'd a wedding scene: Soon I married the Emperor's daughter, Left my former wife, my true loyal Queen.

-Iena-in one day, armies destroyed, A king near taken, kingdoms overthrown ! Now snar'd in my own net, myself decoyed; Providence is just, I have lost my throne.

---Moscova---there, kill'd all the Russian Guards; As firmly they stood in battle array: For such deeds, oft God's curse high heav'n awards; My enemies now watch me night and day. 7

I, on five hundred thousand men relied ; March'd through Prussia, Austria, and Poland: Starv'd with cold, and hunger, all my men died: Their frozen bodies lay strew'd on the land.

At Leipsic, another great battle fought : My proud heart even there disdain'd to yield: On no friend to rely I soon was taught: The Saxons turn'd against us in the field.

By the hand of heaven all my hopes seem'd cross'd: The swell'd river deeply colour'd with blood ! My wild brain keenly felt when all was lost; My friend Poniatowski lcap'd into the flood !

Now to my Capital I quickly fled, Hoping by stratagem some time to gain: 'Twas too late, my soldiers best blood all shed, Even from my friends I could nought obtain.

Within my brain I form'd many a plan; With each new fancy my spirits reviv'd: While reflecting on the weakness of man, Close to my gates the enemy arriv'd.

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My gen'rals often had kingdome shaken; My fame was great, my name in high renown: By the foes my city had been taken; I was now compell'd to resign the crown.

Inclin'd men and things to conciliate; To Elba went without regret or pain: The demons of hell must have curs'd my fate, When I disturb'd my country's peace again.

Left the Isle, to France return'd in one day, Met my friend a warrior of great name; Advis'd him his new sovereign to betray; For that fault he suffer'd death, lost his fame !

King again proclaim'd, mid joy and wonder; Receiv'd all men's adulations and praise: My kingdom cruelly torn asunder, My reign only lasted one hundred days.

--Waterloo---that field gave my mind full scope: The British now their lines in bodies square : My thoughts were divided 'twixt doubt and hope, . When I saw their troops for battle prepare.

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