

**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;

OR,

A SKETCH OF BUONAPARTE'S LIFE.

A Military Poem,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE
ORIGINAL AND WHIMSICAL POETICAL FANCIES,

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION) TO CAPT. H. B. BENSON,
SEVENTEENTH 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.

—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.

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 leap'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.

My gen'ral's often had kingdoms 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.