

hour, stamped with the indestructibility of undying Art, human thought became immortal; and once born in the world of spirit and cut in the tablet, or traced on the papyrus—written on the parchment or printed on the paper—it died no more—but became a boon and a heritage to the sons of men forever.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

1.—“HEAD OF THE ARMY!”—NAPOLEON.

USURPER, Conqueror, Warrior, King—

Suffering and pale he lay;
A shaft had struck the eagle wing,
And pierced the strong array.
A mightier one than all was there:
The conqueror by a breath;
And he the once proud lord of war,
Napoleon—gazed on Death!

But thought on memory's current born,
Was busy in that hour;
His dreams were then of manhood's morn,—
Of victory and of power.
Defeat and ruin passed away,
He saw but glory's smile—
Nor thought of prison or decay,
In lone Helena's Isle.

Battle and tramp and lordly drum!
These sounds his spirit heard;
He saw the bannered army come—
Rang out the chieftain's word!
He saw the gleaming sabres flash,
He heard the foeman's cry—
And thro' the din and martial clash,
He shouted victory!

These were the warrior's dying dreams!
He lived but in the past;
There only shone those glowing beams
Which haunt us to the last.
Proud memory mocked the strong control
Of danger's wasting breath;
The ruling passion of his soul
Found utterance e'en in death.

“Head of the Army!” such the shout
Heard from that dying bed!
A moment more—the flame went out—
Napoleon's soul had fled.
The mightiest and the least of men—
Earth's master for a day—
Was far beyond this mortal ken,
Nought left but silent clay.

M. J. K.