

A SOLILOQUY

On Beholding the Tomb of Napoleon.

DOME majestic, crown'd with glittering spire,
 A shrine, where myriads gather, gaze, admire—
 Befitting tribute to thy memory,
 Thou jest of all that's born of royalty!
 More for the shadow couldst an orb desire.
 Whose splendour sank in dim captivity?

But were thy ashes stirr'd with quick'ning breath,
 This gilded shroud, which mantles thee in death
 Would scarce suffer to feed ambition's flame—
 The craving heart, whose undiverted flame—
 Nor bauble was nor perishable wreath,
 But conquest, glory, and a deathless name.

Were thy proud spirit from the shades to rise.
 No concave dome, save the far-reaching skies,
 Could measure its great thirst insatiate
 To make of earth one undivided state;
 And, like the Sov'reign whose domains comprise
 Broad heav'n, be here the single potentate.

But ah! the spark, that animation lent
 These crumbling remnants, prematurely spent
 Its vital force in that consuming lust!
 And what remains?—a tomb, a stolid bust,
 Artistic blocks of stone, a monument,
 To mark another Alexander's dust!

Oh! could thine eyes, by morn's resplendent light
 Releas'd from Death's interminable night,
 Behold thee rais'd in bronze 'neath this rich pile
 The cold metallic lips, meseems, would smile;
 That one, whose corse should rear this palace bright,
 Was left to pine in lone Helena's isle.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

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