

offered him my humble bounty, and it was grateful to me if I had smoothed the rough road of dissolution and drove a tear from a sorrowing eye. Death however was more kind to him.



STANZAS

ON THE FRENCH BRINGING THE BONES OF
NAPOLEON TO EUROPE.

An empire's shout is heard !
The cry of madmen rends
The welkin—as it once was stirred
To earth's remotest ends—
False glory flaps her wings,
And countless hosts advance,
To hail a ghastly thing, which brings
Vain honour to proud France.

The imperial city gleams !
Millions on millions leap
To worship old and fatal dreams,
Which erst made nations weep !
What charms their eager view ?
A few old sapless bones
The ashes of a despot—who
Fill'd earth with graves and groans !

Dust of a Renegade !
Who flatter'd, fawned, until
By shackling liberty—he made
Kings vassals of his will !
Who drench'd each clime with blood !
To truth and justice blind ;
Who, 'mid earth's desolation, stood
The Moloch of Mankind !

Proud and besotted France,
Let thy lip Patriots come,
Yes ! bid thy million fools advance,
With clarion and with drum !
Ay, let thy anthers roll
Around those bones, which once
Daggered thee to the inmost soul—
Maniac of crime and chance !

Yet, 'midst thy jubilee,
Invite that mighty throng :
The victims of his butchery,
To join thy fiendish song !
The million widows—and
The orphans of the slain !
Whose bones are strew'd o'er every land,
Types of his glorious reign :

The dead thou may'st invite
To join the frantic crew—
The shreds of many a fearful fight ;
From gory Waterloo !
Yes ! bid them all come forth !—
Those who have pressed the snow
Of the unsun'd and farthest North,
'To where the Tropics glow :

The men whose dust is spread
O'er Afric's burning line,
'To the swart grenadier, whose head
Lies pillow'd by the Rhine ;
And they who on the banks
Of Douro sleep in blood,
To the fierce cavalry whose ranks
Died Berisiana's flood :

The band whose bayonets shone
In Austria's capital,
And those whose ashes fester on
By Acre's batter'd wall ;
The squares of old renown,
Shadows in darkness hid,
Whose volleys brought the Arabs down
Before the Pyramid !

Methinks I see advance
Ten million with blanch'd brow ;
Bloody and hack'd they laugh at France,
And her frail monarch now—
Beneath each casque of brass,
Dim, motionless, and dull,
Gleams no bright eyeball !—but, alas !
The brown, bare, ghastly skull !

France, think upon thy slain !
And to the darksome bier—
Commit a Despot's bones again
In silence, with a tear !—
Hush'd be the shout of joy,
As those frail wrecks ye view :
Oh ! pause awhile—before you try
Another Waterloo !



CALCUTTA.—The city of Calcutta is the metropolis of British India, the seat of the supreme Government, the emporium of oriental commerce frequented by ships of all nations ; and, on these and other accounts, the most important city of the East. It is situated on a flat and originally marshy country, on the right bank of the river Hoogly, about 100 miles from the sea. The river is here, at high water, about a mile across ; and, on approaching the capital from the sea, the stranger is impressed with the number of elegant villas on its banks, the extensive fortification of Fort William, the domes, minarets, and spires of the temple, mosques, and churches of Calcutta. But whatever feelings of astonishment these and other particulars of the brilliancy and splendor of an oriental city may produce,—whatever excitement of the spirits the swarming population, varied costume, strange features, unknown language, and usages may occasion, the heart of the Christian sinks within him, when he beholds the city, with a very slight exception “wholly given to idolatry,” whose polluted and disgusting emblems are exhibited on all sides, and the marks of which are inscribed on the forehead of almost every native whom he meets.

Calcutta extends along the borders of the river about six miles, and, at the