

# Napoleon's Grave

On that lone barren Isle where the loud storming <sup>and</sup> bill  
Usail the stern rock and the wild tempest <sup>trone</sup>  
The hero lies sleeping his death the dew dropping with  
Like fond weeping mothers hand o'er his grave  
The thunders may roll and the cannon peal rattle  
They heed not they hear not he is free from all pain  
He sleeps his last sleep he has fought his last battle  
No sound can awake Napoleon again

On the shade of the mighty where now are the legions  
That rushed but to conquer and then <sup>held</sup> them <sup>on</sup>  
Alas they have perished in far chilly regions  
And all but the fame of their triumphs are gone  
The thunders may roll and the war peal may rattle  
They heed not they hear not they are freed from all pain  
They sleep their last sleep the hour fought <sup>last</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>war</sup>  
No sound can awake those heroes again

Yet Spirit immortal the tomb cannot bind the  
You like mine own Ceagal that soareth to the Sun  
Thou springst from thy bondage and leave behind the  
Such bore as no mortal before the <sup>had</sup> <sup>war</sup> <sup>rattle</sup>  
Through nations may combat and the war peal may  
No more on thy steed wilt thou leap o'er the plain  
Thou art sleeping thy last sleep thou hast fought <sup>last</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>war</sup>  
No sound can awake Napoleon again  
Edward Adair

As the ceagal dips his wings in the  
Crystal Spring to beautify and strengthen  
them for his upward flight, so should  
The young go to the fountains of literature and  
Science to adorn and strengthen their minds,  
That may be qualified to rise to a Sphere of  
Usefulness in the world

Wolfe Lake Indiana  
1864

Kind friend how dear how very dear  
To friends, blood and near  
As affections Sister's cords  
Sound by nature's smiling words

What else on earth is given  
What more desires in Heaven  
To sooth our Sorrows here below  
And on our way to Heaven show

Dearest friend may our friendship Endure  
Till where Joys and pleasures are Secure  
Our bark ever upward move  
To the proudest heaven of Love

Our affections will extend  
When time shall have found an End  
Our affection then I never  
White countless ages more cease  
Edward Adair

Just as the Image of the brooding Dove  
Holy as heaven is a parents Love

Wellsbore Noble County  
Indiana

James C. J. Hursey  
James

P. P. Perrin  
May Murray Perry One

May Murray Perry one thought of me

How sweet to me it is to think  
And muse upon the past  
And know that you and I are friends  
While memory doeth last  
Ed;

Memento

Oh my friend I never more  
Shall forget to think of thee  
And I hope that thou wilt ever  
Midst thy joys remember me

Let me ask when thou art kneeling  
At the hour of twilight low  
And a beam from heaven is stealing  
Round thy calm and tranquil brow

Let me ask one ~~of~~ remembrance  
At thy sacred altar there  
There I would not be forgotten  
Let my name be in your prayer

America Edward Edair  
Indiana

Upright America A man of honor

An honest man is the noblest  
Work of God

Membray  
Illness is a curse to man and  
A bane to Society Among

The Sun has set in the western horizon  
The birds have ceas'd their songs of Love  
But they are gone to their hiding place to  
Rest in peace. "yes I may well say in  
peace for they are undisturb'd by the cares of  
Earth or earthly things. I will turn  
Over for and have pen a few thoughts

But this is not the case with man  
or man kind no, far from it he is  
perplexed at Intercacy and dounted at  
difficulties and the setting of yonder Sun  
Only recalls the cares of earth and hits  
Woful miserys fresh to the mind  
that it may disturb Even the silent  
hours of Midnigh and painfully  
Warrant the morning Dreams  
then what an unhappy Being is  
man kind Go Whome may be turn  
wily to let his most Bitter curses fall upon  
I amson on the fallen son and  
Daughters of Adam's ~~State~~ <sup>State</sup> should  
have to be the case for Earth is damn  
and heaven Is too pure Oh! how  
Deep is the remorse of man when  
he thinks on his once Sinless state  
And at the setting of the Sun pines  
and considers the deep Sainfulness  
of his heart-heat more then many  
evil deeds committed in one short  
Day a day too that can never return  
It was once my favorite thought to  
live and die like the setting Sun  
that I might go to the land of rest  
and dwell in the land mansions of peace  
I must pass for my brand is, away  
And the dark shades of Evening is  
fast shrouding the Earth in darkness

Edw

Oh land of rest for the I sigh  
When will the moment come  
When I shall lay my arms by  
And dwell with Christ at  
no Tranquill joys on earth a new  
No peaceful sleeping doom  
This world a wilderness of no