

## WATERLOO AVENGE'D.

"General Caulfield has placed at the disposal of Lord Raglan 10,000 troops, for the use of the English army in the Crimea. Townspeople and British soldiers now wear the French uniform."—Correspondence from the Camp.

*Loss we owned them noble foes,*

*But we have owned them friends,*

*Kind by the brunt of equal blows,*

*Saint patriots, common ends,*

*At last a true friend fight,*

*On falsehood's blood-spots bright,*

*True laurels Victory blends,*

*No more a lion on either side,*

*But France and England share the pride.*

*And at length each English heart*

*With instant shame is wrong;*

*To each cheek the blushing start,*

*The curse to every tongue,*

*"We not to every foe we own shame,"*

*The name of France is Friends' name,*

*Our own sing we are strong,*

*Our own sing forged the entry sword,*

*Now in perf'it fold its lord.*

*To loss French still what man was slow,*

*Be constant or be way?*

*Dots of the sword have souls may owe,*

*For such debt they can pay,*

*But the shame in England's heart,*

*That the sword play their part,*

*For which bold grand prou'd,*

*From France's liberal hand should crave,*

*Reckless to shield her shivering brave;*

*And this, while according all her gold,*

*Rankish each French heart through,*

*As if the world were to be paid,*

*The thoughts of Waterloo;*

*And these gone, to give room,*

*That means who have long sought and bid,*

*May be well housed and clothed and fed,*

*She has a seat and a bed;*

*But wits to jostle and hands to guide,*

*She lacks—and what is all beside?*

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