

the Namur road, and shortly afterwards a message arrived from Blucher to say that the Prussian army was retreating on Wavre. This of course left Wellington's left exposed, and it was necessary that he should also retreat. He decided to fall back to the position in front of Waterloo that he had previously selected and reconnoitred. He sent word of his intention to Blucher, and proposed to accept battle at Waterloo the next day, if Blucher would support him with two corps of his army. Blucher, in spite of his recent defeat and his accident, at once sent the following characteristic reply: "I will join you, not only with two corps, but with my whole army, and if Napoleon does not attack you on the 18th, we will attack him together on the 19th." Wellington now began his retreat from Quatre Bras, but covered his movement so skilfully with his cavalry, that Ney was not aware of it till the greater part of the English army had passed through the difficult defile formed by the town of Genappe, and were pursuing their march undisturbed towards Waterloo.

As soon as the English outposts withdrew, however, Ney realized that Wellington was retreating and at once pushed forward his cavalry which kept up a vigorous skirmish with the English rear-guard. The morning of the 17th was sultry and oppressive, but about midday a terrific storm burst and soaked the ground so rapidly that movement of troops became almost impossible except on the great paved chaussées. This fact materially checked the ardor of the pursuit. At Genappe, however, the French cavalry became so troublesome that Lord Uxbridge assumed the offensive, and as they emerged from the town, ordered the 7th Hussars to charge them. A curious incident now occurred. The French cavalry were armed with lances fitted with the usual pennons, and as the hussars charged, the French waved these pennons, with the result that the English horses shied and would not advance. The French, elated, began to press up the slope that leads out of Genappe with cries of "en avant," when suddenly Lord Uxbridge launched at them the brigade of life guards, who swept down the slope with such force that they literally rode over and overwhelmed the lancers. After this the French followed the retreat at a more prudent distance. By nightfall the whole English army, with the exception of one division left purposely at Hal, was concentrated at Mt. St. Jean where they bivouacked, with the Prussians seven miles away on their left at Wavre. Wellington and Blucher were once more side by side.

Let us now return to Napoleon and see how he had been spending the day. At 8 a.m. he was still at Fleurus, and confident that the Prussians must have retreated to Liege, he had sent Pajol's cavalry after them in the early morning. Pajol reported that he had come up with some stragglers at Mazy, and Napoleon was now more than ever convinced that Blucher had deserted Wellington. He now sent word to Ney to occupy Quatre Bras, but if Wellington should still stand firm, Napoleon would himself move across from Ligny and attack him in flank. He then, with that sluggishness or over confidence that had marked his conduct on the previous day, rode over the Ligny battlefield talking politics with Grouchy and Vandame, and reviewing his troops, and taking no steps to pursue the Prussians, who had already reached Wavre. It was not till noon that he detached Grouchy with 33,000 men to pursue the Prussians "in the direction of Gembloux, and to reconnoitre towards Namur and Maestricht." This proved that he had a totally erroneous idea of their whereabouts, and Grouchy himself expressed his dissatisfaction with these vague instructions, seeing that the Prussians had

already nearly twelve hours clear start. He was ordered off, however, and at 2 p.m. commenced his pursuit, or rather his wild goose chase after a foe who had completely vanished. The storm which we have previously mentioned rendered the country lanes so impassable that it was only by the greatest exertions that he succeeded in getting his column as far as Gembloux by 10 p.m., without having gained any definite news of the Prussians' whereabouts. At 2 in the morning he wrote to Napoleon in great perplexity, saying that the Prussians appeared to have divided into several bodies, one of which had gone towards Wavre, and that he intended to move in the direction of Sart-a-Walhalu after them.

Meanwhile Napoleon, after despatching Grouchy, moved the rest of his army through Tilly and Marbais to assist Ney, but Wellington was already beyond his reach and well on his way to Waterloo. Napoleon and Ney now followed in one column, which consisted of about 72,000 men. The French halted at La Belle Alliance at sunset, finding the English in position on the heights opposite, and Napoleon is recorded to have made the idle boast that "he wished he had the power of Joshua to stop the sun so that he might attack Wellington that day." He did open a cannonade on the English position, but soon saw that it was not to be easily forced, and though there were numerous skirmishes between the picquets on each side as they were put out, both armies remained motionless and settled down for the night to their bivouacs. It had been an eventful day, though marked by little fighting. Napoleon had now entirely lost all the enormous advantages he had reaped from his brilliant first dash over the frontier, and was in complete ignorance of the deadly trap into which he had advanced. He thought he had only Wellington to deal with, and was gloating over his easy prospective victory on the morrow. In his mind's eye he saw Blucher flying far away towards Liege pursued by Grouchy, and did not even trouble to send a single patrol towards Wavre to ascertain if there were any Prussians there. Little did he dream of Wellington and Blucher's famous compact, and that his two enemies were close at hand with every preparation made for his destruction. He was full of confidence and the certainty of success, and yet there is not the smallest doubt that he had allowed himself to be completely outwitted and outgeneralled. He retired to spend the night at the farm of Caillou, some two miles to the south of La Belle Alliance. The house still stands unchanged at the present day.

It was a terrible night with thunder and lightning and soaking rain, which caused the utmost discomfort to both armies which were bivouacked in the open. The flashes revealed the sentries to each other, but no troops moved on either side. In the middle of the night Napoleon sallied out with Bertrand to assure himself that his prey had not escaped him, and expressed his delight when the long line of bivouac fires on each side of Mt. St. Jean assured him that the English had not fled. He then returned to Caillou.

At the same hour Wellington, at his headquarters in the village of Waterloo, was busy at his desk most of the night, communicating with Blucher and issuing his orders for the next day. He was still apprehensive that Napoleon would attempt to turn his right and cut him off from his base, and he therefore kept 17,000 men at Hal to frustrate any such movement, though he could ill spare a man from the great battle which was about to take place.

At about 4 a.m. the rain ceased, and the soldiers awoke stiff and numbed, and "cold, blue and unshaven" com-

menced to cook their breakfasts, feed their horses, and clean their arms. It was a dreary misty Sunday morning, this famous 18th of June, and a general feeling of depression was in the air. All along the lines ran dropping shots like the popping of corks, but no blood was shed. It was only the troops emptying the half damp charges from their muskets, before reloading in dry and deadly earnest.

The morning passed away, and the English army stood ranged in order of battle, but Napoleon made no attempt to attack. One reason was that the ground between the two armies was so soaked that it was almost impracticable for the movement of cavalry or artillery, and Napoleon wished to let the sun dry the ground a little before he commenced the attack. A more potent reason, however, was that he felt his enemy could not escape him, and that there was no need to hurry. Whilst he is waiting let us examine the great battlefield and the order of battle of the opposing armies.

(To be Continued.)

A BALLAD OF PURE LAZINESS.

Though some may sing of the joys of work,
The virtues of the laboring man,
Toil and its griefs I fain would shirk
With indolence Mohammedan.
Existence is the briefest span
Ere emerging in Eternity;
Then toil who will and toil who can,
A lazy life's the life for me.

I long to lie where serpents lurk
Among the flowers of Castalan;
To smoke like any turbaned Turk
In some luxurious divan;
I would recall the days of Pan,
The sylvan charms of Arcady;
The pleasure domes of Kubla Kahn—
A lazy life's the life for me.

I shun the city's grime and murk,
More rustic laborings I ban;
No minister of state or kirk,
No councillor I, to plot and plan.
But, with a lotus-flowered fan,
I lounge beside the Summer sea;
And sigh, mid dreams of far Japan—
"A lazy life's the life for me."

ENVOY.

Gain! Ever since the world began,
Misguided men have wrought for thee;
But, while their endless strife I scan,
A lazy life's the life for me.

WHAT I GOT.

I am a chap quite impeccable
Named "Sid"
I wrote a poem once upon a time,
I did.
I sent it to a journal of renown,
You bet!
And have they paid me anything cash down?
Not yet.
Again I wrote. This time 'twas very bright—
A pun,
I said, for sure 'twould bring me in at last
Some mon.
At first, for long and weary weeks I got
A wait.
As longer grew the time my hopes grew less—
Sad fate!
A letter came at last; my hopes grew fat—
For mon.
I opened it with eager hands, and got—
My pun!

FATE.

Last night she dropped a red, red rose
From out her hair,
And all the while I did but smile,
And left it there.
She went her way with no word said,
Nor little guessed
I crushed the flower within an hour
Upon my breast.

That there's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,
Is a proverb you know well enough:
But a commoner slip
Is the slip 'twixt the tip
And the horse that you back with you stuff

Miss Thirtysmith (wrathfully)—That Jack
Gayboy is too mean to live!
Dolly Swift—What offence has he been
guilty of?

Miss Thirtysmith—He proposed to me last
night, and, when I brushed and stammered
that it was so sudden, the wretch burst into
a roar of laughter, and I was obliged to
haughtily reject his proposal to save myself
respect.