

## APPENDIX.

## III

On Waterloo all sunk to rest;  
A Bourbon ruled St. Cloud.

As he reviews the scenes of yore  
He hears a martial tread,  
And through the poor-house gates there pour  
A brilliant cavalcade.

With Medal from Napoleon Third,  
For years of service done,  
French words his inmost soul have stirred—  
"Thus France rewards her son."

And turning from their proffered hand,  
French sounds still fill his ear,  
He sought his room, a proud old man,  
To hide the falling tear.