

**WATERLOO AT NOON ON THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.**—On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments, lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon; musical instruments; the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles;—but why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field?—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. \* \* \* Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living amidst its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases, impossible. \* \* In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen, in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and huzzar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlanders and tirailleur lay, side by side together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death

with the Polish lancer. \* \* \* \*

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with the dead, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated.—Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of this Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalion had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up—and here the bayonet closed the contest.—*Maxwell's Victories of the British Army.*



### THE BEGUILER.

Love is the beguiler—maidens, beware,  
He comes in a smile and a sigh:  
Shut up and bar up your hearts as ye will,  
He'll dart in through the shield of an eye.  
He's light as a thistle and swift as the wind,  
When he sings—oh, the nightingale's dumb,  
Some how or other, he's always near by,  
Soon or late he is certain to come.  
Keep watch, gentle lady—beware lest he cause  
You from soft, downy slumber to start,  
And take off when he goes, like a mischievous  
imp,  
Not the roof of your house, but your heart.  
He's a terrible chap, though he hasn't a beard,  
And does not sport whiskers, but curls,  
And his cheek is as red as a sunny-rich peach,  
And his lip is as smooth as a girl's.  
With the wile of a serpent he makes his approach,  
Though as harmless in mien as a dove,  
I'd rather encounter an army of men  
Than that sly, little archer, young love.  
A target for years he has made of my heart,  
With an aim so well-taken and true,  
That at last it is riddled and torn into shreds,  
And now every arrow flies through.  
Oh, he's the beguiler and stealeth away,  
The very best plumes of old Time:  
Beware of him, ladies, but most when he comes  
In the fanciful garment of rhyme.  
Your poets pretend that their words are sincere,  
As a spotless, young angel's above;  
When they know in their souls they are only  
the lies  
Of that wicked, young devil, called Love.