

the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek wrung on every side, "*la garde recule,*" "*la garde recule,*" makes us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy for his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or a blast of a bugle to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing at once, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the British lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers, who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavoured to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the old guard at Waterloo, with him at the head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

#### CANADIAN DISTILLERIES.

(Translated from the *Manuel de la Temperance.*)

Do you see in the cities, and unfortunately already in some of your most beautiful country places, those immense distilleries set up?

What is that thick, black smoke which escapes from them, and darkens every thing, even the rays of the sun?

That smoke which rises up to heaven, cries for vengeance against you.

That smoke! \* \* \* it is your substance, it is your children's bread, it is the inheritance of your fathers.

Yes, your blood, the sweat of your brow, your riches, your religion, all will be swallowed up and lost, at the counter of the merchant, the distillery, and the tavern.

And do not say, like some senseless persons, "We are fortunate in having these distilleries, for they purchase our grain, and increase the value of it."

If you purchased neither beer nor whisky, you might indeed have some profit in getting a high price for your grain at the distillery. But that supposition is impossible: for as soon as you had, as we hope you soon will have, the wisdom to drink only the water so pure, and so wholesome, which the good God offers you every where, the distilleries would be ruined and

all. And the day in which they fall should be for you, for your family, and for your parish, a day of joy. It would then be proved to you, that it is not the distillery that supports you, but rather you who support it, and enrich it by your intemperance.

We conjure our fellow citizens, and particularly those amongst them to whom God, in calling them to direct the press seems to have given commission to enlighten and improve the people, to use the knowledge, and the irresistible power they have on the public mind, to paralyze and stop the erection of those gigantic distilleries, the multiplicity of which should grieve the eye of the patriot as much as that of the moralist. Let us tell the truth, and all the truth to our people. Let us show them that if they wish to draw down the blessings of Heaven on their fields, it is not by having their grain changed into poison in the distillery that they will succeed. Let us show them that though, for the moment, they may appear to have increased their income, before many years they will be grievously convinced of their error, for as the distilleries multiply, the use of liquors will increase; a thousand new snares will be put in the way of the youth; a thousand new traps will be so well laid for them every where, that it will be almost impossible for them to escape, and which sooner or later, will bring ruin on their persons and fortunes.

Let us repeat to the people every day, if necessary, this first principle of political economy, which is never to do any thing though it may for the time appear advantageous, which tends to encourage vice and immorality. It would be infinitely better to grow wheat, than any of those grains which distillers use. And in any case where the ground can produce none but the latter, it would be better for the country in general, if they were made use of to fatten meats for exportation, than exchange them for liquors. \* \* \* Let us show them that the system of free trade opens an unfailing market for their wheat. And that even though they should sell it at a low price, they have nothing to fear, for a man can never suffer while his granaries are full of wheat, if he slakes his thirst with the pure water of his fountain, if he can moderate his desires, and think himself and his family as respectably dressed with the fleece of his own sheep, as with the cloth of Europe, which, though fine, is expensive.

It is a well known fact, that nothing will so soon bring ruin on a parish, as to set up a distillery in it. The more it prospers, the more rapidly will the parish sink into poverty. This is too clear to require proof.

The distillery! It is the forge where the chains are being prepared to bind your hands and feet, the more easily to force you from your homes.

The distillery! It is the citadel from whence the Devil continually hurls his fiery darts to consume your houses and fields, and to reduce them to ashes.

The distillery! Ah! it is like a fiery cloud which, passing over your heads and falling in a rain of fire, as it did formerly in Sodom, will cover your country with ruin and tears.

The cholera which swept away the tenth of you, and the fly which devoured your harvests these past years, have not done you half as much harm as the distilleries will, if you have the misfortune to accustom yourselves and your children to use the poison they prepare, no matter under what name.

We read in a Montreal French journal of the 14th Dec., a long congratulatory article on the prosperity of the distilleries. It was there said. "Four million gallons of whisky have been distilled in the City of Montreal alone, in 1846." It affirms that "one of these establishments alone, does not consume less than 1800 bushels of grain every day."

Truly it is incredible that such a fact should be matter of rejoicing, and should be announced to one's countrymen, as an event of happy omen.

What! you admit that no manufacture is encouraged in Canada, that a pin or a button cannot yet be made there; we must send to England for the cloth for our coats, and even the straw bonnets for the women. One branch only receives encouragement, almost incredible, and the only and immediate result of that, is to cause torrents of tears to flow, and to carry ruin, desolation, opprobrium and death into the heart of a thousand families; and it is strange that you feel able to congratulate your fellow countrymen on it!

In a country which has just been smitten stroke after stroke, by all the scourges, pestilence, civil war, famine, and by such