

## OUR TABLE.

STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO—BY THE  
REV. G. R. GLEIG, M. A.

THIS is the title of the two last Nos. of Murray's Home and Colonial Library—the last at least that have reached this country.

Deeply alive as we are to the intellectual improvement of our fellow Colonists, we could not look upon the issuing of the first number of this great work without indifference—on the contrary, we joyfully hailed it as the first attempt made in the Mother Country for promoting so praiseworthy and so desirable an object, and we prophesied for it, at the time, all that success which its enterprising proprietors proposed or anticipated.

If the undertaking has far exceeded such expectations, and that it has done so we are well persuaded, it has been owing entirely to the highly meritorious character of the works it comprises, and "last but not least," is the very interesting story before us.

It is certainly a "thrice told tale," but we hesitate not to say it was never told so well and so graphically before.

We ourselves owe to our author the clearing up of a certain doubt we had been led from conflicting statements to entertain, as to the precise part in the great drama, performed by the Prussians.

It is clearly evident that they had more to do in the fight than is assigned to them by the English, although less than is attributed to them by the French authorities.

The facts of the case, which our author gives upon unquestionable authority, are as follows:

Troops were seen by Napoleon on his right about one o'clock. These proved to be not the advanced guard, as was supposed, but the head of Bulow's main body, which had just begun its difficult and tedious march through the defiles of St. Lambert, "which, in spite of the best exertions of man and beast," to use the author's own language, "was not completed till *an hour before dark.*"

Our author here, probably from his leaning a little to the English version of the story, has fallen into a flagrant error, according to his own shewing.

At five o'clock, he says, in describing the gradual arrival of the Prussians on the battle field, they had on the ground three brigades of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and a few guns; at six they had brought thirty battalions, twenty-seven squadrons and sixty-four guns into action.

This was evidently the whole of Bulow's formidable division, which succeeded, after a hard fight, in compelling General Lobau, at the head of Napoleon's sixth corps, consisting of sixteen battalions and eighteen squadrons, with forty-two guns, to give ground.

While this action was being fought, other Prussian troops were advancing on Wellington's left, which tended materially to strengthen it; and their artillery here are stated to have been of essential service.

These latter circumstances, it may be inferred, took place a little later than six o'clock, the latest hour given for the Prussians getting fully into action.

At five o'clock, then, the Prussians were partly engaged in this great battle; at six, Bulow's main body was on the field in active and successful conflict with the enemy.

At "dark," say half-past eight, in that latitude, on the longest day in summer, the fight was over, so that the Prussians, instead of getting into action an hour before "dark," as the author says, must have been partially engaged, three-and-a-half, and fully, as far as Bulow's division was concerned, two-and-a-half hours before "dark," so that they must have contributed more towards the achievement of that great victory, than we have generally been in the habit of giving them credit for.

### THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE.

THIS is really a "great" work—so great indeed that we must reserve for it a place in our notice of New Works in a future number. This is the more especially desirable as it is published in parts, and we shall then have the opportunity of reviewing a greater number of them.

THE last two numbers of *DOMBEY & SON*, it may suffice to say, fully and amply sustain the high character the reputation of the author has acquired.

He has *not* written himself "out," as some wiseacres pretend. This, we shall prove in due time, when this, the most elaborate and the most interesting of his works, shall have been completed.

### THE AMERICAN REVIEW—A WHIG JOURNAL.

THIS is one of the cheapest monthly Miscellanies we have ever met with; sixty pages of closely printed matter, in double columns, published monthly, for \$5 a year. We are extremely sorry we cannot speak as favourably of its contents.