

ment as well as the quiet, well-^{maning} people of all ranks; robbed and killed all who would not join them, and murdered the king, though no king ever loved his people better or more truly wished to do well than he. Most of them were in their own turn murdered by others who started up and seized the power for a while; because all tried to rule or make laws, and none chose to obey. They wished to spread the same dreadful confusion over all other countries also, and sent out large armies; and soon the cleverest of the soldiers, of course, got the chief power in France; until, at last, one of the ablest and most daring, named Napoleon Bonaparte, seized the government, made and unmade laws, kept or broke them as he pleased, and suddenly grew to be perfect master of every body's property and life in France. He soon, indeed, put down confusion, and set the nation in order; but he ruled it fiercely, and with a rod of iron. This always happens when confusion begins in a country: instead of being more free than they were, some daring wicked man is sure to start up and take away, for his own interest, even the privileges, and blessings which they had enjoyed before and did not value.

Bonaparte was not content with France, but wanted to be king or emperor over all other countries also; and in fighting for this end he caused the death of a million and a half of soldiers (more than all the inhabitants of Yorkshire together.) Two nations only, England and Russia, he never could conquer; for God was pleased to use them as the means of putting him down. He went with above 400,000 men (there are just about that number in all Somersetshire) to seize Russia, but the skill of the Russians kept him fighting until a dreadful winter set in and destroyed nearly all his army. He was driven back, and at length lost his kingdom; but was spared, on his promise never to enter France again. This promise he soon broke, persuading the French to rebel for him, and once more marched out to break up the peace of the world. The other nations began to gather for war; but the English and Prussians, being nearest, were first out to stop him as he left France, and after a few days of smaller battles, both by the English and Prussians, this great one was fought at Waterloo. He and his army were driven back; and in the end he was obliged to yield himself prisoner to the English. England, knowing what dreadful wars he had caused, and would cause again if able (for his word could not be trusted), never again let him go free; but kept him in a lone though pleasant island, called St. Helena, far out at sea, allowing every comfort they dared to grant without risk of his escaping. He died there six years after the battle.

We had been about twenty years fighting to save our country from being conquered and made part of the French kingdom and under its power. Bonaparte had, one by one, forced all other nations (even Russia for a time)

to join against us: but England would not bend, and stood alone, braving the whole world: and God in his mercy, had supported us against the fearful odds, until the other nations also turned against their wicked oppressor, and the battle of Waterloo finished the war. How would you feel were you standing on the very ground where it was fought?

Waterloo is a village a little behind the field of battle, a dozen miles south of Brussels, the chief city of Belgium. The greater part of that country is either open field-land, or else close gloomy forests of tall beeches, used for fuel, because till lately they had no coal. The farms are very small, and have scarcely any pasture; so that the open parts look like a patchwork, made up of little plots of rye, or oats, or potatoes, or clover, or beet-root (out of which they make their sugar), with a small clump of trees, where ever there is a village or a lone country-house. There are no hedges, nor walls, nor trees, except in the very villages. The roads are quite open, and the great ones (or turnpikes) have a broad pavement like a street in the middle.

Between Brussels and Waterloo the road runs for seven miles through one of the forests (where the wolves harbour, and come even to Brussels in Winter), and when you get out of it you are in an open corn country, several miles wide every way, almost hemmed round with forests; and scattered on it are five or six little villages, and some lodges or lone houses. The road crosses this open plain, and runs straight through the field of battle.

I called it a plain, but it is not level. A slight shallow sort of valley, 500 or 600 yards broad, but without any brook, runs from east to west for about two miles, bending half round, and finishing westwards in a little ravine. The higher grounds on each side are wide and nearly flat. On the north slope of the valley, not quite at the bottom, are two lone houses, about half a mile apart, but which because of the bend, cannot be seen from each other. The eastern, called *La Haye Sainte*, is a farm house and yard close to the great road, with the usual outbuildings, and a little cottage and garden near. The western, named *Hougoumont*, is a country gentleman's house (there called a *château*), with barns, buildings, and farm yard; a garden, walled orchard, paddocks, and a little chapel, shown you in the picture. Its fine grove of trees, shady lanes, and bushy hedges close round, must have made it once a beautiful little place. The cattle yards of both places are secured against wolves by close boarded gates, and by high walls wherever the buildings and barns (there called *granges*) do not reach.

On the two flat heights stood the two armies, facing each other, only a few hundred yards apart, and most of the fighting was in the valley between. The English had 54,000 men, and their regiments and cannon stood for nearly two miles along the north or innermost side of the bend, in a half-moon line, looking down into the valley. The