

tween them and the English army, a trench. It was the frightful moment—the trench was unexpected. The second rank went first into this abyss. Men and horses rolled pell-mell, crushing each other. This commenced the loss of the battle.

Sixty guns and thirteen squares thundered at cuirassiers at point-blank range. The disaster of the hollow way had not discouraged the cuirassiers. Waither's column alone suffered in the disaster; but Delord's column arrived entire. The cuirassiers rushed at the English at full gallop, with pistols in their hands. The English, though fiercely attacked, did not move, but the front rank, kneeling, received the French with bayonets, while the second fired at them; behind the second the artillery men loaded their guns, while the cuirassiers, with their horses, leaped over the bayonets into the center of the army. The extreme right square, the most exposed of all, was nearly annihilated in the first attack.

The cuirassiers, few in number, and reduced by the disaster of the hollow way, had against them nearly the whole English army. Some Hanoverian battalions, however, gave way; Wellington saw it, and thought of his cavalry. Had Napoleon at this moment thought of his infantry, the battle would have been won by the French. All at once the cavalry of the English attacked the French.

Ney dashed up with Desmouette's lancers; the plain was taken and retaken. Ney had four horses killed under him, and one half of the cuirassiers remained on the plain. This struggle lasted two hours. The English were greatly shaken. The French annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, captured sixty guns, and took six English regimental flags.

Now Wellington had the village and the plain; Ney only the crest and the slope. Kempt, on the left wing, asked for reinforcements. "There are none," Wellington replied. Almost at the same time, Ney asked Napoleon for infantry, and he answered, "Infantry?" At 5 o'clock Wellington looked at his watch, and could be heard muttering, "Blucher, or night." At this moment, Blucher was advancing. Now each battalion of the Guard was commanded by a general.

Ney, wild, offered himself to every blow in this combat. He had his fifth horse killed under him here. Bleeding, and with a broken sword in his hand, he shouted, "Come, and see how a Marshal of France dies on the battlefield!" But in vain—he did not die. The rout of the rear of the Guard was mournful. Ney borrows a horse, leaps on it, and, without a hat, stock or sword, dashes across the Brussels road, stopping at once English and French. He tries to hold back the army. The soldiers fly from him, shouting, "Long live Marshal Ney!" Guyot, who leads the Emperor's squadron to the charge, is killed. Then Napoleon leads them. Next morning the Prussian cavalry, who had come up fresh, dashed forward. Thus, forty thousand Frenchmen were put to flight. At nightfall, Bernard and Bertrand were seized by the skirts of their coats by Napoleon.

THADDEUS SIENIEWICZ.

Halifax, N. S.

Waterloo.

(Prize Essay.)

The gray light of a Sunday morning was breaking over a shallow valley lying between the parallel ridges of low hills, some twelve miles to the south of Brussels. All night long the rain had fallen furiously, and still the fog hung low, and driving showers swept over the plain as from the church spires of surrounding villages the bells began to peal. For centuries, those bells had called the simple villagers to prayers; to-day, as the wave of sound vibrated through the misty air, it was the signal for the awakening of two mighty armies to the king-making battle of Waterloo.

For weeks, the British and Prussian armies, scattered over a wide district, had been keeping guard over the French frontier. Napoleon, skillfully shrouding his movements in impenetrable secrecy, was about to leap across the Sambre. Napoleon hoped to defeat Blucher before Wellington could join forces with his ally, and then in turn crush Wellington. It was a splendid strategy, nobly begun, but left sadly incomplete. Napoleon fought Blucher at Ligny, on June 16th, and, defeated, caused him to retreat to

Wavre, but here Wellington intercepted his plans by ordering his own British army to retreat to Waterloo, thus giving Blucher another chance to join him before the final contest began.

Hither Napoleon followed him, and on the 18th of June, 1815, the rival hosts were drawn up on two ridges, scarcely a mile distant. The opposing armies differed rather in quality than numbers. Wellington had, roughly speaking, sixty-seven thousand men, and one hundred and fifty-six guns, while Napoleon had a total of seventy-two thousand men, and two hundred and forty-six guns. But the French were war-hardened veterans, men of one blood, speech and military type, a loyal mass aflame with warlike enthusiasm. Of Wellington's troops, not half were British and Germans. Some were raw drafts from the militia, and had never seen a shot fired in battle.

A precisely ten minutes to twelve, the first heavy gun rang sullenly from the French ridge, and then Reille's corps lunged itself upon Hougoumont, an old farmhouse of which the British had made a fort. It was a strong post, and the brave Col. Macdonnell, in charge of the Foot Guards, nobly fulfilled his trust by saving it from the French. At 2 o'clock Napoleon launched his great infantry attack, led by D'Erlon, against the British lines, which, at this point, consisted of Picton's division. The British lines were drawn up slightly back from the crest, and, as the French reached the top, Picton's steady lines rose suddenly before them. Then, from the steady red lines, there ran in one red flame, from end to end, a dreadful volley. Again the muskets cracked, and yet again, and while the French were trying to rally their forces, Picton ordered his men to charge, and the French were scattered.

One of the most dazzling incidents of the fight was the attack of the Household and Union brigades. They leaped the hedge which bordered the road between the two armies, and met the French cuirassiers in full charge. The sound of their impact rang sharp and sudden above the din of the conflict, but the French were carried away in an instant, and went, a broken and shattered mass of men and horses, down the slope. Later, the Scots Greys bore down upon the French battalions, and, as they rode through the Scotch infantry, the Scotch blood in both companies naturally took fire, and, "Scotland for ever!" went up in a stormy shout from the killed lines.

Napoleon's infantry had failed to capture either Hougoumont or La Haye Sainte, which was stoutly held by Baring and his Hanoverians, so now he thought that he would try something else. At

4 o'clock came the great cavalry attack of the French. To meet the assault, Wellington drew up his first line in a long chequer of squares. In advance of them were the British guns, with their sadly-reduced complement of gunners. As the French cavalry came up the slope, the gunners ran for shelter beneath the bayonets of the nearest square. With all his grand cavalry, consisting of nearly forty squadrons, Ney could not force the firm red British squares, and the flood of maddened men and horses swung sullenly back across the ridge. Foiled in his first attack, Ney drew the whole of Kellerman's division, and, with a mass almost double in area, again charged upon the British squares. From 4 to 6 o'clock, this amazing scene was repeated, each time the French retreating with their forces greatly reduced by the fire from the squares and the British guns.

Captain Mercer, who was in command of part of the British artillery, gives a most realistic picture of the grand fight of the gunners. About 3 o'clock, in the height of the cavalry struggle, Fraser, chief commander of the horse artillery, gave orders to Mercer to retreat for safety under the British bayonets, when the French cavalry charged home. Each time that the French horsemen came up, countless numbers would be mown down by the British guns. So dreadful was the carnage, that, on the next day, Mercer could identify the position of his battery by the huge pile of men and horses lying in front of it.

Napoleon had expended in vain upon the steadfast British lines, his infantry, his cavalry, and his artillery. There remained only the Old Guard. The long, summer evening was drawing to a close when he marshalled these famous soldiers for the final attack. The eight battal-

ions were arranged in echelon, and really formed one mass, though in two parallel columns of companies, having batteries of horse artillery on either flank advancing with them. Napoleon watched this huge, black echelon mount the slope, and, as the Guard and the British mingled together, his face became pale as death, and he was heard to murmur, "Ils sont meles ensemble." (They are mingled together.) The moment the Old Guard reached the summit and the smoke had cleared away, from the whole line of the British ran—and ran again, and yet again—the vivid flash of a tremendous volley, followed by a gleaming row of leveled bayonets as the British began the charge. Who could withstand such a charge? Not even Napoleon's veterans. As the line of gleaming points shone nearer, and yet nearer, the nerve of the French seemed to fail, the huge Guard faltered, shrank, and tumbled in ruin down the hill.

Meanwhile, on the opposite ridge, stood the great Napoleon. He cast one hurried glance over the field, and, in the place of his once grand host, he saw nothing but broken squadrons, abandoned batteries, and wrecked battalions. "Tout est perdu," he said, "Sauve qui peut!" and, wheeling his horse, he turned his face from his last battlefield. His star had set. Napoleon had lived too long for the world's happiness, or for his own fame. After this battle, his army simply ceased to exist, and there remained to Napoleon only six ignoble years at St. Helena. But to Wellington, who had showed all the highest qualities of generalship in the grim but decisive battle of Waterloo, there remained thirty-seven years of honored life, till, "To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation," he was laid beside Nelson in the crypt of St. Paul's.

RAYMOND EVANS.

Northumberland Co., Ont.

Our Ingle Nook Page of Opinions.

We thank most heartily those who have so very ably contributed to "Our Page" upon this important subject, "Beautifying Canada." They may feel best repaid, however, in thinking of the great possible good this little series of letters may do throughout our beloved country. A little seed sown through so widely-circulated a journal as ours, may bear much fruit.

Next month, the subject—a very excellent one, suggested by an Ancaster member—is "Do not professional exhibitors

keep our women and girls from exhibiting at our township fairs?"

Beautifying Canada.

(A Hint to the Agricultural Society and Fair Officials.)

Canada is beautiful naturally, but, with the advent of man, much of this natural beauty has been spoiled and obliterated. But we want, if possible, to preserve the beauty of our country, and where the forest



"And harmoniously woven into each memory are those old log buildings, which exactly fitted their primitive surroundings." (See "Opinion" written by Mrs. Dawson.)