BATTLE OF WATERLOO. SECOND VIEW.

“Here you have the flight of the great Napoleon! Ambition was his ruin. He was greedy of conquest, and never knew when he had enough. He should have been contented in trying to make France happy.

“Look at the battle, my bonny boys and girls, while I finish my description;

Life is a day
That soon flies away.
A human flower
Fades every hour.

Your turn will come by and by, whether old England is at peace or war.

“Now we will go on with the battle. Now I shall tell you a little more of the bravery of British soldiers.

“When Buonaparte saw that if he did not soon defeat Wellington, the Prussians would come up, he resolved to try all his strength and make the fiercest struggle. He had lost many brave men, but the flower of his army had hitherto been kept out of the battle. These were now brought forward, and or-
dered to charge. There was pretty dashing and clashing.

“Field Marshal Ney, as brave a soldier as ever drew sword from a scabbard, led on. The charge was desperate; the slaughter was dreadful. The wings of the English army had advanced a little, so that the French columns were galled with a raking fire, not only in front, but on both flanks. The English boys were formed four deep, and kept firing away as fast as they could ram down their cartridges and prime their muskets. There they fought like men determined to conquer or die.

“Never was a more fearful struggle; muskets poured their volleys, cannon thundered without ceasing, sword clashed with sword, and bayonet was opposed by bayonet; but the British would not be beaten; they stood their ground.

“The twenty-seventh regiment had four hundred men mowed down in square without their drawing a trigger. Still ready and steady, they acted like men. The ninety-second regiment, when it was only two hundred strong, rushed on and routed a French column. They felt that they were Englishmen; the thirty-third regiment, when almost cut to pieces, required help, but none could be given. The com-