

would have been given to Napoleon, had he become the possessor of the chateau. Once again the left wing of the attacking army, commanded by Jerome Bonaparte, advanced against the chateau. The battalions which occupied the wood in front, for a time, were scattered like chaff before the wind, under the merciless fire of a superior force. A body of the left wing penetrated even to the house, but a second brigade of a chosen guard, who occupied the chateau, and lined the garden walls, were in possession of the orchard, and were strong enough to resist every effort to dislodge them. The French were thundering at the very doors of the chateau, but a reinforcement of the English troops, and a well directed fire drove them back. Again they rallied and pushed onward, and again they were driven back in confusion. In thirty minutes of time fifteen hundred men perished in the orchard of Hougoumont alone, and upon a piece of ground containing not more than four acres. A more frightful scene followed when the house was set on fire by the French. Friend and foe were now alike enveloped in the flames, and in the very thickest of the fire and smoke, the combat raged the fiercest. Each man maintained his ground in spite of fire and sword; and while one of the outbuildings of the chateau was filled with the dying and wounded, who lay crowded in heaps together, dying as it were the thousand deaths of flame and fire, shrieking until their cries of despair echoed through the woods and along the plain, the combatants were as fiercely fighting without, as if the scene had been in an open field. The engagement here partook more of the ferocity of the wild beasts of the forest, more furious from hunger and confinement, than of men engaged in a manly struggle to become victors. The wounded were many of them burst alive, and in the agonies of a most horrible death, the dying gave up the ghost. The living hereabouts in the meantime, man to man, fought with a desperation so fierce, that they saw not the danger of the surrounding flames; and were at last engulfed in the fire, from which they could now make no escape. Thus hundreds and hundreds fell, and though the chateau had been reduced to a mere shell, the marks of which it carries now in common with every spot around, not covered with the hand of nature, the British maintained their posts, and the French were driven back as often as they attempted to become masters of the field. All this, however, was but the movements of one wing of the French army. The French artillery, with columns of infantry and cavalry, while the left wing were the most fiercely engaged, had ascended the eminences occupied by the enemy. Whole squares of the British were mowed down like the grass of the field, but the chateaux were as soon filled as made vacant; and here not one foot of ground was lost or won.

Boiled here, Napoleon commenced a fierce attack on the left of the British army, in the hope of turning it, and separating the main army from the Prussians; and also of cutting off the retreat in the direction of La Haie Sainte, should one be attempted. The manoeuvre was a bold one, and success and defeat were alternate. The French, however, conducted themselves worse here than any where else, and were often repulsed. The Scotch brigades most valiantly here, and one of their regiments was reduced to two hundred men. Three of the French regiments lost their eagles here, and in the British ranks, Sir T. Picton and Sir W. Ponsonby lost what was more important, their lives. Napoleon was never idle, and never disheartened. His position was a command now, and though amazed at the resistance he was yet determined to move on, and to give his enemy neither time for thought, or rest beyond the moment. The farm of La Haie Sainte, a position as important almost as the Chateau of Hougoumont was the next point of attack; and if successful here, where the road leading from Waterloo to Brussels, the means of retreat would be cut off, and the enterprise was worthy of Napoleon, and showed how little he had been influenced by the reverses of the day, and how ready he was to make a bolder push than any he had yet attempted. The British commander penetrated like the imbedded rocks. The farm was surrounded after an hour's contest as severe as was carried, and the position was thoroughly ceased to breathe. Now was the brightest moment of the day for Napoleon. Fortune seemed to smile upon him most graciously, and under the too ardent anticipations of certain success, he dispatched a courier to Paris, with the news that the battle was won, and France and her Emperor were again victorious!

The advantage gained, but for the too precipitate haste of the just now seeming victor, of Napoleon which ever acted with a thunder force and lightning speed, and with more of as it had been elsewhere, but with far less succ columns of cuirassiers and lancers rushed upon the squares yielded to a shock which it seemed as if nothing could resist, whilst the French cavalry followed charge upon charge, midst fire and smoke, and death, upon the position occupied by Wellington and his staff. Each man as it would seem was ambitious to signalize himself by the death or capture of the British commander. Even the personal escort of Wellington were in hot conflict with the enemy to preserve the Duke. But the attempt of the lancers, cuirassiers and chasseurs of Napoleon to force the

ranks of the allied infantry, beyond the first impression, was in vain. The French cavalry walked their horses round the British squares, seeking, now by dashing their horses against the ranks, and now by solid marches, to force an opening. Napoleon discovered that he had been too rash, and sought at once to make amends for his error, by extricating the cavalry from the danger of their position. New columns of French infantry therefore pressed onward to carry the village of Monte St. Jean, in the rear of the British position, overpowering every barrier of resistance, whether of men or national defence. Wellington here, in person, was compelled to lead the charge, and was often in the thickest of the fight.

The French, in despite of their desperate valour now arrested in their march,—the farm of La Haie Sainte was re-taken, and the contending armies, each, occupied their old positions, except that the French maintained themselves upon a mound on the left of the road from Brussels to Charleroi, from which spot there was no power strong enough to dislodge them until the close of the engagement. So far the fight seemed to have but begun. It was the hardest service of Napoleon to attack, and a strong body of infantry and cavalry, by a new command, had now made the circuit of the Chateau of Hougoumont, and advanced to the British position, on the eminence of which this important post was controlled. They had penetrated the squares of infantry, and were dealing death and destruction around them when their progress was again arrested. The artillery of the two armies poured forth an incessant volley of round and grape shot, and then whole masses of infantry would advance, fire and then charge with the bayonet, or come in close contact with a destructive fusillade. In the rear of the allied infantry the cavalry of the two armies were maintaining as fierce a contest as these in front. The scene of confusion was appalling, and the loss of life horrible to look at or think of. Whole regiments were here hewn to pieces and hardly a company was left to tell of the dreadful slaughter. The result was now as before when the Chateau was attacked. The allies maintained their position, and the French were forced back to their main body with immense loss.

The closing scene followed thick and fast, and the curtains of night were soon drawn around the memorable events of the day. Dreadful was the slaughter that followed the last attack upon the Chateau of Hougoumont. Napoleon prepared for his last great effort, and from along his whole line there seemed to come for a time, the thunder and the lightning of heaven. Six hours the battle had continued with unabated fury, and one third of the allied force had been slain or wounded. The Duke was fearful for the result, and it was now that he wished for the coming of the night, or for Blucher. A feeling of despair was running through the ranks of the allied forces, and the spirits of the soldiers began to droop. With Napoleon, all was impetuosity and determination. He had not yet dreamed of defeat, though the soldiers had fallen around him like rain drops, during the day. "These English are devils," cried Napoleon—"will they never be beaten!" Again, he is said here to have contemplated the field of blood and butchery before him with a feeling of frightful ferocity, and when told that the Prussians were advancing in the rear of his right wing, he was incredulous, and affirmed that it was only the corps of Grouchy, and that his success was now certain and complete. Alas for Napoleon and his fortunes—it was Blucher and not Grouchy. The Prussians had been guided by a poor peasant to the very spot where they could do most execution, and thus, to one faithful man, in the humblest sphere of life, was entrusted the fate of almost all Europe. Napoleon mused for a moment upon the change of the scene, and, quick as thought, he determined to apply the only remedy in his power. The reinforcements of Blucher he committed to the kind care of his sixth corps, and then the whole concentrated force of the remainder of his army, he directed against the centre of the allies. The cavalry of his guard led the attack, and their first shock was like the sweeping of the storm in the tempest. The allies yielded—the heights were taken, and many of the English guns were in possession of the French. It was here that Wellington placed himself at the head of his English and Brunswick troops, inflaming their courage by the ardor of his personal address. His words were like fire, and as the issue was life or death, victory or defeat, the momentary victory of the French was rescued from their grasp. More successful was the corps of Count Lobau, sent against the Prussians. The advanced guard of Napoleon had been repulsed and driven into the forest, and Napoleon, without weakening his front ranks, or diminishing the number or force of his charges against the British centre, had sent the whole reserve of his right wing, and one hundred pieces of cannon, against the Prussians. It was now that Napoleon in person, harangued his faithful and devoted guard of fifteen hundred men—and from the hollow of the road between La Belle Alliance and La Haie Sainte, and between the two armies, even to the British ranks, were heard from a thousand voices—"long live the Emperor!" "The Emperor forever." Before the Emperor the brave troops defiled under the command of Ney. The scene which followed is described by those here, who saw it, as solemn and impressive, beyond all power to picture it ever so faintly. The French troops, while the fire of the allies continued the hottest, moved on, for some moments, in the death-like stillness of the grave.

As often as their front rank fell under the deadly fire aimed against them, the chateaux were filled by those in the rear eager to be foremost in the fight. The Imperial Guards advanced, turning for a time neither to the

right nor to the left, opposing all before them who dared to resist their march, and with immense slaughter. The victory once more seemed to be Napoleon's. When Wellington, who had planted himself upon a ridge behind the finest body of British Guards in the field, declared that he would not move from it. "Up Guards and at them!" was the inspiring command to make a determined stand, and soon it became the fortune of the French to be the pursued rather than the pursuers. Volley upon volley, and bayonet upon bayonet. The French rallied, now effected a murderous execution, and now retreated each and all, with doubtful success for a time. Napoleon saw all, and gnashed his teeth with rage. His wish was to rally the fugitives and lead them in person, but the appearance of Blucher and Balow with thousands of men, and the earnest entreaties of Bertrand and Drouet, who threw themselves before him, persuaded him to quit that part of the field from which he had just now overlooked his last reverse, and from which he now saw a more impending danger. "There goes old Blucher at last," said Wellington. "We shall beat them yet!" And in an instant of time, under the influence of the glad vision before him, his whole corps, supported by artillery and cavalry, were ordered to charge.

On they went, furious as madmen to redeem themselves and avenge their fallen brethren. The hour had now come to decide the issue of the day. The desperate bravery of the French were no match for the best of the allied soldiers, and the fresh reinforcements of Blucher and Blucher, and Zeithan, who had arrived at about seven o'clock, on the left of the British position. The troops of Wellington, aided by the Prussians, soon changed the retreat of the French to a rout. Napoleon endeavoured to cover that retreat, now made inevitable, within four squares of his old and beloved Guard, but these were so borne down by the tide of fugitives that pressed upon the one hand, and by the victors upon the other, that retreat became escape. The result is known.

Thus ended the battle of Waterloo, with the annihilation of the French army, and the indulgence of a brutal and ferocious disposition by a portion of the captors,—the Prussians in particular, who were far more blood thirsty when victory had perched upon their banner, than in the heat and burden of the fray.

Pardon, good reader, these hurried reminiscences of a traveller. Waterloo cannot be visited without the full remembrance of the eventful scenes there performed; and it may be a feeling of vanity, or it may be some feeling better or worse, that makes each one who visits a spot like this, anxious to give his own impressions, as well of what was, as what is. I see around me thousands of memorials of the great battle here fought, and all, from the huge national monument erected of and upon the soil of Waterloo, surmounted by the Belgian lion, and overlooking the vast scene which it commemorates, to the humble church of Monte St. Jean filled with its almost countless monuments to the departed, who found here a grave and a friend—make the present as a blank, and the past as a history.

I have but related a trice told story, and bearing with me now some trophies as relics of the place I have visited,—a flower from Hougoumont, for what Waterloo is,—a memorial of the battle, of which there are a myriad here, for what it was. I ask the reader's indulgence, and bid adieu to a spot of which I had heard and read much, but which my eyes only now have seen.

"The traveller seeks in each enchanted spot  
Something that may recall it to his view,  
A leaf from Virgil's tomb,—Egeria's grove,  
Fragments of Rome,—a flower from Waterloo."

VOICE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Voice of the nightingale,  
Heard in the twilight vale,  
Waking the silence to music and love;  
Sweet is thy vesper vow,  
Holy and tender now,  
Worthy the spirits which list thee above.

Once, in complaining tone,  
Notes that were sorrow's own,  
Gush'd from thy breast as if thrill'd with some wrong;

Then, as if Hepe sprang high,  
Up to the choral sky  
Swept thy full heart on the wings of thy song.

Hid in thy hermit-tree,  
Musing in melody,  
Breath'st thou that strain to some home of the past!

Whence thy sweet nestlings fled,  
Those thy fond care had fed;  
Gav'st thou them wings but to leave thee at last!

Thus 'tis in life, sweet bird,  
They whom our hearts prefer'd—  
They whom we cherish'd and hoped to call ours—  
Left us for others then;

Who would be mothers, then,  
When o'er affection such destiny lours!  
Yet in thy lonely lot,  
Still does thy sorrow not  
Vainly as those who far less should repine;  
Oh, in his solitude,  
Would that man's gratitude  
Sour'd to his Maker in vespers like thine!

Voice of the nightingale,  
Heard in the twilight vale,  
Filling with sweetness thy hermitage lone,  
Blest is thy vesper vow,  
Holy and tender now;

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick sighted do we become to their merit, and how bitterly do we then remember words or looks of unkindness which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them. How carefully

Would that man's gratitude equalled thine own!  
CHARLES SWAIN.

New Works.

From Education of the Feelings.  
MISTAKES IN EDUCATION.

The word obstinacy is applied to the conduct of children, when in reality very different feelings come into play, all producing similar external manifestations. A child may be directed to do something which he thinks involves an injury to himself—his natural firmness will assist the feeling of oppositiveness in resisting the command; it may include something which he imagines to be wrong—his firmness will then be supported by his sense of right; he may not really understand what the injunction means; or he may oppose it from the mere superabundance of firmness itself, which alone is obstinacy, strictly speaking. Now all these cases we call cases of obstinacy, and treat them in the same manner; whereas they proceed from totally different sources, and require dealing with accordingly. In the last instance, we must be assured that the command is necessary before it is given, and kindness must unite with determination in exacting obedience. But all occasion for combats of this description, should be studiously avoided; it would be almost wiser never to give a command, than to have frequent recourse to them.

From Stent's Travels in Palestine.  
THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

So slight is the trade in the Holy City, that, except during the period about Easter, when it is thronged with pilgrims, a peculiar stillness prevails. Its population approaches thirty thousand, composed of Mahometans, Jews, and Christians; to all these distinct quarters are assigned; those for the former being in the neighbourhood of their chief mosque; the latter of whom the Armenians are the wealthiest, and the Greeks most numerous, reside in the Western parts, in the vicinity of the convents. But the Jews, strangers in their own land, dwell at the foot of Mount Sion, in the lowest districts. They are poor, and cruelly oppressed; yet of late they have decidedly increased in numbers, now amounting probably to five or six thousand; and many come here from distant climes when of advanced age, in order to lay their bones by the side of their great forefathers. Several of this race may be occasionally observed bewailing their sad fate, at an ancient ruined wall which divides Mount Moriah from Aera, in consequence of a tradition that it was a portion of the Temple. And a truly interesting though piteous sight was it to witness, as I did, many fair ones of the daughters of Judah "arrayed in robes of virgin white," seated in silence, on their Sabbath eve, around the Southern slopes of Sion.

A PARISIAN BELLE.

A French woman is all June—June, from head to foot. Even in the dog days, an English beauty dresses as though afraid the wind may change, or as if the weather looked threatening, if not on her shoulders, there are always half a dozen shawls and bonas in the corner of the carriage. But the Parisienne, like the cuckoo, has no sorrow in her song—no winter in her year. Her draperies are as light as her heart. She comes forth for her parties of pleasure gay as a butterfly—fresh gloves, fresh shoes, her chip bonnet trimmed with flowers from which one might almost brush the dew; and a dress concerning which one longs to inquire, as Geo. III. did of the apple in the dumpling, how she managed to get into it—so untumbled and neat in every fold. And then, she is predetermined to be amused; and, consequently, sure to be amusing. Her day of pleasure has neither yesterday nor to-morrow—no unpleasant reminiscences—nor jarring apprehensions disturb her cheerful mind; prepared to enjoy the bright sky which Heaven has placed over head, the green herbage under her feet, the admiring friends who share these pleasures in her company—self seems to have disappeared from her calculations when she took leave of it on quitting her toilet; that is, self is so exquisitely a matter of worship with her that she has to hit upon the exact mode of rendering it a matter of worship to other people.

ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

I felt the ennobling pride of learning. It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our energies. The struggle after knowledge too, is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigor to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odor which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered or worked out by our brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick sighted do we become to their merit, and how bitterly do we then remember words or looks of unkindness which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them. How carefully