BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

It was the night of June 17th 1815. The French army under Napoleon Bonaparte, and the English and their allies under the Duke of Wellington lay encamped near Waterloo. It was dark and stormy—the rain fell in torrents, and the two armies lay down in the tall rye to await the morning that was to decide the fate of Napoleon and Europe.

At Brussels there was a sound of revelry, by night. On the eve of battle there was a ball, and from the scene of gaiety and mirth, many English officers were suddenly summoned to the field, and compelled to pass the night in their elegant attire, shivering with cold, and drenched with rain. The ground had been so cut up by the artillery that the mud was ankle deep, while the tall rye lay matted beneath the feet of the soldiers. The morning of the 18th came, and the two armies arose from their damp couches and took up their postiions for the contest. On the field of battle there were two slightly elevated, semicircular ridges or slopes a half mile apart curving gently forward somewhat in the form of a parenthesis. On the summit of one of these was arrayed the French army consisting of about 72,000 men and 240 cannon; on the other was drawn up the allied forces consisting of nearly the same number of men with 159 cannon. After all preparations for the struggle had been made, Napoleon confident of success, and appearing to be in excellent spirits, rode along his lines, giving directions here, speaking a word of encouragement there, and everywhere greeted with the shout "vive le' Emperor" which rolled after him shaking the very ground on which he stood, and falling ominously upon the allied army. At eleven o'clock the signal for attack was given. The forces of Wellington occupied a space of two miles, with the right resting upon the Chateau Hougomont, which offered defenses equal to a redoubt, the centre being protected by a farm house, La Haye Sainte, while the left stretched out into the open field.

Jerome Bonaparte opened the melee by leading a column of six thousand men against Hougomont.

In the face of the most destructive fire they forced their way up to the very doors of the chateau but they were there repulsed by the Cold Stream Guards, leaving 1,400 slain behind them. In a short time the engagement extended along the whole line. The cavalry of the French came thundering down on the steady English squares with almost superhuman effort to break them. But their attempts were effectually resisted, and finally, driven to desperation, with the utmost recklessness, rushing in at every place made vacant by a fallen man. The conflict soon became terrific at the centre for there was the crisis of the battle. Napoleon rode with unparalleled bravery up to the very bayonets of the English, cheering on his exhausted troops who continually rent the air with their favorite cry of "vive le' Emperor." While Wellington watching anxiously the progress of the battle, stood with nearly his entire guard fallen at his feet, under a tree whose boughs were splintered above his head by cannon shot.

Napoleon, enraged at the stubborn obstinacy of the British rode over the field now certain of final victory, to hasten that end. Then it was that Wellington, seeing that it would be impossible to sustain much longer the charges of the French battalions exclaimed: "O! that Blucher or night would come." Thus from eleven until four the battle raged, the contest growing more severe at the centre every moment. The mangled French horsemen advanced feebly upon the worn-out English squares which, though lessened and bleeding seemed rooted to the spot where they stood. Many of their heroic leaders had fallen. Among them were Picton and Ponsonby. Slaughter and terror surrounded them. The cavalry continued their fearful onsets regardless of the murderous fire of the British. The muddy field ran blood and still the foemen pressed on to the conflict. Everything seemed favorable to the French. But at this moment of Napoleon's apparent victory, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." A dark body emerged from the distant wood and soon a force of 30,000 men appeared upon the field. It was Blucher and the Prussians, the allies of the Duke. But where was Grouchy? He was left at Ligny where Blucher was defeated, with 35,000 men to hold the Prussians in check, so they could not communicate with Wellington at Waterloo. Grouchy remained where he had been stationed, and Waterloo was lost. Napoleon saw at once to attempt to conquer these fresh troops with his own in so exhausted a condition, would be folly. He therefore resolved to stake his fate on one bold cast, to make one more desperate effort to pierce the centre and thus, fighting between them, hold both at bay. The Imperial Guard which was held in reserve all day was called out and divided into two immense columns. This corps consisted of three thousand five hundred gigantic men mounted on Colossal horses, and armed with horse-pistols and sabre-swords.

One devision was placed under Rielle's command, but it had no sooner entered the fray than it disappeared like mist. Then Marshall Ney, called by Napoleon "the bravest of the brave" drew his sword and placing himself at the head of the remaining column led them on to victory or annihilation. Soon followed a fearful sight. All those mounted men with sabres drawn and trumpets sounding rushed forward as one man, sweeping everything before them. But all at once the advance line staggered back. They saw before them what Napoleon did not see when he sent them forward, a narrow ravine two fathoms deep. It was the sunken road to Ohain. They could not turn back. At the very feet of their horses yawned this living grave to receive them. The first rank was forced in by the second, the second by the third and so on until the defile was *filled* with a struggling, breathing mass of men and horses. Then those behind rushed over this human bridge as it were, and with Ney still their leader the handful that remained of this noble band rushed up the plateau of Mount St Jean. They had nearly reached the summit when the artillery that had been concealed behind the brow of the hill, opened fire upon them, and the foremost ranks sank in the dust. But those in the rear immediately came forward and took the places made vacant by their fallen comrades, but only to die as they had died. The bravery of Ney was here fully displayed. After having had five horses successively shot under him, with his uniform riddled with balls and bespattered with blood, his hat gone, and a broken sword in his hand, he cheered his men on to the very mouths of the cannon. Thus they gained the rising ground of Mount St. Jean. Here the Belgian, Dutch and Brunswick troops instantly gave way before them and Wellington was compelled to rally them in person. Before the Imperial Guard could deploy, he gave the word for the British Infantry to advance. The men who had been lying prostrate on the slope of hill sprang forward and closing around Ney and his followers poured upon them a perfect torrent of bullets. The guard attempting to deploy were thrown into confusion and rushed in a crowd to La Haye Sainte. Then followed a scene of destruction and slaughter. The cry of "The Guard recoils" threw the entire French army into a panic. The Emperor tried to rally them, but they would scarcely recognize him who a short time before they were proud of as their King and General. Night came on and brought with it terror and despair. The Prussians following up the routed army gave no quarter, but slaughtered every Frenchman that fell into their hands. One officer who *surrendered* and gave up his arms, was stabbed with his own sword. The victory was followed by the victory of the vanquished. Thus terminated the battle of Waterloo, a contest that was to decide on the one hand the fate of Europe, and on the other, that of a single man. Europe was successful. The man failed.

Living Witnesses

The hundreds of strong, hearty, rugged and very healthy looking men, women and children that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parker's Ginger Tonic are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth You will find such in almost every community. Read of it in another column

The Oyster Beds of Florida.

Oysters grow everywhere around Savannah, in riotous abundance, and are often found so prolific in one spot as to aggregate into bunches weighing 100 pounds or more. Of course, when so crowded, and forced to sink into the mud by weight of the mass, the individual oysters have a hard time, and only a very few ever obtained any respectability of size; the rest must he stunted, elongated and distorted. Nevertheless, they are well flavored, and the smallest, scarcely larger than one's thumb nail, are often the sweetest. This wild growth is known everywhere as "coon oysters," the tradition being that the raccoons were especially fond of them and every now and then got caught by trying to open too stout a bivalve, which shuts its shells on the poor beast's paw, and so held him until the rising tide drowned him. It is a common saying, too, among the shore folks, that the coons have piled up great heaps of shells along the shores; but another oyster lover did that—the Indian. He ate them, coming to the shore in the warm months as his white successors annually flock to their seaside resorts, and leaving these heaps of discarded oyster shells to tell us where he pitched his lodge. The coon oysters, however, are not a different species from the delicious bivalve of the Delaware, the Sound, or the Great South Bay; not even from those of Providence river and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Speer's Horehound Rye and Rock.

Made of old pearl rye, rock candy crystal, and the Horehound herb, a simple and effective remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness and sore throats, highly recommended for consumptives. This is no patent medicine mixture, but it is the pure extract of Rye, Horehound and Rock Candy, combined with one other medicine much used by consumptives. Sold by C. A Kleim.

The derivation of the word "blizzard" is not generally known. We will elucidate: When one of those superior creatures who inhabit Boston enters his aesthetic home on a cold night he removes his cultured muffler from his refined throat and remarks: 'The atmospheric exuberance is antagonistic to the preservation of caloric in physiological structure," which, translated, means, "blow hard." When a degenerate Chicago man returns home at 3 a. m. from a chicken fight a ter having observed the fall of the mercury and several other things in liquid form he explains the state of atmosphere to the angry partner of his joys as follows: "My dearsh, bl'sh'ard—bl'zzare" after which he encounters a blizzard from his indignant spouse.—"Detroit Free Press."

No Hospital Needed.

No hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large salaried, talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure as they tell their own story by their own certain and absolute cures at home.—*New York Independent.*

"Yes I'm going to skate," he answered, as his teeth rattled together and his ears stood out like sheet-iron medals. "They tried to stuff me with a story of a boy who froze to death on the rink at the park, but I wouldn't take it."

"Did he freeze to death?"

"No! Come to find out about it, he just froze his ears and nose and fingers and toes, and the rest of his body wasn't touched at all! They can't scare me with any of their tales of horror."

One of my children was recently attacked with a severe case of croup, which really assumed a distressing phase. I was recommended to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup after all other remedies had failed. The effect was most happy and speedy, causing an entire cure. F. Albrecht, 241 S Sharp street, Baltimore.

An Indian came to an agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whiskey for a younger brother who he said had been bitten by a rattlesnake. "Four quarts!" replied the agent, with surprise; "much as that" "Yes," replied the Indian, "Four quarts; snake verry big."

Honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in all other things Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequaled spring blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others in the market. Trial proves it.

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It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

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