



Orlando Dunn

with best wishes
for a Merry Xmas

and a Happy New year

G. J. Perkins

Hamilton

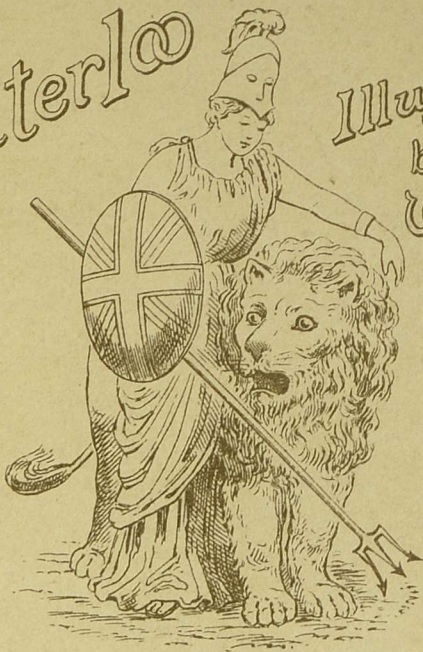
Dec 1899

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Waterloo

Illustrated
by
W. H. Ellam.



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Waterloo.

—1815—

The 18th of June broke gloomily. Stiff after their night's bivouac on the miry ground, the British troops were yet ready, when the bugles sounded the assembly, to fall cheerfully into position.

The sun appeared as Wellington rode down the lines, lighting up the opposite ridge, where Napoleon inspected his noble army—set in battle array.

A pause—a shot from our batteries! the French were advancing on Hougomont.



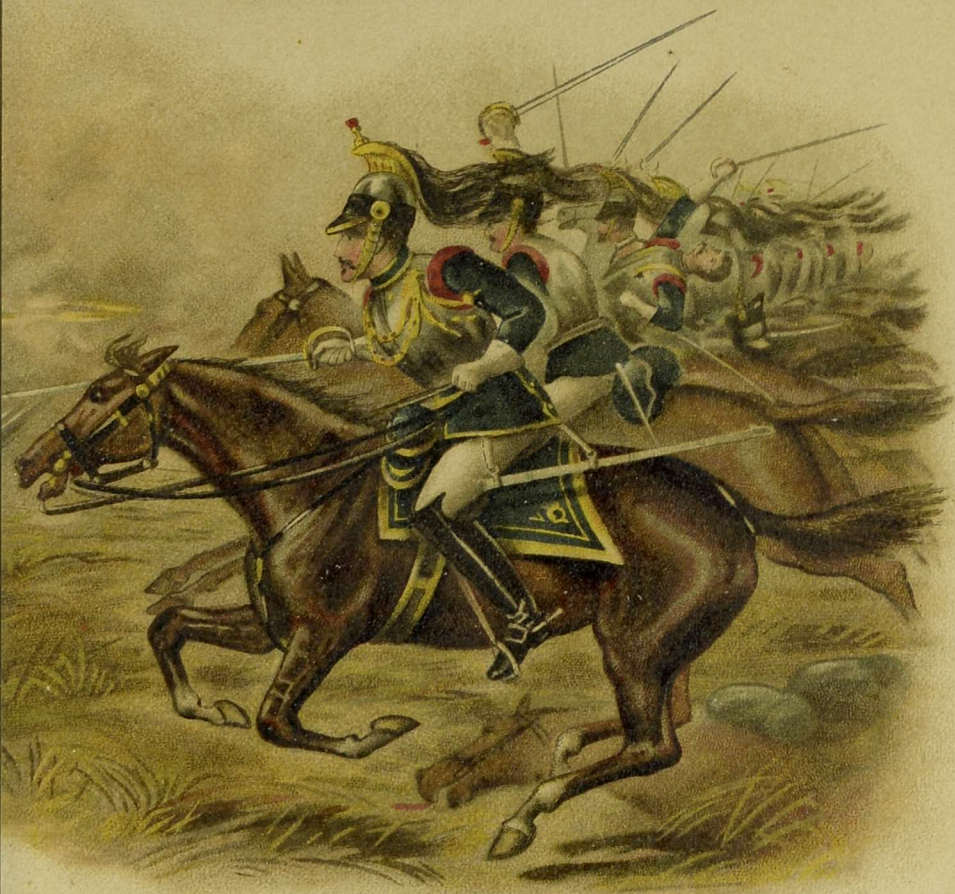
Hougomont.

This outpost-château, farmyard, and woodland - was held by the light companies of Byng's Brigade of Guards.

Beaten from the wood by numbers, they kept the lane, till a haystack taking fire, they dashed into the courtyard, hotly followed by the French, whom after a hand to hand struggle, they ejected, slamming the gates behind them.

After two hours' fierce fighting, they kept and held possession.





Attack.

Now, in dense columns, the foe charged Picton's Highlanders, only to be scattered by the British bayonet.

The Cuirassiers came on superbly, reckless of the fire from our squares, but they were swept back down the slope.

And now, Napoleon launched the splendid cavalry of France upon our squares. On they thundered like a mighty wave of the sea, spending its vain fury, upon a rock. The British squares were impregnable!



Defeat.

Sullenly the beaten cavalry withdrew—to make way for the grand assault, headed by Napoleon's Imperial Guard.

But now our long tried soldiers had revenge, permission to charge at last! With exulting shouts, they swept into the valley, driving the French before them. Blücher had come up, the rout was complete.

Twilight and darkness fell over the battlefield, the dead and dying.

Wellington had conquered.



