

NAPOLEON.

NAPOLÉON'S LAST CHARGE

Napoleon was undoubtedly one of the greatest military commanders that ever lived. His accomplishments and achieve-ments are simply without a parallel in the human race. He was born in the year 1769 on the Island of Corsica. His parents were poor. They had a large family. Early in his career he was competied to struggle for an existence, and without money, without means or influence, without practically any or no opportunities, he accomplished the most stupendous undertakings in an incredible short space of time; finally becoming the Dictator, Ruler and Emperor of France, and the mighty Conqueror of the Continent of Europe; his star of destiny culminating, however, with the overwhelming and disastrons defeat of his army at the Battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. The battle field was a vast undulating plain, leading up to Mont St. Jean, which is called the field of Waterloo. At 9 o'clock the French army moved in five columns; the artillery between, the bands in front, drums rattling, bugles' sounding, a mighty, powerful, joyous army; a sea of bayonets and helmets. By to:go o'clock the whole army took up position and was drawn up in six lines. The first cannon shot was fired 25 minutes to 12. The battle commenced furiously; at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the situation of the English army was serious. Their losses had been terrible. Picton had been killed. Three thou-sand combatants had been massacred; the Scotch Greys no longer existed; Ponsonby's heavy dragoons were cut to pieces and he had fallen pierced by seven lance wounds. Gordon and March were dead. The fifth and sixth divisions were destroyed. The English army, however, was strongly situated on the *plateau* of Mont St. Jean. Along the center of the crest of this plateau ran a deep ditch or sunken road, which was invisible even at a short distance. This trench or ditch connected two Belgian villages, and was known as the hollow road of Ohain. In certain places along the route between hills, it became a ravine. A little after 4 o'clock, the English line fell back, all at once, from the plateau, into a hollow. "Wellington is retreating" Napoleon shouted, as he half raised himself in his stirrups, and with the flash of victory in his eyes, he conclusied to complete Welling-ton's supposed retreat by an overthrow, and gave orders for his magnificent body of Cuirassiers (cavalry), to charge the plateau of Mont St. Jean. plateau of Mont St. Jean.

NAPOLEONS LAST CHARGE.

There were three thousand five hundred gigantic men mounted on colossal horses, forming twenty-six squadrons. The whole of this cavalry, with raised swords with standards flying, charged across the formidable valley in which so many men had already failen, and in the face of fierce connonading and tremendous canister fire, traversed the battle field like a flash, ascending the frightful muddy incline of the plateau of Mont. St. Jean. Behind the cress of the plateau, in a bollow, in the shadow of a masked battery, thirteen English squares were waiting with their muskets calm, durb and motionless, for what was coming. Then appeared above the crest a long line of raised arms, brandishing sabres; a sea of helmets; a stormy bounding of horses; the clang of cuirasses, bugies and standards, and three thousand deep toned voices shouting, "Long live the Emperor." was coming Then appeared above the crest a long line of raised arms, brandishing shres; a sea of helmets; a stormy bounding of horses; the clang of cuirasses, bugles and standards, and three thousand deep toned voices shouting, "Long live the Emperor." On reaching the top of the crest, all at once, horrible to relate, the Cuirasseurs noticed between them and the English, an avful trench; it was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment: the ravine was there a grave, yawning, unexpected, almost precipitous, beneath the horses feet, with a depth of twelve feet and more between its two sides. There was no possible means of escaping. The ranks behind thrust the ranks in front into this terrible allyss. The honses reared, fell back, slipped with all four feet in the air. Men and horses rolled into the trench pell-mell, crushing each other; and when this grave was full of living men and horses, the rest passed over them. This commenced the loss of the battle. Sixty guns and the thirteen English squares, thundered shot and shell at the Cuirasseurs at point blank range. The Cuirasseurs with ranks diminished did not have a moment for reflection and rushed at the English squares at full gallop, with hanging bridles, sabres in their mouths, and pistols in their hands; their great horses reared, leaped over the bayonets and landed in the center of the four living watch and was heard to exclaim, "Blucher or night." It was this moment that a distant line of bayonets gligeneed on the heights; it was Blucher. The rest is known. The appearance of a hird army, with eighty-six cannon thundering simultaneously: French regiments; the whole English line resuming the offensive, and pushed forward; the gigantic gaps made in the French army by the combined English and Prussian batteries; with disaster and extermination in front, with disaster on the flaw the squadrons and battalions dash against and destroy each other; soldiers unharness horses from caisons and escape on them; squadrons and battalions dash against and destroy

Very respectfully.

E. T. PAULL

NOTE-The Roycrofters, of East Aurora, New York, publish a magnificently edited book entitled "The Battle of Wa-terloo," by Victor Hugo, which gives a complete account of this great battle. The writer is indebted to The Roycrofters for the historical extracts given above. SPECIAL NOTICE-Write for a complete list of E. T. Paull's compositions and arrangements, and the special prices we offer on same, which will be sent free, postpaid to any one, by addressing the publishers, E. T. PAULL MUSIC CO., 243 West Forty-second Street, New York.



Napoleons Last Charge

Descriptive March-Galop.

Waterloo

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car, Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;" Byron.

By EDWIN ELLIS. Rewritten and Arranged by E. T. PAULL.

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