

the superior weight of our horses. The French now ceased to be the assailants. The Duke of Wellington, seizing the critical moment, ordered the whole army, which had stood upon the defensive the entire day, to advance. The effect was dreadful—they poured upon the enemy like a torrent, sweeping all before them! It was in vain that the Old Imperial Guard formed upon the heights near La Belle Alliance, in four solid squares, to cover the retreat of their terrified comrades; they were also compelled to retire, and the whole became a complete rout.

The Duke of Wellington is represented in the foreground, near the Guards; but to say where he actually was, at this period, is impossible. His Grace, in the course of the day, went to every part of the line, animating the troops with his presence; and, in some cases, leading them on. Exposed to the greatest danger, the Duke stood to reconnoitre the manœuvres of the enemy, and gave his orders with the most intrepid coolness, amidst showers of shot and shells; but, though so much exposed, he miraculously escaped being hurt.

“ A thousand fiery deaths around him fly,  
 “ And burning balls hiss harmless by;  
 “ For every fire his sacred head must spare,  
 “ Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.”

*Congrave's Ode on the taking of Namur, 7th Stanza.*