THROUGH BELGIAN BATTLE FIELDS.

ve traced the ve kilometres, ersed, Quatre solved before rds the west) emed heavier did not halt f dozen white ting sun were as on the field wall or hedge. and in some zathered insee, and the ight, thought at that hour harm. This est, and the eld had here er which his

red by three d of Quatre s d between t the wearied on horsemen just arrived inner slope rlooking, at ere it halted, formed into the ridge, a horseman galloped back towards Quatre Bras, shouting, as he rode, "Prepare for cavalry: they are coming !" The officer who commanded the regiment, thus warned, placed his men in square. At that instant another horseman rode up from a different direction, and halting against the bayonets of the men, he demanded, in a loud voice, what had been done. "I have formed square," replied the Colonel, " to resist cavalry." " There are more coming," answered the first speaker; "deploy into line." He was a Prince, and in that day Princes, like Kings, could do no wrong. So they proceeded to form line just as the wild cannonade from the heights of Frasnes sunk suddenly into ominous silence. It was the calm before f tempest. At once the ridge in front grew dark with huge straign. sworded, steel-clad horsemen, and through the tall and tangled rye there swept the 8th Cuirassiers of Kellerman's Division. Before this rush of horses no men in line could stand; from right to left the regiment became a shapeless wreck. The Cuirassiers swept on towards Quatre Bras, bearing with them a single colour; and one hundred and fifty dead and dying men remained amidst the blood-stained corn to attest the impetuosity of French cavalry and the imbecility of a Dutch Prince. The man whose steps we have followed from Fleurus, and who now sat in the sunset on the stubble-covered ridge of Gemioncourt, bore, when at home, the same numbers which that regiment had worn in the fight at Quatre Bras. The autumn twilight had begun to fade when the sense of wanting a supper and a bed roused from his dream of battle the solitary wayfarer. A peasant passing the road answered the inquiries made by him, and wandering across the fields, he reached the little village of Frasnes, which had begun to close its doors against the night. In this village (the headquarters of Marshal Ney on the night of the 16th June) he found a homely supper and a bed, which, though small, was white and clean, and cool, after the fiery heat of the long September day. In the room

17