

He stood beside that stream again  
 When years had fled in strife and pain;  
 He look'd for its calm course in vain  
 For storms profan'd its peaceful flow,  
 An I clouds o'er hung its crystal brow;—  
 And turning then, he sighed to deem  
 His heart still like his native stream.

From "Stories of Waterloo."

### THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Wander o'er this bloody field,  
 To look our dead, and then to bury them;  
 To sort our nobles from our common men;  
 For many—  
 Lie down'd and soaked in mercenary blood.

Shakspeare's Henry V.

The last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in a field, was utterly defeated, and the dynas of that proud spirit for whom Europe was too little, was over.

Night came, but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon, and the moon rose upon the "broken host," to light the victors to their prey. The British, forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy, and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives, and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But, wearied with blood (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance,) and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed gradually, and at Genappe ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Caillon and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry, some miles farther on, halted, and abandoned the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge. The memory of former defeat, insult, and oppression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *vo victis* was pronounced, and thousands besides those who perished in the field fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre.—In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit and destroyed the discipline of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

But, although the French army had ceased to exist as such, and now (to use the phrase of a Prussian officer) exhibited rather the flight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body—never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery than during

the long and sanguinary battle of the 18th. The plan of Buonaparte's attack was worthy of his martial renown: it was unsuccessful; but let this be ascribed to the true cause—the heroic and enduring courage of the troops and the man to whom he was opposed, Wellington without that army, or that army without Wellington, must have fallen beneath the splendid efforts of Napoleon.

While a mean attempt has been often made to lower the military character of that great warrior, who is now no more, those who would libel Napoleon rob Wellington of half his glory. It may be the proud boast of England's hero, that the subjugator of Europe fell before him, not in the wane of his genius, but in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors—leading that very army which had overthrown every power that had hitherto opposed it, now perfect in its discipline, flushed with recent success, and confident of approaching victory.

At Genappe, and not, as generally believed, at La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blucher met after the battle. The moment and spot were fitting for the interview of conquerors. To Blucher's fresher troops the task of an unabating pursuit was intrusted; and Wellington, at midnight, returned to Waterloo across the crimson field which that day had consummated his military glory. 'Twas said that he was deeply affected, as "by the pale moonlight," he unwillingly surveyed the terrible scene of slaughter he passed by, and that he bitterly lamented a victory which had been achieved at the expense of many personal friends, and thousands of his gallant soldiery.

When the next sun rose, the field of battle presented a tremendous spectacle of carnage. Humanity shuddered at the view, for mortal suffering in all its terrible variety was highly exhibited. The dead lay there in thousands—with them human pain and agony were over;—but with them a multitude of maimed wretches were intermingled, mutilated by wounds, and tortured by thirst and hunger. A few short hours had elapsed, and those who but yesterday had careered upon the plain of Waterloo, in the full pride of life and manhood, were stretched upon the earth; and many who had led the way to victory, who with exulting hearts had cheered their colder comrades when they quailed, were laid upon the field in helpless wretchedness.

Nor was war's misery confined to man. Thousands of wounded horses were strewn over this scene of slaughter. Some lay quietly on the ground, cropping the grass within their reach; some with deep moaning expressed their sufferings; while others, maddened with pain,

"Yerk'd out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
 Killing them twice."

When day came, and it was possible to send relief to the wounded, many circumstances tended to retard the welcome succour. The great road to Brussels, from heavy rains, and the incessant passage of artillery, and war equipages, was so much cut up, as to materially retard the carriages employed to bring the wounded from the field. Dead horses and abandoned baggage choked the causeway, and rendered the efforts of Belgic humanity both slow and difficult. Up to the very gates of Brussels, "war's