

sat to rest awhile on that elevated spot, while his eye traced the wide landscape from Frasnes to Fleurus; but the five kilometres, which the last road-post marked, had yet to be traversed, Quatre Bras seen, and the question of a night's lodging solved before the sun (which was already beginning to droop towards the west) had reached the horizon—so with a knapsack, which seemed heavier at every step, the wanderer resumed his road and did not halt again until the hamlet at the four roads, with its half dozen white houses had been reached, and the last rays of the setting sun were falling athwart the scattered trees of Boissu. He was on the field of Quatre Bras. An undulating plain, unbroken by wall or hedge lay around him, the stubble was crisp under foot, and in some places corn stacks still stood where the rye had been gathered in—many people would have said there was little to see, and the ploughmen, as they unyoked their teams for the night, thought probably that the strange wayfarer was up to no good at that hour upon their land. But neither was his presence any harm. This Quatre Bras had for him a kind of personal interest, and the contrast between the past and present of a battle field had here even a deeper meaning than had the other fields over which his fancy had led him.

On the 16th June, 1815, a regiment, worn and tired by three and twenty miles of dusty march, reached the field of Quatre Bras. Boissu had been taken, Brunswick had fallen, and between the lulls of the cannonade came, ever and anon, amongst the wearied squares of British infantry, the fierce rush of the iron horsemen of L'Heretier and Kellerman. The regiment just arrived upon the field moved through the tall rye to the inner slope of the ridge, which is the last ground wave overlooking, at the northern side, the little valley of Gemioncourt—here it halted, having close by the remnants of two other battalions formed into a single square. Presently, from the outer slope of the ridge, a