

struggle are petrified there ; people are living and dying in it ; it was only yesterday Men massacred each other in the chapel, and the interior, which has grown quiet again, is strange. Mass has not been said in it since the carnage, but the altar has been left, an altar of coarse wood supported by a foundation of rough stone. Four white-washed walls, a door opposite the altar, two small arched windows, a large wooden crucifix, a square air hole stopped up with hay ; in a corner, on the ground, an old window sash with the panes all broken. Such is the chapel. Near the altar is a wooden statue of St. Anne, belonging to the 15th century ; the head of the Infant Saviour has been carried away by a shot. The French, masters for a moment of the chapel, and then dislodged, set fire to it. The flames filled the building and it became a furnace ; the door burnt, the flooring burnt, but the wooden Christ was not burnt ; the fire nibbled away the feet, of which the blackened stumps can now be seen, and then stopped. It was a miracle, say the country people

On leaving the chapel you see a well on your left hand. As there are two wells in this yard you ask yourself why this one has no bucket and windlass ? Because water is no longer drawn from it. Why is it not drawn ? Because it is full of skeletons. The last man who drew water from this well was a man called Willem van Kyslom ; he was a peasant who lived at Hougomont, and was gardener there. On June 18th, 1815, his family took flight and concealed themselves in the woods. The forest round the Abbey of Villers sheltered for several days and nights the dispersed, luckless country people. Even at the present day certain vestiges, such as old burnt trunks of trees mark the spot of these poor encampments among the thickets. Willem van Kyslom remained at Hougomont 'to take care of the chateau' and concealed himself in a cellar. The English discovered him there ; he was dragged from his lurking place, and the frightened man was forced by blows with the flat of a sabre to wait on the combatants. They were thirsty and this Willem brought them drink, and it was from this well he drew the water. Many drank there for the last time, and this well, from which so many dead men drank, was destined to die, too. After the action the corpses were hastily interred ; death has a way of its own of harassing victory, and it causes pestilence to follow glory. Typhus is an annexe of triumph. This well was deep and was converted into a tomb. Three hundred dead were thrown into it, perhaps with too much haste. Were they all dead ? the legend says no ; and it seems

that on the night following the burial, weak voices were heard calling from the well."

It was on the 15th August that I visited the Plain of Waterloo, the fields were then shorn of their harvest. The battle of Waterloo, as you all know, was fought on a Sunday, —the 18th June, 1815 ; the night previous a drenching storm had rendered the roads and plain impassable for heavy artillery trains. Napoleon was above all an artilleryist, and he had then to wait until the sun had hardened the mud and soaked up the rain pools, the first gun was fired at twenty-five minutes to 12 noon. At the beginning of the campaign, it is stated that the Duke of Wellington's allied army was composed of about 105,000 men, of which 35 000 were British, with 196 guns—the Prussian army consisted of 115,000 soldiers, artillery : 312 guns, whilst Napoleon on re-joining his army at Avesnes, on the 13th June, reckoned his force at 122,400 men and 350 guns. The combatants in the field on the 18th June, numbered less ; the allied (English, Belgian, &c.,) army is quoted at 67,661 men and 156 guns, and late in the afternoon the Prussians arrived mustering 51,944 men and 104 guns.

The French force is given as 71,947 men and 246 guns ; the first detachment of Prussians some 15,904 men and 44 guns arrived on the field at 4.45 p. m., the second corps, 13,336 and 36 guns, made their appearance at 5.45 p. m., and the third detachment numbering 22,700 and 24 guns, came up at 7.45 p. m. The engagement seems to have lasted from 11.35 a. m. to 8.15 p. m., eight hours and a-half, so that the whole brunt of the fight from 11.35 a. m. to 4.45 p. m. fell to the Duke's army, until the arrival of the Prussians.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning braves—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, where this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder
 cold and low.

Ladies and gentlemen, I think by this time, I must have wearied your patience, I find I have been doing more than merely taking a walk with you from the *Hotel du Musee*, to the lofty platform, round the Gilt Lion, and before we close, allow me to point out to you, among the actors on this famous plain of Waterloo, many proud names familiar,

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