

sents the conventional twelve paces across which the Revolution and Divine Right fought their last gigantic duel. It was into this gloomy arena that Donzelot, Bachelu and Ney led their different columns, and marked the hours of that long summer afternoon by striking ponderous blows upon the iron mass which crested Mont St. Jean, sounding that knell whose echo reached through the trees of Soignies, far beyond Brussels, and shook the hills from Liege to Ostend. It was on the last spur overlooking this valley, at 7.30 in the evening, that the Emperor took his stand while the Guard, in double column, with Ney and Friant, and Michel, and Poret de Morvæ, passed by for its last charge. Four hundred yards behind, the Prussian shot and shell fell fast around La Belle Alliance, and the roar of Blucher's guns from Plancnoit was scarce muffled by the thunder of the closer cannonade which raged around the bronzed battalions. Here was made the last desperate throw of the ruined demi-god; when struck in front, and flank and rear, the vast mass which obeyed him trembled in the twilight. And when that last throw was made, it was from this valley, so quiet now, that the terrible cry of "*Sauve qui peut*" went shuddering through a twilight, deepened with gore, to tell Orange and Nassau, and Brunswick and Guelph, and Hapsburg and Romanoff, and Bourbon and Hohenzollern, to rest easy under their crowns that night—that night, almost the first for three and twenty years.

History tells of other battle gloamings, but of none like this one. There is a mournful solemnity, a depth of ruin, a vastness of disaster about it, to which nothing that the world has yet seen can approach. Describe it—futile; paint it—almost impossible. Shadows of cloud mixing with mists of earth—in the west the dull glow of a lurid sunset—twilight closing over interminable space—half in the shadow, half in the lurid glow, a huge eagle wings his flight into deep obscurity. Such a sombre creation of a