

# COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

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## HEAVEN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

Lord, who shall dwell above with thee,  
There on thy holy hill?  
Who shall those glorious prospects see  
That heav'n with gladness fill?  
Those happy souls, who prize that life  
Above the bravest here;  
Whose greatest hopes, whose eag'rest strife,  
Is once to settle there.

They use this world, but value that,  
That they supremely love;  
They travel through this present state,  
But place their home above.

Lord who are they that thus choose thee,  
But those thou first didst choose?  
To whom thou gav'st thy grace most free,  
Thy grace not to refuse.

We of ourselves can nothing do,  
But all on thee depend;  
Thine is the work and wages too,  
Thine both the way and end.

O make us still our work attend,  
And we'll not doubt our pay;  
We will not fear a blessed end,  
If thou but guide the way.

Glory to thee, O bounteous Lord,  
Who giv'st to all things breath;  
Glory to thee, eternal Word,  
Who sav'st us by thy death.

Glory, O blessed Spirit, to thee,  
Who fill'st our hearts with love;  
Glory to all the mystic Three,  
Who reign one God above.

Hickes's Devotions.

## SKETCHES FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORT FOLIO.\*

### WATERLOO.

The generation which has grown up within the last fifteen or twenty years can little understand the feelings which swayed men's minds during the great revolutionary war. They read of the conquests of the French emperor, and of the destructions which of modern Attila inflicted on continental Europe, dissolving dynasties and shaking nations, as a mere history; and they know nothing of the thrill which the awful name of Napoleon called forth in those who witnessed his wonderful career. It was not fear, it was not despondent anticipation, which that name inspired in an Englishman's heart;—it was not even any thing approaching to revengeful hate—those who had been his victims might feel that;—but it was a deep, impassioned earnestness of spirit, stimulating to high resolve, and inspiring holy gratitude to God, that his blood-stained footstep had not trodden upon English ground. We stood like Abraham beholding afar off the flame of Sodom, and we thanked God for our deliverance. Ay, those were days of national acknowledgment of the Lord. We trusted not to an

arm of flesh, but as a people, humbled ourselves before Jehovah, counting that humiliation a more likely means of averting invasion than the broadsides of our unconquered fleets. And He who is pleased to be found of those that seek him, listened to our petitions; he preserved us unharmed amid distress of nations and destruction of kingdoms; and after a series of wonderful mercies, he crushed at last irremediably the power of the oppressor on the field of Waterloo.

The days of that closing brief campaign were fearful ones. The vast interests at stake, the peril of so many lives—England's bravest and best—the known skill and desperation of Napoleon, the suddenness of his recovery from what had been esteemed his final fall,—all these things kept the public mind in a fever of terrible suspense. And then came rumours of untoward conflicts, and announcements of lamentable losses; and men could hardly help trembling as they anticipated the possibility of the French emperor's reascending to the pinnacle of power from which he had been the year before precipitated. But when, following close upon these disquietudes, there came bursting on our ears, what in our highest hopes we had scarcely dared to dream of—the news that one dreadful day had annihilated the finest army France ever sent into the field; and that he, but just before the fierce chief of fifty legions, was now irretrievably a friendless fugitive,—it is vain to think of describing the emotions which that news called up. No man, when he met his friend, could speak of them; but hands were almost silently grasped, and heart responded to heart.

I have trodden many of the spots remarkable in the history of Napoleon's career. I have stood where in the cathedral of Notre Dame, a Corsican soldier of fortune placed upon his own head—seizing it from the Roman pontiff, whom he had summoned to grace his inauguration—the imperial crown of one of the richest realms of Europe. I pictured to my mind the gay train of obsequious courtiers, and the stern phalanx of hardy warriors, who then encircled him; and I was dazzled at the splendour of that imperial soldier's destinies.

I have sat in the little room, in his favourite palace of Fontainebleau, where he was compelled to sign away, as it seemed for ever, his authority, and then to bid, as it was thought, a last adieu to the comrades with whom he had victoriously traversed half the world: and I could not but feel somewhat for the humiliation of that mounting spirit; for terrible must have been his agony as he tore himself from the veterans who adored him, and kissed with streaming eyes the eagles that he had guided so often to their quarry.

But I have wandered over the field of Waterloo—the bloody stake of the last act in the tragic drama of his career, where his single and unprincipled ambition carried lamentation and woe into thrice ten thousand homes,—and I could not think of his name without abhorrence. In his former wars, Napoleon was indeed the destroying spirit that rode upon the storm; but that storm had been raised before he aspired to direct it, and it would have raged—perhaps as furiously—if he had never lived: it was the convulsion of the French people—whom he personified. But of the massacre of Waterloo, he was individually the sole author, mover, source, and cause. The selfish, unbridled passion of one man placed again the world in arms, and consumed, in perhaps the shortest campaign on record, more victims than probably were ever sacrificed before in such a little space.—Poor wretched man! how his brothers' blood cries from this field against him!

I went into the quiet, country-looking church of Waterloo. The walls on each side are covered with

tablets to the memory of the brave who fell in the battle. Then I walked on to Mont St. Jean. Almost every house I passed had a history belonging to it. Some distinguished person had either lodged there before the engagement, or had been brought thither after it to die. In one, about the best-looking in the place, the Duke of Wellington had slept, my guide told me, for two nights, June 17th and 18th. To another, some way farther on, Sir William De Lancey had been carried mortally wounded. Oh, what tales of thrilling woe those walls, if they could speak, would tell! There was not a more gallant spirit than Sir William De Lancey. He had won renown while yet quite young; and, with high hopes and happy prospects, had married just two months before. His poor wife was at Brussels. She hurried to the house where he lay—it is a neat, pleasant-looking cottage;—and there, on the third day, she closed his eyes. Hers was one of the many sad hearts into which every peal that celebrated the glorious victory must have struck a desolate chillness.

The guide who accompanied me was an intelligent man. He described with vivid minuteness the terrors of that awful time. Most of the inhabitants of Waterloo and its neighbourhood had left their habitations, and fled to the woods; and though it was the Sabbath, no chime on that day called the people to the house of prayer. He himself was a farm servant at Mont St. Jean; and he pointed out, on the left of the road, nearly the last house, the place where he lived. It was just behind the English line; and into it the wounded were conveyed in crowds, and it was his business to attend on them. He said that if he looked out, he could see nothing of the battle; a sullen cloud of smok enveloped the armies; but the noise was most terrific. And clearly, amid the roar of artillery and the tumult of charging squadrons, he could hear the shrieks of the wounded and dying. One or two balls fell upon the farm-house of Mont St. Jean, but little damage was done to it. From this farm there is a slight descent, in the middle of which stands a ruinous-looking hut. It was there in the battle, but the shot passed over it. Then the ground rises again; and in a minute or two we stood upon the brow of the hill, and saw the whole field of Waterloo stretched before us. Along this ridge, and in the little hollow behind it, the English army was posted. There was a gentle slope, then a narrow plain, and beyond that a range of hills like that we stood on: there were the mighty hosts of France. The high road ran from the point where we were to the opposite eminence; a little below us was La Haye Sainte; on the extreme left La Haye; about a mile off, in front, we saw La Belle Alliance; and on the right was the chateau of Hougoumont.—The field looked calm and quiet; corn was growing in most parts of it—and it was difficult to realize the fact, that here so many thousand bodies were waiting the last trump, to stand again upon their feet.—The guide had been employed to bury the dead.—Large pits were dug, and the corpses hastily thrown in; but it was twelve days ere the field was cleared; and long before that time, so dreadful was the stench of the putrefying carcasses, that many of the country people engaged in their pestiferous task of interring them, died.

I crossed over to Hougoumont. Here was indeed a scene of desolation: the once-beautiful grounds were lying waste; the gates were gone—and the walls of the house and outbuildings were shattered and crumbling. But the chapel presented the most striking appearance. Many of the wounded, during the heat of the action, were placed there; and then, when it was nearly full of these poor helpless creatures, it was fired. The blackened walls and scorched image of the Virgin tell an awful tale. I never

\* From the Church of England Magazine.