

observed him crossing the ridge of ground by the Tomb, and, under a burning sun, descending the slight incline which leads to the village of Ligny—later again he might have seen him ascending the slopes of Bry and pausing long amid the stubble ridges around the mill of Bussy—later still he would have seen him at various places along the great paved highway which runs nearly east and west from Sombreffe to Quatre Bras—and still later when the fiery sun was going down in the west, beyond Nivelles, he would have again seen this solitary wayfarer upon the wide undulating battle plain which stretches from Quatre Bras to Frasnès.

Yet, in all the journey of that hot September day, in every question asked of peasant or passer by, there was no reason for suspicion or alarm—the stranger was only a soldier treading in peace the same ground which other soldiers had trodden in war—looking at fields upon which brave men had looked for the last time, and toiling along roads over which armies had toiled fainting from defeat, or flushed with victory. He had a little of the enthusiastic in his nature, and could see in the stubble hill of Ligny, the battle ridge of Blücher's defeat; he had a little of the imaginative too, and the poplar trees rustling around the small enclosures of the village could recall the thunder storm in the June evening when the Old Guard, mounting from the flaming houses, pierced the Prussian centre, and Cuirassiers, whose armour glimmered in the twilight, rolled back the Hûlans of Blücher from Bry to Bussy. He had read in earlier times and in distant lands of the three days campaign which closed the chapter of Elba and opened that of St. Helena, and now, while the sun beat down between the elm trees upon the paved highway on the Namur and Nivelles road, he toiled along under his knapsack, forgetting dust and distance in the memories of the scene around him. All these places, towns, villages and hamlets had had hitherto for him an