

disappeared. Whither would he go? The trees of Hougomont showed darkly against the western sky, and toward them he directed his footsteps. It was one of those glorious nights so frequent in tropic regions, so seldom seen in Northern climes. The harvest moon rose, blood-coloured, over Wavre—along the southern horizon summer lightnings flashed at intervals from a dense black cloud. The lion mound rose dark and solemn, throwing a vast shadow along the slope of Mont St. Jean. Within the enclosures of Hougomont reigned that silence which the night wind sometimes renders deeper by breaking. The dew lay heavy upon the grass. In little hollows white streaks of vapour clung shroud-like to the ground. Apple trees, growing at intervals, stood in the open space dimly in the moonlight. The stillness of the night was heard in this enclosure—the uncertainty of moonlight was visible in it—the memory of the dead was felt in it. The wind often sings a requiem, and moonlight is, perhaps, a graveyard's best illuminator. This mighty death-bed—this huge grave seemed at home with the night—day would have profaned it. Light, which makes visible many things, hides more—you may see a house when you cannot behold a star—there is more of the real, less of the ideal, more of earth, less of heaven; and the past which has so much of night around it, sometimes requires darkness to behold it. Between the orchard and the garden of Hougomont there stands a well known wall; though high, it is easily crossed, for the rents of cannon shot and the loopholes for musketry are still upon its surface, and although these apertures made it difficult to pass on the day of battle, they make it easy enough now. Although ruined, it cost a great deal in its day, and consumed quantities of that material which men build power, and destroy walls with—blood. Three thousand lives were lost around it. The traveller crossed the wall and stood beneath a grove of high trees, into which the moonlight could not enter. Through