

Field of Waterloo, to realize, to the utmost, the scene that lay before him—true, Hougomont, La-Haye Sainte and La Belle Alliance were there—true, the very turf of the knoll where he sat had been pressed by the hoofs of the Emperor's charger. But what then? Had not all *that* been shrouded in a mist of vapour, lit at times by the red glare of battle, and here on this day was the sun blazing down upon the field, and the ploughman turning the yellow earth, as though forty thousand corpses had never strewn yonder valley, as though the yellow earth had never drunk human gore, till its broad face grew crimson, as though the sun itself had never gone down upon a wild scene of slaughter when Divine Right, after three and twenty years of struggle, got its foot just here upon the neck of the Revolution.

In the dim twilight of the past these men of Waterloo, loomed like giants, in the full daylight of the present, the scene of their exploits seemed dwarfed—so, with a feeling of disappointment, which he strove to hide as though ashamed of its presence, the wanderer rose from the spot, where for some time he had surveyed the scene, and crossing the valley in the direction of the lion mound, approached the whitewashed building which calls itself Hotel and Musée de Waterloo. As he drew near to this institution, in which human skulls, leg-bones, armour, etc., are separated from the beer department by a narrow passage, he was set upon by the many guides who cluster thickly around the building—old and young proffered their false bullets and falser sentiment, and were as ready to lie to him in English, as the next minute they would have lied to French and German in their native tongues. But he was in no humour for listening, and passed on into the house to rest, until evening had dispersed the visitors, and the field had resumed the quietude of darkness.

When night fell he wandered out again over the field—the visitors had long gone back to Brussels, the lying guides had