

men was satisfied with it, and as it was his own, he carried it without a name.

A slope—a valley—a hill—to the left a grove of old trees—in the foreground a white-washed farmhouse with enclosure—a mighty mound with a lion on its summit—ploughmen turning the yellow earth—pigeons skimming over the fields—a faint murmur of leaves—and over all a noon-day sun and a sky without a cloud—a common Flemish Landscape and nothing more—take away the lion mound, and every English shire will furnish you with a better prospect. Yes, with this difference, the slope won't be La Belle Alliance—the farmhouse won't be La-Haye Sainte—the trees won't be those of Hougomont—the ridge won't be Mont St. Jean—the valley won't be the Tomb of the Old Guard. This slope, this valley, and yonder ridge, together make that hinge of history called Waterloo which has been oiled by so much blood. There is an idea that a battle ridge, to be strong, should be rough and abrupt; it is erroneous, the gradual incline is the really strong position, and the long, gentle slopes, beautiful in peace, become terrible in war, for they are the same which the farmer loves to scatter with grain, and the gunner to scar with grape-shot.

From this ridge of La Belle Alliance, where the wayfarer sat, silently looking at the scene before him, a curious sight had met the glance of the great Emperor, about mid-day, on the 18th June, 1815. Looking towards the right, while all the space in front shook with the thunder of his attack, he noticed upon the heights of St. Lambert motionless objects, which might mean trees, and might mean men; if men, they might be Frenchmen: they were the Prussians. And this was Waterloo—so often thought of by this traveller—pictured—brain-sketched—studied—fancied under every phase of light and shade, until here, at length, under the sunlight, lay stretched the field itself. Yet, perhaps, it was not altogether easy for this wayfarer, looking down upon the