

and then from the series of recollections they awakened from the grave of oblivion, in which for nearly forty years they had lain buried.

After quitting Calais, for many leagues the country was not only flat, but appeared as if in a few hours it could all be put under water; and as we flew along I observed, running at right angles to our course, and at intervals seldom exceeding 100 yards, a series of ditches from 4 to 10 and 12 feet broad, the water in each of which flashed in the sun as we crossed it.

At most of the towns and even villages we passed, ages ago I had either been quartered or for a night or two had been billeted. Some I had entirely forgotten, others I remembered more or less vividly. All of a sudden the innumerable windmills around Lille,—which on horseback I had often in vain endeavoured to count and which I had never since thought of—appeared before me grinding, revolving, and competing one against another, just as they used to do, and so they vanished. Next came flitting by the fortifications of Douay I had so often inspected. From the department of the Pas de Calais to Paris, excepting a few trees that appeared to encircle every town and village, the whole country is totally unenclosed, exactly as it was when I