

George Nicholson had been lodged, drove through the *forêt de Namur*, with his daughter Louise by his side. At every step of their journey appalling spectacles presented themselves before them; and as they proceeded, they became more and more horrible. They were compelled to quit their vehicle, for the roads were blocked up, and proceeded through the forest de Soignes, into which many of the wounded had crawled to die, or to escape being trampled on by the pain-maddened horses. On emerging from the forest, the disgusting shambles of war, with its human carcasses, its blood, its wounded, and its dying, spread all its horrors before them. From the late rains, the field was as a morass. Conquerors, and the conquered, were covered with mud. Here lay heaps of dead—there, soldier and citizen dug pits to bury them in crowds, and they were hurled into a common grave.

“Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

Let the eyes turn where they would, there the ghastly sight of the wounded met them; nor could the ear be rendered deaf to the groans of the dying, and the cry from every quarter, and in every tongue, of—“Water! water!”—for the wounded were perishing from thirst, and their throats were parched, and their tongues dry. There, too, prowled the plunderer, robbing the dead—the new-made widow sought her husband, and the mother her son. To and fro rushed hundreds of war-horses, in a foam, and in agony, without curb or rider—others lay kicking and snorting on the ground, their broad chests heaving with the throes of departing life, and struggling as though they thought themselves stronger than death.

Louise and her father were shewn to the positions that had been occupied by the Highland regiments. They inquired of every one whom they met, and who wore the garb of old Scotland, if they could tell them aught of the fate of Serjeant Nicholson; but they shook their heads, and answered, “No.”

Louise was a beautiful and interesting girl, and the bloom of nineteen summers blushed on her cheeks; but they were now pale, and her dark eyes were bedimmed with tears. She leaned upon her father's arm, and they were passing near a field of rye, which was trodden down as though a scythe had been passed over it. Many dead and dying Highlanders lay near it. Before them lay a wounded man, whose face was covered, and dis-

figured with blood—he was gasping for water, and his glazed eyes were unconscious of the eagerness and affection with which they gazed on him.

It is he!—it is he!” cried Louise.

It was indeed George Nicholson.

“He lives!—he breathes!” she continued. She bent over him—she raised his head—she applied a cordial to his lips. He swallowed it eagerly. His eyes began to move—a glow of consciousness kindled in them. With the assistance of her father, she washed and bound up his wounds, and the latter having procured a litter, he had him conveyed to his house at Brussels, and they accompanied him by the way. Louise watched over him; and, in a few days, his wounds were pronounced to be no longer dangerous, though he recovered slowly, and he acknowledged the affection of his gentle deliverer with the tears of gratitude, and the glance of love.

As soon as he had acquired strength to use a pen, he wrote a letter to his father, but he received no answer—a second time he wrote, and the result was the same. He now believed, that, because he had been an humble instrument in contributing to the fall of a man, in whose greatness his father's soul was wrapped up, he had cast him off, and disowned him.

The father of Louise obtained his discharge, and entrusted him with the management of his business. He knew that his daughter's heart was attached, with all a woman's devotedness, to the young Scotchman, and he knew that his affection for her was not less ardent. He knew also his worth; he had profited by his integrity and activity in business; and when the next anniversary of Waterloo came, he bade them be happy, and their hands were united.

There was but one cloud which threw a shade over the felicity of George Nicholson, and that was, that he had never heard from his parents, and that his father would not acknowledge his letters; yet he suspected not the cause. Almost six years had passed since he became the husband of Louise, yet his heart yearned after the place of his birth, and in the dreams of the night his spirit revisited it. He longed once more to hear his mother's voice, to grasp his father's hand, to receive a sister's welcome. But, more than these, he was now rich, and he wished to remove them from penury, to crown their declining years with ease and with plenty.