where he slept, St. Donat the Protector against lightning, in a suit
of complete armour, looked angrily from an engraving upon the
wall; another engraving represented three men struck by light-
ning while sheltering under a corn-stack, and underneath was
written " Genappe, 1844,"—these, with the likeness of Leopold,
King of the Belgians, and a portrait of the old lady of the house,
at a former period of her existence, completed the decorations of
the apartment.   The Genappe lightning scene was suggestive.   It
was over this same village of Genappe that "an awfully loud
thunder-clap burst forth" as the English army wound its way on
the 17th June, 1815, through rain and mud, to the foot of Mont
St. Jean.   Was Genappe, then, a favorite target for the clouds?

WATERLOO FROM THE SOUTHWARD.

Through Quatre Bras, through Genappe, by Rossomme, by
Caillou, along the paved Charleroi and Brussels Road, till the
crest of the last ground wave was reached, and from the ridge of
La Belle Alliance, under a cloudless sky, a traveller saw the field
of Waterloo.   He had reached this ridge from the southward, pre-
ferring, in his fancy, to follow the footsteps of the French army,
and to see the fields of Ligny and Quatre Bras before venturing
on that of Waterloo; neither did he desire to make his entry to
the latter place, upon the top of the Brussels coach, in company
with that distinguished worthy, the British snob,—a person who
invariably signalises his presence in the Belgian capital by making
a pic-nic excursion to the field of the mighty dead, and whose
chief delight it is to imbibe beer along the roadside, beating time to
"Rule Britannia," or whistling "See, the conquering hero comes!"
as the coach lumbers heavily along through the Forest of Soignies.
No; better, far, to come alone, and gaze quietly upon the spot.
Sentiment?   Perhaps so, call it what you will; but never mind, this