```
as fluttering in the wind. At one corner of the inn, beside a
   flanked by two flat medallions. A severe facade rose above this door; a wall, perpendicular to the facade, almost touched the door, and flanked it with an abrupt right angle. In the meadow before the door lay three harrows, through which, in disorder, grew all the flowers of May. The door was clos
                   knocker. The sun was charming; the branches had that soft shivering of May, which seems to proceed rather from the wind. A brave little bird, probably a lover, was carolling in a distracted manner in a large tree. The wayfarer bent over and examined a rather la
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              re, higher up in the door, near a nail, is the hole of a big iron bull
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           irst knot under the blows of his axe. It was a chateau: it is no longe
    Chickens are scattering its dust abroad with their beaks. A growl is audible; it is a huge dog, who shows his teeth and replaces the English. The English behaved admirably there. Cooke's four companies of guards
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ougomont viewed on the map, as a geometrical plan, comprising building
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                force Hougomont on the north, and the brigade of Soye could not do more tl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ling ers in this courtyard; its horror is visible
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        u p in 1815 than it is to-day. Buildings wh
    ed each other. The French, fired on from every point,--from behind the walls, from the summits of the garrets, from the depths of the cellars, through all the casements, through all the cir-holes, through e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      and set fire to walls and men; the reply to the grape-shot was a conflagration. In the ru
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ground floor to the very roof, appe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e figure of a trident. These inac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 cessible steps are solid in their niches. All the rest resembles a iaw which has been denu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ecovered its calm, is singular. The mass has not been said there since the carnage. Neve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             guare air hole stopped up with a bundle of hay; on the ground, in one corner, an old windo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   st op ped.--a miracle, according
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           nation points.--a sign of wrath. The wall was freshly whitewashed in 1849. The nations insul
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        inquires, Why is there no bucket and pulley to this? It is because water is no longer drawn the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      1815, his family fled and concealed themselves in the woods. The forest surrounding the Abbey o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    epths of the thickets. Guillaume van Kylsom remained at Hougomont, "to guard the chateau," and c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hirsty; this Guillaume brought them water. It was from this well that he drew it. Many drank there the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               glory. The typhus is a concomitant of triumph. This well was deep, and it was turned into a sepulchre.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ated in the middle of the courtyard. Three walls, part stone, part brick, and simulating a small, squa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       the hole made by a shell
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     he overflow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    itenant, Wilda, grasped this handle in order to take refuge in the farm, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   who was older, was terrified and wept. They carried us off to the woods, I went there in my mothe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e parts: on
  rts have a common enclosure: on the side of the entrance, the buildings of the chateau and the farm; on the left, a hedge; on the right, a wall; and at the end, a wall. The wall on the right is of brick, the wall
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    of stone. One enters the garden first. It slopes downwards, is planted with gooseberry bushes, choked with a wil
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ight-infantry m en of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       at irregular heights, are there still. In front of the sixth are placed two English tombs of granite. There are loo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       n leaned against it to die. Beneath a great tree in the neighborhood fell the German general, Duplat, descended
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     naled in fur v.
 explain to you the affair of Waterloo! CHAPTER III--THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE, 1815 Let us turn back,--that is one of the story-teller's rights,--and put ourselves once more in the year 1815, and even a little
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        r than th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 felt the effects of this. The foundation of this wonderful captain was the man who, in the rel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          was an artillery officer, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             rategy of
   s with cannon. There was something of the sharpshooter in his genius. To beat in squares, to pulverize regiments, to break lines, to crush and disperse masses,--for him everything lay in this, to strike
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             strike, st
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        rike incessantly,--and he into
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   sted this task to the cannon-ball. A redoubtable method, and one which, united with genius, rendere
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           nly one hu no
     ion would have begun at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been won and ended at two o'clock, three hours before the change of fortune in favor of the Prussians. What amount of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ne attaches t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           terial great men, who may be called the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ass of ma
              ng out catastrophes? He who had in former days known all the roads to triumph, and who, from the summit of his charlot of lightning, pointed them out with a sovereign finger, had he now
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      could lead his tumultuous legions harnessed to it, to the precipice? Was he seized at the age of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           was contained in that battle, according t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      apoleon. Afterwards people would see, Of course, we do not here pretend to furnish a history of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ed in a masterly manner, from one point
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ht to oppose, in the name of science, a c ollect
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      tion of facts which contain illusions, no doubt; we possess neither military practice nor strategic
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ge, the populace. CHAPTER IV--A Those pers
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             lington is: the lower left tip is Hougom ont, w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           plateau of Mont-Saint-Jean, is the forest of So
    constituted the whole battle. The wings of the two armies extended to the right and left of the two roads to Genappe and Nivelles; d'Erlon fac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         nent round the waist. The one seeks to trip up
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       It is almost superfluous here to sketch the app
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      last of the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Caesars is present to all imaginations, s alute
        nt; this arose from a certain legendary dimness evolved by the majority of heroes, and which always veils the truth for a longer or shorter time; but to-day history and day
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     the shadows of the despot contend w ith the b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     liancy of the leader. Hence arises a truer measure in the definitive judgments of nations. Babylon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ears his form, CHAPTER V--THE QUID
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   d accumulated here and there in the hollows of the
   explained, was in the habit of keeping all his artillery well in hand, like a pistol, aiming it now at one point, now at another, of the battle; and it had been his wish to wait —until the h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               s could move and gallop freely. In ord er to do that i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     was necessary that the sun should come out and dry the soil. But the sun did not make its appea
                    acked the centre by hurling Quiot's brigade on La Haie-Sainte, and Ney pushed forward the right wing of the French against the left wing of the Englis
                                                                                                                                                                                                                which rested
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           pelotte. The attack on Hougomont was s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        t; the plan was to draw Wellington thither, and to make him swerve to the left. This plan would
 e right wing of the French on Papelotte was calculated, in fact, to overthrow the English left, to cut off the road to Brussels, to bar the passage against possible P
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  russians, to force
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       aint-Jean, to turn Wellington back on Houg omont, thence on Brai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     w recruits. Thes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ity and fury. This novice of an infantry had da sh. This displeased Wel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               onflict. Twilight reigns over it. We perceive vast fluctuations in that fog.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          a dizzy mirage, paraphernalia of war almost unknown to-day, pendant colbacks, floating sabre-
                   ts, cartridge-boxes for grenades, hussar dolmans, red boots with a thousand wrinkles, heavy shakos g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    des, the almost black infantry of Brunswick mingled with the scarle
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e e xtent , the particular fe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ature which pleases him amid this pell-mell. Whatever may be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        trails of blood gush illogically, the
                                                                                                                                                                                                      d disperses the se tragic multitudes. What is a fray?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                an oscillation? The i mmobility of a mathematical plan expresses a minute, not a day. In order to depict a battle, there is required one of those
ance and retreat, a sort of wind from the sepulchre pushes forward, hurls back, distends, an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   li zed, and disperses into innumerable detailed to
annot do more than seize the principal outlines of the struggle,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   which, to borrow the expression of Napoleon himself, "belong rather to the biography of the regiments than to the
add, that there is a certain instant when the battle degenerates into a combat, b
                                                                                                                                                                                                             eciali zed, and disperses into innumerable detailed fe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ats
history of the army." The historian has, in this case, the evident right to sum up the whole. H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  d it is not given to any one narrator, however conscientious he may be, to fix, absolutely, the form of that horrible of
                                                                                                                                                                                               ес
loud which is called a battle. This, which is true of all great armed encounters, is particula
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    olicable to Waterloo. Nevertheless, at a certain moment in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ernoon the battle came to a point. CHAPTER VI--FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON Towards four o'clock the con
                                                                                                                                                                                         rly ap
dition of the English army was serious. The Prince of Orange was in command of the ce
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   the right wing, Picton of the left wing. The Prince of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     nge, desperate and intrepid, shouted to the Hollando-Belgians: "Nassau! Brunswick! Never retreat!" Hill, having been weaker
                                                                                                                                                                                  ntre, Hil
                                                                                                                                                                           hen the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   sh had captured from the French the flag of the 10
ed, had come up to the support of Wellington; Picton was dead. At the very moment w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      of the line, the French had killed the English general, Picton, with a bullet through the head. The battle had, for Wellington, tw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Sainte was taken. Of the German battalion which defe nd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ed it, only forty-two men survived; all the officers, except five, were either dead or captured. Three thousand combatants had I
o bases of action, Hougomont and La Haie-Sainte; Hougomont still held out, but wa
                                                                                                                                                                      s on fire
een massacred in that barn. A sergeant of the English Guards, the foremost box
                                                                                                                                                                 er in E
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ted invulnerable by his companions, had been killed there
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    by a little French drummer-boy. Baring had been dislodged, Alten put to the sword. Many flags had been lost, one from Alten's
                                                                                                                                                                                                   d, repu
division, and one from the battalion of Lunenburg, carried by a prince of the f Travers; out of twelve hundred horses, six hundred remained; out of thre
                                                                                                                                                                                e of D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  nts. The Scotch Grays no longer existed; Ponsonby's gre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     at dragoons had been hacked to pieces. That valiant cavalry had bent beneath the lancers of Bro and beneath the cuirassiers o
                                                                                                                                                              hous
                                                                                                                                                                                                  eux-Po
                                                                                                                                                                             utena
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  nels, two lay on the earth,--Hamilton wounded, Mater slai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    n. Ponsonby had fallen, riddled by seven lance-thrusts. Gordon was dead. Marsh was dead. Two divisions, the fifth and the sixt
h, had been annihilated. Hougomont injured, La Haie-Sainte taken, there
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  t one rallying-point, the centre. That point still held firm.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Wellington reinforced it. He summoned thither Hill, who was at Merle-Braine; he summoned Chasse, who was at Braine-l'Alleud
                                                                                                                                                                         now
                                                                                                                                                                                                            as s trongly posted. It occupied the plateau of Mont-Saint-J
The centre of the English army, rather concave, very dense, and very
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ean, having behind it the village, and in front of it the slope, which was tolerably steep then. It rested on that stout stone dwelling
                                                                                                                                                                   comp
                                                                                                                                                                                    act, w
which at that time belonged to the domain of Nivelles, and which mar
                                                                                                                                                                                e inter
                                                                                                                                                                                                          section of the roads--a pile of the sixteenth century, and so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  robust that the cannon-balls rebounded from it without injuring it. All about the plateau the English had cut the hedges here and
here, made embrasures in the hawthorn-trees, thrust the throat of a c
                                                                                                                                                                                                          between two branches, embattled the shrubs. There artille
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ry was ambushed in the brushwood. This punic labor, incontestably authorized by war, which permits traps, was so well done, that
                                                                                                                                                                             annon
                                                                                                                                                                                                    g to reconnoitre the enemy's batteries, had discovered nothi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ng of it, and had returned and reported to Napoleon that there were no obstacles except the two barricades which barred the road to
Haxo, who had been despatched by the Emperor at nine o'clock in the
                                                                                                                                                                         mornin
Nivelles and to Genappe. It was at the season when the grain is tall: on
                                                                                                                                                                                            ge of the plateau a battalion of Kempt's brigade, the 95th, armed with carabines, was concealed in the tall wheat. Thus assured and buttressed, the centre of the Anglo-Dutch army was well posted. The peril of this po
                                                                                                                                                                      the ed
sition lay in the forest of Soignes, then adjoining the field of battle, an
                                                                                                                                                               d interse
                                                                                                                                                                                        cted by the ponds of Groenendael and Boitsfort. An army could not retreat thither without dissolving; the regiments would have broken up immediately there. The artillery would have been lost among the morasses. The
retreat, according to many a man versed in the art,--though it is dispu
                                                                                                                                                          ted by ot
                                                                                                                                                                                    hers,--would have been a disorganized flight. To this centre, Wellington added one of Chasse's brigades taken from the right wing, and one of Wincke's brigades taken from the left wing, plus Clinton's division. To his Engli
                                                                                                       rds of Maitland.
sh, to the regiments of Halkett, to the brigades of Mitchell, to the gua
                                                                                                                                                                                 s reinforcements and aids, the infantry of Brunswick, Nassau's contingent, Kielmansegg's Hanoverians, and Ompteda's Germans. This placed twenty-six battalions under his hand. The right wing, as Charras says, was thrown
                                                                                                                                                   he gave a
back on the centre. An enormous battery was masked by sacks of ea
                                                                                        rth at the spot where there
                                                                                                                                          e now stan
                                                                                                                                                                             ds what is called the "Museum of Waterloo." Besides this, Wellington had, behind a rise in the ground, Somerset's Dragoon Guards, fourteen hundred horse strong. It was the remaining half of the justly celebrated English cavalry
Ponsonby destroyed, Somerset remained. The battery, which, if com
                                                                                                                                                                       would have been almost a redoubt, was ranged behind a very low garden wall, backed up with a coating of bags of sand and a large slope of earth. This work was not finished; there had been no time to make a palisade for it. Welling
                                                                                                                                                le day in the same attitude, a little in advance of the old mill of Mont-Saint-Jean, which is still in existence, beneath an elm, which an Englishman, an enthusiastic vandal, purchased later on for two hundred francs, cut down, and carried off. ordon, fell at his side. Lord Hill, pointing to a shell which had burst, said to him: "My lord, what are your orders in case you are killed?" "To do like me," replied Wellington. To Clinton he said laconically, "To hold this spot to the last man." The day was
on, uneasy but impassive, was on horseback, and there remained the who
 Vellington was coldly heroic. The bullets rained about him. His aide-de-camp, G
vidently turning out ill. Wellington shouted to his old companions of Talavera, of Vittoria, of Salamanca: "Boys, can retreat be thought of? Think of old England!" Towards four o'clock, the English line drew back. Suddenly nothing was visible on the crest of the plateau except the artillery and the sharpshooters; the rest had disappeared: the regiments, dislodged by the shell sand the sharpshooters; the rest had disappeared: the regiments, dislodged by the shell sharpshooters; the rest had disappeared: the English front hid itself, Wellington drew back. "The beginning of retreat!" cried Napoleon. CHAPTER VII--NAPOLEON IN A GOOD HUMOR The Emperor, though ill and discommoded on horseback by a local trouble, had
never been in a better humor than on that day. His impenetrability had been smiling ever since the morning. On the 18th of June, that profound soul masked by marble beamed blindly. The man who had been gloomy at Austerlitz was gay at Waterloo. The greatest favorites of destiny make mistakes. Our joys are composed of shadow. The supreme smile is God's alone. Ride
t Caesar, Pompeius flebit, said the legionaries of the Fulminatrix Legion. Pompey was not destined to weep on that occasion, but it is certain that Caesar laughed. White legionaries of the Fulminatrix Legion. Pompey was not destined to weep on that occasion, but it is certain that Caesar laughed. White legionaries of the Fulminatring the whole horizon from Frischemont to Braine-l'Alleud, it had seemed to him that fate, to whom he had assigned a day on the field of Waterloo, was exact to the appointment; he stopped his horse, and the lightning and listening to the thunder; and this fatalist was heard to cast into the darkness this mysterious saying, "We are in accord." Napoleon was mistaken. They were no longer in accord. He took not a moment for sleep; every instant of that night was marked by a joy for him. He traversed the line of the principal outposts, halting here and there to talk to the sentinels. At half-past two, near the wood of Hougomont, he heard the tread of a column on the march; he thought at the moment that it was a retreat on the part of Wellington. He said: "It is the rear-guard of the English who have just arrived at Ostend." He conversed expansively; he regained the animation which he had shown at his landing on the first of March, when he pointed out to the Grand-Marshal the enthusiastic peasant of the Gulf Juan, and cried, "Well, Bertrand, here is a reinforcement already!" On the night of the 17th to the 18th of June he rallied Wellington. "That little Englishman needs a lesson," said Napoleon. The rain redoubled in violence; the thunder rolled while the Emperor was speaking. At half-past three o'clock in the morning, he lesson," said Napoleon. The rain redoubled in violence; the thunder rolled while the Emperor was speaking. At half-past three o'clock in the morning, he lesson," said Napoleon. The rain redoubled in violence; the thunder rolled while the Emperor was speaking. At half-past three o'clock in the morning, he lesson," said Napoleon. The rain redoubled in violence; the thunder r
ost one illusion; officers who had been despatched to reconnoitre announced to him that the enemy was not making any movement. Nothing was stirring; not a bivouac-fire had been extinguished; the English army was asleep. The silence on earth was profound; the only noise was in the heavens. At four o'clock, a peasant was brought in to him by the scouts; this peasant
had served as guide to a brigade of English cavalry, probably Vivian's brigade, which was on its way to take up a position in the village of Ohain, at the extreme left. At five o'clock, two Belgian deserters reported to him that they had just quitted their regiment, and that the English army was ready for battle. "So much the better!" exclaimed Napoleon. "I prefer to overthrow the em rather than to drive them back." In the morning he dismounted in the mud on the slope which forms an angle with the Plancenoit road, had a kitchen table and a peasant's chair brought to him from the farm of Rossomme, seated himself, with a truss of straw for a carpet, and spread out on the table the chart of the battle-field, saying to Soult as he did so, "A pretty check
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