| Four Winds (Aux Quatre Vents), Echabeau, Private Cafe, A quarter of a league further on, he arrived | and Bois-Seigneur-Isaac. In the west he perceived the slate-roofed tower of Braine-I'All at the bottom of a little valley, where there is water which passes beneath an arch mad | e through the embankment of the road. The clump of sparsely planted | but very green trees, which fills the valley on one side of the road, is disposed | ersed over the meadows on the other, and disappears gra | arrier No. 4, a public house, bearing on its front this sign: At the cefully and as in order in the direction of Braine-l'Alleud. On the |
|---|---|--|--|---|---|
| pool in which a flotilla of ducks was navigating, a badly paved path plunged into the bushes. The w dicular to the facade, almost touched the door, and flanked it with an abrupt right angle. In the mean | dow before the door lay three harrows, through which, in disorder, grew all the flowers | n century, surmounted by a pointed gable, with bricks set in contrast, I of May. The door was closed. The two decrepit leaves which barred it | ne found himself before a large door of arched stone, with a rectilinear imp were ornamented with an old rusty knocker. The sun was charming; the bi | oost, in the sombre style of L ouis XIV., flanked by two flat ranches had that soft shiver ing of May, which seems to pr | tival, was fluttering in the wind. At one corner of the inn, beside medallions. A severe facade rose above this door; a wall, perpe oceed rather from the nests than from the wind. A brave little bi |
| l, probably a lover, was carolling in a distracted manner in a large tree. The wayfarer bent over and e d: "That which you see there, higher up in the door, near a nail, is the hole of a big iron bullet as la in something which at that distance resembled a lion. He was on the battle-field of Waterloo. CHΑΡΤ | examined a rather large circular excavation, resembling the hollow of a sphere, in the same as an egg. The bullet did not pierce the wood." "What is the name of this place?" in ER IIHOUGOMONT Hougomont,this was a funereal spot, the beginning of the obsta | iquired the wayfarer. "Hougomont," said the peasant woman. The trav | eller straightened himself up. He walked on a few paces, and went off to lo | ok over the tops of the h edges. On the horizon through the | ch cannon-ball which made that," she said to him. And she add trees, he perceived a sort of little elevation, and on this elevati the antiquary. Hougomont is Hugomons. This manor was built |
| y Hugo, Sire of Somerel, the same who endowed the sixth chaplaincy of the Abbey of Villiers. The treer arched door, of the time of Henry IV., permitting a glimpse of the trees of an orchard; beside this | | l the courtyard. The first thing which struck him in this paddock was a agstone and its iron reel, a chicken jumping, and a turkey spreading its | door of the sixteenth century, which here simulates an arcade, everything tail, a chapel surmounted by a small bell-tower, a blossoming pear-tree to | else having fallen pro strate around it. A monumental asperained in espalier aga inst the wall of the chapelbehold the | ct often has its birth in ruin. In a wall near the arcade opens ano court, the conquest of which was one of Napoleon's dreams. The on the map, as a geometrical plan, comprising buildings and en |
| losures, presents a sort of irregular rectangle, one angle of which is nicked out. It is this angle whic entire corps of Reille was employed against it, and miscarried; Kellermann's balls were exhausted o | h contains the soutȟern door, guarded by this wall, which commands it ónly a gun's le n this heroic section of wall. Bauduin's brigade was not strong enough to force Hougo | ngth away. Hougomont has two doors,the southern door, that of the mont on the north, and the brigade of Soye could not do more than eff | chateau; and the northern door, belonging to the farm. Napoleon sent his le ect the beginning of a breach on the south, but without taking it. The farm | brother Jerome a gainst Hougomont; the divisions of Foy, C buildings borde r the courtyard on the south. A bit of the no | iuilleminot, and Bachelu hurled themselves against it; nearly th rth door, broken by the French, hangs suspended to the wall. It |
| stones fall; the breaches cry aloud; the holes are wounds; the drooping, quivering trees seem to be | furious. For a long time, all sorts of imprints of bloody hands were visible on the door- e making an effort to flee. This courtvard was more built up in 1815 than it is to-day. Bu | posts. It was there that Bauduin was killed. The storm of the combat st ildings which have since been pulled down then formed redans and ar | ill ling ers in this courtyard; its horror is visible there; the courtyard is the result of the resu | confusion of t he fray was petrified there; it lives and it dies their way in. but could not stand their ground. Beside the ch | t is a simple door for carts, such as exist in all farms, with the t nere; it was only yesterday. The walls are in the death agony, th apel, one wing of the chateau, the only ruin now remaining of th |
| ly to the grape-shot was a conflagration. In the ruined wing, through windows garnished with bars of the lower steps. These consisted of large slabs of blue stone, which form a heap among the nett | les. Half a score of steps still cling to the wall; on the first is cut the figure of a trident. | uards were in ambush in these rooms; the spiral of the staircase, crac These inaccessible steps are solid in their niches. All the rest resemb | ked from the ground floor to the very roof, appears like the inside of a les a ja w whic h has been denuded of its teeth. There are | broken shell. The staircase has two stories; the Énglish, be | the stones,fetched fagots and set fire to walls and men; the re esieged on the staircase, and massed on its upper steps, had cu s base, and is clothed with verdure in April. Since 1815 it has tal |
| n to growing through the staircase. A massacre took place in the chapel. The interior, which has rec the crucifix a square air-hole stopped up with a bundle of hay; on the ground, in one corner, an old the flames filled this building: it was a perfect furnace: the door was burned, the floor was burned, the | covered its calm, is singular. The mass has not been said there since the carnage. New I window-frame with the glass all broken to piecessuch is the chapel. Near the altar th | ertheless, the altar has been left therean altar of unpolished wood, ere is nailed up a wooden statue of Saint Anne, of the fifteenth cent = 0 | plac ed a gainst a background of roughhewn stone | arri ed off by a large ball. The French, who were masters of | all arched windows; over the door a large wooden crucifix, belong the chapel for a moment, and were then dislodged, set fire to it. |
| ar the feet of Christ this name is to be read: Henquinez. Then these others: Conde de Rio Maior Mar | ques y Marquesa de Almagro (Habana). There are French names with exclamation poir uires, Why is there no bucket and pulley to this? It is because water is no longer draw | ts,a sign of wrath. The wall was freshly whitewashed in 1849. The there. Why is water not drawn there? Because it is full of skeleton | n ations insulted each other there. It was a s. T he la st person who drew water from the well ch a s o ld boles of bu rned trees, which mark the site of the | It the door of this chapel that the corpse was picked up whi was named Guillaume van Kylsom. He was a peasant who liv | ch held an axe in its hand; this corpse was Sub-Lieutenant Legr red at Hougomont, and was gardener there. On the 18th of June aume van Kylsom remained at Hougomont. "to guard the chate |
| u," and concealed himself in the cellar. The English discovered him there. They tore him from his hi r the engagement, they were in haste to bury the dead bodies. Death has a fashion of harassing vict | ding-place, and the combatants forced this frightened man to serve them, by administ ory, and she causes the pest to follow glory. The typhus is a concomitant of triumph. | ring blows with the flats of their swords. They were thirsty; this his well was deep, and it was turned into a sepulchre. Three hund | iu illa um e bro ught them water. It was from this w red dea d bodi es were cast into it. With too much | ell that he drew it. Many drank there their last draught. This well haste perhaps. Were they all dead? Legend says they were not. | I where drank so many of the dead was destined to die itself. Af t seems that on the night succeeding the interment, feeble voice |
| were heard calling from the well. This well is isolated in the middle of the courtyard. Three walls, pa . The iron supports of the well on the right form a cross. On leaning over, the eye is lost in a deep co ess fragments of knotty and petrified wood which resemble huge bones. There is no longer either pa | ylinder of brick which is filled with a heaped-up mass of shadows. The base of the wall all, chain, or pulley; but there is still the stone basin which served the overflow. The rai | s all about the well is concealed in a growth of nettles. This is newater collects there, and from time to time a bird of the r | g., ag., | rink, and then flies away. One house in this ruin, the farmhouse, is s | i replaced by a cross-beam, against which lean five or six shape ill inhabited. The door of this house opens on the courtyard. Up |
| n this door, beside a pretty Gothic lock-plate, there is an iron handle with trefoils placed slanting. A was three years old. My sister, who was older, was terrified and wept. They carried us off to the work hard, the third is a wood. These three parts have a common enclosure: on the side of the entrance, | ods. I went there in my mother's arms. We glued our ears to the earth to hear. I imitate | the cannon, and went boum! boum!" A door opening from the cour | ty ard on the left led into the orchard, so w | e were told. The orchard is terrible. It is in three parts; one might almost | lead long since. A woman with gray hair said to us: "I was there say, in three acts. The first part is a garden, the second is an ores, choked with a wild growth of vegetation, and terminated by a |
| nonumental terrace of cut stone, with balustrade with a double curve. It was a seignorial garden in it ke a fractured leg. It was in this garden, further down than the orchard, that six light-infantry men of ndred, intrepid and with no shelter save the currant-bushes, took a guarter of an hour to die. One m | ne first French style which preceded Le Notre; to-day it is ruins and briars. The pilaster the 1st, having made their way thither, and being unable to escape, hunted down and | s are surmounted by globes which resemble cannon -balls of stone caught like bears in their dens, accepted the combat with two Hanov | . Fo rty-thr ee b alusters can still be count ed | on their sockets; the rest lie prostrate in the grass. Almost all bear scraned with carbines. The Hanoverians lined this balustrade and fired from r. The wall seems ready to renew the combat. Thirty-eight loopholes, pic | tches of bullets. One broken baluster is placed on the pediment above. The infantry men, replying from below, six against two h |
| the sixth are placed two English tombs of granite. There are loopholes only in the south wall, as the hot and balls, and Soye's brigade was broken against it. Thus Waterloo began. Nevertheless, the or | principal attack came from that quarter. The wall is hidden on the outside by a tall her | ge; the French came up, thinking that they had to deal o nly with a hight hand to hand amid the trees. All this grass has bee n soa | edge, crosse d it, and fo und the ked in blood. A battalion o f Nassa u, seven | e wall both an obstacle and an ambuscade, with the English guards behi hundred strong, was overwhelmed there. The outside of the wall, again | nd it, the thirty-eight loopholes firing at once a shower of grape |
| ich lies there all verdant. Major Blackmann leaned against it to die. Beneath a great tree in the neight had its bullet or its biscayan.[6] The skeletons of dead trees abound in this orchard. Crows fly thro | borhood fell the German general, Duplat, descended from a French family which fled o ough their branches, and at the end of it is a wood full of violets. Bauduin, killed, Foy w | n the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. An aged and f all ing a bunded, conflagration, massacre, carnage, a rivulet formed of Engl | ish b lood, Frenc h bl ood, Germar | warks over this uncultivated rand, and one's foot dives into mole-noies. wound dressed with a bandage of straw and of clayey loam. Nearly all to blood mingled in fury, a well crammed with corpses, the regiment of N | assau and the regiment of Brunswick destroyed, Duplat killed, E |
| ITH OF JUNE, 1815 Let us turn back,that is one of the story-teller's rights,and put ourselves once ce required in order to make Waterloo the end of Austerlitz was a little more rain, and a cloud traver | e's corps, decimated, three thousand men in that hovel of Hougomont alone cut down, more in the year 1815, and even a little earlier than the epoch when the action narrate sing the sky out of season sufficed to make a world crumble. The battle of Waterloo co | in the first part of this book took place. If it had not rained in the nighuld not be begun until half-past eleven o'clock, and that gave Bluche | o that a p easant can say to-da t bet ween the 17 th and the 18th of June, 19 t ti me to come up. Why ? Because the g | 815, the fate of Europe would have been different. A few drops of water, | xplain to you the affair of Waterloo! CHAPTER IIITHE EIGHTEE more or less, decided the downfall of Napoleon. All that Provide fore they could manoeuvre. Napoleon was an artillery officer, at |
| felt the effects of this. The foundation of this wonderful captain was the man who, in the report to the joined and dissolved battles with cannon. There was something of the sharpshooter in his genius, ace of fifteen years. On the 18th of June, 1815, he relied all the more on his artillery, because he had | he Directory on Aboukir, said: Such a one of our balls killed six men. All his plans of ba To beat in squares, to pulverize regiments, to break lines, to crush and disperse mass I numbers on his side. Wellington had only one hundred and fifty-nine mouths of fire: | Ittle were arranged for projectiles. The key to his victory was to mak s,for him everything lay in this, to strike, strike, strike incessantly,-lappleon had two hundred and forty. Suppose the soil dry, and the a | e th e artillery co nve rge on one point -an d he intrusted this task to the cannot rtill ery capable of moving , the action would | n-ball. A redoubtable method, and one which, united with genius, rende | breach in it. He overwhelmed the weak point with grape-shot; hed this gloomy athlete of the pugilism of war invincible for the son and ended at two o'clock, three hours before the change of f |
| rtune in favor of the Prussians. What amount of blame attaches to Napoleon for the loss of this batt, as many historians of note have thought, suffering from an eclipse? Did he go into a frenzy in order eniuses of the ideal; for the Dantes and Michael Angelos to grow old is to grow in greatness; is it to | le? Is the shipwreck due to the pilot? Was it the evident physical decline of Napoleon ter to disguise his weakened powers from himself? Did he begin to waver under the deligrant has been for the Hamilton and the Bonapartes? Had Napoleon lost the direct cape | nat complicated this epoch by an inward diminution of force? Had the ision of a breath of adventure? Had he becomea grave matter in a gr | e tw enty years of war wo rn out the blade as it had | I worn the scabbard, the soul as well as the body? Did the veteran make this class of material great men, who may be called the giants of action | himself disastrously felt in the leader? In a word, was this geni |
| own all the roads to triumph, and who, from the summit of his chariot of lightning, pointed them out His plan of battle was, by the confession of all, a masterpiece. To go straight to the centre of the Alli | with a sovereign finger, had he now reached that state of sinister amazement when he es' line, to make a breach in the enemy, to cut them in two, to drive the British half bac | could lead his tumultuous legions harnessed to it, to the precipice? | gments of Welli ngto n and Blucher, | h a supreme madness? Was that titanic charioteer of destiny no longer to carry Mont-Saint-Jean, to seize Brussels, to hurl the German into the | Rhine, and the Englishman into the sea. All this was contained |
| r by a whole pleiad of historians.[7] As for us, we leave the historians at loggerheads; we are but a d ystem; in our opinion, a chain of accidents dominated the two leaders at Waterloo; and when it beco | omes a questión of destiny, that mysteríous culprit, we judge like that ingenious judge | nan flesh, taking appearances for realities, perchance; we have n the populace. CHAPTER IVA Those persons who wish to gain a | o right to oppose , in the name of science id ea of the battle of W a terloo have only | ory, moreover, has been finished, and finished in a masterly manner, fro ence, a collection of facts which contain illusions, no doubt; we possess ly to place, mentally, on the ground, a capital A. The left limb of the A is | s neither military practice nor strategic ability which authorize a the road to Nivelles, the right limb is the road to Genappe, the ti |
| of the A is the hollow road to Ohain from Braine-l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont-Saint-Jean, where ism of the Imperial Guard. The triangle included in the top of the A, between the two limbs and the totself, let the reader picture to himself a vast undulating sweep of ground; each rise commands the results. | | le battle. The wings of the two armies extended to the right and left of | th e two roads to Ge nap pe and Niv elles; d'Erlor | vhere the final word of the battle was pronounced. It was there that the I n facing Picton, Reille facing Hill. Behind the tip of the A, behind the pla e waist. The one seeks to trip up the other. They clutch at everything: a I | eau of Mont-Saint-Jean, is the forest of Soignes. As for the plain |
| to the shoulder; for the lack of a hovel under whose cover they can draw up, a regiment yields its graice that Ficant clump of trees, and of studying deeply the slightest relief in the ground. The two generals had | ound; an unevenness in the ground, a chance turn in the landscape, a cross-path enco | untered at the right moment, a grove, a ravine, can stay the heel of e preceding year, Wellington, with the sagacity of foresight, had e | that col ossus w hich is called an arm y, and pre xamined it as the possible seat of a gre at battle | event its retreat. He who quits the field is beaten; hence the necessity de . Upon this spot, and for this duel, on the 18th of June, Wellington had to hat of the school of Brienne, that green uniform, the white revers conce | volving on the responsible leader, of examining the most insign he good post, Napoleon the bad post. The English army was sta |
| ulets, the corner of red ribbon peeping from beneath his vest, his leather trousers, the white horse very in the light; this arose from a certain legendary dimness evolved by the majority of heroes, and white tonstructs two different phantoms, and the one attacks the other and executes justice on it, and the | with the saddle-cloth of purple velvet bearing on the corners crowned N's and eagles, I ch always veils the truth for a longer or shorter time; but to-day history and daylight h | lessian boots over silk stockings, silver spurs, the sword of Mar ave arrived. That light called history is pitiless; it possesses this | engo,that whole figure of the last of the C aesar peculiar a nd divine quality, that, pure light as it | s is present to all imaginations, saluted with acclamations by some, sev is, and precisely because it is wholly light, it often casts a shadow in pl Caesar, Jerusalem murdered lessens Titus, tyranny follows the tyrant. It | erely regarded by others. That figure stood for a long time whol aces where people had hitherto beheld rays; from the same mar |
| ars his form. CHAPTER V-THE QUID OBSCURUM OF BATTLES Every one is acquainted with the fir rtillery carriages was buried up to the axles, the circingles of the horses were dripping with liquid m | st phase of this battle; a beginning which was troubled, uncertain, hesitating, menacinud. If the wheat and rye trampled down by this cohort of transports on the march had | g to both armies, but still more so for the English than for the lot filled in the ruts and strewn a litter beneath the wheels, all | French. It had ra ined all night, the earth had been cut movement by articularly in the valleys, in the direction of F | up by the downpour, the water had accumulated here and there in the heap lotte would have been impossible. The affair began late, Napoleon. | ollows of the plain as if in casks; at some points the gear of the |
| rtillery well in hand, like a pistol, aiming it now at one point, now at another, of the battle; and it had t was thirty-five minutes past eleven. The action was begun furiously, with more fury, perhaps, than a feint; the plan was to draw Wellington thither, and to make him swerve to the left. This plan would | the Emperor would have wished, by the left wing of the French resting on Hougomont have succeeded if the four companies of the English guards and the brave Belgians of | At the same time Napoleon attacked the centre by hurling Q Perponcher's division had not held the position solidly, and | uiot's brig ade on La Haie-Sainte, and Ney pushed forw ar di Wellingt on, instead of massing his troops there, co uld | to longer the rendezvous of Austerlitz. When the first cannon was fired, the right wing of the French against the left wing of the English, which reconfine himself to despatching thither, as reinforcements, only four mor | ested on Papelotte. The attack on Hougomont was something o e companies of guards and one battalion from Brunswick. The a |
| tack of the right wing of the French on Papelotte was calculated, in fact, to overthrow the English lef was in the English infantry, particularly in Kempt's brigade, a great many raw recruits. These young fury. This novice of an infantry had dash. This displeased Wellington. After the taking of La Haie-Sa | soldiers were valiant in the presence of our redoubtable infantry; their inexperience earlies the battle wavered. There is in this day an obscure interval, from mid-day to four | xtricated them intrepidly from the dilemma; they performed particles, the middle portion of this battle is almost indistinct, | rticul arly excellent service as skirmishers: the so ldie r id p ar ticipates in the sombreness of the hand-to-h and c | . With the exception of a few incidents this attack succeeded Papelotte v skirmisher, left somewhat to himself, becomes, so to speak, his own ge conflict. Twilight reigns over it. We perceive vast fluctuations in that fog, | neral. These recruits displayed some of the French ingenuity ar a dizzy mirage, paraphernalia of war almost unknown to-day, p |
| d red horse-tails, the Scotch with their bare knees and plaids, the great white gaiters of our grenadion | ed boots with a thousand wrinkles, heavy shakos garlanded with torsades, the almost beers; pictures, not strategic lineswhat Salvator Rosa requires, not what is suited to the beaders enter into each other and become mutually thrown out of shape. Such a point | needs of Gribeauval. A certain amount of tempest is alway s m | En gla nd, the English soldiers with great, white cir cula r n gled with a battle. Quid obscurum, quid divinum . Eac h her, just as more or less spongy soils soak up m ore or | pads on the slopes of their shoulders for epaulets, the Hanoverian light historian traces, to some extent, the particular feature which pleases hes quickly the water which is poured on them. It becomes necessary to | -horse with their oblong casques of leather, with brass hands a im amid this pell-mell. Whatever may be the combinations of th |
| itures which are the unforeseen. The line of battle waves and undulates like a thread, the trails of blisappeared; the open spots change place, the sombre folds advance and retreat, a sort of wind from and remaining the hurricane alone is trued and retreat the hurricane alone is trued. | the sepulchre pushes forward, hurls back, distends, and disperses these tragic multi | udes. What is a fray? an oscillation? The immobility of a mat | oving in front of each other. Where the infantry st ood the hematic al plan expresses a minute, not a day. In order to de | e artillery arrives, the cavalry rushes in where the artillery was, the batta pict a battle, there is required one of those powerful painters who have trable detailed feats, which, to borrow the expression of Napoleon himse | chaos in their brushes. Rembrandt is better than Vandermeulen |
| istory of the army." The historian has, in this case, the evident right to sum up the whole. He cannot be battle came to a point. CHAPTER VIFOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON Towards four o'clock to | do more than seize the principal outlines of the struggle, and it is not given to any on | e narrator, however conscientious he may be, to fix, abso lut if the centre, Hill of the right wing, Picton of the left win g. | ely, the for m of that horrible cloud which is called a battle. Thi s The Prince of Orange, desperate and intrepid, shouted to the H | , which is true of all great armed encounters, is particularly applicable to lando-Belgians: "Nassau! Brunswick! Never retreat!" Hill, having been we fire; La Haie-Sainte was taken. Of the German battalion which defende | o Waterloo. Nevertheless, at a certain moment in the afternoon t |
| either dead or captured. Three thousand combatants had been massacred in that barn. A sergeant Scotch Grays no longer existed; Ponsonby's great dragoons had been hacked to pieces. That valia | of the English Guards, the foremost boxer in England, reputed invulnerable by his connt cavalry had bent beneath the lancers of Bro and beneath the cuirassiers of Travers; | panions, had been killed there by a little French dru m me out of twelve hundred horses, six hundre d r emaine d; | r-boy. Barin g had been dislodged, Alten put to the sword. Many f lague of three lieutenant-colonels, two lay on the earth,Hamilton wo | gs had been lost, one from Alten's division, and one from the battalion o unded, Mater slain. Ponsonby had fallen, riddled by seven lance-thrusts | if Lunenburg, carried by a prince of the house of Deux-Ponts. Tl . Gordon was dead. Marsh was dead. Two divisions, the fifth an |
| the sixth, had been annihilated. Hougomont injured, La Hale-Sainte taken, there how existed but on it the village, and in front of it the slope, which was tolerably steep then. It rested on that slout ston ust the throat of a cannon between two branches, embattled the shrubs. There artillery was ambush | | intersection of the roadsa pile of the sixt | eenth cen tury, and so robust that the cannon-balls reb ounde d fro b had been despatched by the Emperor at nine o'clock in the more | ish army, rather concave, very dense, and very compact, was strongly pom it without injuring it. All about the plateau the English had cut the hening to reconnoitre the enemy's batteries, had discovered nothing of it, a | dges here and there, made embrasures in the hawthorn-trees, tl and had returned and reported to Napoleon that there were no o |
| stacles except the two barricades which barred the road to Nivelles and to Genappe. It was at the se rsected by the ponds of Groenendael and Boitsfort. An army could not retreat thither without dissol ring, and one of Wincke's brigades taken from the left wing, plus Clinton's division. To his English, t | eason when the grain is tall; on the edge of the plateau a battalion of Kempt's brigade, ving; the regiments would have broken up immediately there. The artillery would have o the regiments of Halkett, to the brigades of Mitchell, to the guards of Maitland, he ga | been lost among the morasses. T | reat, acco rding to many a man versed in the art,th ough it is d isp | of the Anglo-Dutch army was well posted. The peril of this position lay in uted by others,would have been a disorganized flight. To this centre, \ erians, and Ompteda's Germans. This placed twenty-six battalions unde | Vellington added one of Chasse's brigades taken from the right |
| the centre. An enormous battery was masked by sacks of earth at the spot where there now stands of doubt, was ranged behind a very low garden wall, backed up with a coating of bags of sand and a la iastic vandal, purchased later on for two hundred francs, cut down, and carried off. Wellington was | what is called the "Museum of Waterloo." Besides this, Wellington had, behind a rise in arge slope of earth. This work was not finished; there had been no time to make a palis | the ground, Somerset's Drago on G ua rds ade for it. Wellington, uneasy but imp assiv e, v | vas on horseback, and there remained the whole day in the same | istly celebrated English cavalry. Ponsonby destroyed, Somerset remain attitude, a little in advance of the old mill of Mont-Saint-Jean, which is s "To do like me," replied Wellington. To Clinton he said laconically, "To | till in existence, beneath an elm, which an Englishman, an enthu |
| t ill. Wellington shouted to his old companions of Talavera, of Vittoria, of Salamanca: "Boys, can rel ad of the farm of Mont-Saint-Jean; a retrograde movement took place, the English front hid itself, W nd soul masked by marble beamed blindly. The man who had been gloomy at Austerlitz was gay at | reat be thought of? Think of old England!" Towards four o'clock, the English line drew ellington drew back. "The beginning of retreat!" cried Napoleon. CHAPTER VIINAPOI | back. Suddenly nothing was visible on the crest of EON IN A GOOD HUMO R The Emperor, though | the plateau except the artillery and the sharps hooters; the rest ill and discommoded on horseback by a loc al trouble, had neve t Caesar. Pompeius flebit, said the legionarie s of the Fulminatrix Le | had disappeared: the regiments, dislodged by the shells and the French r been in a better humor than on that day. His impenetrability had bee gion. Pompey was not destined to weep on that occasion, but it is ce | bullets, retreated into the bottom, now intersected by the back a smiling ever since the morning. On the 18th of June, that profe |
| 'clock on the precéding night, in storm and rain, in company with Bertrand, the communes in the ne ss, gazing at the lightning and listening to the thunder; and this fatalist was heard to cast into the d | eighborhood of Rossomme, satisfied at the sight of the long line of the English camp-fi arkness this mysterious saying, "We are in accord." Napoleon was mistaken. They wei | res illuminating the whole horizon from Frisch e no longer in ac cord. He took not a mom ei | emont to Braine-l'Alleud, it had seemed to him that fate, to whom he hant for sleep; every instant of that night was mar ked by a joy for him. He t | d assigned a day on the field of Waterloo, was exact to the appointm raversed the line of the principal outposts, halting here and there to | ent; he stopped his horse, and remained for some time motionl talk to the sentinels. At half-past two, near the wood of Hougon |
| nt, he heard the tread of a column on the march; he thought at the moment that it was a retreat on the Grand-Marshal the enthusiastic peasant of the Gulf Juan, and cried, "Well, Bertrand, here is a reinfected to reconnoitre announced to him that the enemy was not making any movement. Nothing was | orcement already!" On the night of the 17th to the 18th, of Jun e he ralli s stirring; not a biyouac-fire had been extinguished; the En | ed Wellingto n. "Tha t little En glish man n glish army wa s aslee p. The | isoners the six thousand English who have ju st arrived at Ostend." He c eeds a lesson," said Napoleon. The rain redoubled in violence; the thund s silence on earth was profound; the only noise was in the heavens. At fo | onversed expansively; he regained the animation which he had shown er rolled while the Emperor was speaking. At half-past three o'clock ur o'clock, a peasant was brought in to him by the scouts; this peasa | n the morning, he lost one illusion; officers who had been desp nt had served as quide 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 on the slope which forms an angle with the Plancenoit road, had a kitchen table and a peasant's cheed in the soft roads, had not been able to arrive by morning; the soldiers had had no sleep; they we | air brought to him from the farm of Rossomme, re wet and fasting. This did not prevent Napoleon fro | seated himself, wit hat russ of straw f | their regiment, and that the English army was ready for battle. "So much or a carpet, and spread out on the table the chart of the battle-field, sa ety chances out of a hundred." At eight o'clock the Emperor's break | the better!" exclaimed Napoleon. "I prefer to overthrow them rather the ying to Soult as he did so, "A pretty checker-board." In consequence of fast was brought to him. He invited many generals to it. During breakfast | f the rains during the night, the transports of provisions, embed ast, it was said that Wellington had been to a ball two nights bef |
| re, in Brussels, at the Duchess of Richmond's; and Soult, a rough man of war, with a face of an arch gaud. "He abounded in pleasantries, which were more peculiar than witty," says Benjamin Constant m the island of Elba to France, on the 27th of February, on the open sea, the French brig of war, Le | . These gayeties of a giant are worthy of | | ll not be so simple as to wait for Your Majesty." That was his nadi ers "h is grumblers"; he pinched their ears; he neeale d. and having asked the news of N apoleon from | way, however. "He was fond of jesting," says Fleury de Chaboulon. "A pulled their mustaches. "The Emperor did nothing but play pranks of L'Inconstant, the Emperor, who still wore in his hat the white and amar. | n us," is the remark of one of them. During the mysterious trip fr |
| e of Elba, laughingly seized the speaking-trumpet, and answered for himself, "The Emperor is well." and their paper on their knees, and the Emperor dictated to them the order of battle. At nine o'clock, appets, mighty, vast, joyous, a sea of casques, of sabres, and of bayonets on the horizon, the Emperor | A man who laughs like that i at the instant when th | s on familiar term s with events. Napoleon in e French army , ranged in echelons and se twice ex claimed. "Magnificent! Magni | t in motion i n fiv e columns, had depl oye dthe divisions in tw | Waterloo. After breakfast he meditated for a quarter of an hour; then two lines, the artillery between the brigades, the music at their head; as the ten the whole army, incredible as it may appear, had taken up its posit | ey beat the march, with rolls on the drums and the blasts of tru |
| expression, "the figure of six V's." A few moments after the formation of the battle-array, in the mid, and Lobau, and destined to begin the action by taking Mont-Saint-Jean, which was situated at the inted to barricade Mont-Saint-Jean as soon as the village should be carried. All this serenity had be | st of that profound silence, lik intersection of the Nivelles | e t hat which heralds the beginning and t he Genappe roads, and said to hir | of a storm, which pre cedes engag em ents, the Emperor "There are four and twenty hands om e maids. General." | tapped Haxo on the shoulder, as he beheld the three batteries of twelve Sure of the issue, he encouraged with a smile, as they passed before h | pounders, detached by his orders from the corps of Erlon, Reil m, the company of sappers of the first corps, which he had app |
| d beyond Rossomme, and selected for his post of observation a contracted elevation of turf to the rand behind which the guard was massed on a slope of the plain. Around this knoll the balls rebound | ight of the road from G led from the paveme | enappe t o Br ussels, which was his second sta ts of the road, up to Napoleon himself. As at Br | ienne, he ȟad over hi s h ead the shriek of the bullets and | those admirable Scotch Grays, with their superb horses, massing them seven o'clock in the evening, between La Belle-Alliance and La Haie-Sa d of the heavy artillery. Mouldy cannon-balls, old sword-blades, and sha | peless projectiles, eaten up with rust, were picked up at the spo |
| where his horse' feet stood. Scabra rubigine. A few years ago, a shell of sixty pounds, still charged, ied to hide behind Napoleon: "Fool, it is shameful! You'll get yourself killed with a ball in the back." I Every one is aware that the variously inclined undulations of the plains, where the engagement betw | He who writes t hese lin | es ha s himse If found, in the friable soil of this d Well ington t ook place, are no longer what the | knoll, on turning over the sand, the remains of the neck of a bo y were on June 18, 1815. By ta king from this mournful field the | e, a hostile and terrified peasant, who was attached to the saddle of a hu omb, disintegrated, by the oxidization of six and forty years, and old frac e wherewithal to make a monument to it, its real relief has been taken a | ments of iron which parted like elder-twigs between the fingers vay, and history, disconcerted, no longer finds her bearings the |
| . It has been disfigured for the sake of glorifying it. Wellington, when he beheld Waterloo once more on the side of the highway to Genappe. The elevation of this escarpment can still be measured by th nce. Thanks to the thousands upon thousands of cartloads of earth employed in the hillock one hur | e heig h | ater, e xclaime d, "They have altered my field of be of the two great sepulchres which fifty feet in he ight and half a mile in circumference." | enclose the road from Gen appe to Brussels: one, the Englis | lion, rises to-day, there was a hillock which descended in an easy slope sh tomb, is on the left; the other, the German tomb, is on the right. There asy slope. On the day of battle, particularly on the side of La Haie-Sainte | is no French tomb. The whole of that plain is a sepulchre for F |
| ep that the English cannon could not see the farm, situated in the bottom of the valley, which was the trench whose presence it was impossible for the distant observer to divine. What was this trench? Let of often enters and buries itself in the hills like a furrow, which makes a ravine of this road in some r | et us e | f the c ombat. On the 18th of June, 1815, the rain xplain. Braine-l'Alleud is a Belgian village; Ohain ces. In 1815, as at the present day, this road cut the | is another. These villa ges, both of them concealed in curr | ated the problem of the ascent, and the men not only slipped back, but wes of the landscape, are connected by a road about a league and a half highways from Genappe and Nivelles; only, it is now on a level with the | in length, which traverses the plain along its undulating level, a |
| riated for the monumental hillock. This road was, and still is, a trench throughout the greater portion that a passer-by was crushed by a cart, as is proved by a stone cross which stands near the cemet | n of it s c ery, and w | ours e; a hollow trench, sometimes a dozen feet in der ii ch gives the name of the dead, Monsieur Bernard Debry | | e and there, particularly in winter, under driving rains. Accidents happe was so deep on the table-land of Mont-Saint-Jean that a peasant, Mathi | ned here. The road was so narrow at the Braine-l'Alleud entranceu Nicaise, was crushed there, in 1783, by a slide from the slope |
| as is stated on another stone cross, the top of which has disappeared in the process of clearing the ch at the summit of the escarpment, a rut concealed in the soil, was invisible; that is to say, terrible nce of Hougomont; the tenacity of La Haie-Sainte; the killing of Bauduin; the disabling of Foy; the u | C HAPTER V ne xpected wall again | IIITHE EMPEROR PÜTS A QUESTION TO THE GUÏDE LÁCOS st which Sove's brigade was shattered: Guilleminot's fatal heedle | STE So, on the morning of Waterloo, Napoleon was content. He was right; | the plan of battle conceived by him was, as we have seen, really admira atteries; the fifteen unescorted pieces overwhelmed in a hollow way by | ble. The battle once begun, its very various changes,the resist Uxbridge: the small effect of the bombs falling in the English lin |
| s, and there embedding themselves in the rain-soaked soil, and only succeeding in producing volca of the first corps; men delivered over to grape-shot, arranged in ranks twenty-seven deep and with a ed at the moment when he was beating in with an axe the door of La Haie-Sainte under the downrig | fr ontage of two hun dred; the fri gh | tful holes made in these masses by the cannon-balls; attacking colum English barricade which barred the angle of the road from Genappe to | leud; all that cavalry, fifteen squadrons, almost exterminated; the right wir ns disorganized; the side-battery suddenly unmasked on their flank; Bour o Brussels; Marcognet's division caught between the infantry and the cava | geois, Donzelot, and Durutte compromised; Quiot repulsed; Lieutenant lry, shot down at the very muzzle of the guns amid the grain by Best an | Vieux, that Hercules graduated at the Polytechnic School, woun d Pack, put to the sword by Ponsonby; his battery of seven piec |
| s spiked; the Prince of Saxe-Weimar holding and guarding, in spite of the Comte d'Erlon, both Frisc d men killed in the orchard of Hougomont in less than an hour; eighteen hundred men overthrown i | hemont an d Smohain; the s n a still shorter tim e about La H aie-Sainteall these stormy inc | lag of the 105th taken, the flag of the 45th captured; that black Prussia dents passing like the clouds of battle before Napoleon, had hardly tro | n hussar stopped by runners of the flying column of three hundred light coubled his gaze and had not overshadowed that face of imperial certainty. | avalry on the scout between Wavre and Plancenoit; the alarming things Napoleon was accustomed to gaze steadily at war; he never added up t | that had been said by prisoners; Grouchy's delay; fifteen hundr ne heart-rending details, cipher by cipher; ciphers mattered little |
| o him, provided that they furnished the total, victory; he was not alarmed if the beginnings did go as ivance, one might almost say a complicity, of events in his favor, which was equivalent to the invulrengish army disappear. It was rallying, but hiding itself. The Emperor half rose in his stirrups. The liver all the points of the field of battle. His guard, standing behind him with grounded arms, watched | nerability of antiquity. Nevertheless, when one has Beresina, Leipzig, and Fontaineblea ightning of victory flashed from his eyes. Wellington, driven into a corner at the forest him from below with a sort of religion. He pondered; he examined the clopes poted the | u behind one, it seems as though one might distrust Waterloo. A myst of Soignes and destroyedthat was the definitive conquest of England e declivities, scrutinized the clumps of trees, the square of tree the square of tr | erious frown becomes perceptible in the depths of the heavens. At the mo by France; it was Crecy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged. The | ment when Wellington retreated, Napoleon shuddered. He suddenly belt man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt. So the Emperor, meditating at the English particades of the two bighways at we large chatic of trees. | eld the table-land of Mont-Saint-Jean cleared, and the van of the on this terrible turn of fortune, swept his glass for the last time that on the road to Genanne above La Hais-Sainte armod with |
| ver all the points of the field of battle. His guard, standing behind fill with grounded arms, watched, yo cannon, the only ones out of all the English artillery which commanded the extremity of the field of ably perfidious. The Emperor straightened himself up and fell to thinking. Wellington had drawn bac t-Jean. CHAPTER IXTHE UNEXPECTED There were three thousand five hundred of them. They for | of battle, and that on the road to Nivelles where gleamed the Dutch bayonets of Chasse ck. All that remained to do was to complete this retreat by crushing him. Napoleon turr | 's brigade. Near this barricade he observed the old chapel of Saint Nic ing round abruptly, despatched an express at full speed to Paris to an | holas, painted white, which stands at the angle of the cross-road near Bra nounce that the battle was won. Napoleon was one of those geniuses from | ine-l'Alleud; he bent down and spoke in a low voice to the guide Lacost whom thunder darts. He had just found his clap of thunder. He gave or | e. The guide made a negative sign with his head, which was pro ders to Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the table-land of Mont-Sai |
| ed and eighty lances. They wore casques without horse-tails, and cuirasses of beaten iron, with hor nappe and Frischemont, and taken up their position for battle in that powerful second line, so cleve | se-pistols in their holsters, and long sabre-swords. That morning the whole army had a | dmired them, when, at nine o'clock, with braying of trumpets and all the | ne music playing "Let us watch o'er the Safety of the Empire," they had co | me in a solid column, with one of their batteries on their flank, another i drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squad | n their centre, and deployed in two ranks between the roads to (|
| Il their cavalry, with upraised swords, standards and trumpets flung to the breeze, formed in column mpact and in close ranks, mounting at a full trot, through a storm of grape-shot which burst upon th | ns by divisions, descended, by a simultaneous movement and like one man, with the p nem, the terrible muddy slope of the table-land of Mont-Saint-Jean, They ascended, gra | recision of a brazen battering-ram which is effecting a breach, the hill ve. threatening, imperturbable; in the intervals between the musketry a | of La Belle Alliance, plunged into the terrible depths in which so many me and the artillery, their colossal trampling was audible. Being two divisions, | n nad already tallen, disappeared there in the smoke, then emerging from . there were two columns of them: Wathier's division held the right. Delo | n tnat shadow, reappeared on the other side of the valley, still c rt's division was on the left. It seemed as though two immense |