THE

# *BATTLE*

OF

# WATERLOO.

CONTAINING, THE

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DISPATCH

TO EARL BATHURST,

ALSO,

THE FLIGHT FROM BRUSSELS;

AND A

*Visit to the Field of Battle,*

With a Description of

The Bloody Engagement;

AND A

VISIT TO THE FRENCH HOSPITALS.

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# DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DISPATCH TO EARL BATHURST.

Waterloo, June 19th, 1815.

My Lord,

BUONAPARTE having collected the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th corps of the French army, and the Imperial Guards and nearly all the cavalry, on the Sambre, and between that river and the Méuse, between the 10th and the 14th of the month, advanced on the 16th and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez, on the Sambre, at day-light in the morning.

I did not hear of these events till the evening of the 16th, and I immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march; and afterwards to march to the left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.

The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and General Ziethen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroi, retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombreffe, holding the villages in front of his position of St. Amand and Ligny.

The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroi towards Brussels, and on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under Prince de Weimar, posted at Frasne, and forced it back to the farm house on the same road, called Les Quartre Bras.

The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division, under General Perponcher, and, in the morning early, regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Brussels, with Marshal Blucher's position.

In the mean time I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quartre Bras, and the 5th division, under Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, arrived about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blucher with his whole force excepting the 1st and 2d corps; and a corps of cavalry under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at Les Quartre Bras.

The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bulow, had not joined, and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery;

he made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner. In this affair, His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major-General Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves.

The troops of the fifth division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 78th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

Our loss was great, as your Lordship will perceive by the enclosed return; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell, fighting gallantly, at the head of his troops.

Although Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Sombref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and, as the fourth corps had not arrived, he determined to fall back, and concentrared his army upon Wavre; and he marched in the night after the action was over.

This movement of the Marshal's rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part; and I retired from the Farm of Quartre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blucher. On the contrary, a patrole which I sent to Sombref, in the morning, found all quiet, and the enemy's videttes fell back as the patrole advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following with a large body.

of cavalry (brought from his right) the cavalry under the earl of Uxbridge.

This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their debouche from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his Lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

The position which I took up, in front of Waterloo, crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelle, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelle road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougoumont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre, we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blucher, at Wavre, through Ohaim; and the Marshal had promised me, that in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the third corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning; and about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our posts at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position near its rear: and it was for some time under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Macdonald, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add, that it was maintained, throughout the day, with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these, the enemy carried the farm house of Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the legion which occupied it had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication their was with them.

The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry; but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful, and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, Royal Horse Guards, and First Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with the cavalry and infantry to force our left centre, near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and having observed that the troops retired from the attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps by Fritchermont upon Planchenoit and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect; and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person, with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, one hundred and fifty pieces of can-

non, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands.

I continued the purſuit till long after dark, and then diſcontinued it, only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and becauſe I found myſelf on the ſame road with Marſhal Blucher, who aſſured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night: he has ſent me word this morning, that he had taken ſixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and ſeveral carriages, baggage, &c. belonging to Buonaparte, in Genappe.

I propoſe to move this morning upon Nivelles, and not to diſcontinue my operations.

Your Lordſhip will obſerve, that ſuch a deſperate action could not be fought, and ſuch advantages could not be gained, without great loſs; and, I am ſorry to add, that ours has been immenſe. In Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, his Majeſty has ſuſtained the loſs of an officer who has frequently diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his ſervice; and he fell gloriouſly leading his diviſion to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the moſt ſerious attacks made by the enemy on our poſition was defeated.

The Earl of Uxbridge, after having ſucceſsfuly got through the ardous day received a wound by almoſt the laſt ſhot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive his Majeſty for ſome time of his ſervices.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his gallantry and conduct till he received a wound from a musket ball, through the ſhoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

It gives me the greateſt ſatisfaction to aſſure your lordſhip, that the army never, upon any occaſion, conducted itſelf better. The diviſion of Guards, under Lieutenant General Cooke, who is

severely wounded, Major General Maitland, and Major Byng, set an example which was followed by all; and there is no officer, nor description of troops, that did not behave well. I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill, for his assistance and conduct upon this, as upon all former occasions.

I should not do justice to my feelings or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this ardous day to the cordial and timely assistance received from them.

The operation of General Bulow upon the enemy's flank, was a most decided one; and, even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack, which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire, if his attacks should have failed and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

I send with this dispatch, two eagles taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his Royal Highness—I beg leave to recommend him to your lordship's protection.

I have the honor, &c.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

To his brother he afterwards wrote,—"Never had I fought so hard for victory.—and never, from the gallantry of the enemy had I been so near being beaten. In a letter to his mother, Lady Mornington, the Duke of Wellington says of Buonoparte—"That he did his duty—that he fought the battle with infinite skill, bravery, and perseverance;—and the victory is solely to be ascribed to the superior physical force, and constancy of British soldiers."

## FLIGHT FROM BRUSSELS.

SOME of the families of the firſt reſpectability, whom I had occaſion to mention before, as heing ſo anxious to get over to the Continent in time to be preſent at the opening of the campaign, were at Bruſſels on the eventful Saturday, (as is by no means improbable,) when the Pruſsian horſemen came galloping into the town, cutting their horſes with their ſabres to expeditate their flight, I think it very likely that they would loſe no time in turning their faces again to their own happy country, and be glad to mix with the promiſcuous throng.

Sunday came, and the battle about nine miles off began to roar. It was deſcribed by the inhabitants of Bruſſels as one uninterrupted peal of thunder in their ears for eight hours

"Then great events were in the gale,
"And each hour brought a varying tale."

But the fears of the inhabitants always made the French ſucceſsful—What then muſt they have felt when the Engliſh baggage paſſed through Bruſſels, and crowded the road to Antwerp. No wonder that the rumour was then believed that the French had gained a complete victory. The entire population were now to fly, a ſatisfactory piece of evidence of no great attachment to the French. We are loſt, we are loſt, was the only cry to be heard among the inhabitants. My friend reſolved on flight on his lady's account, and had the extraordinary fortune to reach Mechline, about 15 miles, unhurt. They got a place in the track boat on the canal; and being cloſe to the road, ſaw all its horrors: When horſes fell, the waggon wheels cruſhed the

riner; baggage was thrown off, and carried away by the peasants, to be cut open and plundered. Great sums of money were in this way lost; and clothes and other property spread over the fields. An English Officer, who had lost a foot, and was carried on his servant's back came and begged to be taken into the boat. He was known to my friend, who, although the passengers intent on self-preservation opposed it by absolute force obtained his admission. At Mechline, they found it very difficult to obtain admission into a house; and the difficulty was increased when the people were told that the lady was ill. Most providentially they procured a carriage to Antwerp next day. On their arrival there, they heard an altercation between their coachman and a woman on the top, whom he had taken up, and would not let down till she paid a franc. They found this poor woman to be the widow, newly so made, of a soldier killed at Quartre Bras; and the mother of a child which she had the day before seen crushed to death by a waggon wheel. Many of the wounded were travelling the same road, some had lost a hand or an arm; thousands were on foot; and all sorts of carriages and horses crowded the road, and increased the danger. The scene was beyond description horrible: but a feeling of terror and self-preservation much diminished the concern for the sufferers.—This is very common in the horrors of war. The persons crushed in the flight to Antwerp, were thrown into the ditches. The confusion was dreadful yet no one had seen a single Frenchman!

What then must have been the feelings of the poor gardener at Hougomont, at the time he was obliged to remain close prisoner in his garden, in the midst of the carnage, because, (as he candidly avowed), when the battle was begun he could not venture

out of it—of the farmer Lacoſte, in his pinioned ſituation beſide Buonaparte—or, if I may venture ſo to ſpeak, of the commandant of that nameleſs corps of Gentlemen light horſe volunteer, when he received the unwelcome hint from Lord Wellington's aid-du-camp, that an opportunity occured for them to charge the French cavalry; their colonel, in great ſurpriſe, objected the enemy's ſtrength—cuiraſſes,—and the conſideration, which had unaccountably, he ſaid, eſcaped the Commander in chief, that his regiment were "all gentlemen!!" This diverting reſponſe was carried back to Lord Wellington: who diſpatched the meſſenger again to ſay, that if the gentlemen would take poſt on an eminence, which he pointed to in the rear, they would have an excellent view of the battle; and he would leave the choice of a proper time to charge, entirely to their own ſagacity and diſcretion, in which he had the fulleſt confidence. The colonel actually thanked the aid-du-camp for this diſtinguiſhed poſt of honour, and followed by his gallant train, with their very high plumes, (the preſent great point of continental military foppery), was out of danger in a moment.

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## VISIT TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

IN the courſe of the Monday, the news of the defeat of the French arrived; and on the following day my friend and his wife returned to Bruſsels. On the Wedneſday he viſited the field of Waterloo. His account of it is dreadful!—The firſt thing which ſtruck him at a diſtance, was the quantity of caps and hats ſtrewed on the ground. It appeared as if the field had been covered with crows. When he

came to the spot, the sight was truly shocking. At first there was a dreadful preponderance of British slain, which looked very ill; but more in advance, the revenge made itself dreadfully marked, for ten French lay dead for one British. The field was so much covered with blood, that it appeared as if it had been completely flooded with it; dead horses seemed innumerable;—and the peasantry employed in burying the dead, generally stript the bodies first. Of course these people got a vast booty, when they returned out of the neighbouring wood, after the battle; many of them some hundred pounds. A great quantity of cap plates, cuirasses, &c. were taken by them and sold as relics.

We returned to the tree, and directed our steps westward, to go along the British line to the right. There was no difficulty in tracing the line by the graves of the brave men who had fallen where they were first posted. The survivors never quitted it, but to advance. The very ground was hallowed; but it was trode by us with respect and gratitude; the multitude below, so lately interred, occasioned a very impressive subject of reflection.

No one, who has not seen it, can imagine how touching it was to see, strewed around their graves, fragments of what the brave men wore or carried when they fell. Among the straw of the trodden down corn, which still covered the field, lay caps, shoes, pieces of uniforms and shirts, tufts, cockades, feathers, ornamental horse-hair, red and black, and what most struck us, great quantities of letters, and leaves of books. The latter were much too far defaced by rain and mud, to make it worth our while to lift any of them. In one letter, we could just make out the words, so affecting in their circumstances, "My dear husband."

The tract over which the guard moved, and over which they fled, was ſtill, when we paſſed it, covered with their ſpoil, and marked with horſes' feet, cannon wheels, and the deeper furrows of balls and bombs. Ponſonby fell here.

A thouſand French dead, alone, lay on this ſpot; and even yet it exhibited holſters, (one we obſerved which had been filled with blood) ſtandard holders, pieces of bridles, ſtraps, girths, &c. all denoting a tremendous conflict of cavalry; and the caps of the grenadiers of the French guard, lay yet in conſiderable numbers, with rags of their uniforms. Some more affecting remains were alſo there, pieces of tartan, and of black oſtrich feathers: the plaids and plumes of Scotland.

Arduous and painful, indeed, muſt have been that ſtruggle, in which upwards of 200,000 men on both ſides, were engaged in the work of death for nine or ten hours.—We may readily conceive what a horrible thing it would be, to behold two columns of infantry charging one another in the greateſt fury, with the bayonet, and occaſionally pouring well-directed volleys of musketry into each others ranks; but ſuch were the deadly viſits of the cannon and cavalry on that dreadful day, that the author whom we have ſo largely quoted, was repeatedly aſſured by officers with whom he converſed, that theſe interludes of infantry battle were a kind of refreſhment, after their toils with other arms. It need not then be wondered, that Marſhal Ney, in his letter to the Duke of Otranto; calls it a terrible battle, and the moſt frightful carnage ever he had witneſſed; and that it was ſaid of the Duke of Wellington, that often he had prayed in agony during the dreadful conflict, for the Pruſsians on the night.

But horrific as the ſpectacle of a field of battle

muſt be, when covered with the dying and the dead; and the dreadful ſufferings to which the actual combatants are neceſſarily expoſed; their are other painful emotions—there are other evils attendant on a ſtate of warfare, which humanity has cauſe to deplore. What, for inſtance, muſt the neighbouring inhabitants feel, who reſide in a country immediately adjoining the ſeat of war? "How dreadful" ſays the judicious Hall, "to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itſelf as a boon dependant on the ſword? How boundless the fears which ſuch a ſituation muſt inſpire, where the iſſues of life and death are determined by no known laws principles or cuſtoms, and no conjecture can be formed of our deſtiny except as far as it is dimly decyphered in characters of blood in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power. Conceive but for a moment the conſternation which the approaches of an invading army would impreſs on the peaceful villagers in this neighbourhood. When you have placed yourſelf, for an inſtant in that ſituation, you will learn to ſympathiſe with thoſe unhappy countries which have ſuſtained the ravages of arms. But how is it poſſible to give you an idea of theſe horrors? —Here you behold rich harveſts, the bounty of heaven and the reward of induſtry, conſumed in a moment, or trampled under foot: while famine and peſtilence follow the ſteps of deſolation—There the cottages of peaſants given up to the flames; mothers expiring through fear, not for themſelves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miſerable fugitives on their native ſoil!—In another part you witness opulent cities taken by ſtorm; the ſtreets, where no ſounds were heard but thoſe of peaceful mirth and contentment, filled on a ſudden with ſlaughter and blood, reſounding with the

cries of the purſuing and the purſued ; the palaces of nobles demoliſhed, the houſes of the rich pillaged, the chaſtity of virgins and of matrons violated ; and every age, ſex, and rank, mingled in promiſcuous maſſacre and ruin."

## Deſcription of the Battle of Waterloo,

### By an Officer preſent.

As we ſtood on our commanding ſpot, the firſt thought was moſt naturally of the numbers of the contending armies reſpectively. The Britiſh were ſtated by Buonaparte himſelf, at 80,000, and certainly they have never been made out to have been more. Marſhal Blucher eſtimates them at the ſame number. Of theſe not more than 30,000 were actually Britiſh ; the reſt were Germans, Belgians, and Dutch. There were aſſuredly no corps of the Pruſſians in the battle before the evening.

The French army certainly were 130,000* making the enormous balance in their favour of 50,000 men ; and, be it never forgotten, all French, and the beſt troops in France.

In truth, the Britiſh army were a mile and a half from the neareſt skirts of the wood, and never had one man within it ; and ſo far from being cruſhed and overlaid, the maſſes, and of the French guard too, were often routed by the bold daſh of an almoſt incredibly ſmall proportion of their numbers.—nay, ſometimes, as will afterwards be told of the High-

* According to account given of the Port Folio, found in Buonaparte's carriage, he paſſed the French frontier with 110,000 men only.

landers and Scotch Greys, and it happened in many other parts of the field beſides, by the prodigies of nearly inſolated individual valour.

Buonapate knew the number of his already devoted adverſaries well; and, with his uſual preſumption, expreſſed great aſtoniſhment to ſee their undiſmayed front on that ſide of the foreſt. His fear was, that they would eſcape him in the night; and he exclaimed on firſt ſeeing their order of battle with the dawn—"Ah! I have them then, theſe Engliſh!"

The regular battle, it is well known, commenced by the almoſt ſimultaneous advance (and we diſtinctly ſaw their courſe) of three entire corps d'armee on the right, left, and centre, of the Britiſh line. The attack on the right had for its firſt object the carrying of the poſt of Hougoumont, the key of the poſition: in poſſeſſion of which, the French could have turned the Britiſh right. That column had the ſhorteſt way to move; and, under King Jerome, it was there the cannon and musketry firſt began.

The utmoſt ſucceſs of probably 30 000 men was, obliging the light companies of the 1ſt, 2d and 3d foot guards, under the command of Lord Saltoun, to take refuge within the poſt, inſtead of defending the ſmall wood, on the outſide of it. The poſt itſelf was never occupied by the enemy for a moment. The guards kept it, in ſpite of grape, and musketry, and balls, and ſhells, and flames; till they iſſued from it victorious in the hour of vengeance.

The corps d'armee deſtined for the left, (the 6th) ſoon arrived in the firſt attack in that quarter about the centre of the Britiſh left wing: but were calmly received and repulſed, by the admirably ſerved artillary, and by the 42d 79th and 92d Highlanders, ſupported, it is believed by the 1ſt and 28th regi-

ments, under the lamented Sir Thomas Picton. The whole slope was in our view. Nothing could be more tremendous than the mode of attack; it was headed by artillery, which discharged showers of iron grape shot, each bullet larger than a walnut. It was a battle on the part of the French, of cavalry and cannon, both equipped as if by magic, and much more formidable than had ever been known in the French armies, even to take the field.

Heading these colums were the iron-cased cuirassiers, in as complete mail, breast and back as in the days of that defensive armour upon which the musket balls were heard to ring as they glanced off, without injuring or even stunning the wearer. These men at arms had immense infantry columns of support at their backs.

A stunted hedge bounded each side of a narrow cross road, which ran along the whole of the British left wing, joining the great road near the Duke of Wellington's tree, already mentioned. In the hedge there were a number of gaps, which had been made to serve as a kind of embrasures for a line of the British cannon of the left wing; and a trifling bank only here and there, two or three feet high, on which the hedge grew, and in which apertures for the guns were cut where necessary, was the only thing resembling shelter, which any portion of our artillery enjoyed.

When the cannon and infantry had staggered the masses of the enemy, and somewhat calmed their fury; round the extremity of the cross road, full on the flank of the foe—horse, in perfect condition; men, in steady determination—wheeled like a whirlwind, the Royals Greys, and Ennis illens—England, Scotland, and Ireland, in high rivalry and irresistible union. In vain for the second time

the iron cases, their cannon was deserted and taken; and the columns of infantry were thrown into such confusion, that they had just time to get beyond the range of the prudent pursuit of their adversaries, whose warfare was yet defensive. The dragoons and infantry with their captured cannons and eagles, calmly returned to their place in position, to await the next advance of the enemy.

If our present ground had the well-fought round now faintly described, in full view; so had Napoleon's station, about a mile along the road from where we stood. With the poor farmer Lacoste pinioned on horseback beside him, stood the Emperor, unable to conceal his astonishment at the recoil, and almost flight, of his best troops; and constrained in spite of himself, repeatedly to mutter complements to the spirit, rapidity, and steadiness of the British cavalry; —"These British fight admirably," said he to Soult; "but they must give way."—"No, sir, they prefer being cut to pieces," was the answer of him who knew something of them. The grey horses especially struck him, and he often repeated, "What fine troops!"

The attacks now described, we are told, might serve as a fair specimen of the reiterated war during the entire day. From eleven in the morning till seven at night, it consisted of a succession of such assaults, with unabated fury, and increasing numbers, and often with a boldness and deadly effect, which perplexed our soldiers, and put their matchless firmness to the utmost trial. It may be believed that every fresh onset swept away multitudes of our infantry; still the survivors gave not an inch of ground, but made good the lines, and firm the squares.—No men in Europe could have endured more than they did.—Again and again the enemy's cannon rebounded from their adamantine front, dis-

mayed and scattered. These were the breathing times of our heroes! Line was with admirable alacrity formed for a greater breadth of fire than the squares afforded, immediately on seeing the back plates of the cuirasses; when masses of French infantry approached with a heavy fire of musketry, They did 'go through their work,' as Napoleon often muttered, 'unlike any troops he had ever seen.' Such were the dreadful visits of cannon and cavalry, that, as I have been assured, these interludes of infantry battles were a kind of refreshment, after their toil with other arms.—They never took the trouble to look at the numbers; they felt as if boys had attacked them, merely to keep them in wind; and invariably routed the columns by a very few steps in advance with pointed bayonets.

The Duke, in visiting different points was often received with a shout of impatience to be led on. The gallant 95th were very tired of the iron cases, and the iron grape shot. An immense body of French infantry happened to approach that noble regiment at one time when the commander was paying them a visit; "Let us at 'em my Lord" let us down upon 'em," quite regardless of their numbers. "Not yet," replied the chief, "not yet my brave men, but you shall have at them soon; firm a little longer; we must not be beat; what would they say in England?"

From our advantage ground we had gained a very satisfactory general idea of the field, and before setting out on a circuit of more minute inspection, went down to the farm house of La-Haye Saint, to examine the state in which the conflict had left that post. Much of the wreck of the battle lay between the Duke of Wellington's station and the farm-house, which manifested the hazard to which he had been exposed. It is just an ordinary farm-house

and court of offices. The house forms one side of a square and the offices the other three; the court yard, collecting the manure in the middle, and sheltering the cattle. The side opposite to the house is a long building for cows; the passage being separated from the cow's stalls by a parapet above four feet high. At each end of the passage is a large door or gate, both of which were literally riddled with musket balls, fired from within, and from without, as could easily be distinguished from the kind of hole the ball had made. The bodies, after the action, were heaped up in the cow's stalls, as high as the parapet. The whole farm house, yard, and offices, might have afforded room for 1000 or 1500 men to act. They had made holes for musketry all around the building; and many a hole had been made for them by the enemy. The whole presented a scene of shattered ruin, which could not be looked upon without a degree of interest amounting to terror. It stood a noble monument of the determined valour of our German brethren in arms.

Some very poor children who seemed to starve about the ruins soon joined us, and began to beg money from us with most persevering importunity. Their miserable appearance was in perfect agreement with the scene of desolation about them. We saw no grown people who seem'd to have any interest in the place.

Having succeeded in opening the shattered door which led out to the fields to the west, we saw several women still engaged in the lately most lucrative occupation of gleaning up any thing which they could sell to strangers. The same persons had, very probably been active in stripping and plundering the slain. We asked them where they were during the action?—"All in the wood."—Did they hear

the noise?—The answer was a shrug and look of dreadful recollection. They seemed to be finding very little worth taking up. We were ourselves, at the moment, more fortunate, for among some straw, and plainly marked with blood, we found a French bayonet which we brought away with us.

If the unknown dead called forth these feelings, much more did the consciousness of standing on the spot, where some one, known to us, had "nobly fought and nobly died." We stood where then interesting Sir William de Lancey met his death, when rallying, with great spirit and effect, a battalion of Hanoverians, which had got into confusion. He nobly refused to occupy the time of the surgeons with his wound, which he had heard them pronounce mortal, when they thought him insensible. He was removed to the village of Waterloo, where he died. That gallant young man's early name, and just favour with his great commander, excited general and deep regret for his fate; and no where more than in Edinburgh, where he had been married only a few weeks before.

Indeed the instances of heroic death were as numerous as they were affecting. Colonel Miller of the first Guards requested a last sight of the colours under which he had fought. He kissed them fervently and begged they might be waved over him till he expired.

The lamented Captain Curson, Lord Scarsdale's son, met his fate with almost "military glee." In falling from his horse, he called out gaily to Lord March, who was riding with him at a gallop—"Good b'ye, dear March." And by one effort more, when his friend had left him for the urgent duty of animating a foreign corps, in very critical circumstances, he looked up, and cried, "Well done, dear March."

The afflicting idea ſtrongly occurred, of the next day's horrors of ſuch a field as Waterloo. Numbers of the deſperately wounded and dying, in the midſt of the dead, raiſed their heads, when viſitors to the ſcene paſſed them, to implore water, or to beg at their hands to end their agonies. Many of the wounded were not removed till Wedneſday, the third day after the battle.

The 12th light dragoons was poſted near the Prince of Orange. Their charges were of the moſt ſpirited kind; and nothing but the cuiraſſes enabled the French dragoons to reſiſt them. In the account of ſo much pure valour without trick or cover, againſt ſo much iron, it is not difficult to decide where honour would award the balance. Many brave men were ſacrificed to the iron caſes, and taffeta flags which frightened their horſes. A gallant young friend of mine own, Mr Elliot Lockhart, eldeſt ſon of the member for Selkirkſhire, lay near the ſpot we had now reached. He had juſt joined the 12th dragoons, and in the firſt charge of his regiment, in which he bore a very diſtinguiſhed part, received a wound which was inſtantly fatal. There was a melancholy ſatisfaction in beholding the ſpot of his honourable grave; a prouder ſepulchre the turf on which the ſoldier falls, than the proudeſt mauſoleum on conſecrated ground.

No part of the field was more fertile in impreſſive aſſociations, than the ground of the 30th and 73d regiments, brigaded under our gallant countryman, ſeverely wounded in the battle, Sir Colin Halket. I had already heard much of the firmneſs of theſe brave troops; and was to hear ſtill more. To no ſquare did the artillery, and particularly the cuiraſſiers, pay more frequent and tremendous viſits; and never was it ſhaken for a moment. The almoſt intimacy of the ſoldiers with theſe death-

bringing visitants, increased so much as the day advanced that they began to recognise their faces. Their boldness much provoked our men. They galloped up to the bayonet points, where of course their horses made a full stop, to the great danger of pitching their riders into the square. They then rode round and round the fearless bulwark of bayonets; and in all the confidence of panoply, often coolly walked their horses, to have more time to search for some chasm in the ranks, where they might ride in. The balls absolutely rung upon their mail; and nothing incommoded the rider, except bringing down his horse, which at last became the general order. In that event he surrendered himself, and was received within the square, till he could be sent prisoner to the rear;—a generosity ill-merited, when it is considered that the French spared very few lives, which it was in their power to take. Many officers were murdered, after giving up their swords; and when prisoners were collected, cavalry were sent to cut them down, when circumstances at the moment prevented their removal! A young officer of the Greys well known to the author, was shot by a French officer whose life he had preserved. The object of the Frenchman was to make his escape. He did not effect his purpose; being overtaken and cut to pieces by the enraged soldiers.

## Visit to the French hospitals.

Beyond the citadel is the Corderie, a building constructed by Buonaparte, as a rope-work, 130 feet long, to give space for a cable of a first-rate ship of war. It was fitted up as the hospital of about 1500 of his wounded soldiers, prisoners of war.

The whole immenſe length of this place was open, and the beds were arranged in four rows, from end to end. We walked generally unnoticed by their occupiers, up and down the lanes between; and equally diſregarded, frequently ſtept over a bed, or paſsed between two, when going from one paſsage to another. It was impoſſible to imagine two aſpects of human lot more ſtrikingly contraſted, yet more forcibly aſſociated, than the ſpectacle which theſe unfortunate enthuſiaſts preſented now, and their confidence and fury but yeſterday; their ſubmiſſive tranquillity in their flannel gowns and caps in the hoſpital, and their noiſe and cuiraſses in the field.

Death was at work here, more manifeſtly than we had obſerved among the Engliſh wounded. One man was pointed out who had toſsed his amputated arm in the air, with a feeble ſhout of "vive l' Empereur." Another, at the moment of the preparations to take off his leg, declared that there was ſomething he knew of that would cure him on the ſpot, and ſave his limb and the operator's trouble. When asked to explain this ſtrange remark, he ſaid "a ſight of the Emperor!" The indiſpenſible amputation did not ſave him, he died in the ſurgeon's hands; and his laſt words, ſteadfaſtly looking on his own blood, were, that he would cheerfully ſhed the laſt drop in his veins for the great Napoleon! A ſingularly wild, and almoſt poetic, fancy, was the form in which a third bore his teſtimony; he was undergoing, with great ſteadineſs, the operation of the extraction of a ball from his ſide, and it happened to be the left; in the moment of his greateſt ſuffering, he exclaimed, "an inch deeper, and you'll find the Emperor."

FINIS.