

Naples, where Murat was ready to receive him. Napoleon, as is well known, played for a larger stake. He landed at Frijus, and made at once for Paris. Before him all opposition went down, and in less than three weeks he was dictating proclamations from the Tuileries, and the Bourbons were once more exiles in a foreign land.

How the Allies bore themselves under the circumstances, what manifestoes they issued, and what preparations they made, it is not my business to show. I have to speak of the Duke and of the part that he played in the great operations which followed, and that, too, rather as one who would suggest general ideas than as the chronicler of particular events. He began by being the great adviser on military subjects of those around him. He drew out for them a plan of campaign, specified the number of troops which could be advantageously brought forward on various points, and explained the order and object of their movements. His own sphere of action was already settled. He was to proceed, with as little delay as possible, to the Low Countries, where the nucleus of a British army kept guard, and there to assume the command of as many troops as England, and the Kingdom of the United Netherlands, could bring together.

The Duke quitted Vienna on the 29th of March. There were no railroads in those days, and travelling by post, the most expeditious mode then known, appears to us, who have well-nigh forgotten how it was conducted, to have been tedious in the extreme. He entered his carriage with only two young men in attendance, Colonel Fremantle and Lord William Lennox; and scarcely alighted till he reached Frankfort, which was done on the 2nd of April. There a few hours were given to sleep, after which the journey was resumed. Night and day the horses were kept at their best speed, the travellers eating their meals as they passed along, and on the 8th of April Brussels was entered. From that day forth up to the beginning of June the Duke worked as he had often worked before, to remedy blunders for which he was not responsible, and to overtake time which others had allowed to get away from them. He

worked, too, under disadvantages as grave as the worst of those to which in earlier years use had reconciled him. The British troops actually in the Netherlands did not exceed 10,000 men. They consisted chiefly of second battalions, the remains of that corps which in 1814 had suffered so severely at Bergen-op-Zoom, and were scattered in garrisons through the frontier fortresses, while the Prince of Orange organized a Dutch-Belgian army in their rear. Now the Dutch-Belgians, however individually brave, were as yet very imperfectly drilled. It was more than suspected likewise that of the Belgians at least some were by no means well-affected. Neither were his prospects at all encouraging when he cast his eyes across the Channel, for almost all his old Peninsular regiments were either in America or still at sea on their way home.

“I cannot help thinking,” he wrote on the 6th of April to Lord Bathurst, “that we are not in a condition to maintain our military character in Europe. It appears to me that you have not taken in England a clear view of your situation, that you do not think war certain, and that a great effort must be made, if it is hoped that it shall be short. You have not called out the militia, or announced such an intention in your message to Parliament, by which measure your troops of the line in Ireland and elsewhere might become disposable; and how we are to make out 150,000 men, or even the 60,000 of the defensive part of the Treaty of Chumont, appears not to have been considered. If you could let me have 40,000 good British infantry, besides those you insist upon having in garrisons, the proportion settled by treaty you are to furnish of cavalry, that is to say, the eighth of 150,000 men, including in both the old German legion and 150 pieces of British field artillery, fully horsed, I should be satisfied, and take my chance for the rest, and engage that we should play our part in the game. But as it is, we are in a bad way.”

The 40,000 good British infantry never made their appearance, nor were either the 15,000 British cavalry or the 150 pieces of well-horsed British field artillery supplied. But Europe was ransacked for mercenary troops, who were found



on their arrival to be for the most part either recruits or mere militia. His force upon paper, all included, was raised to 105,000 men, of whom 12,402, were cavalry with 156 guns. Out of these, however, 26,700 were required to garrison the principal fortresses, leaving only 78,300, inclusive of sick and other non-effectives, for the field. And it will be seen by and by that when the day of battle came these 78,300 had dwindled to less than 70,000. He had, however, on his left a stout Prussian army to co-operate with him. To the 30,000 men with which she first took possession of her Rhenish Provinces, Prussia added, on the re-appearance of Napoleon, as many as raised her strength in that quarter to 108,000 men, and the ablest of her generals, the gallant veteran Field Marshal Prince Blücher, assumed the command. Between him and the Duke the best understanding prevailed, and both so posted their troops, that while all the approaches from France to Brussels were guarded, the communications between Belgium and Germany on the one hand, and Brussels and the sea on the other, were kept open.

The state of Brussels itself, while the clouds of war thus gathered round it, was curious enough. It became a place of resort, not only to the families of British officers employed with the army in the Netherlands, but to many English ladies and gentlemen to whom residence in a continental city was then a novelty, and who brought with them to their temporary home all the habits of London fashionable life. Dinners, soirées, balls, theatrical performances, were events of nightly occurrence, which no one more promoted, or seemed more heartily to enjoy, than the Duke. For he was in Flanders, as he had been in Portugal, and Spain, and the south of France, an extraordinary economist of time. No point of business, great or small, ever suffered neglect, yet he seemed always to have leisure for social intercourse, and mixed in it freely.

While the Allies were thus mustering their strength, and preparing for a second inroad into France, Napoleon, with an energy unparalleled in the history of the world, called forth the might of France to resist the invasion. He found

on his arrival in the Tuileries, 150,000 men under arms; in the course of little more than two months he raised the strength of the army to 400,000. All the avenues of approach to the capital, from the Pyrenees on one side to the passes of the Jura on the other, were observed; and the principal fortresses guarding the roads which led from them, armed and garrisoned chiefly with National Guards. His foundries and manufactories of small arms were kept at work day and night. Not that he omitted to appeal to the Sovereigns of Europe in the cause of peace. His letters, especially that addressed to the Prince Regent of England, were masterpieces of eloquence; yet, having no confidence in the result, he never for a moment intermitted his efforts to meet the storm when it should come. The consequence was, that by the end of May he had, as I have just stated, 400,000 men with their standards, whom he calculated on being able to increase in October to 700,000. But how protract the contest till October came? Only by striking rapidly at Wellington and Blücher; by defeating them in detail, and over-running the Netherlands. It was a bold game to play, yet not entirely desperate. The Belgians were understood to be dissatisfied with the annexation of their country to Holland; many of them remembered with regret that they had once been French citizens; not a few, it was understood, were willing to become French citizens again. It appeared, therefore, to him, that were the English and Prussian armies out of the way, the Netherlands might be reannexed to the Empire, and with the resources of these countries added to those of France, he entertained little doubt that he should be able to make head, not unsuccessfully, against an alliance so ill-assorted as he believed that of the other powers to be.

The tenor of the Duke's correspondence shows that he was not kept in the dark in regard to Napoleon's determination. So early as the 9th of May, he wrote to the Duc de Berri in these words: "I have reason to believe that the enemy's force, now assembled at Valenciennes and Maubeuge, is much greater than has been represented to your Royal Highness, and I should not be surprised if we were attacked." And on the 7th of June his instructions to the Governors



of the Belgium fortresses began thus: "As soon as the enemy shall have entered the territories of the Low Countries, the under-named places ought to be put in a state of siege." To say that the General, thus alive to all that passed within the enemy's lines, was taken by surprise, when the enemy made his advance, is to contradict reason and common sense. It was the Duke's design, deliberately formed, not to move a man, till the plans of his opponent should develop themselves. He might hesitate, to the last, to accept it as a settled matter, that Napoleon would begin the war by invading Belgium. His letter to the Emperor of Austria, written on the 15th of June, which suggests a policy for the adoption of the Allies after they should have entered France, makes no allusion whatever to any probable attack upon himself; and on the 12th of May, he wrote to Sir Henry Wellesley, as if such a measure could scarcely be attempted. But not the less certain is it, that to a blow delivered where it was not expected to fall, he never laid himself open. The fact is, that his information was excellent. He knew from day to day all that went on in Paris, and anticipated Napoleon's approach long before it took place. The following little anecdote, for which I am indebted to Lady de Ros, proves this more fully than an incident of great political importance could do.

The Duchess of Richmond, Lady de Ros's mother, had arranged a party of pleasure from Brussels to Tournay, a week or ten days before hostilities began. Some officers were invited to share in it; but before they could leave Brussels, it was necessary to obtain official leave. Lady Georgiana Lenox, a great favourite of the Duke, sought him out, and presented the request. He looked grave and replied, "You'd better not go. Say nothing about it, but let the project drop." And it was dropped. The Duke knew that Tournay was no safe place for pleasure-seekers, because a blow was impending, which might fall at any moment. Indeed it was foreign to his nature to overlook, or treat lightly, any possible contingency of war. He was the most perfect chessplayer, in this respect, that ever handled men.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

DISPOSITIONS OF THE ALLIED ARMIES—BATTLES OF LIGNY AND QUATRE-BRAS—RETREAT OF THE ENGLISH TO WATERLOO—BATTLE OF WATERLOO—THE DUKE ON THE FIELD.

It was now the 15th of June. The Prussian army lay along the left bank of the Sambre. General Ziethen's corps held the right, communicating from Charleroi with the left of the English, while General Bulow at Liége, stood on the extreme left. Between these two points were the corps of Pirch and Thielman, the former at Namur, the latter at Ciney. It was arranged that, in case of attack in this direction, a general movement should be made towards the right; and a position taken up between Gosselies and Fleurus; while the Duke, inclining to his left, was to come into communication with Blücher, by the Quatre-Bras road. If, on the other hand, the attack should fall on the English, English and Prussians were to concentrate at Waterloo, the country round which the Duke had carefully surveyed. The roads from the French frontier to Brussels, by the valley of the Sambre and the Meuse, having been broken up, the Duke arrived at the conclusion that through the approaches by the valleys of the Scheldt and the Dender, the storm when it came would burst. He paid particular attention, therefore, to the defences of Ghent, and kept, to the last moment, a strong corps in observation at Hall, under Prince Ferdinand of the Netherlands.

The 15th passed at Brussels in perfect quiet. Intelligence came in from Charleroi, at seven that morning, that



the fires of numerous bivouacs were seen the previous night to blaze up suddenly, and that in the morning the outposts at Lobbès and Thuin had been attacked. But no further tidings followed, and the Duke naturally assumed that this was a feint to cover some serious operations elsewhere. Except therefore by issuing orders that all his divisions should be ready to march at a moment's notice, he took no special notice of the circumstance.

There was to be a ball on the night of the 15th, at the lodgings of the Duchess of Richmond; and the Prince of Orange came in from Braine-le-Comte to dine with the Duke, and to be present at it. He arrived about three in the afternoon, and reported, that the Prussians had been warmly engaged in and about Charleroi. It was the first intimation of that important fact which the Duke had received, and while he yet hesitated whether to accept it as authentic, General Müffling, the Prussian Commissioner at the English head-quarters, entered and confirmed the statement. An orderly dragoon, it appeared, whom General Ziethen had early sent off to announce to the Duke the commencement of hostilities, had lost his way; and but for the delivery of despatches from Prince Blücher to General Müffling, it is impossible to guess when the true state of the case might have been made known.

Calm, and even gentle, whenever dangers gathered round him, the Duke impressed upon his guests the necessity of keeping what they knew to themselves. He advised them also to go, as they had previously intended, to the Duchess's ball, and himself made ready to accompany them. Before sitting down to dinner, however, he drew up orders, clear, distinct, and explicit, for the march of the three distant divisions of the army to the left. "They moved that evening and in the night, each division, and portion of a division, separately; the whole being protected on the march by the defensive works constructed at the different points referred to, and by their garrisons."\*

These orders, issued between four and five in the afternoon, directed only the outlying divisions of the two advanced

\* Memorandum in the Duke's handwriting.

corps, commanded respectively by the Prince of Orange and Lord Hill, to shift their ground. All the rest were instructed to assemble and to be in readiness. At ten the same night, however, the enemy's movements had sufficiently disclosed his intention; and the whole army, with the exception of the reserve, was put in motion. It marched by various roads upon Quatre-Bras. Meanwhile in Brussels itself no signs of agitation or alarm were manifested. The reserve stood to their arms after night-fall in the park, and the salons of the Duchess of Richmond echoed to the sounds of music and dancing. The Duke looked grave when he entered the room, where he remained till past midnight, when he quietly withdrew, changed his dress, and mounted his horse. Then might be heard in the streets the tramp of columns, the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the roll of artillery. The reserve was in motion; and one by one the officers, who had shared in the festivities of the night, stole away. They hurried off each to his own corps, and were in action a few hours subsequently, many of them in their ball dresses.

There occurred at that ball an incident, trifling in itself, but which, because it indicated the Duke's entire perception of what was about to happen, seems to demand notice. After wishing the Duchess good-night, he approached the Duke of Richmond, and said in a low voice, "Have you a good map of the country in the house?" An answer was given in the affirmative, whereupon the two gentlemen adjourned to the Duke of Richmond's bed-room, and there the map was produced. The Duke of Wellington examined it and said, "Buonaparte has gained a day's march on me, I have arranged to meet him at Quatre-Bras. If I am not able to stop him there, I will fight him *here*," making at the same time a mark with his thumb-nail at Waterloo. No more passed between them. The Duke of Richmond returned to his guests, and the Duke of Wellington rode off to carry into execution the simple plan thus set forth.

I have told elsewhere, and other historians have told also, how Napoleon concentrated 120,000 men in front of Charleroi, hoping before the Allies could cover them to seize the two strategic points of Quatre-Bras and Sombruffe. In



this he failed through the loss of a day upon the march, which enabled the Prince of Orange to occupy the former post, while Blücher succeeded in collecting 80,000 men, and placing them so as to secure the latter. The force under the command of the Prince of Orange was, however, very small, scarcely exceeding 6000 men. Had he been attacked with vigour early on the 16th his post must have been carried. But Napoleon's attention was directed mainly towards the Prussians, on whom he fell with great fury, leaving Ney with 17,000 men and 38 guns to dispose of the Prince of Orange. The Prussians, as is well known, sustained a defeat. Routed they were not, for they withdrew after night-fall in good order, but they had decidedly the worst of the battle. Meanwhile the Prince of Orange with difficulty maintained himself till reinforcements arrived. There was a hard day's fighting with varied success, which extended into the night; but by this time the Anglo-Belgian divisions were got well together, and they remained masters of the field, and of some ground in advance of it. All this the general historian will tell more at length; let me speak rather of the Duke of Wellington, and of his sayings and doings while great events were in progress.

Setting out from Brussels at a very early hour on the 16th, he reached Quatre-Bras about noon, and found that the Prince of Orange's corps had already been engaged, though not seriously. The pickets were driven in, and the enemy seemed to be collecting in masses for a more determined onset. Having suggested a few changes in the disposition of the troops, the Duke rode over to confer with Blücher. He found the Prussian army ranged along the outer brow of a series of heights, which extended from St. Amand to Sombroffe, and in front of which, in the valley below, ran the Ligny rivulet. The Duke was not satisfied with what he saw, and being appealed to, assigned his reasons, though in terms, as was usual with him, calculated to spare rather than to wound the feelings of his colleague. "Are you not very much exposed here? I should have placed my men on the other side of the ridge, and kept them sheltered from the enemy's artillery till they were needed."

“My men,” replied Blücher, “like to see the enemy with whom they are going to fight.” The Duke said no more, but while cantering back to Quatre-Bras, observed to those about him, “If Buonaparte be what I suppose he is, the Prussians will get a d—d good licking to-day.” The consequence of this impression was a slight change of plan, settled between the chiefs before they parted; and an agreement that they should henceforth communicate by the Namur road, the English standing fast at Quatre-Bras throughout the day.

The Prussians retired, as has been said, without confusion after nightfall. They took the road to Wavre. It was a route which Napoleon never expected them to follow, and hence Grouchy, whom he sent in pursuit, took at first a wrong direction. Meanwhile the English, after successfully resisting every attack, lay down on the ground where they had fought. The Duke slept beside his men, though not till by the light of the bivouac fire he had skimmed through a whole bundle of English newspapers which reached him soon after dark. He was in excellent spirits, and chatted freely about the gossip of London. Through his glass he had been able to watch the progress of the battle of Ligny, and had seen the famous cavalry charge in which Blücher was unhorsed. But the turn which things took appeared to create in him not the slightest uneasiness. “Well, Alava,” he exclaimed, as his faithful Spanish follower approached, “were you at the Duchess of Richmond’s ball last night?” General Alava has left it upon record that this brief address fell upon his ear like music. He too had seen the defeat of the Prussians, and fearing that matters looked black, was a little at a loss how to approach the Duke. But the moment the Duke spoke his confidence returned. And here let me notice, that General Alava, having been attached to the Duke’s head-quarters when the British army broke up from the lines at Torres Vedras, never quitted him afterwards. I have met him often at Walmer Castle, and believed, from his manner, that he was prepared to follow the Duke’s fortunes to the end of his days. But he was then in exile as a Constitutionalist. By and by, when the revolution occurred,



which set aside the Salic law in Spain, General Alava attached himself to the party of the Queen, and running into ultra-liberalism, broke with the Duke at the period of our own Reform Bill, not, as the Duke's friends alleged, in the most becoming manner. The Duke used to say of him "that he was the only man living who had taken part in the greatest naval as well as the greatest military action of modern times;" for Alava served in the Sanctissima Trinidad at Trafalgar against the English, and rode beside the Duke at the battle of Waterloo against the French.

Alava's confidence was not misplaced, for the Duke had made arrangements in his own mind to meet every possible contingency. He received throughout the night more than one report of what the Prussians were doing; and at early dawn on the 17th sent a cavalry patrol to reconnoitre. After a brief absence, the patrol returned with tidings that not a Prussian was anywhere to be seen. But the Duke distrusted the correctness of the statement, and calling to him Colonel Gordon, his aide-de-camp, desired him to take a strong escort, and not to come back till he had found out something. Colonel Gordon executed his commission well, and finding General Ziethen still upon the ground (for Ziethen's corps formed the rear-guard of the Prussian army), learned from him exactly by what route Blücher was retiring. "Tell the Duke of Wellington," said Ziethen, "that if he will hold to our agreement, and accept a battle at Mont St Jean, he shall not long be left to fight alone."

Instructed on these points, the Duke remained at Quatre-Bras till three o'clock in the afternoon, giving Blücher thereby ample time to perfect his arrangements. Why he was not assailed early in the day by the whole French army has never been explained. At last, however, the enemy began to advance in force, whereupon the Duke drew off; and with consummate skill and in perfect order marched upon the position of Waterloo. His cavalry, which covered this movement, was more than once engaged with the enemy, particularly on the further side of Genappes, where the French suffered severely; but except thus, and by occasional discharges of artillery, no attempt was made to hurry or im-

pede his retreat. Under a furious storm of rain and thunder the British troops took up their ground, and slept throughout the night between the 17th and 18th of June where on the morrow not a few of them were destined to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. The Duke established his head-quarters in the village of Waterloo. He ate a hearty dinner, or rather supper, and went early to bed. At two in the morning of the 18th he was up, and after shaving and dressing with his usual care, sat down to his desk, with a couple of candles burning beside him. He wrote cheerfully to Sir Charles Stuart, then minister at Brussels: "Pray keep the English quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to retire, but neither be in a hurry or a fright, as all will yet turn out well." He communicated his wishes to the Duc de Berri at Ghent, concluding his letter in these remarkable words: "I hope, and indeed have every reason to believe, that all will turn out well." And he gave orders to the Governor of Antwerp to consider that fortress in a state of siege; but at the same time to give free admission, not alone to the royal family of France, but to the families of Englishmen, or of men of any other nation who might consider it judicious to flee from Brussels. This done, he breakfasted, mounted his horse, and rode out to see that his troops were in their proper places. It did not appear from his manner at the moment—his subsequent conversation never showed—that he entertained graver apprehensions of the issues of the coming battle than of any other in which he had been previously engaged. Yet the spectacle on which his eye fell, when he gained the crest of his own position, was, to say the least, an imposing one.

Spread over a range of heights, facing his own, with the château of Belle Alliance conspicuous in the midst, lay 71,947 French troops, all men of one nation, all accustomed to war, and all imbued with the fullest confidence in the skill and fortune of their commander. Of these, 15,765 were superb cavalry, and 246 guns supported them. As yet, however, they presented the appearance of an army still in bivouac. And hour after hour stole on, greatly to the Duke's surprise, without producing any visible index of



change. But about ten o'clock the drums and trumpets spoke out; and promptly, but with perfect deliberation, columns of attack were formed. There was no mistaking the object of this formation. Clouds of skirmishers soon ran out, and the battle began.

I am not going to tell here what I have told already over and over again, how the battle of Waterloo was fought. It was a stern meeting between 71,947 brave men on one side, all homogeneous and confident in their leader, and 67,655 on the other; the latter a motley host made up of Belgians, Dutchmen, Brunswickers, Hanoverians, the troops of Nassau, and though last, not least, of 22,000 British soldiers. The brunt of the action fell, as was to be expected, on the English and the gallant German Legion. The English held Hougoumont throughout the day; the Germans lost the farm-house of La Haye, though not till after a desperate resistance and the expenditure of all their ammunition. In the line, which extended from Hougoumont to Brainl' Alcad, the various nations were much intermixed; but while the English, the Germans, and the Dutch kept their ground, the others for the most part gave way, and were not without difficulty rallied in a second line, which never came under fire. The battle was a defensive one on the side of the Anglo-Belgians all day long. The Duke fought to keep Napoleon at bay, till Blücher should be able to join in the *melee*. Napoleon strove to break through and disperse the English, before time was given for the Prussians to come up. He threw his columns, now of infantry, now of cavalry, now of cavalry and infantry combined, on the right, on the centre, and partially on the left of the English position. He poured upon the position and the troops which held it, the sustained fire of 246 guns, to which from the side of the Allies 156 guns replied. But he gained no advantage. Twice his horsemen crowned the ridge and rode about infantry squares which they never succeeded in breaking, and twice the charge of the English cavalry drove them back. The slaughter on both sides was terrific, but the final issues of the battle seem never to have been doubtful.

The personal bearing of the Duke was throughout the

day the admiration of all who witnessed it. He came upon the ground about seven in the morning, and never once dismounted from his horse till after dark. He was on no single occasion, as it seemed, in a hurry, yet always prompt to apply a remedy to whatever mistake or failure occurred. In arranging his troops for the struggle he put into the park and enclosures about Hougoumont the same Nassau battalions which had come over from the French in December, 1814. The château itself was filled with guardsmen. "I placed the Nassau battalions there," he used to say in after years, "because having often encountered us before, and knowing what we were worth, I took it for granted that they would behave as well beside us as they used to do when opposed to us. I soon found out my mistake. Like the rest of the continental troops, they had learned to believe Napoleon irresistible, and no sooner saw the enemy bearing down upon them than they began to waver. It was this which induced me at the last moment to withdraw them, and to supply their place with a battalion of the Guards."

It has often been stated—and Captain Gronow in his amusing volume repeats the statement—that in the course of the battle the Duke took shelter from the enemy's cavalry within one or more of the English squares. The Duke always denied that he had been driven to this extremity. He moved about as occasion required from point to point, but his principal station was near a tree on the brow of the hill which overhangs Hougoumont and La Haye, and whence a clear view of the whole field of battle could be obtained. The tree was riddled with shot, and once the fire directed towards it came so heavily, that several officers remonstrated with him for continuing to expose himself as he did. On that occasion he moved a little on one side, and the fire grew slack. Whether Napoleon had seen him, and directed this heavy fire to be turned upon him, I do not know. The contingency is by no means impossible, for such appears to have been his usual practice. Indeed it was thus that at the battle of Dresden, when the Emperor of Russia, surrounded by a numerous staff, attracted his attention, he became the direct means of killing Moreau. He



was standing beside a couple of guns when the group attracted his attention, and himself desired the officer in charge to "throw a shot or two into the covey." The first shot took no effect, but Moreau, riding up to speak to the Emperor just as the second gun was pointed, and the Emperor reining back at the same time, the ball struck Moreau's horse, killing the animal, and carrying off both legs of the rider. Napoleon rejoiced at the occurrence. The Duke's view of matters was very different. "There's Buonaparte, sir," exclaimed an artillery officer whose guns the Duke had approached, "I think I can reach him, may I fire?" "No, no," replied the Duke, "Generals commanding armies have something else to do than to shoot at one another."

The casualties among the Duke's personal staff on the day of Waterloo proved very great. One after another they were borne from the field either killed or desperately wounded, till he was left without a single staff-officer to carry a message.

There chanced, however, to be near him a brave young Swiss gentleman—a Count de Salis—who had chosen to follow the Duke that day to the field. The Duke turned to him, and apologizing for the act, requested him to be the bearer of an order to Sir James Kempt. The order was carried through a storm of fire, and punctually obeyed. Another story of the same sort I have heard, but only since the Duke's death. I cannot therefore vouch for its authenticity, but it comes within the range of more than probability, and I may as well relate it.

The Duke was quite alone, and a portion of his cavalry, too eager in pursuit, was in imminent danger. He looked round for an aide-de-camp whom he might send with orders to bring up some support, but the only mounted person near was a gentleman in plain clothes. "Would you be afraid to ride to the front?" asked the Duke, calmly. "You see that group of horsemen there," pointing towards a brigade of cavalry which was halted. "I want them to move on. Would you object to carry my message?" "No, your Grace," was the answer, "provided you will make a written note of what you want, because I might mistake, not being

of your Grace's trade." "True, true," answered the Duke, with a smile, and then taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, he wrote upon it with a pencil, and gave it to the civilian. The civilian galloped off. The Duke saw him pass through a line of heavy fire and reach the cavalry brigade, which moved as he had wished it to do; but he saw his messenger no more. The natural conclusion was that the poor fellow had been killed, and probably the Duke never thought of him again. But several years afterwards, having occasion to enter a shop in the city, he saw behind the counter a face which appeared to be familiar to him. After looking for a while at the individual, he said, "Surely I have seen you before. You are not the man who carried a message for me at Waterloo, are you?" "I am, indeed, your Grace." "And why the devil didn't you come back, that I might have thanked you, and given you in my despatches the praise that you deserved?" "To tell your Grace the truth, I had had enough of it. I felt that I had no business there, and did not quite know where to find you again. Nor was I at all anxious to ride a second time through that shower of bullets. So having escaped unhurt, I turned my horse's head towards Brussels, and got back to England as fast as I could."

If all this really passed, the Duke must have been both interested and amused by it, but as I never heard him advert to the circumstance, I give the anecdote on no better authority than that which gave it to me.

Among others whom he encountered on the field were the Duke of Richmond, and his son, Lord William Lennox. The latter, poor fellow, had met with an accident before the campaign opened, and was rendered therefore incapable of discharging his duties as aide-de-camp. The former, an old and gallant soldier, could not be within hearing of a cannonade, yet resist the temptation of getting into it. Upon both the Duke of Wellington, when he met them, looked grave. "William, you ought to be in bed. Duke, you have no business here." The Duke of Richmond and his sick son acknowledged the justice of the reproof, and returned to Brussels.

The Duke had received during the night of the 17th



several communications from Blücher. He expected the arrival of the Prussians, therefore, some hours before they made their appearance, and not unnaturally turned his glass more than once in the direction whence they were to come. Except, however, some cavalry which showed itself at day-break on the 18th upon the ground in front of Ohain and therefore past the defile which separated the two armies, none appeared till late in the day. Still the Duke's confidence never forsook him. The French had delivered their last and fiercest attack. It was met and thrown back in all quarters, and the confusion which prevailed in the ranks of the beaten army showed that the day was lost to them. Whether the Duke, if no Prussians had been near, would have assumed the offensive just then is uncertain. But at the critical moment Bulow's corps entered into the battle, and a heavy firing in the direction of Planchenois indicated how the battle was going. Then the word was passed along the brow of the English heights to close the ranks of regiments and advance. Then down the slope swept infantry and cavalry, while from the high ground behind the artillery continued to fire, and the last touch was given, by British and Prussian troops meeting upon the field, to the most complete and decisive victory which the world ever saw.

I cannot better close this chapter than by transcribing from the Duke's memoranda, which the reader will find at length in the larger edition of this work, the following sentences.

“The allied armies communicated with each other throughout the night of the 17th of June, and the cavalry of General Bulow's Prussian corps of Marshal Prince Blücher's army was on the ground in front of Ohain, through the defile between the positions of the two armies, at daybreak on the morning of the 18th. Thus, then, it appears that after the affairs at Ligny and Quatre-Bras the two allied armies were collected, each on its own ground, in the presence of the enemy, having a short and not difficult communication between them; each of them in presence of the enemy, and between the enemy and Brussels; all their communications with England, Holland, and Germany, and

all the important political interests committed to their charge, being secure."

"The first thing heard of the operations of Marshal Blücher's army was a report, brought from the left of the army under the Duke of Wellington, at about six o'clock in the evening, that at that moment the smoke of the fire of artillery could be perceived at a great distance beyond the right of the enemy's army, which firing was supposed at that time to be at Planchenois.

"The report of the battle, made at the time by the Duke of Wellington to the British and Allied Governments of Europe, has long been before the public. In that report he does full justice to the exertions made by his colleague, the Prussian commander-in-chief, and by the general officers and troops, to aid and support him, and to the effectual aid which they gave him. He states no details, excepting that the battle was terminated by an attack which he determined to make upon the enemy's position, in which he does not report that any Prussian troops joined, because, in point of fact, none were in that part of the field of battle. He states, however, that the enemy's troops retired from the last attack upon his position in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps by Frishermonst upon Planchenois and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect; and as he could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blücher, with a corps of his army, had touched the left of our line by Ohain, he determined upon the attack, which succeeded in every point."