

can touch it, place his feet upon it, and therefore it appeals to his senses. If he has one regret in the world upon the subject of this monument, it is, perhaps, that he cannot inscribe Smith, Brown, Jones or Bull with a knife upon it. This mound is an epitome of a certain class, by no means a limited one; it has at the summit a very large and massive lion, at the base a very commodious beer shop. Between these two extremes you may find a vast amount of enthusiasm of a metal which is essentially Britannic.

Nevertheless, the mound is not altogether useless. There are few better standpoints in the world for looking at the Revolution than this spot, which was so long deemed its tomb. The Tomb of Revolution and the Trophy of Divine Right, the mighty dam which was to chain for ever the waves of Democracy—the grand monument of Kings, with the King of the Forest on its summit, looking towards France, to scare back the French Idea—all this was grand—grand to many more even than the poor Cockney tourist whose brain shadowed forth a faint idea that the whole thing had something to say to “Rule Britannia” and “God Save,” and “The British Lion.” But all this is changed; the mound has taught that lesson long enough—it is teaching another lesson now. Waterloo—the Hinge of History—the Avenger of Thrones—the prelude to St. Helena—that is all past. But Waterloo, the forgotten sequel to Cressy or Malplaquet—Waterloo, the Dead Letter of History—defeated by time—that is all present. “Very often,” says a great writer, “a battle lost is progress gained.” It is true of Waterloo. Won by Monarchy, it has been a gain to Revolution. Democracy running to seed, was clipped at Mont St. Jean, and it has grown strong at the root—Sampson blind, and a prisoner, regains his strength, and is thought a plaything. The Revolution, poor old giant, is also deemed harmless, after Waterloo and the Kings commence to play with it. It is a dangerous game, and Gaza should have warned the Tuilleries.