

painter's fancy the traveller who stood in the valley of Mont St. Jean once saw—apparently a sombre meaningless picture,—in reality not so; for in its dim depths there seemed the realization of a vast sorrow, and a sense of unutterable gloom hung brooding over the canvas. To that picture the twilight of Waterloo had ever borne a strange kinship. There was ever around it the dull haze of smoke at night, and the red glare of a dying conflagration broke out at intervals through the cloud rifts. The eagle, too, was not wanting; its dusky shadow filled the horizon far away towards Rossomme and Genappe, and Quatre Bras, and further still, where over a stormy ocean there rose against a distant sky, a prison rock which had its birth at Waterloo.

Upon the field of Waterloo, at that part of the ridge of Mont St. Jean which formed the right centre of the English army, and in front of the spot where Halkett's brigade was posted, there stands, as everybody is aware, a lofty mound surmounted by a colossal lion.

This mound is a conspicuous object. From afar it indicates the whereabouts of Waterloo, but close at hand it obscures the battle-field. It is a statue too large for the pedestal—it dwarfs Hougomont, La Haye Sainte and the whole ridge of Mont St. Jean. Hills were levelled to build it, and those which were left seemed dwarfed beside it. Guide books would call it a striking object, and they would be right. It is a monstrously striking object, but, like every monstrosity, it has its use.

“I have been to the grave of Napoleon,” said an Englishman to me, one day, at St. Helena; “I have been to the grave of Napoleon, but I was disappointed; there was really nothing to see there.” The mound at Waterloo prevents a similar remark being made upon the Field of Waterloo. It fills the pupil of the eye of the cockney; it is something tangible, something real. He