

If any person wishes to see aright the Lion Mound at Waterloo, let him, in the early morning, when the sun is low over Wavre, and the mists hang heavy around the trees of Hougomont—when the British tourist is still far away in Brussels and the lying guides are asleep after the night's debauch—when the lark is out over the field, and, if it is spring time, the daw is busy at the nest, which, as if in mockery of man, he builds yearly under the lion's paw—let him then go up the granite steps of the mound, or better still, ascend from the side of Hugomont or La Belle Alliance, by the steep bank of earth itself. The rain marks will give him footing, the stunted bushes will assist him, and from the summit a view far reaching over the great plains of Flanders will burst upon his sight.

If possible, let this man, whoever he may be, take with him that "Element of well-being"—Individuality—and let him leave in the Musée at the base any fine old ideas about the British Lion and Rule Britannia which he may have heretofore entertained. It is just possible that he will also have to abandon the old delusion of duty, which, in that tight island of ours, we so frequently indulge in.

If we go to war with the Chinese because they don't want to get drunk upon our opium—if we annex half Asia, clear the Maori from New Zealand, or knock Prince Satsuma's city into ruins, Duty will be sure to figure somewhere in the performance.

"England expects every man to do his duty," said Nelson, on that famous day when he bore down upon the fleets of France and Spain. What was that duty? "To hate a Frenchman as you would the devil." 'Twas our duty to put one Ferdinand in Spain, and another Ferdinand in Naples, to suppress the Revolution, and to make this fair land of Flanders, which has France written in every town, village and homestead, a border province for the greasy Dutchman.

The fact is, we like to make show of a sort of principle when-