

fashion—their hair is twisted into a knob behind, through which is thrust a brass or silver arrow, to hold it fast, and from each temple projects a spiral horn—a warning and a defence, I suppose.

But the train speeds along, and we leave the land of dykes and windmills, the home of the Dutch, and pass the Belgian frontier, but not without familiar acquaintance with the customs official. We have not time to stop in Antwerp, but must halt in Brussels, the capital of the kingdom. It is a beautiful city; interesting are the Royal Palace, the statue of Godfrey of Bouillon, and the ancient Castle Ahrenberg. From the top of a pillar erected to the fallen heroes of 1830, we obtain a splendid bird's-eye view of the whole city, with its two-towered cathedral and background of forest and field.

But we soon take our seats in an old-fashioned diligence, and travel southward twelve miles, to visit a spot the name of which thrills the heart of every Briton, where the armies of England and Prussia crushed the ambitious schemes of Europe's scourge—the field of Waterloo. The day is favourable, the air is balmy, the sun is not too hot, so we take our seat on the top of the diligence. We pass through nicely laid out woods, over gentle hills, amid scenery as charming as heart could wish. The driver points to a plain-looking house by the roadside, and tells us, "Here Wellington wrote his despatches." At last we alight at a wayside inn, and proceed to the famous field. In the midst of a large plain is an immense mound, artificially erected. It is several hundred feet high, is of respectable dimensions, and its summit is crowned by a mammoth iron lion. Our French companion grows silent, the American gives a grunt, and our German friend puffs away at his pipe with a vim that shows his inner satisfaction. Our guide takes us first around the field and explains the positions of the troops, and he tells the old story of the fight in his parrot-like English, or his more familiar French, or, perchance, in barbarous German, as some member of the company would ask information. We visit the farm-yard where bloody struggles took place, and see the riddled gates and the well, the water of which had been red with blood. In the house are broken weapons, picked up after the fray, and the brick walls are still marked with the battering of the balls. We ascend the mound by a long flight of stairs, and from the side of