

plain! It wasn't the style of thing they were accustomed to in the old days when Te Deums were chaunted for Blenheim, and Ramilies, and Oudenarde, and Malplaquet—so far, this Hanoverian experiment had been dubious enough. Court morals were scarce better, and now the Te Deums would be all on the other side. But never mind, ye men of England! there are days coming on, and fast enough, too, when this fight of Fontenoy will be forgotten amidst the wild tumult of fiercer battles, when around on every side from Tournay, to Mons, by Nivelles, and on even to Brussels, almost over this same ground, English soldiers will again muster hurriedly during a short summer's night to battle for the grandson of him, who here, with the help of Saxe, and a score of regiments from an Island, where misery and poverty could then, as now, breed bravery, won this fight of Fontenoy.

#### MALPLAQUET.

Close to the old cathedral church, and near the Gothic Place, in the ancient city of Mons, a lofty tower lifts its great bells and giant clock high over house-tops and surrounding steeple. Some three hundred years ago, the foundations of this tower were laid deep in the rocky hill of Mons, and if sight of battle and sound of siege can give claim to historic celebrity, few buildings can boast more renown than La Tour St. Wadru.

English and French, Dutch and German, Spaniard and Walloon, have marched and countermarched, fought and fallen within sound of its mellow chimes, around it lies the "Cock-pit of Europe," and each window at its summit seems to have been the stage box of the performance.

Look south, Malplaquet is before you—west, Jemappes lies almost underneath. Two curious scenes in the great Drama, called History,—one closing a long war, the other opening a longer one. All quiet enough now, looks the undulating ground beyond