

There is fierce riding and much gesticulation amongst the plumed gentlemen of France, and there are many pretty speeches being made, despite the balls which fly uncomfortably thick from yonder column of fourteen thousand English, which has wedged on into the centre of the French position. "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!" roars out Lord Charles Hay; and Comte d'Auteroche, waving his feathered hat, answers, "We cannot fire; be pleased to fire yourselves!" They are only fifty paces asunder; and when the English fire they do it with some effect, for thirty officers, and the Duc de Grammont and five hundred and eighty soldiers are down in the young corn, whose green blades are speckled red with the bluest blood of France. Plenty of good blood is flowing fast enough elsewhere, over the slope and plateau, for the Maison du Roi is there, and the Swiss and the volunteers of Saxe, and half the young gallants of the Court, and the King has come from Versailles, and brought his Dauphin to see the fight, aye, and some of the royal baggage, too, which we mustn't speak about just now.

Louis is over yonder at Notre Dame du Bois and the Dauphin is with him, making ever so many pretty speeches, according to the story books, but despite fine speeches and riding, and gesticulation, the English column is getting uncomfortably close. "What is to be done," asks the King, looking anxiously towards Calonne, where his tête-du-pont marks the lazy Scheldt and the road to Tournay. "Bring up the Maison du Roi," says the Duc de Richelieu, "and the Irish," says Count Lally; and they do bring them up in front and in flank, and with some effect, too; for back over the ridge and down the slope goes the English column, reeling, sick, and bleeding at many wounds, till under the ramparts of Ath, full twenty miles away, Cumberland and Waldeck cry "Halt!" to their beaten army. Oh, how they fumed in England upon hearing the result of that day's fighting on this gently sloping