

dense masses of the French rush forward to the attack, only to recoil again, shattered by the deadly shower. Hard pounding this, and the raw recruits are beginning to give way, but the Duc de Chartres rallies them, leads them forward in person, and once again they essay to crush that stubborn defence. And a grand defence it is; for the Austrians, albeit methodical and somewhat lacking in dash, are well trained and brave, and Clairfait is their best officer.

Feurnonville, in the meantime, is making spasmodic attempts to carry the heights at Cuesmes; but the Austrian artillery, well placed and splendidly served, tears huge gaps in the close French formation. In vain they strive to reach the line of redoubts; crushed, broken, and dismayed, they retire beyond that fiery cloud.

The Austrian cavalry, hovering on their flank, are threatening to charge; and what stand can that disordered and panic-stricken mass make against the first cavalry in Europe. But at this moment Doumouriez arrives from the left, and the men catch some of the spirit and confidence of their great commander. Seeing, at a glance, how matters stand, and realizing that it would take but little to convert this check into a disastrous defeat, he dashes in among them, revives their drooping courage with hot words of reproach and entreaty, and once again forms them for attack.

The enemy's cavalry comes thundering down upon them, shaking the earth with the tread of charging squadrons, but no longer are they attacking a body of terror-stricken fugitives. They now have before them a compact mass of men, inspired by the presence and exhortations of a born leader, filled with the fierce joy in, and raging desire for, battle which sent the glad cry of "Vive la nation" pealing down the slopes at Valmy.

As a wave bursting into spray against some rock, they are shattered against that serried mass, and now Dumouriez lets slip upon them a regiment of hussars, who drive them back to their very guns. Then, taking advantage of a lucky diversion by Dampierre, he leads the division forward in person. Simultaneously the Duc de Chartres advances against Jemappes, brigade after brigade joins in the charge, until like an avalanche, gathering strength as it advances, the whole French army springs at the heights.

As they advance, their great longing and thirst for combat finds vent in song, and to a grandly-swelling "Marsellaise," they sweep triumphantly over the redoubts.

Jemappes is won, From right to left the Austrian position is carried, and they sullenly withdraw towards Ath and Brussels, a road which would have been closed to them, had D'Harville assaulted the heights as ordered. From henceforth ceased the Austrian domination in the Low Countries.

K.

THE HILLS OF FAME—A DREAM.

Of fame, a seeker long, I fell asleep,
And dreamed:—When, lo! before my wondering eyes,
A vast wide plain did stretch its lonely length,
To where a band of purple shining hills
Bounded the limitless extent; they glowed
With light from an unseen, but even so,
All present Sun. The centre of the plain,
A starting place, was present to my eyes,
For many, by loitering stage for more.
Thence leading, out, I seemed to see, from this
All-joining centre where the nations met,
Ten thousand thousand stern and rugged paths
All tending to that bright circumference
Of richly glowing peaks; and on each way
Its name was graven in letters bold and clear.
One Poetry was called; the name I read,
And bright and glorious was that oft-tried path,
Though many an opposing mount was there,
And darkest vales of deep despondency
Did block the way. Another History
The title bore, and Painting, Sculpture, all
Were there; and others many more, of Art
Divided ways, and them among, the sweet
Melodious path of Music wound its own
Mysterious course. Of Science not a few
The members were. Of others yet I could
Not read the names, but all were fairly named.
And some men chose one path! some others took
To Fame, those envied hills, upon which stood,
Surrounded by the halo of renown,
Men, who by struggling long had reached the heights,
So bright, that they did even seem to take
The glory from that all-mysterious Sun
And render it less bright; yet only seemed,
For they were but reflectors dim at best
Just beck'ning on the strugglers in the way
And pointing to the monuments they'd left
To help and guide succeeding pilgrims up.
Few paths were used, and some unseen were there
The fact of whose existence was not known,
And thence their leadings to those glorious hills
Of fame were unexplored and all untried,
But paths unknown by shortest routes did lead
Up eminences only to be reached
By longest windings of the older roads.
The entrances were large, and there men thronged
In countless numbers, young and ardent all,
And all with fixed intentness eyed the hills.
The most were confident, as yet no doubt
Had dimmed the brightness of their upward glance.
A few were downcast, humble, trembling, and
Scarce daring, as it seemed, to lift their eyes
Above the rocky plain yet these were they
Who, as the sight unfolded to my view,
Made progress most and most appeared to near
Those distant, shining peaks. Now each man had,
By which to carve a struggling road to fame,
His talents, heavenly tools, great gifts of God.
Somewhat or less, but all at least had one.
Yet of examination for the use
Of all those keenest instruments and gifts
None seemed to have the power; indefinite
And undefined were all. Each man was sure
He knew what tools to him belonged and how
To use them best. Yet many men had those
Of which they deemed that they were most in need,
And those of which they thought to obtain most help
Were wanting; but with care and constant use
Those instruments were sharpened which at first
But sorry tools, untempered, rough appeared,
Though, if abused, were rendered coarser still
Until, destroyed, for nothing they were fit.
Then each man choosing which he deemed was best
And fittest for the implements he had
Upon his venturous road to fame set out. —I. K. A. W.