

places and seek their homes again, they will find them ruined, blood-stained, and famous.

FONTENOT.

It is the field of Fontenoy—the sun has gone down behind the tall church spire of Antioing, and twilight thickens over ridge and valley—one by-one the objects grow dim around, and a white mist, like the ghost of battle, creeps up from the swampy hollow which proved so disastrous to the English cavalry on the morning of the fight. Curious, that twilight and mist should make clearer the sight I see, for, in spite of the gloom, the gently sloping ground seems peopled with the old long waistcoated soldiery of the Georges, and the Dutch, and Ligonier, and the dark lines of the French batteries are all before me. Over the fog down by Vezon, Cumberland is learning the bitter lesson that there is no royal road to fighting,—a lesson which eleven months later he will turn to some account against a Highland rabble upon a dreary Scottish moor. Yonder is Saxe, in his litter, sick and in pain, but still with the remnant of his vast strength bearing him bravely through the day; like Cumberland, he is a king's son, too, but in a different way, and the art of war, which we in England fancied a royal baby imbibed at his mother's breast, has been learned by him long ago in the woods of Malplaquet, at Stralsund by the wintry Baltic, and far down in Hungary, when the Turks were battling at Belgrade, against Eugène and his Austrians. He is young still, and yet only five years of his dream remain to him,* but to-day, though in pain, he spends the best hour of it all, winning for himself a pedestal in history, and for his master, half a score of the richest towns in Flanders.

* When Saxe lay on his death-bed, he said one morning to his physician, "Doctor, I have had a fine dream." "Then you have slept," replied the physician. "No, no," returned the Marshal, "I mean my life has been a fine dream."