

Their shot makes dangerous strain at least ;
But Scott steps forth once more,
And waves his hat upon his sword—
His words his troops restore.

For loud he calls with chieftain's voice,
Reminds of country's fame ;
That here they must by life or death,
Sustain her splendid name.

The orders now pass on our lines :
"Avenge the General slain ;
Three British cheers ; one musket round ;
The rest the steel must gain."

And thrice rang out the wild hurra,—
Mens' roar in fighting mood ;
It rolled for miles far o'er the land :
The cry of blood for blood.

Next flashed a blaze from all our front—
Then onward moves the mass ;
They step to time with sounding tread,—
Earth trembles as they pass.

The Red Coats gay with levelled steel
Move on with martial pace ;
And stern militia, nerved as high,
Their equal ground do trace.

The Indian braves need not the spur,
But come with whoop and yell ;
That they have not brave grateful hearts
No tongue of truth shall tell.

Scott's men cannot this onset meet—
They come not here for right ;
They break, re-form, and break again :
Then rush in headlong flight.

And fierce and furious was that charge—
A tempest's thundrous rain ;
It rolled the foe like stubble weak
Along the darkling plain.

Nor stopped it in its angry sweep
Till all the hill was crossed ;
And it had pushed o'er eastern rocks
The panic stricken host.

At river side where woods are thick
A thousand men now hide ;
One half of these had made good fight,—
The rest no fight had tried.

And but for Sheaffe's humanity,
Which prompt our Indians checked,
A three-fold bloody tragedy
The invading force had wrecked.

Nine hundred men lay down their arms—
'Twere vain so placed to fight ;
And grieved and sad they bend to Fate,
Subdued by Fortune's blight.

Twelve hundred men on either side
Upon this field had stood ;
And foes had fallen full three to one,
Nor yet their stand made good.

Our land is free—has proved its power,—
It holds its rightful own ;
Our starting point this battle is :
We here have manhood shown.

Brave, noble Sheaffe, bright crown is thine :
Thy valorous sage delay
Brought victory back to grace our Flag
When lost had seemed the day.

And name of Brock shall never die
While Queenston looks afar ;
'Twill be in all the onward times
Our upward guiding star.

Fate gave him two and forty years
To gain the fame he loved ;
And ever in that briefer space
As demigod he moved.

His fall refined each manly soul
Of all his mixed command ;
And still he lives in patriot hearts,
The genius of our land.

In dying he his Flag bore on—
Straight on, where glory bade ;
It faltered not while in his hands,
Nor on it fell a shade.

The Spartan King came not from out
The famous fatal straits ;
But Greeks from him learned how to die :
What fame on heroes waits.

Achilles died in prime of youth,
The chief of Homer's song ;
He rather would for glory die,
Than unknown life prolong.

Descendants of the Refugees !
Think how this field was red !
Think how our fathers fighting hard
Found here a gory bed !

If ye shall basely yield your claim
To your great heritage,
How vile and weak will be the name
Ye leave to future age !

The patriot spirits in their graves
Who died for country's cause
Would scorn a kindred with such souls,
Who know not glory's laws.

Remember U. E. Loyalists
The glory of this hill !
How raged your fathers 'gainst the foe !
How stern their patriot will !

Ottawa.

CROWQUILL.

THE END OF MME. DU BARRI.

It was the year 1792, and shortly after her return to France. It was evening, and she sat beneath the shelter of a myrtle hedge at Luciennes, listening abstractedly to the muffled sounds borne on the air from Paris. Footsteps approached along the highway ; there was a murmur of many voices ; coarse laughter. Startled and alarmed, she called aloud : "Brissac !"

"Le voilà," replied a voice, "prends d'abord sa tête," and they threw over the hedge and at her feet the bleeding head of her lover, the Duc de Cossé Brissac.

After this will it be believed that this woman, who has so often been accused of feebleness, went a fourth time to England to carry money to the refugees, and had the courage again to resist the efforts made by her friends in London to detain her there !

Spies followed her. They discovered her intrigues with the royalist party ; they were witnesses to her interviews with M. de Calonne. She recrossed the Channel, returned to Luciennes. But what charm could this place have for her since the night when from behind the myrtle hedge the terrible present had been flung at her feet ? All this was changed indeed. Every member of that ungrateful community whom for fifteen years she had clothed and fed was now her enemy.

An Irishman named Grieves denounced her at the instigation of the famous negro Zamore. During ten weeks she lay imprisoned at Sainte Pelagie before being brought up for trial. If the detention was long the trial was short enough. She appeared before the Revolutionary tribunal on the 7th of December, 1793, and her case went on at the same time as that of three Dutch bankers, a father and two sons named Vandenver, who were accused of some of the crimes with which they reproached her. Her defender was Chauveau-Lagarde ; her accuser Fouquier-Tinville. She was condemned to death together with the three Dutch bankers.

When judgment was pronounced she uttered a terrible cry and fell back insensible. It was 11 o'clock at night. Next morning Mme. du Barri was flung into the death-cart with the three Dutchmen, whose complicity never appeared very evident. She was pale, trembling, mad with terror. She had no desire for death, this poor woman who had never really done harm to any one. On her way to the scaffold, looking round with her soft, beseeching eyes upon the sea of faces that surrounded her, she raised her still beautiful white hands, chained together, in supplication. She cried out to the people to have pity—to spare her life.

On reaching the place of execution "Encore un moment. Monsieur le bourreau ! encore un moment ! * * * " are said to have been her last words of piteous appeal. For the royalist cause she had exposed herself to danger ; for her friends she had risked her life ; but when death came to her in this form, and no one was the gainer, she feared it. She was neither saint nor heroine ; only a woman.

Let us draw the curtain over the picture of this beautiful and unfortunate woman, whom a French writer well describes as having lived in a house with two doors. One by which a page was wont to enter and say in a low, respectful whisper : "Madame La Comtesse, voulez-vous recevoir le Roi de France ?" The other by which a drunken jailor cried to her : "Fille Vaubernier, suis moi à la guillotine !" —E. M. Davy.

OXYGEN RAYS IN THE SPECTRUM.

M. Janssen has given us some valuable information regarding the terrestrial origin of the oxygen rays in the solar spectrum. The experiments which he has been enabled to make, by using the powerful light given by the electric lamp of the Eiffel Tower, in conjunction with the Meudon Conservatory, tend to show that the groups of rays in the solar spectrum, due to oxygen, are caused by the oxygen of our atmosphere, and not that of the sun. They also prove that the rays follow quite a different law from the bands ; for the rays, it seems indifferent whether a column of gas of constant density, or a column equivalent in weight but of variable density, be used ; for the bands, the absorption taking place according to the square of the density, there would be required on the surface of the sun an atmospheric thickness of more than 50 kilometres for their production. —*Science and Art.*



Kate Perugini, one of the prominent women artists of London, is a daughter of the great Charles Dickens, and is married to Edward Perugini, who is one of England's well known painters. Mrs. Perugini is a genre painter, whose works are in good demand. She has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy for a number of years.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur had the other day at Fontainebleau an experience which may be of use to many art lovers. She saw in an advertisement that there was to be sold a picture attributed to her brush. She went to the sale and found that the painting in question, though signed with her name, was not only not her handiwork, but was a "croute" of the most crusty description. On her refusal to let the canvas be sold as one of her works, the auctioneer scratched out her signature.

Mr. Lawson has commenced work on his colossal statue of Robert Burns, which is destined for Ayr. The main feature of the figure is its attitude of contemplative repose, the only movement suggested lying in the slightly raised and clenched right hand. No "poetic pose" is attempted, simplicity and dignity being insisted upon in every detail. The garb is that of a Scottish yeoman. The site of the statue will be almost opposite the railway station at Ayr. It will be fenced round and planted with flowers and shrubs.

Two rival plans for a colossal statue of Joan of Arc are discussed in France. The Bishop of Verdun asks for contributions to erect a chapel in which the colossal Maid of Orleans should stand. It is to be on the site of the castle surrendered to her by the Sire de Beaudricourt. She is to carry the sword of St. Catherine and be surrounded by her knights. The plan of M. Fabre, a deputy, is more ambitious. It is to erect a colossal statue of Joan on the highest point of Mont St. Michel, with her face turned toward England, to typify the expulsion of the English from France.

A blind sculptor, Vidal by name, is among the wonders of France. He is guided altogether in his work by the sense of touch. A dog, horse, human face, or anything alive or dead, he models with as much ease as any of the dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight. From 1855 to 1875, Vidal received, it is said, more medals than any other exhibitor of works in the Paris art exhibition. Many of his works, made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, were at the Paris exhibition, where the blind wonder contended in his friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother artists.

Decorative art has lost a valiant soldier in the Commendatore Antonio Salviati, who died at Venice a few weeks since. Signor Salviati was by profession an advocate, but he was passionately devoted to the study of the art manufactures of his native city. He interested himself in particular with the fabrication of coloured glass, so long carried on in the island of Murano, and the cognate production of mosaic. It was Salviati's great honour and glory to revive in our time which had become a moribund art ; and he worked not so much for profit as to vindicate the celebrity of Venice in the production of that Byzantine work which differs widely from the kindred arts of Florence and Rome.

The relations existing between 'Artists and Art Critics' are candidly reviewed by Mr. H. Spielman in *The Magazine of Art*. The latter's position, he says, was never so firmly established, and the leaders of this noble craft will ere long receive universal appreciation ; they it is who popularize art, not the artists. Many of them are unfitted for their posts, but many artists also are wanting in the essentials of their work. Mr. Spielmann appeals to artists to help the critics by throwing open their studies to them that the growth of their work, the purposes they aim at, their 'artistic codes of morality,' may enable the latter to judge with a wider knowledge than exhibited works alone could convey.

The *Art Review* (Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, London) is a monthly illustrated magazine of art, music and letters. The February number contains two noble portraits of Browning—one taken, we would say, about twenty-five years ago, and the other (frontispiece) not very long before his death. These portraits and a design—in memoriam—by Harrington Mann, illustrate a poem on the poet by William Sharp, who visited Canada last summer—a poem of which it is enough to say that it is not unworthy of the theme. We give the opening line and closing stanza :

So, it is well ; what need is there to mourn ?

For he has built his lasting monument
Within the hearts and in the minds of men ;
The Powers of Life around its base have bent,
The Stream of Memory, our furthest ken,
Beholds no reach, no limit to its rise.
It hath foundations, sure ; it shall not pass,
The ruin of time upon it none shall see
Till the last wind shall wither the last grass—
Nay, while man's Hopes, Fears, Dreams and Agonies
Uplift his soul to immortality.