

THE LION EMPIRE.

The Lion-Heart of England
Is beating as of old;
They lie who say its life-blood
Is growing weak and cold.
'Tis throbbing with the energy
Which, in the days of yore,
Made all the nations tremble
To earth's remotest shore.

The Lion Eye of England
From many a craggy steep
O'er every land and ocean
Unwearied watch doth keep,
Now, as in by-gone ages,
From his rocky island lair,
Undimmed, and strong as ever,
That gaze is everywhere.

The Lion Voice of England
In thunder tones is heard,
And the hearts of all the nations
To their lowest depths are stirred.
The statesman and the warrior,
Of every clime and race,
Are silent when that voice is raised
In conflict or in peace.

That heart is ever beating
Where'er her children go;
That eye is ever watching
Their welfare or their woe;
And an insult or an injury
To the weakest of her sons
Unites the thunder of her voice
With the thunder of her guns.

Let us not faint nor hesitate
But raise our standard high;
With the Lion Empire on our side,
We may the world defy.
In Commerce, Agriculture, Art,
And on the tented field,
Our motto evermore shall be—
"Canadians never yield!"

THE BATTLE OF REZONVILLE.

The following vivid description of the battle of Rezonville is from the special correspondent of the *London Daily News*, who comes from the headquarters of the King of Prussia, August 19th. As the writer was close by the King during a part of the action he had an opportunity rarely granted to a mere spectator of witnessing the fearful tragedy enacted on Thursday the 18th. Every line of this description is weighty with interest. The hasty photograph of the King and the pictures of the battle-field at night-fall, are especially noteworthy. But there are two lines which tell the whole story of the campaign: "The French stood their ground and died, the Prussians moved ever forward and died!"

"The first realization we had at Pont-a-Mousson of the extent to which fighting had been going on at the front, was the coming in of wounded men. At first it was surmised that these had been wounded in skirmishes; but on the 16th late in the evening there were signs that the work was becoming warm. On that evening soldiers with ghastly wounds walked around the market-place at Pont-a-Mousson, surrounded by eager groups of their newly arrived comrades and told a story of disaster. . . . On the 17th the wounded from the preceding day began to pour into Pont-a-Mousson. They were brought in in long uncovered grain carts, lying upon hay. From my window, which overlooked the main street, and commanded also a view of the market place, I counted more than ninety of these long carts, each holding on an average about ten men. Many more must have gone to the various hospitals. It was strange to see them unable to conceal their joy as they passed amid files of French on the one hand and Prussian soldiers on the other. But now came the other side of the account. The streets began to swarm with other waggons, with other wounded—the wearers of

red trousers. Now and then a batch of prisoners. And at length a carriage came in with a French general. It was followed by a vast crowd of French, and for a little time it seemed as if there might be a collision between the inhabitants and the Prussians, so earnest were the demonstrations of the populace.

"But it was now at least evident that the struggle was very serious at the front. At midnight, or a little after, (17th—18th), all the trumpets for miles around began to sound. This was the first time we had been startled at that hour by such wild music. Trumpet answered to trumpet through all the bivouacs around the little city. For several days previous there had been troops almost perpetually marching through: but now the tramp through every street and bye-way made between midnight and dawn a perpetual roar. Hastily dressing, I ran out into the darkness, and managed to get a seat on a waggon that was going in the direction of the front—now understood to be a mile or two beyond the village of Gorze. Gorze is some twelve miles from Pont-a-Mousson. . . . The way was so blocked with waggons, &c., that I finally concluded that I could go the six or seven miles remaining better on foot. So I got out of my carriage and began to walk and run swiftly ahead. At Nouvion, on the Moselle about half way to Metz, I found vast bodies of cavalry, Uhlans and Hussars, crossing the river by a pontoon bridge, and hurrying at the top of their speed towards Gorze. Hastening my steps I soon heard the first thunder of the cannonade, seemingly coming from the heart of a range of hills on the right. Passing through the village and ascending to the high plain beyond, I found myself suddenly on a battle field strewn (literally) as far as my eye could reach with dead bodies—the field of the battle of Vionville on the 16th. In one or two parts of the field parties were still burying the dead, chiefly Prussians. The French being naturally buried last, were still lying in vast numbers on the ground. A few of these—I saw five—were not dead. As I hurried on, a splendid regiment of cavalry came on behind, and when they came to the brow of the hill they broke out with a wild hurrah, and dashed forward. A few more steps, and I gained the summit and saw the scene that had aroused their cry and even seemed to thrill their horses. It would be difficult to imagine a grander battle-field. From the particular hill to which I had been directed to come by good authority—it was occupied by the Royal headquarters—the entire sweep of the Prussian and French centres could be seen and a considerable part of their wings. The spot where I stood was fearful—it was amidst ghastly corpses, and burdened with the stench of dead horses, of which there were a great many. I was standing on the battle field of the 15th on the Prussian side. On the left, stretched like a silver thread, the road to Verdun, to Paris also for the possession of which this series of battles had begun. It was between lines of poplars which stood against the horizon on my left, and on as far as the eye could reach towards Metz, with Military regularity. Strung on this road like beads were the pretty villages, each with its church tower, which, although they have separate names, are really only a few hundred yards apart—Mars-la-Tour, Flavigny (a little south of the road), Vionville, Rezonville, Malmaison, and Gravelotte. On my right were the thickly wooded hills, behind which is the most important village in the neighbourhood, the one I had just left—Gorze. Such was the foreground of this battle, which should, one would say, be

called the battle of Gravelotte, for it was mainly over and beyond that devoted little town that it raged. The area I have indicated is about four miles square. Owing to having come on foot rather than along the blocked road, I was fortunate enough to arrive just as the battle waxed warm—that is about noon. The great representatives of Prussia were standing on the same ground watching the conflict. Among them the only ones I recognized were the King, Count Bismark, General von Moltke, Prince Carl, Prince Adelbert and Adjutant Kranski. Lieutenant-General Sheridan of the United States was also present.

"At this moment the French were making a most desperate effort to hold on to the last bit of the Verdun road, that between Rezonville and Gravelotte—or that part of Gravelotte which on some maps is called Malmaison. Desperate but unavailing! for every one man in their ranks had two to cope with, and their line at the place indicated was already beginning to waver. Soon it was plain that this wing—the French right—was withdrawing to a new position. This was swiftly taken up, under the protection of a continuous blaze of their artillery from heights beyond the village. The movement was made in good order, and the position reached was one that, I believe, nine out of ten military men would have regarded as normally impregnable.

"My reader will observe that the battle field was from this time transferred to the regions beyond Gravelotte. The fields in front of that village were completely covered by the Prussian reserves, and over it interminable lines of soldiers were perpetually marching onward, disappearing into the village, emerging on the other side of it with flaming volleys. This second battle-field was less extensive than the first, and brought the combatants into fearfully close quarters. The peculiarity of it is that it consists of two heights intersected by a deep ravine. This woody ravine is 100 feet deep, and at the top from 200 to 300 yards wide. The side of the chasm next to Gravelotte, where the Prussians stood, is much lower than the other side, which gradually ascended to a great height. From this their commanding eminence the French held their enemies fairly beneath them and subjected them to a raking fire. Their artillery was stationed far up by the Metz road, between its trees. There was not an instant's cessation of the roar; and easily distinguishable amid all was the curious grunting roll of the mitrailleuse. The Prussian artillery was to the north and south of the village, the mouths of the guns on the latter side being necessarily raised for an awkward upward fire.

The French stood their ground and died, the Prussians moved ever forward and died, both by hundreds—I had almost said thousands; this for an hour or two that seemed ages, so fearful was the slaughter.

"Two hill where I stood commanded chiefly the conflict behind the village and to the south of it. The Prussian reinforcements on their right filed out of the Bois des Ognons; and it was at that point, as they marched on to the field that one could perhaps get the best idea of the magnitude of the invading army now in the heart of France. There was no break whatever for four hours in the march of the men out of the wood. It seemed almost as if all the killed and wounded had recovered and came again out of the wood. Birnam Wood advancing to Dunsinane, was not a more ominous sight to Macbeth than these men of Gen. Goben's army, shielded by the wood till they were fairly within range of their enemies. So the French must have felt, for