

# MILITARY BALLADS.

## V.

### A RELIC OF BATTLE.

The carven Christ hangs gaunt and grim  
Beneath his blue Picardian skies,  
And piteous, perchance, to him  
Seems every man that lives and dies.  
Here, hid from hate of alien eyes,  
Two hundred Prussians sleep, they say,  
Beneath the cross whose shadow lies  
Athwart the road to Catelet.

'Mid foes they slumber unafraid,  
Made whole by Death, the cunning leech,  
And near the long white roadway laid,  
By his cold arms, beyond all reach  
Of *heimweh* pangs or stranger's speech :  
Of curse or blessing naught reck they,  
Of snows that hide nor suns that bleach  
The dusty road to Catelet.

Of garlands laid or blossoms spread  
The Prussians' sun-scorched mound lies bare;  
But thin grass creeps above the dead,  
And pallid poppies flutter fair,  
And fling their drowsy treasures there  
Beneath the symbol, stark and gray,  
That hath the strangers in its care  
Beside the road to Catelet.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

### HOW THE BRITISH FLAG IS TREATED BY UNITED STATES CITIZENS.

A British subject named Mackenzie thought proper to honour the Columbian celebration by hoisting a British flag on 12th inst. over his home in Tuckahoe, Westchester County, New York city. The village constable, Denis J. McMahon, soon gathered a force of some two hundred roughs, armed with pistols and guns, and surrounded the Mackenzie home; he demanded an interview with its proprietor, but found that gentleman, although absent in body, was well represented by his better half, a Virginian by birth, who, although devoted to the Stars and Stripes, dared McMahon and his armed roughs to molest the obnoxious flag. The following descriptions of what then took place is given in the *New York World* :—

"Two young huntsmen were watching the proceedings from the street. Both had rifles, and McMahon directed them to turn the weapons over to him. Others in the party had pistols and muskets, and got ready to use them if necessary.

"Don't shoot a woman, boys," commanded McMahon, as he saw the preparations his men were making, "but if that British renegade is in the house, and I think he is, and he fires shot or brickbats at us, blow his head off.

This order was received with cheers, and the men loaded their guns and awaited developments. A moment passed, and then they saw Mrs. Mackenzie go to the parlor window and pull down the shade. All was quiet within after that; and, finding that no warlike demonstration seemed to be contemplated by the besieged, McMahon yelled, "Now, boys, down with that rag."

In a trice half a dozen men had seized the pole and wrenched it from its supports. Amid cheers it fell to the ground. Scores then made a grab at the flag and a tussle ensued for possession of it. McMahon finally secured it, and placing it in the custody of a lieutenant, called upon his men to help put another staff in position. This was done very quickly and then the American ensign was hauled up and saluted with three times three and a tiger and howls and jeers for the British flag. Then McMahon ordered his command to fall in. The English trophy was placed in the hands of a couple of men and dragged through the dust all the way back to Tuckahoe village.

The party had by this time been swelled by the arrival of recruits to upwards of two hundred, and singing "Yankee Doodle,"

"Hail, Columbia," "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" and other melodies, the paraders marched up the main street. A halt was made in front of ex-Overseer Kerwin's place of business. Then the dirt-bedraggled flag was held up while Ralph Hodges, a butcher, and formerly an English subject, spat upon it. This seemed to set the crowd wild again, and they demanded a speech from their leader. McMahon mounted a platform, fashioned with boxes and a barrel, and asked every man who would pledge himself not to permit another insult to the American flag to hold up his hand. Every hand went up amid tremendous huzzahs. McMahon also paid his respects to the British Government, denouncing it in the strongest language for its brutality towards Ireland and its coercive policy towards all the provinces subject to it. He made each one of his hearers promise to tar and feather Mackenzie if it should be proved that he had moved the flag which had been hoisted by the party that had participated in the storming of the castle, and predicted that Tuckahoe would very soon have an evacuation day—that is, the British would be run out of town. The speech was rapturously applauded. Then those who had taken part in the expedition tapped several kegs of beer."

### THE ANNIVERSARY OF LUCKNOW.

Impressively solemn was the morning service at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Sunday, 25th Sept., when the thirty-fifth anniversary of the relief of Lucknow was there commemorated by a special gathering of the survivors, both of its heroic defending garrison and of Havelock's and Outram's force. Some forty out of about eighty-five of living officers who were personally associated with the memorable defence were present.

No alterations in the ordinary morning offices were made, nor was even an appropriate hymn or anthem added in recognition of the occasion. The preacher was the Rev. Prebendary R. Eyton, who took as his text 1st Corinthians xv., 15, 16, 17, 18. Alluding to the particular event which the service commemorated, he said that they of the cathedral welcomed as fellow worshippers the survivors of as great a band of heroes as any that lived in our history. Under the leadership of a God-inspired man they had assisted in rescuing the remnant of a garrison of about 2,000 from an overwhelming hostile party, and to do this they had borne cheerfully suffering, want, exposure, and sickness.

### THE ANNUAL DINNER.

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the relief of the siege of Lucknow by Havelock's and Outram's force was celebrated on Monday night at the Hotel Métropole by the annual dinner of the officers who took part in the defence, and those who fought their way to their help. General Sir William Olpherts, who won that proudest of all military distinctions, the Victoria Cross, for his splendid conduct as an officer of artillery on the day of his entry into Lucknow, occupied the chair, and of his old comrades in the relieving force around him were Sir James Hudson, "the Fighting Adjutant of the 64th;" General Chamier, then aide-de-camp to Outram; Surgeon-General Sir Anthony Home, V.C., K.C.B.; Sir Havelock-Allan, General F. A. Willis, C.B., Major-General M. G. Clerk, Deputy-Inspector G. B. Partridge, Colonel F. M. Birch, Colonel G. L. R. Hewitt, as well as most of those who had been present on Sunday morning at the special commemoration service at St. Paul's. General Sir William Olpherts said that as the actual anniversary fell upon a Sunday, it was only fitting that it should have been commemorated by a service, and all concerned were much pleased and gratified by the enthusiasm which had been awakened by it. They wished to express their thankfulness to Almighty God for what they were able to do. They wished to testify to their thankfulness for the the help then afforded to Havelock and Outram in the greatest cathedral of the greatest city of the world. The toast of the evening, "To the Memory of our Departed Comrades," associated especially with the names of Havelock, Outram, Lawrence, and Inglis, was also proposed by Sir William Olpherts. He remarked that there were other names, too, that deserved to be mentioned, but those would occur to his hearers, and as the fine old soldiers touched upon the names of one and another, answering cheers were heard along the table. The toast was drunk in silence.