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A NEW POEM BY TENNYSON.

The Defence of Lucknow.

Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Flooded in conquering battle or flapt to the
battle-cries
Never with mightier glory than when we had
reared thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege
of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we
raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
England flew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold
that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help
them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for
twenty at most—
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every
man die at his post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Law-
rence the best of the brave;
Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we
laid him that night in his grave.

"Every man die at his post!" and there he
laid him on our banner and hails
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from
their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at
our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and
death while we stood to the spade,
Death to dying, and wounds to the wound-
ed, for often there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it,
their shot and their shell.

Death—for their spies were among us, their
marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain
that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bul-
lets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels
that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bul-
lets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels
that could think for the rest;

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the
breath of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the
palace, and death in the ground!
Mine! yes, a mine! Countermine! down,
down! and creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear
him—the murderous mole.
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the
pickaxe be there!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer
again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark
pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
England flew.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times,
and it changed on a day
Son as the black and thunder-
clap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so
many dead men,
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley,
and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defenses our myriad enemy
fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder,
Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-
gate! storm, and it runs
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean
on every side
Plunges and leaves at a bank that is daily
drown'd by the tide—
So many thousands that if they be bold enough,
who shall escape?
Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know
we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses
are gay'd with our grapes—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the
wave drifting forward again,
Flying and foiled at the bayonet by the handful they
could not subdue—
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
England flew.

Handful of men as we were, we were English
in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to com-
mand, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison
hung but on him;
Still—could we watch at all points? we were
every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a
whisper that said—
"Children and wives—if the tigers leap into
the fold unawares—
Every man die at his post—and the foe may
outlive us at last!"
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than
to fall into theirs—
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the
enemy sprung
Clove into perilous channels our walls and our
poor palaces—
Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that
your hand be as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim'd at
your flank than at the front—
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the lad-
ders to which they had clung,
Twice with the bravest among us they shelter
we drive them with hand-grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
England flew.

Then on another wild morning another wild
earthquake out-roar
Clean from our lines of defense ten or twelve
good pieces or more,
Riflemen, high on the roof, hidden there from
the light of the sun—
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out—
"Follow me, follow me!"
Mark him—he falls! then another, and him
too, and down goes he!
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell
but the traitors had won!
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embur-
sured make way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is
charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark
foe have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought
with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove
them, and fought them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
India flew.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what
we do. We can fight
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all
through the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our allies, their
lying armies
Bugs and drums in the darkness, and shout-
ings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by
five,
Ever the marvel among us—that one should be
left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from
the loopholes, and
Ever the night with its coffin-like corpses to be
laid in the ground.

Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of
carnage skies,
Stendebent with decaying, and infinite tor-
ment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over
an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that
would not be healed,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless
knife—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never
could save us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hos-
pital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying
and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a
moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of
relief,
Havoc's glorious Highlanders answer with
conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our
women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Hav-
lock's good fusiliers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the High-
lander with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch—saved! we are saved!
—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havlock, saved by the
blessed of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it
for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old ban-
ner of England flew.

—Nineteenth Century.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what
was told by the scout?
Outram and Havlock breaking their way
through the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again,
in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant
shout,
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was the hot retort, as the man lifted a
hasty hand and struck him a blow that
felled him, stunned and breathless.
"Almon staggered to his feet. He was
pale as death, and blood was trickling
from a livid bruise on his white, girlish
forehead.
"I think I had better go away, father,"
he said, quietly; "we shall never agree,
and a repetition of this will make us
neither better nor happier."
"You are right," assented the other,
sullenly. "Go. And as you choose to
leave me, I choose you will not return."
And that was their parting.
Ely Hazard.

"The bustling man of enterprise,
The fortune-finding father, rightly rough,
As who must grab and grab,"
was not a bad man, although stern and
stubborn, and much too unpolished and
practical to sympathize with the sensi-
tive and spirited lad who had no liking
for the vocation that had made his
wealth.

"He will soon come back humble
enough," thought the father.
But weeks, and months, and years
passed, and Almon did not return. If
he missed his son, if he grieved for him,
no one knew. But he aged rapidly, lost
all interest in traffic and gain, and finally
gave up his business for the ease and se-
clusion of a retired home in a village.

His housekeeper had preceded him to
his new residence to prepare the house
for his coming, and when he arrived in
the chill dawn of an Easter morning he
found his old servant dying in one of
the darkened rooms.

"I have lived out my life," sighed the
aged woman, pushing her gray hair away
from her troubled face; "and I should
not be sorry to go if there were any one
left to care for Zelle. It is so sad for a
girl to be left all alone, without a friend
to advise or protect her. Poor Zelle!
poor Zelle!"

A slim, graceful child, with large sad
dark eyes, went up to the bed of the
dying woman and wound her arms about
the thin form.

"Mr. Hazard will take care of me,
grandmother," she asserted, with the sweet
confidence of childhood; "he has al-
ways been good to me."
"Ah, Zelle—little Zelle, you do not
know," moaned the sick one; "dear
child, how can he be kind to you when
he was cruel to his own?"

The man grew pale and his hard eyes
softened. In that moment of solemnity,
the words touched and troubled him
like the voice of an accusing God.

The child put her little hands toward
him appealingly. He hesitated for a
moment and then drew the winning
creature into his arms.

"Be comforted, Margery," he said,
kindly; "I shall care for this little one."
"I believe you, and am comforted,"
was the answer. "You have been a
stern man, Ely Hazard, a hard and
selfish man, but a promise you have
never broken in all your life."

Just then the golden Easter sun shone
through the windows and filled the
room with splendor, lighting the brown
curls of the child and making a glory on
the dying face.

The pale golden sunbeams glimmered
through a narrow window curtained
with cobwebs, dimly lighting the
smutched walls and ceiling, and
struggling in dull yellow gleams over a
rough table in the center of the room. It
was a peculiar picture and one singularly
fascinating. The dim room, with a few
cheap but pretty chromes fastened on
the stained and dusty wall before the
rude table and his Bohemian litter, and
the handsome youth bending over a
musty volume, so intensely interested
that he was unconscious of the presence
of an intruder!

"Have you finished that business I in-
trusted to you?" demanded the coal mer-
chant, abruptly.

The boy started, and turned his deli-
cate, womanish face toward his parent
with a deprecating but graceful move-
ment.

"Don't be angry, father," he returned,
as if regretting a pardonable dereliction;
"I couldn't understand the matter at all.
I should have blundered had I attempted
to settle it, so I relegated the responsi-
bility to your more experienced clerk."

"You could have understood if you
would," declared Mr. Hazard, wrath-
fully; "but the fact is you prefer to do
nothing."

"You are wrong, father," remonstrated
the boy, mildly; "I am not indolent. I
should like to fit myself for a life of ac-
tive labor. But I shall never succeed in
a business that I do not find congenial."

"You do not find my business con-
genial, I suppose," retorted his father,
yet more angrily. "Application will
teach you to like it, I think; and I shall
allow you to learn nothing else. Give
me those books, young man."

The boy sprang to his feet, and in-
stinctively put forth his slender young
arm as if to guard his treasures.

To the parent in his angry mood
the action seemed wickedly defiant
and undutiful, and with ungracious
words he denounced his son, who
listened for a time forbearingly.

"Stop, father," entreated the boy, as
the denunciations became too bitter for
human endurance; "stop, or I shall for-
get that I am your son."

"I do not forget I am your father,"

Hazard's face; still he kept his voice
kind.
"You have acted very indiscreetly,
dear," he said, mildly; "why have you
kept this secret from me?"
"There are reasons why he did not
wish you to know just yet," hesitated the
young lady.

"There are?" he returned, with much
irritation. "Well, Zelle, because of my
love for you I must forbid you to see or
speak to this inconsiderate person again,
at least not until I shall know more
about him; and if you value my judg-
ment you will obey me."

"I can neither see him nor speak to
him again very soon, papa dearest," re-
sponded Zelle, demurely, "for he will
leave the village to-day."

"I am unexpressibly glad of that," as-
serted Mr. Hazard.

And during all the long winter months
that followed he never once spoke to Zelle
of her lover. He was disposed to believe
that the affair had been a simple flirta-
tion, and that the stranger would never
return.

Easter Monday came again, and found
Zelle in a mood that seemed most strange
to her watchful adopted parent. A feverish
scarcely gleamed on her dainty
cheeks. Now a tender smile would dim-
ple about her pretty lips, and again the
dark, handsome eye would fill with feel-
ing tears.

"Something has agitated my Easter
lily," observed Mr. Hazard, as they rode
slowly toward the church. "What is it,
my child?"

"You may be angry if I tell you," she
returned.

"I could never be angry with you,
Zelle," he assured her, earnestly. "Tell
me."

"I am thinking of your son, papa dear-
est," she ventured, trembling as she saw
the look of pain that swept over his coun-
tenance. "Why do you never talk to me
of him?"

"The subject is too sorrowful, my child,"
he answered, sadly. "I was very hard
with Almon. I would give half the
years of my life if I might undo my
wrong and injustice toward him. Again
and again he wrote to me, begging for a
reconciliation, and I ignored his entreaties."

"You would not refuse a reconciliation
now, papa?" she queried, with emotion.

"I would improve his pardon if I knew
where to find him," said Ely Hazard.

They had reached the door of the
church, and as he helped her from the
carriage he saw that her sweet face was
wet with tears.

Their step was directly in front of the
altar that arose flower-crowned from
banks of bloom.

Mr. Hazard listened to the impressive
services rather indifferently until a rich,
resonant voice aroused him.

Then he lifted his eyes and saw, stand-
ing beside a great Easter cross, the hand-
some stranger who had kissed his child
that autumn morning beneath the elms.

He looked toward Zelle and saw the
slow tears trickling through her droop-
ing lashes. He glanced back toward the
young clergyman, whose black, mournful
eyes were fixed upon him with infinite
yearning, whose voice suddenly grew
hoarse, and then rang out eloquently,
thrilling and steady to the end.

Pale and still as death, Ely Hazard sat
until the services were over.

Then he arose and clasped the firm,
warm hand extended to him.

"Father!"
"Almon!"

It was a strange meeting, at a seemly
time, after so sad an estrangement.

"I am a grateful man and a happy one,"
thought the father, as they drove home
together. "I have found my son, and I
shall not lose my Easter lily."

To Young Men.

Some old genius gives the following
elegant advice to young men who "de-
pend on father" for their support, and
take no interest in business, but are
regular drones in the hive, subsisting on
that which is earned by others:

"Come, off with your coat, clinch the
saw, the plow-handles, the ax, the spade
—anything that will enable you to stir
your blood—Fly around and tear your
jacket rather than be the recipient of
the old gentleman's bounty. Sooner
than play the dandy at dad's expense,
hire yourself out to some potato patch,
let yourself out to stop holes, or watch
the bars, and when you think yourself
entitled to a resting spell, do it on your
own hook. Get up in the morning, turn
around at least twice before breakfast,
help the old gentleman, give him now
and then a lift in business, learn how to
take the lead, and do not depend upon for-
ever being led, and you have no idea
how the discipline will benefit you.
The old gentleman, give him now
and then a lift in business, learn how to
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On the Hudson river, between Tarry-
town and Albany, there are upward of
150 brick-yards, varying in productive
capacity from 20,000 to 140,000 bricks a
day in the working season.

A St. Louis man ran six blocks after
his nose thinking he was going to a fire.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Twelve women, divided equally as to
numbers, went to a quiet spot near Vin-
cennes, Ind., to settle a feud by a fight.
Several hundred men witnessed the
combat, which lasted half an hour, and
disfigured twelve faces. A local clergy-
man kept on the safe side of the truth
when he said, "This was a sad commen-
tary on our boasted civilization."

During a recent thunder storm at
Chicago, a meteor, which looked white
in the air about a foot in diameter, fell
to the ground on the south side, burst-
ing into many pieces just before striking.
It was white with heat, and the frag-
ments resembled clinkers. The wire of
a telephone connecting two business
houses on the south side was struck by
lightning about the same time, and elec-
tric fluid entering the office played havoc
with the furniture.

John Dunn, the right-hand man of
King Cityway, is, as his name indi-
cates, an Englishman. According to the
Cape Argus, he has lived so long among
the Zulus that he is more Caffre than
English. He is the heaviest trader in the
Zulu country, and has a large num-
ber of personal adherents, subject to no
authority but his own. His lawful wife
is not a Caffre, but he has taken fifteen
or sixteen native wives, and his family
has grown to patriarchal dimensions.
He is described as a man of medium
height, in the prime of life, thick-set and
bronzed, with a pair of flashing gray
eyes and a heavy beard. He dresses
well, and would pass muster as a prosper-
ous farmer.

Nevada newspapers announce that vast
numbers of grasshopper eggs are incu-
bating in Sierra Valley. A spadeful of
soil is represented to have contained
hundreds of thousands of eggs deposited
in clusters. The farmers have not turned
a furrow, knowing that with these
pests in the soil their work would be
fruitless of result. Grain crops will only
foster the scourge, while to let the
ground remain idle may starve the in-
sects into emigrating. Fears are ex-
pressed that they may swoop down upon
the fertile valleys of California, but
whether they can cross mountains of
such altitude as the Sierras is doubtful.
It is proposed to dig trenches before they
are able to fly, and driving them in,
to cover them up. This plan worked
successfully in Utah two years ago.

A walking-stick for tourists and
botanists, recently patented in Germany
by Herr Herb, of Fulda, is furnished
with the following articles: On one side
of the handle is a signal pipe, and on the
other side can be fixed a knife (which is
above the ferrule). In the middle of the
handle is a compass. The handle itself
can be screwed off, and within is a
small microscope with six object-
glasses. In the stick under the handle
is a vessel containing ether or chloro-
form. Outside the stick there is inserted,
on one side a thermometer, and on the
other a sand or minute glass. Above
the ferrule is the knife already re-
ferred to, and to the ferrule can be
screwed a botanist's spatula, or an ice
pick (for glacier parties). Lastly, a
metre measure is adapted to the stick.

The government of Canada having ap-
pointed a commissioner of Cape Breton
to write up the coal question, he reports
that the coal deposits of the world are
distributed in square miles as follows:
192,000 in this country (the largest de-
posit in the world); 60,000 in Canada;
30,000 in Russia; 24,000 in Australia;
11,000 in Great Britain; 5,000 in Japan;
3,501 in Spain; 2,086 in France; 2,004 in
India; 1,776 in Germany, and 510 in
Belgium.

The commissioner presents in his report
a tabular view of the coal production of
the world in 1866 and 1877. In the
former year the general output was
about 186,386,153 tons, of which 103,069-
804 were mined in England. In 1877 the
general yield was 287,090,604 tons, of
which England mined 135,611,788 tons.
From this it will be seen that the drain
upon the coal mines of England was ex-
cessive, and it may be inferred that the
supply is now running short. Between
the ten years named the production in-
creased in Germany from over 28,000,000