

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(At the Alexandra Palace Banquet, Oct. 24th.)

Paying slight! Left and right
Crowds pressing onward—
Sharp Alexandra Band
Dines the Two Hundred!
"Free passes grant them all!"
Veterans, short and tall—
Sharp Alexandra Band—
(Profits will not be small)—
Dines the Two Hundred!

"Go it, the Light Brigade!"
Toast-master, sore dismayed,
Queered by those heroes' chaff,
Boggled and blundered.
Thinks not to specify,
Still less to make reply;
Thinks but to drain all dry,—
Into the drinkables
Walked the Two Hundred!

Bottles to the right of them,
Bottles to the left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
While the band thundered:
They knew no "Captain Cork!"
Boldly they went to work,
After the establis
Fell to their knife and fork,—
Thirsty Two Hundred!

A *La Russe* might surprise
Still they know joints and pies,
Clearing the dishes there,
Relieves and embrees, while
Scared waiters wondered;
Then plunged in bacca smoke,
Glasses and pipes they broke—
Comrades long surrendered,
Big with old lark and joke
Gleefully met again—
Jolly Two Hundred!

Trophies to right of them,
Trophies to left of them,
"ABDIGN" the charger's head,
Piously sundered!
Back they reeled from the spread.
Straight as they could, to bed—
They that had dined so well—
Nothing to pay per head—
Happy Two Hundred!

When shall their glory fade?
O! what a meal they made!
Cockneydom wondered.
Honor the charge they made—
Bravo the Light Brigade!
Hearty Two Hundred!

"CHARGE, CHESTER, CHARGE!"

The Floods in England.

Late papers from England bring many tales and incidents of distress caused by the recent floods in England. We publish a few:—

The most lamentable accident was that at Wilford, a village on the south bank of the Trent, near Nottingham. A carter named Hinckman, being in the vicinity of Wilford-road, was besought by a number of people in Collier's Row to drive them through the water downwards. What happened afterwards is thus told by Hickman himself—"Two young women and a child came out of Collier's Row, and as we passed Mr. Cordon's he came in along with two men. Mr. Cordon's horse was tied to the back of the cart. We let others in; but I cannot say how many. I rode on the back of the horse, as there was not room for me in the cart. We were getting on all right till against the public house belonging to Mr. Joseph Jackson, near the brass foundry, when the horse appeared to stumble into a hole. I jumped out, and got under the belly of the horse, where the reins got twisted about me, and I could not get loose for ever such a while. I tried to make the horse swim, but could not. I struggled with it for a long time, but it would not swim, so I let it go, and I saw it fall below the water and not come up again. I hid to leave him to try and save myself. I was almost perished and almost drowned, as I had tired myself so much with the horse. I would have been drowned had not a man

put a prop over a wall to me. They put a rope over too, and I had just strength enough to put it under my arms, when I was hauled over the wall. I saw a lot of people screaming in the water, but cannot say how many were saved or how many were drowned. Jack Terry says the two women were drowned, but that the child is saved. The road seemed to give way, like, and we were thrown into a hole which would be 14 or 15 feet deep. The water was right into the hole. Had it not been for the horse I could have saved myself at once. The horse and cart and Mr. Cordon's horse are lying in the hole. I was brought home in a cart." The scene thus simply described was witnessed from the windows of houses where other people were confined by the waters, and had the pain of looking on, powerless to help. The shrieks of the women brought the assistance of two men named Goodman and Walker, who were in a boat some distance off. They succeeded in saving the child, but they had the misfortune to see three women sink without being able to save them. A number of men got round the boat, and in their struggle to get in, put it in danger of swamping. In the panic thus caused any further attempt to save the women seems to have been impossible. Five men were saved in the boat. The uncertainty shown in Hinckman's story as to the number in the cart is not dispelled by the various conflicting accounts of other observers. Five have unquestionably been drowned.

The distress of the Wilford villagers was very great from Thursday afternoon to Saturday morning. The Rev. Mr. Davis, the vicar, as soon as daylight came, bestirred himself to ascertain the condition of affairs, and render succour if possible. To reach the houses in any conveyance or on horse back was hopeless, no steed would face the water, and there was only one serviceable boat in the village. This one ark of refuge was not anchored, but chained down to a tree, and was floating half full of water within a few feet of where the full volume of the Trent swept by with a fierce rushing like that of the "arrowy Rhone." But the boat must be had; all other efforts was hopeless. So, calling his best men—who work for him and speak of him with a good will and confidence which savours of feudal times—Mr. Davis ordered them to pull off the doors of his carriage house, and with this and some other material to construct a raft. On this frail structure Mr. Davis, accompanied by two trusty conditors, piloted himself to the boat, and, after long exertion and a very severe struggle, baled out the water, cut the iron chain with a hammer and chisel, and bore off his prize in safety. "He is a good one, he is," said one of his helpers. "He stands to the welt and never flinches. There isn't a better man living, and I do not care who hears me say so."

Edward White, an engine fireman on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, describes how he and his mate did a journey on Wednesday night from Sheffield to Rotherham. They left Sheffield at four o'clock, and got to Rotherham at 5.30, where they found a fearful change for the worse. On their first journey the water was only three inches of the rails; on their second it was three feet, and now they found before them a formidable river five feet deep. Colton thought they would try and force a passage. So did White. The water was rising to the level of the fire-hole. White at once closed the dampers, and thus kept out the enemy. The train was then driven into the flood. It was stiff work.

The water rose to the fireman's feet, and hissed and spluttered against the fire-hole as if in vexation at being worsted. Right gallantly the goods engine ploughed its way through five feet of water, spurning the waves on each side, and keeping the rails as steadily as if the foe were not in possession. The weight of the water was severely felt. A few on-lookers who saw the plucky exploit cheered the driver and his stoker as they carried their heavy craft through the flood, where, later in the day, another engine helplessly floundered, its funnel alone showing above water. Steadily and surely the good train went through the five feet, till several hundred yards beyond Rotherham station the iron track was once more in sight. When the driver and fireman first came in sight of the flood at the signal bridge, a short distance from Rotherham station, White noticed that the guage showed 140 lbs. of steam. As they ploughed their way through the flood till the engine came out of the water a quarter of a mile further the guage registered only 40 lbs. Water and steam—if we may so distinguish what in reality is one and the same thing had fought a stiff fight. The solid body of water pressing against and hemming them in—occasionally sweeping over the fireman's foothold like waves over a storm-caught vessel, and acting as a heavy drag to every wheel—proved so powerful an obstacle to progress that if the brave old engine had had another couple of hundred yards 'o accomplish, the effort must have been a failure. As it was, the steam power was reduced by 100 lbs. in 450 yards.

Died Like an Old Fashioned Christian.

Commodore Goodenough, of the British Navy, who in August last was shot with poisoned arrows by Australian savages, died like an old fashioned Christian. He summoned all the men to the quarter deck, bade them goodbye, and shook hands with nearly all of them until his strength was exhausted. He adjured the men when tempted to commit sin to think of him, and what he had said to them, and put the temptation away. He told the command never to hesitate in his daily life to say "This is right," or "That is wrong," and to act accordingly. Of the savages who had given him his death wound he spoke kindly and without any vengeful feelings. It was a fine, calm morning when the good Commodore's soul passed away. Perhaps our readers would like to hear more details, and we give them below:

The Birmingham *Daily Post* of Oct. 18th, publishes a letter from Mr. Perry, the Secretary of Commodore Goodenough, giving some additional details of the lamentable incident at Santa Cruz which resulted in the death of the Commodore and two of his crew. Mr. Perry writes:—"We reached Carlsle Bay, in the Crag Islands, on the morning of the 12th, and my chief and myself landed in a whaleboat, opposite, a small village, followed by two other boats, in which a few officers came on shore. The natives, who were all armed with bows and arrows, came down to the boat, and we managed to open what we supposed to be a friendly intercourse with our savage brethren willing to barter the few things they had brought down to the beach. We therefore landed among them and went to their village. We remained in the village one half-hour, and then a man beckoned us away to follow him around to another village. We went some distance, but, finding