

## THE OLD BANNER.

(From *All the Year Round*.)

The poor old banner! Give it here I say!  
Though king and church are topping to their fall:

I saved it from the Roundhead's any way,  
When black Long Marston made an end of all.  
Why could not Rupert keep his squadrons back?  
Unbreathed, they might have broken Cromwell's line.

But scattered far on fly-ut Leslies' track!  
Ah, stanch and true it stood, that troop of mine!

Wha' boots it now, when every oak is down,  
And even the great oak ring my father gave  
Melted with all the rest to help the Crown;  
The old man would it, speaking from his grave.  
Thank God, that I have neither wife nor son  
To perish in the ruin we have wrought.  
Poor Katie! waiting till the gale is won!  
Well, here's her flag, from its last battle brought!

Her deft hands brodered it. Blood-stained and rent!

It hangs about the staff. Why, who could guess

How gallantly to the gay breeze it bent  
With gold and glitter, when, amid the press  
Of shouting Cavaliers, I flung it forth,  
And Katie clapped her little hands to see  
How bravely the battalions of the North  
Around her banner marched to victory.

To victory! the Ouse runs swollen and red,  
Sullenly sweeping to the angry main,  
With the best blood of bonnie Yorkshire fed,  
For on her banks knights fell like Autumn grain.

Well, life will scarce be long, or axe and block,  
Or starving mid the Frenchmen, which were best?

O comrades, slain in fiery battle shock,  
I would my time were come to join your rest!

So, to the vaults. I'll leave my flag in trust,  
To all our long line, wrapt in dreamless sleep.  
I shall not lie amid ancestral dust,  
Nor kin nor vassal live my rites to keep,  
And better so! I'll place my treasure close  
Beneath my father's blazoned coffin lid,  
And when, anon, the rebels sack our house  
They'll miss, perchance, a prize so grimly hid.

There's just one diamond left that clasps my plume,

Take it to my bright lady's feet, and tell,  
I leave her banner to my father's tomb,  
I leave my heart to her; and so farewell,  
Whether to die mid crashing bow and bill,  
Or rot in prison, like some noisome thing,  
Or make my last short shift on Tower Hill;  
Who knows, who cares? Not I! God save the king!

## The Great Bone Harvest.

(From the *Rocky Mountain News*.)

The extent of the collection, assortment, and sale of the skeletons of defunct buffaloes on the plains is surprising. During the season hundreds of men engage in the business, and all the stations on the Kansas Pacific and Atchison, and Topeka and Santa Fé railroads have bone-middlemen, so called, who make good profits by buying and shipping the pickings of the "pickers." The skeletons are, of course, plentifully scattered over the plains, and parties of half a dozen, or dozen, or more, with wagons, go in search of them and bring them into the stations for shipment. It is said that since the first of last month from ten to twenty tons of buffalo bones have been shipped over the above named lines every day.

The bones are worth, delivered at the railway station, an average of \$5 a ton. The bulk of them is sold for fertilizing purposes in the soil-enfeebled districts of the eastern and middle States, Philadelphia being the principal point of consignment. Certain portions of the buffalo skeleton, however, are adapted to notler uses than the invigoration of worn out earth, and are sold at a handsome price to the manufacturers of buttons, combs, and knife handles. At almost every railroad depot are great piles of these queer remains of the bounding bison awaiting shipment; and the variations of the value of bones are of more interest to

the people than the fluctuations of grain markets. In assorting for market, strange discoveries are sometimes made. It is no uncommon thing for instance to find Indian skulls, legs, and arms; and in some instances the skull and vertebra of women and children have been picked up. These latter are usually tossed aside in a rude sort of reverence for the helpless and innocent; but no such respect is paid to the bones of the Indian. An Indian skull is said to be worth a dollar and a quarter for combs, and the Indian thigh makes knife handles that are beautiful to behold.

## MERCELESS BUTCHERY.

Hide hunters along the Kansas Pacific are even more numerous than the bone pickers, and their trade is much more exciting and hazardous. They usually follow in the wake of buffalo hunting expeditions and roving bands of Indian "meat-jerkers." The Indians who kill buffalo take only a small portion of the animal, and the white men who slay them for sport rarely touch them with a knife; so that the hide hunter who goes after is usually sure of his spoil, as the hide remains in good order for removal nearly a week after the killing, if the wolves keep away. When hides are not to be had fast enough or with personal safety in this way, the hide hunters project little raids of their own into the buffalo ranges, killing the animals simply for their hides, and leaving the meat to decay, or selling it at a nominal rate to accompanying parties of dealers. The hides are tanned and dressed by a much more rapid, but less perfect and effective, process than that followed by the Indians, and only the hides of animals killed in cold weather make really valuable robes.

In a little more than three months over 50,000 of these hides were shipped from the stations on the western division of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, and it is estimated that the shipments for this year over that road and the Kansas-Pacific will aggregate 125,000. As each hide represents a slain buffalo, these figures convey a fair, though not a full idea of the magnificent butchery which has been going on among these "monarchs of the plains." The hides, after being dressed, are rolled up in as small a compass as possible, and shipped to the large Eastern cities, where they are subjected to a process of reclaiming and drying, and put into the market for sale. The original purveyor of the hides gets about as much for them as the New England or New York farmer receives for the hides of his cattle; but the profit to the Eastern dealer, as can be seen at a glance, is considerable. Attempts have been made from time to time to convert the buffalo hide into leather, but without much success; and it probably has no great value except for use as a robe.

## BUFFALO MEAT.

But of still greater importance than bone-picking or hide hunting, is the trade in buffalo meat. It has employed during the last year or two an amount of labor and capital that would seem incredible to a person unacquainted with the facts. The meat market opens in November, when the weather becomes cool enough for its transportation, and continues until the first of April. During these five months as much as 2,000,000 pounds are shipped from station on the Kansas Pacific to all parts of the country. In the winter months a buffalo steak can be obtained as easily and

almost as cheaply in the butchers' stalls of the leading northern cities as a beefsteak or a mutton chop, and in Colorado and Kansas it is as common as antelope. When buffaloes are killed for the meat, only the hams and shoulders are brought in, and shipmen are usually made in that shape, the hide nearly always being left on to the end of the journey. The leading markets for buffalo meat "in the rough" are St. Louis, Chicago and Indianapolis, whence it is reshipped, in cleaner and more artistic condition, to cities of the seaboard. At Kansas City, too, large quantities are cured and packed for Eastern use, and some successful experiments have been made in shipping direct to New York and Philadelphia in refrigerator cars. The price in the towns along the middle and eastern divisions of the Kansas Pacific ranges from \$50 to \$80 per ton in bulk, and the local dealers retail at six to eight cents per pound. The settlers adjacent to the stamping ground of the buffalo procure meat enough in a day's hunting to last them through the winter; and many a poor homesteader in the valley of the Arkansas has kept the wolf from the door on this article of diet alone for months at a time. The flesh of the buffalo is not such as gods would delight to feed upon, nor would poets find it particularly conducive to the cultivation of sweet and tender imagery. It is very nutritious, however.

A rifled 64 pounder converted gun has been presented by Sir William Palliser to the Staff College at Sandhurst, where it has been mounted upon a carriage by the commandant, Colonel Hamley, C. B. This gun has fired 2236 rounds, the last hundred shots being with 14lb. charges whereas 8lb. only is the regular service charge, and at the end of the trial the gun remained quite uninjured. This test was so severe a one that two wrought iron 64 pounders burst while undergoing it. The Palliser guns have now been extensively introduced into both land and sea services. One of them has lately made very good practice at upwards of two miles range, the extreme range being upwards of four miles. It appears by the army manufacturing accounts last year that the cost of converting these guns was £100 each, while the cost of the wrought iron 64 pounders was £272 each. About 1500 of these guns have now been converted at a cost of about £150,000. The same number of wrought iron 64 pounders would have cost £405,000; the saving, therefore, already has amounted to £255,000.

On Saturday experiments were made at Chatham Garrison with a new army signalling apparatus, invented by Major Younge, R. A. the operations being carried out under the direction of the Royal Engineer Committee. The system it considered to be more simple to learn than the one hitherto in use, and less laborious in the working, as the signals, instead of being made by waving flags, are given by the working of a vane upon a plate which has the appearance of a clock face. To carry out the experiment on Saturday parties of Royal Engineers were stationed at Fort Amherst, in Chatham Garrison, on the road to Rainham, and at Callham Hill, near Sittingbourne. Between the parties at Fort Amherst and on the Rainham road numerous signals were interchanged, but the atmosphere was too thick for the party at Callham Hill to be seen. Of course the heavy weather would equally have interfered with working flag