Tennyson's New Poem.

The N.Y. *Independent* published to-day the following new poem by Lord Alfred Tennyson:

FREEDOM.

O thou so fair in summers gone,
While yet thy fresh and virgin soul
Inform'd the column'd Parthenon—
The glittering capitol;

So fair in southern sunshine bathed,
But scarce of such majestic mien
As here with forehead vapor-swathed
In meadows ever green;

For thou—when Athens reign'd and Rome
Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain,
To mark in many a freeman's home
The slave, the scourge, the chain;

O follower of the vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and brainless will
May jar thy golden dream,

Who like great nature, wouldst not mar
By changes all the fierce and fast
This order of our human star,
This heritage of the past;

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good,
Thou—when the nations rear on high
Their idol smeared with blood,

And when they roll their idol down—
Of saner worship sanely proud,
Thou loather of the lawless crown
As of the lawless crowd;

How long thine ever-growing mind
Hath still'd the blast and strewn the wave,
Though some of late would raise a wind
To sing thee to thy grave,

Men loud against all forms of power—
Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues,
Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass mouths and iron lungs!

Chorus of Anglomaniacs.

(From advance sheets of The Bunting Ball, poetical satire on New York society.)

It is positively false to call us frantic.
For the soundness of our mental state is sure;
Yet we look upon this side of the Atlantic
As a tract of earth unpleasant to endure.

We consider dear old England as the fountain
Of all institutions reputably sane;
We abominate and loathe a Rocky Mountain;
We regard a rolling prairie with disdain.

We assiduously imitate the polish
That we notice round the English nabob hang;
We unfailingly endeavor to abolish
From our voices any trace of nasal twang.

Every patriotic duty we leave undone,
With aversion such as Hebrews hold for pork,
Since we venerate the very name of London
In proportion to our hatred of New York.

No entreaty could in any manner soften
Our contempt for native tailors, when we dress;
If we bet, we "lay a guinea," rather often,
And we always say "I fancy" for "I guess."

We esteem the Revolution as illegal;
If you mention Bunker Hill to us we sigh;
We particularly execrate an eagle,
And we languish on the fourth day of July.

We are not prepared in any foolish manner
The vulgarities of Uncle Sam to screen;
We dislike to hear that dull Star Spangled Banner,
But we thoroughly respect God Save the Queen.

We revere the Prince of Wales, though he should prick us
With a sneer at the republic we obey!
We would rather let His Royal Highness kick us
Than have been the bosom friend of Henry Clay.

Contentment.

"My little world is very small,
Scarce worth your notice, sir, at all,"
The mother said.
"My good, kind husband, as you see,
And those three children at my knee,
Who look to us so trustingly
For daily bread.

"For their sweet sakes, who love me so,
I keep the firelight in a glow
In our dear home.
That, though the tempest roar outside,
And fiercely threaten far and wide,
The cheery blaze may serve to guide
Dear feet that roam.

"And as the merry kettle boils
We welcome him who daily toils
For us each day.
Of true love kisses full a score
He gets, I'm certain, if not more,
When fond ones meet him at the door
At twilight gray.

"One gets the slippers for his feet,
Another leads him to his seat—
The big arm chair—
And while the children round him sing
And make the dear old rafters ring,
One little daughter crowns him king
With blossoms fair.

"Ah, sir, we are not rich or great,
The owner of a vast estate,"
The mother said;
"But we have better far than gold,
Contentment, and a little fold
As full of love as it can hold,
With daily bread."

What I'd do for Her.

I'd swear for her—
I'd tear for her—
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her.

I'd die for her—
I'd sigh for her—
I'd drink the Ohio dry for her.

I'd cuss for her—
Do wuss for her—
I'd kick up a thundering fuss for her.

I'd weep for her—
I'd leap for her—
I'd go without sleep for her.

I'd fight for her—
I'd bite for her—
I'd walk the street all night for her.

I'd plead for her—
I'd bleed for her—
I'd go without my feed for her.

I'd boot for her—
I'd shoot for her—
A rival who'd come to suit for her.

I'd kneel for her—
I'd steal for her—
Such is the love I feel for her.

I'd slide for her—
I'd ride for her—
I'd swim against the wind and tide for her.

I'd try for her—
I'd cry for her—
But—hang me if I'd DIE for her,
Or any other woman.

A Confiding Wife.

"Poor John," said a trustful wife, according to the veracious Detroit *Post*, "has so much to do at the office that he is often compelled to work nights."

"Are you sure that he spends the evenings at his office?" asked another married lady who was making an afternoon call. "My husband said that he thought he saw him at the French opera the other night."

"Oh, your husband must have been mistaken, I am sure," responded the trustful wife. "John doesn't understand a word of French."

The centenary of Methodism will be celebrated in Baltimore on Tuesday. Six hundred delegates will be present.

"DIE EASY, MY BOY."

Bob Burdette Gives Some Sound Advice to a Young Man Interested in Politics.

Brooklyn *Eagle*: My son, when you go into politics, as I am grieved to see you have already done to the extent of ruining two suits of clothes with kerosene oil and the coat of your stomach with whiskey—it would be much better for you to-day, socially, morally, physically and financially, had you drank the kerosene and poured the whiskey over your clothes, although your patriotic exhilaration would have suffered—but when you do go into real politics, when you triumph, triumph graciously, magnanimously, mercifully. You will observe that this advice is given you by a man who is lying on the flat of his back, while the haughty foe is holding a torch-light procession over his prostrate form. But it doesn't hurt me any, and I want to tell you why, and I want in that connection to give you one more line of advice. I died easy. And I want you, when the hour of defeat comes to you, to "die easy." Don't kick. Don't struggle after you are dead. It distorts the countenance, contracts the limbs, lends the features a hideous expression of agony and hate, and terrifies the mourners. When your time comes, "die easy." Don't kick against manifest destiny. Remember it is hard to fight the fates. Now, when I read the returns on the 5th of November, I lay me down in calm though sorrowful resignation. I closed my eyes and folded my hands on my bosom and remained passive and quiet, but there wasn't a prettier Republican "remains" in all this broad land than your late lamented subscriber. It took a great many thousand Republicans ten or twelve days to attain my state of sublime composure, but they came to it at last, and see how much time they lost. They kept anticipating the resurrection. Every time a triumphant Democrat blew his rejoicing horn they thought it was the trumpet of the Republican Gabriel, and jumped up in their grave clothes and went prancing around, and finally had to be knocked in the head with an official count before they would submit to the offices of the undertaker. I believe in pluck, my son, I believe in grit; I have an abiding faith in sand. I like to see a man fight who doesn't know when he is licked, but I don't like to see a man come howling back into the ring after he has been knocked out and the other fellow has gone away with the gate money. "Die easy," my boy, you'll look better, your friends and enemies alike will admire you all the more for it, and you'll be in better condition for getting up when your party Gabriel sounds the trumpet. Now, bear this in mind. Paste it in your hat. I don't know much about politics—I wish I had as many dollars as I don't know much about politics—but what I do know I know for keeps, and I know it is always becoming for the party that gets its neck cut off to "die easy" and go off gracefully.

The Proper Caper in Canes.

The walking stick most in demand at present is the round head with carved sides and a smooth top for the name or monogram. A nobby style is that which adds a heel to the usual handle, and is much affected by young swingers of the wood. Hammered gold and silver are still popular. The latest wrinkle in canes, however, is a stick suitable for a drum-major. This style is furnished with a hollow head, the top of which is filled with a screw plate which can be taken off whenever the holder pleases. These canes are used now for tobacco pouches and cigarette cases. Some use them as "thimbles" and carry them to the theatre and opera filled with the good old stuff.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Dangers of the Telephone.

(Grip.)

(Brown, wholesale grocer, going out of town, instructs Mrs. B. to continue his practice of calling up the watchman of the warehouse through the night.)

Mrs. B (at 2 a. m.)—Hello!

Watchman.—Bur-r-r! r-r-r! hello!

Mrs. B—Is everything all right?

Watchman.—Yes, all right, Lie down you brute, and be quiet!

[Mrs. B. retires astounded and indignant. Subsequent interview between Brown and the Watchman. Watchman explains that his closing remarks were addressed to his dog, which was worrying his trousers while he was at the telephone. Everybody happy.]

A Sign of Hope for Ireland.

New York Star: The most hopeful sign for Ireland just now is the rapidly decreasing quantity of waste land. For many years the area under bog, marsh and barren mountain became greater and greater, but agricultural enterprise must have found some encouragement in the state of the country, for this year we read: "The reclamation of waste land has been progressing steadily, and now there are 89 720 acres less than there were in 1883. The extent of land under grass has largely increased, but lands under crops show a falling off of more than 63,000 acres, for which the two most prosperous provinces—Leinster and Ulster—are mainly responsible."

Fifteen orange trees, near Plant City, Fla., yield this year 150 000 oranges—10,000 to the tree. These trees are about 40 years old.

The personal estate of Sir Erasmus Wilson, the great specialist on skin diseases, is believed to be the largest of any medical man on record in England, viz., $1,320,000 The bulk will ultimately go to the Royal College of Surgeons.

Miss Prettypert—"Why don't you come over with your sisters to our place sometimes, Johnnie?" Johnnie (rising 10)—"Well, it's like this, y'know, Miss Prettypert. Where there's a ripping nice girl like you, if I came often people might think I had intentions, and I'm not a marrying man!"

Four Chinese ambassadors passed through El Paso, Tex., on Sunday, *en route* to the City of Mexico to secure the passage of a law permitting Chinamen to become citizens of Mexico.

The attempt to raise cane in the Sandwich Islands has proved a failure. If it is any comfort to our brethren the Sandwiches to know it, we hereby remark that enough Cain has been raised in the United States during the last three months to prevent any scarcity.

Recreation.

There is a homely saying among the fishermen "that those who will not mend their nets will soon be unable to catch fish;" and one is seldom found so improvident as to let a hole grow larger and larger until the net is useless. The nearest approach to absolute rest is sleep, and of this every man, woman and child should have abundance, proportioned to his constitution and occupation; but there is a relative rest, quite as important, and more neglected by most busy men and women: this rest is recreation. The "I haven't time" excuse, although as popular as ever, is nearly threadbare. A man owning property can afford to invest a thousand dollars though he withdraw it from active business, if he is sure that the money will double itself. We all have twenty-four hours every day to invest, and if one hour withdrawn from business can be better invested, is it not a wise thing to do it? Relaxation, however, to be profitable, must be whole-hearted. It is not rest for the business man to bring his affairs and worries home with him. It is not rest for the student to brood over theories and formulas when he walks, neither is it rest to take one's fears and anxieties to our friend's table. If we have no heart to throw off these burdens, we should make the effort in spite of ourselves. We have been bound to our cares as the convict is to his ball and chain, and it is time to master circumstances, instead of being their slaves. Mental slaves are more dependent upon the physical condition than we are inclined to think. Irritability means overstrained nerves; the "blues" and "black butterflies" are other names of indigestion and a poor circulation. Recreation, it is to be remembered, is neither dissipation, not yet absence of activity. Complete change of thought is relaxation; and Hood is quoted by a recent writer as saying that the Quaker always enjoys life, for he makes a pleasure of his business and a business of his pleasure.—*Every Other Saturday.*

Schoolboys' Replies.

One peculiarity of the schoolboy mind is to put things negatively, says *All the Year Round.* As for example, a fifth standard boy was asked to write a short essay on pins by way of an exercise in composition, and produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They haved saved the lives of a great many men, women and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled inspector, on reading this. "Why, by not swallowing them," was the immediate reply. On the same line was the essay of another schoolboy, on the subject of salt, which he described as: "The stuff that make potatoes taste bad, when you don't put any on." A prettily humorous examination story is that of the little Scotch boy at the Presbytery examination. He was asked. "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "To be born again," he answered. "Quite right! Would you not like to be born again?" He hesitated, but being pressed said that he would not, and asked why not replied: "For fear I might be born a lassie." A like astonishing and amusing was an answer given by an adult examinee who was "sitting" for a certificate as acting teacher. In the examination to test general knowledge he was asked, "What is the age of reason?" and answered: "As many years as have elapsed since the birth of the person so named."

Retiring Newspaper Men.

A charmed circle is drawn about every newspaper office in the land, from within which no secret ever escapes or is ever made unworthy use of by the custodians, says the Buffalo *Express.* Here is a case in point. A young woman from Gravesend, L. I., advertised for a husband in a New Haven paper recently. Her good qualities were many. She was a strong, healthy girl of 30 years and 165 pounds avoirdupois. To offset a partial loss of hearing she had $22,000 in Michigan Iron Mountain Company bonds, 200 head of cattle, two smoke-brindle steers, 117 yoke of oxen and 5,000 acres of land in Indian Territory. Every man connected with the morning journal in which the advertisement appeared must have known the night before of the prize that might be had for the asking; but not one would forget his duty by taking an unfair advantage of the reading public. Instead of rushing off to the hotel where the young woman was stopping and carrying everything before them with a rush, after the fashion of newspaper men where the ladies are concerned, each and everyone of the boys waited until the paper had appeared on the streets the following morning, and then took their chances with the herd—doubtless to get left.

The Snowy Purity.

Pittsburg *Chronicle*: Soon winter will fasten his icicle fangs in the throat of the warm sunshine and suck the red blood from the dying sunsets. Athwart the sky gray bars of mist will stretch, imprisoning the earth and bidding defiance to the warmth that seeks to reach her frozen bosom. The quail will lurk beneath the dead and matted jimpson in the far-off corners of the stake-and-rider fence. Bare branches will pencil on the dead air a tale of forest woe and woodland misery. The ground will be covered, white and pure; pure and white—so pure, and white, and cold, and stiff, and heartless, and unfeeling, that we shall know we were born in sin; impure, imperfect! But, oh! give us back the green of our hearts, the warmth even of our faults, for we are but human! And in this white time that comes apace the man who lost his overcoat on an election bet will call himself an idiot.

Mr. Malet, English delegate to the Congo Conference, has intimated to the agents of the African International Association that England's recognition of the status of the Association depends upon the open purchase by the Association of their right in the Congo territories. Mr. Malet refuses to admit the French claims of priority in the purchase. France has stipulated that free trade in the Congo country shall be limited to 20 years.

The city of Paris was placarded throughout on Saturday night announcing a workingmen's meeting to be held at Belleville on Sunday to deliberate upon the expediency of holding a monster meeting before the Palace Elysee. The police demolished the placards.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr. Gladstone's salary as Prime Minister is said to be $25 000, while as Chancellor of the Exchequer he receives $1,250.

As a sample of good guessing, Congressman-elect-Gibson, of Maryland, said he would get 2,100 majority. He got 2,102.

Jefferson Davis is now the last of his line. He has been married twice, and has no male descendant, having recently lost his only son.

Mr. Angelo Beck has modelled a bust of Cardinal Manning, having had five sittings from his eminence. A copy of the bust has been placed in the Italian church in Hatton Garden.

Jean Ingelow is turning gray in the prime of life. Her London home, where she lives with her two brothers, is always full of flowers. She devotes much time and money to charity.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, is ahead of his clerical contemporaries in having a genuine live English lark in his study. The rest of 'em have to go away from home for a lark.

The Earl of Shrewsbury, who has recently engaged in the cab business in London, is the head of and the leading mover in the Young Men's Christian Association of England.

"Ireneus," of the New York *Observer*, says in a recent postscript to one of his letters to that paper: "The grandchildren of those who read the first of these letters are now reading the last of them."

The Marquis of Camden, now 12 years old, asked the Court of Chancery the other day to increase his allowance of $30,000 a year to $40,000, on the ground that the former was not enough to keep up his estate at Baynham Court.

Governor Porter, of Indiana, tells a very funny story on himself, acknowledging that for once in his life he was floored. During the recent campaign, he went into a small town to make a speech. He began something in this way: "My friends, I am glad to meet you again. I always like to come to Blankville, and to see, as I do now, so many old friends." Just here a tall, gaunt Hoosier, in a coon-skin cap, cried out in an inimitable voice: "Name 'em, Governor, name 'em!" And the Governor says he was so broken up by this untimely inquiry for details that he could not name a man. The Hoosiers laughed good naturedly, and the Governor joined in, too. "Name 'em, Governor, name 'em!" has become a by-word in the Hoosier State.

The happiest man in Indiana over Mr. Hendricks' election is his colored coachman "Tom." When the count in New York settled the result beyond question Tom shouted: "We are elected sure, and we are going to take our seat this time without doubt. There won't be any senatorial commission this time. I heard Mr. Hendricks say so. We'll take our seat." This was said to a reporter, who repeated Tom's utterances to Mr. Hendricks, particularly his defiant assertion, "We'll take our seats." "Did he say we?" questioned Mr. Hendricks, and when assured positively that such was the case he burst into the heartiest laugh he has been known to indulge in for many years. He fairly shouted with glee, and then, recovering himself, said: "I was not sure how Tom voted, and I never said a word to him on the subject of politics until he came to me for information a few days before the election. I found then he wanted to know how to talk—what kind of a speech to make. I have noticed the result was exceedingly gratifying to him. 'We are going to take our seat!' Well, that is good!"

An Earl in a Bad Way.

I regret to hear that the Earl of Dalhousie is breaking up his establishment at Brechin Castle, and proposes retiring to more economical quarters at Gannachie, a mere shooting-lodge in the foothills to the westward of Brechin. It is probable that both Panmure and Brechin Castle will be let. Lord Dalhousie's nominal rent-roll is little short of £50 000 a year; but he succeeded to a debt of a quarter of a million sterling, and to estates which had suffered from a long period of neglect. The effects of this neglect he set himself enthusiastically to remedy, by giving his tenantry generous concessions of rent, building new steadings and laborers' cottages and engaging in extensive improvements which, in the present bad times, yield no return on the somewhat lavish outlay. Hence the necessity for a retrenchment, which I trust will be but temporary.—*London World.*

Londonderry as a Deadhead.

A good story is told of the late Marquis. His lordship, who was chairman of one of the Welsh railway companies, was once travelling in company with several other gentlemen, when the ticket platform was reached. Here a smart youth, who had not long reached his teens, entered the carriage with "Tickets, please!" Lord Londonderry never carried a railway ticket, but the impervious youth was not to be satisfied. "Do you know who I am?" inquired the lord. "No, sir," was the bland reply. "I am the Marquis of Londonderry, the chairman of this railway." "But how am I to know that, sir?" was the sharp rejoinder. The station-master was called, and his lordship, delighted with the lad's shrewdness, had him at once promoted, and he is now occupying an honorable position in the company's service.—*London Truth.*

The Parnellites calculate to be able to return 85 members to the House when the Redistribution Bill goes into effect. The Nationalist press hails the coming electoral revolution with expressions of jubilant gratification. *United Ireland* declares the Redistribution Bill will produce the most momentous change in the British Constitution ever proposed to Parliament, and says it will lead to the final triumph of the Nationalist cause.

There is an eccentric old man named Patrick Kennedy at the Schenectady, N.Y., poor-house, who thinks he must receive his wages every Saturday night, and to satisfy him he is given a spoonful of castor oil, which he accepts as his salary.

Charles Dunster, a blacksmith, of Leesville, Ohio, has made a clock, mostly with blacksmith's tools, which has excited considerable comment in his neighborhood. It is principally of steel, and in a glass case so the movement can be seen, gives the time in eleven cities, striking the hours and quarters, and is seven feet high.

A Chinese Notion of Torpedo Warfare.

The Shanghai correspondent of the *London and China Telegraph* writes: "I have just met a certain Mr. ——, whose father is one of the Earl Li's advisers, and much esteemed by the great Minister.—— tells me that old-fashioned tactics are now to be resorted to for the destruction of the French fleet. Success is certain, and the French are as good as beaten already. A corps of 2,000 naval volunteers is to be raised, and paid at the rate of $20 a month each, besides perquisites, and the division of whatever loot may fall to their lot. Chang Pei-lun is to be the commandant, with a pay of 600 teals a month, say £150. Every man is to have the faculty of staying under water for three days if necessary without having to seek aid from any one during the time, that is, he is to manage to exist without food or any kind of nourishment that he cannot personally provide for himself while in the water. After some preliminary practice the men are to be sent to explore the bottoms of the enemy's ships and make their plans for future action. When the convenient time has arrived torpedoes are to be placed under the most vital parts of the ships' bottoms, and at a given signal all these submarine mines are to be sprung. There being several mines under each ship, some are sure to take effect. When the mines are sprung and the enemy is discomfited, the volunteers are to be at hand to behead all the French who may have escaped the explosion of their ships; they are to be mercilessly decapitated to a man, and China thoroughly avenged for past insults and injuries." Such is the logic of a Chinese prefect, 40 years old. Foreigners are being offered employment by the Chinese as gunners. Few if any Englishmen have come forward in the capacity of gunners, although a few are at hand to serve as officers if suitable arrangements can be made. The French have availed themselves of foreigners, especially as pilots for the fleet. The Chinese have quite as much right to the services of foreign military men, if they are willing and able to pay for them. Many foreigners would doubtless come forward if they were sure of proper treatment.

A Crocheting Mouse.

Of all the singular instances reported of human intelligence developed in animals, one of the most peculiar exists in the family of Mr. Mahlon G. Chockwith, residing on Penn avenue, in this city. The wonderful little animal is a common house mouse and the pet of Miss Lizzie, Mr. Chockwith's youngest daughter. It was caught in a trap last spring, and when about to be drowned in a pail of water was rescued by Miss Lizzie, for whom it soon formed a strong attachment. It always accompanies her about the house, and makes its bed in her work-basket. Miss Lizzie is very fond of crocheting, and the mouse, which she has named "Little Billy," would sit on the table watching her by the hour, apparantly deeply interested. On several occasions when the young lady laid down her work "Little Billy" would attempt to take up the crochet needle and follow her motions. The thought at last occurred to her that he desired to learn crocheting. She procured a small crochet needle and, fastening it to a fore paw with a narrow ribbon, gave him some macreme cord to practice with. It learned slowly at first, but with the careful and patient attention of its mistress "Little Billy" ultimately overcame the intricacies of the stitch, and now crochets as industriously as its young mistress. It has already crocheted itself a nubia and a small bed-spread, and is now engaged on a woollen hood for Miss Lizzie. It is quite a curiosity in the vicinity, and is indeed one of the most singular instances of a human intelligence existing in an animal that has ever been made known.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Messenger from Waterloo.

The messenger who was employed to convey to the Rothschilds in London the news of the victory of Waterloo was ordered to call upon the King of France (Louis XVIII) at Brussels, on the way. He did so, and then proceeded to the Rothschilds. After they had extracted from him all the information that he possessed they sent him on to Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, in order that the Government might receive tidings of this great event. Lord Liverpool could make nothing out of the man, and after examining and cross-examining him for some time, he felt increasingly sceptical as to the authenticity of the news which he brought. He then sent for Mr. Croker and told him the messenger had come from Waterloo with the tidings of victory, but that his story was confused, and it was therefore difficult to accept it as genuine. Therefore Mr. Croker began to question the man with all his legal acumen, but he succeeded no better than Lord Liverpool in making the narrative intelligible. When about to give it up in despair, as a last resource and by a sudden impulse, Mr. Croker questioned the messenger as to his interview with the French king, and he asked him how the king was dressed. The messenger replied: "In his dressing-gown." Mr. Croker then asked him what the king did and said to him, to which the messenger replied: "His majesty embraced me and kissed me." Mr. Croker asked: "How did the king kiss you?" "On both cheeks," replied the messenger, upon which Mr. Croker emphatically exclaimed: "My Lord, it is true; his news is genuine." And so in truth it proved.—*The Croker Papers—Jennings.*

The Right Rev. Dr. McLagan, Bishop of Lichfield, has horrified society by a slashing sermon on the immorality which he said pervaded all classes in England. In the dwellings of the poor a most discreditable state of affairs was found, and the tide of morality was at its lowest ebb. This was largely due to the overcrowding of tenements, but vice was rampant where this excuse did not exist. In very high society in London impurity was not frowned down, but winked at and even cajoled. The Bishop entreated his clergymen to combat and suppress, as far as in them lay, this growing evil of veiled licentiousness and to raise the tone of public and private morality. He urged them to discourage in every way that their calling gave them warrant for doing the admission into Christian homes of men who are known to be living immorally, but are often welcomed there in consequence of the laxity of social usages.