

THE NAMES OF THE DEAD.

We're Irish: they said we'd not fight
For the Queen. Was that right?
Ask for the names of the women who cried
For the heroes who charged to the cannon and
died—
Go ask for the names of the dead.

Our brothers are dead in the Transvaal—
English and Scotchmen—and is that all
Who died that the whole world might know
That watered by blood the Empire would grow?
Go ask for the names of the dead.

We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!
We've fought with the Boers—who curs'd her!
And we're Britons! We're true to the flag!
When the fighting was on did one of us lag?
Go ask for the names of the dead.

English and Scotchmen, and Irish—all Britons
yet;
When we fail, there'll be rooms in the Empire to
let.

We have wrongs! we are poor—God knows! but
we'll wait
Like Fusiliers, nor traitors, we'll fight against
fate.
Go look at the names of the dead.

We'll pray for the names of the honored dead;
We'll drink to the Empire their dying has made;
It's their blood and our blood the banner has
stained;
It's their land and our land the dying has gained.
Go pray for the souls of the dead.
—W. A. Fraser.

The Gordon Highlanders.

The reports from the seat of war in South Africa show that the Gordon Highlanders, the first battalion of the 75th Regiment, the men whose dash and bravery have made them conspicuous in many campaigns have again disregarded danger, and added more glory to their brilliant record. In the engagement before Glencoe they advanced with ringing, rousing cheers, and, according to the accounts received from there, "fell like an avalanche against the enemy, and swept over the kopjes, bayoneting the broken enemy in all directions."

The name of Gordon has for centuries been associated with gallantry and strife, and in the days of the border feuds it was said of them:—

The Gordons gude in English blue,
They dipper their hose and shoon.

The Gordon of today has no battle cry like "Byand", which his ancestors shouted lustily, but he is still a "Gordon gude," and fights like the early members of the band who neither gave nor asked for quarter.

It is less than two years since the Gordon Highlanders attracted the attention of the whole reading world by their dash and valour and the story of the storming of Dargai ridge will never be told without reference to the heroism of the Highlanders. It was in this engagement that, when ordered to the front by General Kempster, Colonel Mathias rapidly formed his men and said:—

"Men of the Gordon Highlanders! Our General says that position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"

The officers sprang into the open, the pipers struck up "Cock of the North," and with a shout the leading company of the kilted men were in the fire zone. Among the first to show the way across the deadly strip of ground which was being churned by the bullets of the enemy was Piper Findlater animating his comrades with the stirring, familiar strains, and "Cock of the North" could be heard above the rattle of the musketry until a shot through both legs laid him low. Even then the piper would not give up, but, propped against a boulder, he continued to play. At one time it seemed that the Gordon Highlanders would be annihilated, but men sprang into the depleted ranks, and with a cheer the mixed troops, led by the Highlanders, streamed on, and the enemy seeing that their barriers had been swept away, left their rock batteries and fled. But it was a bloody victory, and the Gordon Highlanders suffered most.

The origin of the organization has been traced to the Duke of Gordon, who, with the assistance of his mother, raised the regiment. This was in 1794. The Duchess rode over the lands of her possessions dressed in striking Highland costume, and called upon the young men to enlist. She went to the county fairs and, according to an account of the organization, "she placed a shilling between her lips, inviting the 'gallants' to advance."

A regiment over one thousand strong paraded at Aberdeen in June, 1794, and when the men passed through London they were inspected by King George. That year the regiment received its colours at Gibraltar. Four years later they helped to quell the rebellion in Ireland, and then they were sent to Holland, where they did effective work. It was there that the Gordons conquered Egmont-op-Zee, and won a battle in which both sides use only the bayonet.

THE SPHYNX EMBLEM WON IN EGYPT.

Their next duty was in Egypt, where, on the bloody field of Mandora, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, they received the sphinx emblem on their standard and the word "Egypt."

They attracted much attention at the funeral of Nelson, after Trafalgar, and they lined the streets of London again at the Queen's jubilee.

They were praised repeatedly by Wellington, and their colours bear the names of nearly all the Peninsular battles. At Corunna six Gordon Highlanders carried Sir John Moore off the field, and the officers of the regiment wear black cord on the collars of

their tunics to this day in memory of that fatal field.

At Quatre Bras the Gordons lost their gallant Colonel Cameron, and at Waterloo they were in a great measure responsible for the defeat of the French. Their valour at that time was the subject of many pictures, and the Gordon Highlander was looked upon as a conspicuous hero in that memorable encounter. The Highlanders were cut down to two hundred men by the murderous fire, but they charged in their old style a French column of more than two thousand men. As they broke into it the Scots Greys, a famous Scottish cavalry regiment, dashed up to their support. The Gordons grasped the manes and the stirrups of the charging cavalry, and were dragged into the midst of their enemies, shouting the cry, "Scotland forever!" and by this charge the French column was completely broken up and scattered. The brotherly feeling which began on the field of battle at that time still exists between the two organizations, and the Gordons are known in the English army as the "Scots Greys' wives."

After the Peninsular the regiment served in Jamaica, where many officers and men died of yellow fever. They arrived at the front in the Crimea the day after Sebastopol fell, the Russians, the wags said at that time, having heard that the Gordons were coming.

They saw no war service after that until 1878, when they took part in the Afghan war. They lost many men in the battles of Cabul and Kandahar and it was in this campaign that Major—now General Sir George—White, and Captain—now Lieutenant-Colonel—"Dick" Conyngham won the Victoria Cross. In 1881 the regiment lost many members on Majuba hill, and after that the Gordons became the first battalion of the 75th Regiment.

THE RECORD OF THE 75TH.

The 75th Regiment was raised originally in 1787, as the 75th Stirlingshire Regiment of Highlanders. The men wore the kilt for twenty years, but, owing to the lack of Scottish recruits, they reverted to the ordinary dress of the infantry of the line. However, they retained evidence of their Scottish origin by wearing a diced glengarry. Distinguishing themselves at Mysore and Seringapatam, the 75th began their glorious record. Buffeted about as they were, and afterward attached to the Dorsetshire Regiment, they served in every part of the Empire. In the Indian mutiny three of their numbers gained the Victoria Cross, and before Delhi so great was the slaughter that the 75th was led to the assault by a sergeant and a corporal. Taking part in the relief of Lucknow, they covered themselves with glory before the walls of that beleaguered town, and by their gallantry through the Mutiny won for their colours "Delhi," "Lucknow," and the Royal Tiger, superscribed "India." In 1881, when the short service system came into vogue, the 75th once more donned the kilt, and was the first regiment to land in Egypt, taking part in the charge of the Highland brigade at Tel-el-Kebir. They served with brilliancy—particularly at El Teb and Tamai—throughout the Soudan campaign and the Nile expedition of 1884-'85. Moving to Ceylon, the 75th were soon again in India. They served with distinction in the Chitral campaign, taking Makand pass with brilliant charge, and proved at Dargai K. that a Gordon is as good as a Gordon.

The flag of the Gordon Highlanders bears the following inscriptions—The Sphinx, superscribed "Egypt"; the Royal Tiger, superscribed "India"; "Mysore," "Seringapatam," "Egmont-op-Zee," "Mandora," "Corunna," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Aluaraz," "Victoria," "Pyrenees," "Nive," "Orthes," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1885," "Delhi," "Lucknow," "Charasiab," "Kabul, 1879"; "Kandahar, 1880"; "Afghanistan, 1878-'80"; "Egypt, 1882-'84"; "Tel-el-Kebir," "Nile, 1884-'85"; and "Chitral."

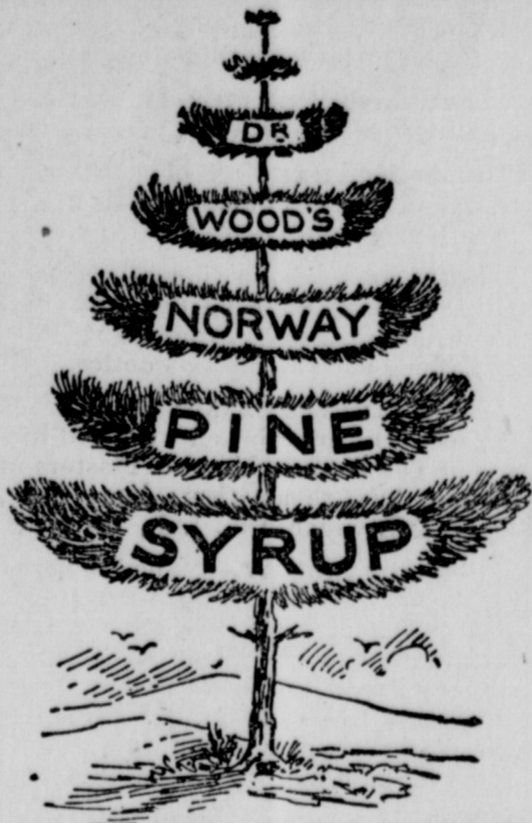
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The Choice of the Red Beggar Man.

In times gone, in Ireland, the Protestant minister collected tithes in the harvest, while the Catholic priest got his stipends at Christmas. Father Edward and Rev. Sandy Montgomery were one day riding together,



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in their usual friendly way, through Inver, and bantering each other about their callings. "Here's the bacach ruadh," said Father Edward, "let us have his opinion. The bacach ruadh (or red beggar man) was an arrant knave too clever to work while he could live upon the fat of the land without."

"Jamie," said Father Edward to him, "if you had a son, would you sooner make a priest or a minister of him? 'If I had a son, your reverences, I should make him a minister in the harvest and a priest at Christmas.'"

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The Jest of the Rain-Soaked Navy.

Two navvies, ill clad, dirt covered, rain-soaked, got possession of a heavenly nook between two high stone walls while an extra heavy sleet shower prevailed. They had "hunkered" low, and were watching the smoke wreaths mount from their pipes. "I'm toul," said one of them, breaking a reverie, "I'm toul, Jamie, that the King of Jarminy niver smokes." Both regarded the wreaths again for a minute in silence. "Poor man! I wouldn't like to be him, Larry—would you?"

Betty Haran of Thrummon was a very pious old Methodist. Father Dan often dropped into Betty's for a gossip. "Betty," said Father Dan, "I always find you stuck in your Bible. Now, tell me truly, do you understand it all?" "Of course I do," indignantly. "Well, well I've been studying it all my life, and I don't understand it all." "And if yer reverence is a blockhead, I can think every wan else like yerself!"

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Dated at Woodstock, 25th Sept., 1899.
FRANCES M. KEARNEY,
Administratrix.