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OLD ENGLAND'S HEROES.

Come, boys, let us tell of the heroes
Who have fought and died to die,
For St. George and Merry England,
In the brave days long gone by.
Who have won their country's glory,
And made the foe-men flee.
The patriot, prince and soldier,
The meek and bold and free.

CHORUS.
Tell how England won her glory,
Tell how England won her fame,
We'll sing aloud, for we are proud,
Proud of our English name.

How the Black Prince won at Cressy,
And King Henry at Agincourt;
How Sidney fell right nobly,
And Matherly bravely fought.

How Walter at Quebec died happy,
And of Clive on Plassey's plain;
Of the Iron Duke the hero
Of many a long campaign.

CHORUS.
And tell of the grand old Sea Dogs
In good Queen Bess's reign,
When Howard, Drake, and Hawkins
Beat back the pride of Spain.
And tell how, when Spain was humbled,
The Dutchman thought to win,
And then the Frenchman swaggered,
But we made them both give in.

CHORUS.
In the hour of our danger,
O brave true Sons of England,
We never shall tire to tell
And as we recall the story
Of victory bravely won,
Let us try to add to the record
Of duty nobly done.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

THE RACE OF HEROES NOT YET DEAD.

Major Wilson and His Men—Thrilling Account of the Glorious Stand at Shangani.

A few weeks ago, in St. James's Hall, London, Eng., before a large and distinguished audience, General Digby Willoughby, a leading authority on South Africa, delivered an eloquent lecture on the Matabele war. The announcement that the proceeds would be devoted to the swelling of the funds for a memorial to the slain at Bulawayo, naturally aroused wide interest.

General Willoughby is an old campaigner in South Africa. During the Zulu and Basuto wars his corps, known as Willoughby's Horse, did grand work. As soon as the Matabele war broke out the general left England to take part in it, and although the back of the campaign was broken before he reached the front, yet he succeeded in joining the chartered company's forces and doing good work. His lecture, described as a noteworthy effort, full of vivid descriptions of the country and its peoples, is of the deepest interest to Englishmen wherever they may be found, because of the graphic account of the glorious incident of the Shangani and the gallant stand made by Major Wilson and his men. The information contained in it is based, the lecturer explained, on the narratives of native eye-witnesses:

"It is difficult," he said, "for me to speak upon that subject without emotion. If by chance there be anyone here to-night, a father or a mother of those brave men, we stretch out our hands to them across this great hall, and in the name of our Gracious Queen, and in the name of England, we thank them for the unselfish gift of their noble sons, for when you and I have long been forgotten, when our sons, and our son's sons have long since passed to their rest, the deed that was wrought by the Shangani River will be as green in the memory of the nation as it is to-day. Their lives

have not been given in vain. Little children shall hear the story at their mother's breast; young men shall go forth into the world nobler and purer for that perfect example; old men shall lean upon it in the twilight of their lives; and when the last hour comes meet the dread angel with a calmer face. It had been possible for them to escape; but two of their horses had been shot on the previous day, and the choice remained with them either of leaving their dismantled comrades to perish, or standing together and fighting out the last fight side by side.

"And how can a man die better than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers and the temples
Of his gods."

"Yellow country-men! Those men were Englishmen. In our hearts we know that not for one moment did they hesitate. They were warmed about them, thirsting for their blood; the hope of succour had gone by; surrender or death was offered to them. They were utterly alone. At that supreme moment they held as it were the honour of England in the palm of their hands. Never in the history of our nation has the last call been made in vain. Never in the history of our nation was it answered more readily, more unselfishly than now, in a lovely land full of all that makes life beautiful."

"The Matabele, however, should have been told that the British soldiers were not only brave but also brave. As they had done long years ago in the football fields at home. Many of them were public school boys, all of them were young. The world was still before them with its hopes and its ambitions. It was very hard to die; still not a man flinched, not a complaint was heard. The thoughts of many must have gone back to some quiet English village, to a sweet face moving here and there among the well-known rooms to the voice of her who had borne him he should never hear again. But his duty was calling to him louder still. Fight now as you never fought before; die as your fathers have died; uphold before the world the honour of your country and your Queen, untarnished. Then will the dear face of her you love shine with a new light through her tears, the grey head be proudly raised, the whispered 'Thank God' ascend to heaven. Grimly, like the heroes they were, they struggled against the overwhelming odds; kneeling down and using their dead horses as bulwarks, they poured volley after volley into the dark masses of the enemy. But the end was near. First one man and then another fell forward mortally wounded on the field, then the ranks closed up and the fight went on. At last the cartridges gave out, and they drew their revolvers; the enemy crept closer, and the gallant little band became, but a handful of men. Then it was that, with one instinct, those who were left standing and those who, mortally wounded, had strength to move their lips in the agony of death, sang with uncovered heads, 'God Save the Queen.' And the hopeless struggle still went on, for to them there was no such word as surrender. Then the Matabele rushed in to assault the wounded, and it has been told me by these savages with bated breath that as they did so some few white men were leaning on their elbows writing to their friends. Ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible for my feeble words to convey to you all the spectacle of that heroic deed, a deed which has added to the British Crown a jewel which not all the gold of Matabeleland, nor the diamonds of Kimberley, nor the wealth of the whole world can buy. What a stand they made! When can their glory fade? I can picture to myself how they must have felt in their hour of need. 'Our last hour has come. We have but one thing to do, and that is to die like Englishmen.' And what did they do? They thought not of themselves. A hurried prayer, perhaps, for fond ones left behind. A happy thought that England would be proud of them. What did they do? I say. They thought of their Queen and their country, and in that awful moment, with their heads uncovered, they sang 'God Save the Queen.' (The natives described the anthem for they had heard it sung at the mission stations.) In the annals of history this episode is unique, for never has there been a fight where there has not been one man left to tell the tale. As they sang 'God

Save the Queen,' as they paid their homage to one whom all Englishmen love and revere, as it were with their parting breath, they thought of home and their country, and as one and all, wounded and dying, sang out 'God Save our Gracious Queen,' the natives were silent with admiration; and whilst they sang that national hymn, of which we are all so proud, they ceased from firing, and then came the shout from one of that little band, 'Let one of us be saved to tell the tale, and the natives cried, 'Which one?' And the answer came back with a ringing cheer, 'No one but the last one; and then the volleys of shot came thick and quick. As the horses died, so they found a shelter behind them. But what was a noble 34 against so many? It was only a question of time, and as the fire from the enemy increased, so the fire from Wilson's party slackened, but still they fought like men and heroes. What time the leaders fell we know not. Whether the 'brute' could think for the rest earlier or later in the conduct we know not, but dear, brave fellows! This I know—for I saw it with my own eyes—that the brute bullet had broken through the brain of each of them. The man that was wounded loaded the rifle for his comrade who was still afoot, and in that way they tried to increase the fire, but the best of every man must come to an end. At last, however, one of them fell and lay motionless on the ground. He had been shot in the head, and he had picked up a rifle and the revolver, he left that hallowed circle, and went 25 yards away on to an ant heap, so that he might get a better chance at his foes. As he passed from that circle to the ant heap he was shot through the spine, and fell there on his face in front of the enemy, and England will glory in the deed. He said to himself, 'While there is life there is hope. I can only avenge my dead comrades, and fire, and although wounded and sick unto death he fired every round that he had which was in the bandoliers. After they were finished, the enemy, thinking that the fire had slackened, made a rush on to that ant heap; but he was not to be daunted. With a revolver in each hand, he tried to sweep and work them with the same effect as a Maxim would have done, and in this way two desperate charges were stopped, and then no doubt from loss of blood, he was shot through the head. The enemy rushed in and took the place that was still—only still because of them that were dead, only alive now because they are living, and it is because of this picture that Mr. Rhodes, knowing what these gallant men have done, has, out of his own pocket, subscribed \$100,000 for an obelisk, 105 feet high, and a chapel that is to be consecrated round the ruins of Zimbabwe. It is here that these men will be buried, and the obelisk that is not a granite monument of the dead, but simply a loving memory of the living. You can fancy as they fought there, and before they fought that last fight, they had written home to their friends and told them of what they had done, and can I, in a moment like this, say grander words than those of an anonymous poet:

There they lie,
Somebody is waiting and watching for them,
Yearning to lift them to their hearts—
There they lie,
With their pale eyes dimmed and their beautiful lips apart,
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on their graves a tear,
Carve on this stone above their heads—
Britain's heroes lie buried here."

At the conclusion a vote of thanks was very heartily accorded the lecturer, on the proposition of the Duke of Fife.

An analysis of the 13,000 signatures in the visitors' book at Shakespeare's birth place, for the year ending March 1894, shows that 38 different nationalities were represented. England and Wales contributed 10,770 of these pilgrims, America, 1,662, Scotland 296, Ireland 203, Germany 103, Canada 93, Australia 87, India 67, Africa 43, France 33, New Zealand 30, four each came from Japan, Java and Portugal, two from China and Egypt, and one from Denmark.

Two New Lodges in N. B.

ST. JOHN CITY AND MONCTON ADDED TO THE ROLL.

The visit of the Supreme Grand Lodge Officers to the Province of New Brunswick was marked with grand success. That painstaking and ever ready officer, A. D. Thomas, Provincial District Deputy, had done a great deal of pioneer work towards establishing the lodges. The methods adopted, to get the Order known, by Bro. Thomas, are the judicious distribution of aims and objects and copies of the ANGLO-SAXON. Well done, New Brunswick.

MARLBOROUGH, NO. 207.

Supreme Grand President Hancock, and Supreme Vice President Clatworthy, assisted by Bro. A. D. Thomas, District Deputy for New Brunswick, instituted a lodge in Gordon Division Hall, King street, St. John, on Monday evening, the 12th inst. The percentage eligible for membership is already being predicted that this will be the banner lodge in the Maritime Provinces.

The officers elected and installed are as follows:—
W. Hillman, President; W. Watson, Past-President; J. C. Cliff, Vice-President; C. T. Hill, Chaplain; C. Ledford, Secretary; Tremaine Ford, Treasurer; Chas. Calbert, Robert Wood, Committee; L. Thoroughgood, Inner Guard; Dr. Addy, Surgeon.

A special meeting will be called at an early date to initiate those who were unable to attend on Monday evening. Marlborough Lodge, No. 207, will meet twice a month in Gordon Hall, King street, on the 2nd and 4th Wednesday. The supreme grand officers left St. John by the afternoon train for Moncton on Tuesday afternoon to institute a lodge in that city on that evening, the credit for the organization of which is due to Mr. George H. Pick, of the Intercolonial railroad works, but formerly of Fredericton.

SHAFESBURY LODGE, NO. 208.

Shaftesbury Lodge, No. 208, Sons of England Benevolent Society, was instituted at Moncton, N.B., on Tuesday evening, Aug. 21st, by Supreme Grand President Bro. W. Hancock and Supreme Grand Vice President Bro. Geo. Clatworthy. The officers elected and installed are as follows:—
George H. Pick, President; C. T. Nevins, Past-President; W. Harry Watts, Vice-President; W. Harry Norton, Secretary; W. Fred Sears, Treasurer; E. Bartram Hooper, Chaplain; O. J. McCully, Surgeon; Messrs. Knight and Clegg, Committee; W. Murphy, Inner Guard; L. Irvine, Outer Guard.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A number of subscribers of the ANGLO-SAXON have recently received statements of account for subscription in arrears, in many cases extending over several years. All subscriptions are due in advance, and this is not the first reminder of indebtedness that some of our patrons have received, and we trust those concerned will respond promptly to the natural suggestion of propriety under the circumstances. The accumulation of these small accounts in our subscription department represents a very considerable sum in the aggregate, which would be very useful, in these hard times, to the publishers. As the amounts are due and earned, they ought to be in our possession. We trust that no further prompting will be necessary to ensure the earliest convenient settlement in each case.

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No. 3.—You think of trying Mr. Scissors, but AFTER-THOUGHT tells you your last suit he made did not fit, and cost too much.

No. 4.—You think to examine one of OUR READY-TO-WEAR SUITS. You have seen them on your best dressed friends, and they told you they saved from 2 to 7 dollars in price and have better satisfaction.

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