

MILITARY BALLADS.

IX.

DANNY DEEVER.

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
 "To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear
 the Dead March play,
 The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin'
 him to-day;
 They've taken all his buttons off an' cut his
 stripes away,
 An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin'
 in' of 'im round,
 They 'ave 'altd Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the
 ground;
 An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin'
 shootin' hound—
 O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"'Is cot was right—and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark
 'im to 'is place,
 For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look
 'im in the face;
 Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's dis-
 grace,
 While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
 mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can
 'ear the quickstep play,
 The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us
 away;
 Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll
 want their beer to-day,
 After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Mr. John Robert Taylor, C. B., F.R.C.S., Inspector-General of Hospitals, Army Medical Department, who died the other day, went in 1838 to Canada, where he had charge of the wounded after the fight at Point-au-Pelé. Up to 1839 he served at Chambly with the 1st Dragoon Guards and 15th Regiment, who were in garrison there. In 1842 he joined the 29th Regiment in India as a surgeon, and he served with it in the Sutlej Campaign, 1845-46, including the actions of Ferozeshah and Sobraon, where the losses of the regiment were extremely heavy, being nearly one in four of the officers and men engaged. In recognition of the "able and kind services" rendered by him in these actions, he received a presentation of plate from the wounded officers under his care. In 1848 he exchanged into the 80th Regiment, and served with it in the campaign in Burma, including the affairs of Martaban, Rangoon, and captures of the Great Dragon Pagoda, and of Prome. With this regiment he returned to England in 1854, and was gazetted first-class staff-surgeon, and appointed principal medical officer at Chatham. In March, 1855, he was ordered to the Crimea, where he joined the third division of the Army, under Lord Raglan. He was present with his division in the assault of June 18 and in the taking of Sebastopol on September 8. He was principal medical officer at Fort Pitt, Chatham, until 1861, when he proceeded in the same capacity to the Cape, being also commissioned to inquire into and report upon a scheme which the Government had in view for establishing a sanatorium there. His report was adverse to the scheme. In 1862 he returned to England, and was appointed principal medical officer at Aldershot, where he remained until his retirement in 1863.

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Herr von Mannlicher has invented a more deadly rifle than that for which he is famous. It has successfully passed some remarkable trials, and the general opinion seems to be that as a death-dealing instrument it is terribly effective. But, from a military point of view, there is one thing that we are much more in need of than a new rifle, and that is a new and more effective means of maintaining the supply of ammunition on the battle-field. The nation that discovers how to do this will do better even with inferior weapons than the nation that has not made the discovery, though its weapons be possibly perfection itself.—*Invention*.

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Among the outcasts who have drifted into Dr. Bernardo's Homes for Destitute Children, London, is a Soudanese lad, who was cast adrift from a vessel at Liverpool. This lad, whose photograph and *fac simile* Arabic signature accompany his story, gives through an interpreter some interesting recollections of Khartoum, where he was when General Gordon was killed. He states that he saw General Gordon's head "placed in a net, covered with some kind of spirits to preserve it, and fastened to the top of a long pole."

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Revolvers are about to be issued to drivers of British Horse and Field Artillery, and commanding officers have been directed to see that the men are instructed in their use.

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In 1857 Napoleon III. caused a medal to be struck in honor of the veterans of the first republic and the first empire. It was called the St. Helena medal, and was only conferred on those old soldiers who had served under French colors between 1792 and 1815, and for a period of at least two years. In the year 1869 this decoration was in the possession of no less than 43,502 veterans, and now, according to "The German Military Wochenblatt," the total has dwindled to—13. In 1877 the number had sunk to 10,540; in 1880 there were 4,024 survivors, and in 1890 only 48 worn-out old men remained to answer to any mortal roll-call. Of the thirteen veterans who are yet with us—men who have actually seen "le petit Corporal" face to face—the youngest was born in 1800, and the eldest on July 28, 1786; he is therefore 106 years old. He lives in a hospital for veterans at Lyons. He served with Napoleon in Egypt, and marched with him over the Great St. Bernard. He took part in the Peninsular war, and the fatal retreat from Moscow. Five times wounded in Russia, he carries one of the bullets in his body still. His battles and bruises ended at Waterloo, where he served with the Imperial Guard.