Now began one of the most difficult operations in the face of an enemy—a retirement. The Canadians had assigned to them the most difficult part of that difficult manoeuvre—

THE COVERING OF THE RETIREMENT

of the rest of the force. Under the steady fire of our men the Imperial Mounted Infantry quietly withdrew, and then equally quietly our men went after them, followed all the way by the enemy's shells, until finally, and without the smallest tide of hurry or disorder, all were across the bridge safely. Meanwhile, a couple of our fifteen pounders had taken up a position on the south side of the river and they kept the Boers from following us too closely. As our men withdrew, I could very clearly see from my position a swarm of mounted Boers come riding over the ridge that our men had so recently occupied. If they had had any real determination in them they could have followed up our men and have made things pretty warm for them. But the two guns on the south side of the river just dropped three shells among them, and that was enough—they simply turned and bolted for all they were worth.

The brigade retired across the bridge to the south side of the river at about noon, and after a short halt, they began their march westward, following the route previously taken by French's division. They followed the south bank of the river for about six miles to another crossing. Here we met part of Gen. Hamilton's division, and heard for the first time of the part that they had taken in the same Klip River fight in which we had acted as part of the left wing of the army. We heard of the heavy casualties sustained by the Gordons, and of the lighter casualties of our first contingent, all of which you will have had described to you by your correspondent with the contingent.

The good fortune of our Mounted Rifles did not desert them on the two days of the Klip River fight. In spite of the fact that they were under heavy shell and pom-pom fire for many hours during the two days, their total casualties were only three men wounded. The first day Trooper Grey was slightly wounded on the wrist by a piece of shell. The second day Private Dore was also slightly; and Corporal Stevens was severely wounded. All belonged to D Squadron. Corporal Stevens was acting as orderly to Col. Alderson, and when he was hit he was riding along, carrying an order. He was struck in the back, but he did not fall from his horse, sticking to it pluckily until he had been carried out of danger. At first it was thought that he could not recover, but Dr. Devine tells me that he is now doing well, and is out of danger. The wounded were taken to the gaol, which was converted into a hospital, and Dr. Devine stayed behind for a day to attend to the patients. Very few regiments escaped as easily as ours, and as there were a good many wounded men left at the hospital, Father Sinnett, chaplain to the Second Battalion, officiated at the funeral of a poor New Zealander, who was killed the first day. He was a Roman Catholic, and I believe Father Sinnett was the only chaplain of that faith on the field.

BOER SHELLS NO GOOD.

Once more, as in our former fights, the most striking feature was the extraordinary harmlessness of the Boers' shells. For hours the whole of Hutton's brigade was under heavy fire from big guns, small guns and pom-poms, and yet the casualties to the whole brigade, resulting from this fire might have been counted on the fingers of your two hands. How was it? Good luck had something to do with it, there is no doubt. Several of our men had their horses killed under them, while they themselves remained unhurt. Capt. Bliss, who is in charge of our Maxims, had a notable experience of this kind. A shell fell among the mules drawing one of his guns, and made something like mincemeat of two of them, leaving gun and men absolutely untouched! Stories of men who had shells burst within a few yards of them, covering them with dust, or killing or wounding their horses, while they themselves escaped without the least injury, are so numerous that one gets quite tired of hearing them. These incidents are examples of sheer good luck. But where shells fell so thickly as they did at the Klip River the immunity from injury of our men must be accounted for by something more than this. The real truth appears to be that the Boer shells do not burst well. A large proportion of them simply bore their way into the ground, throw up a big cloud of dust, and never burst at all. In such cases the worst that a man suffers is that he gets his clothes dirty. When the shells do burst they do not break up and scatter properly. Thus, it would appear, that the Boers' shells are badly made, and badly charged. It is probable that the missiles they are now using were made at the Johannesburg shell factory, and from lack of experience, as well as lack of good materials, it is only natural that these shells should not be very well made. On the other hand, it is wonderful what good shooting the Boers do. Their artillery is handled with the skill of the best trained regular soldier. Again and again I saw them, at Klip River, find the range at the second or third shot, and pour shell after shell right into the midst of the men they were aiming at. They handle their guns quickly, aim them well, and the way they move them away when they retreat or change positions, is a marvel to the best of our own artillerists. In a word, if their shells were as good as their guns and their gunners, it would be a very different story that I should be telling about the casualties among our troops.

On the 30th our column continued its march in a northwesterly direction, and at night went into camp at a small place called Driefontein, about nine miles west of Johannesburg. All that day we must have been well in the left flank of the main column under Lord Roberts, and probably somewhat in advance of him. Our First Battalion had a very hard day of it. They were in the advance, and they chased the Boer convoy for many miles to within, they declare, 15 miles of Pretoria. Their long, hard ride was not without results, for they captured several Boer wagons and took nearly 30 prisoners, with a quantity of arms and ammunition. Lieutenant Borden and his troop were out all night, being unable to rejoin the squadron. Nobody was injured, though there was some anxiety in camp for Borden's troop till they were seen quietly riding in the next morning. This was the day that the Queenslanders, with Colonel Pilcher's corps, captured the big gun from the Boers. It was brought into our camp, and nearly everyone went to see it, for they felt like visiting an old friend, as there is no doubt that it was the gun that bombarded our men so persistently at Klip River.

The next day, the 31st, the whole column rested. During the day the contents of the captured wagons were distributed among the officers and men of the brigade. The wagons were laden with good things, such as new clothes, blankets, rugs, boots and shoes, hats, etc., and there is no doubt that these goods were the result of some pretty extensive commandeering among the stores of Johannesburg before the burghers bolted from that city. Many of our men were great swells that day as regards one article of their apparel, at least.

ENTRY INTO JOHANNESBURG.

While we were resting in camp at Driefontein, Lord Roberts's army was marching through Johannesburg. The city was formally surrendered at 10 a. m., and in the early afternoon a few of us rode in.

I rode into the city from one side just as the first of Lord Roberts's troops were entering it from another. My first impression was that it was like a city stricken with the plague. The streets were practically deserted, houses were empty and closed up on every hand, and when we reached the main business thoroughfares we found the shop windows boarded up, and not one place in a hundred open for business. Street after street that I rode through was deserted and silent. It was worse than Toronto on a Sunday in the old days—infinitely worse! Just think!

When I reached Pritchard street—the St. James street of Johannesburg—I found the British troops silently, and without the smallest trace of enthusiasm or interest, marching along. Regiment after regiment of infantry, battery after battery of artillery, squadron after squadron of cavalry, came streaming along for hours, and for all the interest they showed they might just as well have been tramping along across the dusty veldt, a hundred miles from anywhere, as they have done day after day for so many weeks now. Lining the sidewalks on either side of the street were a thin line of the citizens of Johannesburg, all equally as calm and as indifferent as the troops. Johannesburg—the source of all the trouble—the first cause of the greatest campaign that our Empire has been engaged in for generations—was being occupied by our troops, and there was not one trace of enthusiasm, of interest or excitement of any kind; not so much as you would see in Montreal at a parade of the Victoria Rifles. It was more like a huge funeral procession than a triumphal march through a conquered city.

I was not there to see for myself, but I am told that at the saluting point, where Lord Roberts took up his position, there was some display of enthusiasm. It is probable that this was where most of the citizens congregated, and that at this point the affair was not quite so tame as throughout the rest of the long line of march through the deserted streets of the city.

ON TO PRETORIA.

Many of our men were disappointed that our brigade did not take part in the march through Johannesburg. On the following Saturday, however, we halted again for a day about ten miles north of the city, and nearly everybody had a chance of visiting it. A good many took advantage of the opportunity.

On the march northward from Johannesburg, our column continued to act on the left flank. Gen. Hutton's brigade came in for no fighting whatever as far as Pretoria. French's cavalry, who were in the advance, caught up the Boers' rear guard on Monday, 4th, in some very rough country. There was a good deal of shelling, which we could distinctly hear, and we learned subsequently that the cavalry captured several Boer transport wagons, and inflicted serious loss.

Beyond some exceptionally hard work crossing the Crocodile river, and among the steep hills of the country west of Pretoria, nothing unusual occurred till we marched through that city, on Wednesday, June 6. The city, we heard, had been occupied the previous day by Lord Roberts with scarcely any opposition whatever. When we marched through from the west side, everything looked as quiet, as orderly, and as peaceful as if our troops had been in occupation for months instead of only a few hours.

Pretoria, the much-talked-of capital of the South African Republic, the boasted stronghold of Boer power, the city of impregnable forts, we found to be an ass in a lion's skin. One well placed shell from a British naval gun pretty nearly demolished one of the strongest of the mighty forts. Two millions and a half sterling of Uitlanders' money had been expended in vain, and when the hour for turning it to some practical account came, when the long-looked-for enemy approached, the two millions and a half worth of forts were abandoned as if they were not worth a Kruger penny. Did I say the two millions and a half had been expended in vain? There, perhaps, I erred. Probably the forts had served their purpose—some Hollander officials, some German contractor, possibly know the reason why.

The purpose of these mighty forts, at any rate, was apparently not to defend the seat of Oom Paul's government, the centre of the Transvaal railway system, the wholesale depot of Dutch intrigue throughout South Africa.

No; surrounded by its two millions and a half pounds' worth of Jerry forts, Pretoria proved to be nothing but an ass in a lion's skin!

H. S. WHITE.

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

(Brooklyn Life.)

She—I wish I could be as contented as you!

He—Oh! I ain't contented—only I don't think it's wuth while to worry about it!

SUDDEN DEATH

Of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha,

Second Son of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

Better Known to the British World as the Duke of Edinburgh—The Duke of Albany, the Queen's Grandson, Heir to the Throne.

COBURG, July 31.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who died at ten o'clock last evening at Rosenau Castle, from paralysis of the heart, by his sudden demise escaped a painful, lingering end. Recently at a consultation of specialists in Vienna it was discovered that there was a cancerous growth at the root of his tongue. At the desire of the Duchess and other members of the family who were aware of the nature of his disease, the Duke took up his residence at Rosenau. His Royal Highness was unaware of the real state of his health and hoped that he would recover until Friday last, when his condition became such as to preclude hope. Saturday and Sunday he suffered such violent attacks of suffocation that arrangements were made for performing the operation of tracheotomy. Finally the Duke died without having suffered severe pains. During the minority of his heir, the Duke of Albany, the government of the Duchy will be conducted by the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, the guardian of the young Duke.

LONDON, July 31.—The funeral of the late Duke will be held at Coburg on Friday, Aug. 3. On that occasion the Prince of Wales will represent Queen Victoria. He will be accompanied to Coburg by either his son, the Duke of York, or his brother, the Duke of Connaught.

BERLIN, July 31.—The body of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha will be conveyed tomorrow to the Maurice church at Coburg, where it will lie in state.

The new duke, who on July 19th, was appointed a lieutenant in the Prussian army, and who for some time has been receiving a military education in Potsdam, is for the moment the guest of King Oscar of Sweden. He is expected to arrive here tomorrow. He will not attain his majority until 1905, and by the Coburg law, passed in 1898, Hereditary Prince Ernest Von Hohenlohe-Langenburg, son-in-law of the late Duke, becomes the regent.

The German press again discusses the undesirability of allowing a German sovereign state to become an English heirloom, passing from hand to hand.

It is rumored here in political circles that the death of Duke Alfred was due to intemperance, it being town talk in Coburg that he was habitually carried to his bed at night sodden with liquor.

H. R. H. Alfred Ernest Albert, the second son of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness the late Prince Albert, was born at Windsor Castle, August 6th, 1844.

His early education was entrusted to the Rev. H. M. Birch; from 1852 to F. W. Gibbs, C. B.; and in 1856 the Prince was placed under the special care of Major Colwell, R. E., and spent the winter of 1856-7 at Genoa, studying modern languages. Having decided upon joining the naval service, the Prince was placed under the Rev. W. R. Jolly at Averbank, near Gosport, where he pursued the preparatory studies for his profession during the summer of 1858. He entered the service after a strict and searching examination, Aug. 31, 1858, was appointed a naval cadet and joined Her Majesty's screw frigate Euryalus, 51 guns, Captain John Walter Tarleton, C. B. After a leave of absence for a few weeks, Prince Alfred joined his ship for active sea service, Oct. 27, 1858. He served in the St. George on various foreign stations, visited many of the countries on the shores of the Mediterranean, and extended his travels to Canada and the West Indies.

In December, 1862, he declined the offer made to him of the throne of Greece. In February, 1866, parliament granted the Prince £15,000 a year, payable from the day on which he attained his majority, with an additional £10,000 on his marriage. He was created Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent and Earl of Ulster in the peerage of the United Kingdom, May 24, 1866, and took his seat in the House of Lords June 6th of that year. His Royal Highness was sworn in Master of the Trinity House, March 21, 1866, and received the freedom of the City of London June 8th.

Early in 1867 the Duke was appointed to the command of the frigate Galatea, after which he visited nearly every country in the world, proceeding first to Australia, where he met with an enthusiastic reception.

An attempt was made by an Irishman named O'Farrell to assassinate the Prince at a picnic held at Clontarf, near Port Jackson, New South Wales, March 12, 1868. The Prince was, however, only slightly wounded in the back by a pistol shot. O'Farrell was tried, found guilty and executed.

In this connection it may be remarked that the Duke of Edinburgh and King Humbert I of Italy, who perished by an assassin's bullet a few days ago, were born in the same year, 1844, the King of Italy in March, the Duke five months later.

His royal highness subsequently visited Japan (where he was received both publicly and privately by the Mikado), China and India. In 1873 he went to Italy and had an audience with the Pope in Rome.

On January 23, 1874, his marriage with the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, only daughter of Alexander III., Emperor of Russia, was celebrated with great pomp at St. Petersburg; and on March 12th the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by Her Majesty the Queen, made a public entry into London amid intense popular enthusiasm. In November, 1882, His Royal Highness was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral in Her Majesty's fleet, and later held various important commands. In 1888, His Royal Highness, in command of the Mediterranean squadron, visited some of the chief continental capitals, and on the occasion of his visit to Madrid he was invested with the Order of the Golden Fleece by the Queen-Regent of Spain.

The death of Duke Ernest II. of Saxe-Coburg Gotha brought the Duke of Edinburgh to the throne of that duchy. Duke Ernest was born June 21, 1818, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, January 29th, 1844. He was a brother of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. According to the latter's marriage settlement their second son was to succeed to the throne of Coburg in case Duke Ernest should die childless. This event having taken place, the Duke of Edinburgh took the oath of allegiance to the constitution in the presence of the whole ministry and Emperor William II. of Germany and ascended the throne of Cobourg, August 23, 1893.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha leaves four daughters. His eldest daughter, Marie, born Oct. 29, 1875, married January 10, 1893, the Crown Prince of Roumania; his second daughter Victoria, born Nov. 25, 1876, married April 19, 1894, the Grand Duke of Hesse; his third daughter, Alexandra, born Sept. 1, 1878, married April 20, 1896, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. His fourth daughter, Beatrice, was born April 20, 1884. His only son died in 1898.

SAME FACTS ABOUT THE DUCHY.

The area of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is 755 English square miles, and the population in 1895 was 216,603, of which 104,668 were males and 111,935 females. Of the total in 1895, 212,514 were Protestant and 2,956 Catholics, with 580 Jews. The chief towns, Gotha and Coburg, have respectively 31,671 and 18,689 inhabitants. In 1895 there were in the duchy 29,458 separate farms, supporting 60,633 people, of whom 29,073 were actually engaged in agriculture.

There are 173 miles of railway. The crown revenue for 1894 was £46,000; that of the state in 1895 was £139,940. The country is distinguished by beautiful forests and the castles of the Duke, a favorite retreat of Queen Victoria. The capital, Gotha, is the seat of the oldest life assurance company in Germany.

COBURG, Aug. 1.—With an imposing procession the body of the late duke was removed this afternoon from Rosenau castle to the Church of St. Moritz, attended by members of the ducal family, the court and functionaries, Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg and the Grand Duke of Hesse following the coffin afoot. The pall was of purple and gold, surmounted by a helmet half covered by an admiral's flag. The route along which the procession passed was strewn with pine branches and all the houses were hung with crape and lighted lamps draped in black. After a short service, which was attended by the widow of the duke and three of her daughters, and Princess Beatrice, who were unable to restrain their tears, the church was thrown open to enable the public to view the remains.

Emperor William will arrive Saturday for the funeral and after the ceremony will proceed to Wilhelmshoehe.

RUSH OF SALMON AT BATHURST.

(Campbellton Events.)

An unusual sight was witnessed in Bathurst harbor on Sunday evening by fully one hundred people, viz., a large school of salmon going up river. Some of the oldest residents say they never saw anything like it. There were thousands of them, and, owing to the heat, they kept well to the surface. They leaped continually from the water, and after dusk their silvery sides gleamed like lights, making the whole surface of the water bright. We have heard of such sights on the British Columbia rivers, and smaller schools have been seen here, but never was anything like this witnessed in Gloucester before. The fish were followed up river as far as the rapids by interested spectators.

CAPT. McGRATH'S DEATH.

(Victoria Colonist.)

The many friends in this city of Capt. Luke McGrath and Mrs. McGrath will regret to learn of the death of the captain at Mazatlan, Mexico, on the 22nd ultimo. Capt. McGrath left Victoria about 18 months ago, to take command of the steamer Manzanillo, plying between Guymas and San Benito, Mex. While on one of his trips south he was stricken with typhoid malaria and was taken ashore at Mazatlan, where, after about three weeks' illness, he died. He was attended by his wife until the last, although she was suffering from a mild attack of the same trouble. Mrs. McGrath will return to Victoria early in August. The sympathies of the community are with her in her bereavement. Capt. McGrath was a native of Halifax, N. S., and 39 years of age.

GOD'S LULLABY.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

Hushaby! Hushaby!
Who shall make a lullaby?
Who shall sing a quiet song our weary eyes to close?
Grief and pain and fretfulness—
Oh, to find forgetfulness!
Oh, to feel again the charm the tired baby knows!

Hushaby! Hushaby!
Who shall make a lullaby?
Night has known our restlessness, and day has pressed us sore;
Bitter are the years and long—
Oh, to hear a mother-song!
Oh, to hide away, and sleep till Time can vex no more!

"Patiently, quietly,
Let your time of waiting be,
The twilight throws about your feet its shadows cool and grey.
Here's a hand upon your eyes
Light and sweet with lullabies—
Here's the strangest song of all to hush your cares away!

"Hushaby! Hushaby!
Here's a bed where you shall lie,
Death shall be your mother, she shall sing from you your pain.
Hushaby, for, safe and deep,
You shall hide away and sleep—
Sleep untroubled through the dark, a little child again.

"Hushaby! Hushaby!
Beautiful it is to die:
The turning of the silent world shall be your cradle swing.
Oh, full sweet and motherly,
Death shall lift her voice for thee!
God hath taught her from His heart a lullaby to sing."

KINGS CO. S. S. CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the Kings County Sunday School Association opened July 30th in the Methodist church at Apohaqui. The devotional exercises were led by the Rev. A. Lucas. The first session opened with music, followed by prayer by the Rev. A. M. Hubley of Sussex Corner. The Rev. Mr. Lucas gave an interesting address from various verses of Scripture.

After singing the Doxology, the Rev. C. W. Hamilton led in prayer, when the business of the convention was taken up. The chair was taken by the president, the Rev. C. W. Hamilton. The recording secretary, Mrs. David Parks of Millstream, called the roll of officers, after which the president gave an encouraging address.

The following committees were appointed by the president:

Registration committee: A. E. Pearson, Miss Jane Gaunce. Nominating committee: R. P. Steeves, H. A. White, Miss H. G. Thompson, Mrs. C. W. Weyman, J. A. Leiper. Finance and audit: D. Parks, Robt. Williams, Miss Mabel Johnson. Resolutions: Rev. A. J. Prosser, Mrs. G. B. Jones, Rev. R. W. J. Clements. Questions: Rev. D. Campbell, R. P. Steeves, Rev. A. Lucas.

A conference on parish work was opened by David Parks of Studholm. Rev. Mr. Lucas explained just what parish work is, and the importance thereof.

A hymn was sung, and Rev. Mr. Lucas addressed the convention on How Can We Secure a Higher Standard in the Sunday Schools of our County? He gave a picture of a Sunday school which should be taken as a standard for all schools throughout the county, and gave some interesting ideas how to attain that result.

A collection was taken, and the session adjourned with the benediction.

The second session of the annual convention of Kings County Association opened on Tuesday morning at 9.30. The devotional exercises were led by the Rev. A. M. Hubley, after which the president, Rev. C. W. Hamilton took the chair.

The corresponding secretary, Rev. A. M. Hubley, reported 55 Sunday schools, with 284 teachers and officers and 1,753 scholars, with only nine parishes reporting.

A conference on Home Department Work was led by R. P. Steeves of Sussex, who explained the work and cost of the same. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Lucas and several other workers in the Home Department. Offerings were taken, and the second session closed with music and benediction by the Rev. R. W. J. Clements.

The third session opened at 2 p. m. The devotional exercises were led by the Rev. Gideon Swim. The Rev. A. Lucas answered questions, chiefly referring to the work of the Home Department.

The report of the nominating committee was adopted, and the following officers were elected unanimously: President, Rev. C. W. Hamilton; corresponding secretary and treasurer, Rev. A. M. Hubley; recording secretary, Mrs. David Parks; normal superintendent, Rev. C. W. Hamilton; supt. Home Dept., R. P. Steeves; supt. Primary Dept., Miss H. G. Thomson. Vice-presidents: For Studholm, J. A. Leiper; Sussex, H. A. White; Cardwell, Gideon McLeod; Waterford, Jas. A. Moore; Norton, C. S. Wetmore; Hammond, F. Cassidy; Hampton and Rothesay, E. L. Whittaker; Upham, Chas. Allaby; Kingston, R. C. Williams; Westfield, Mrs. Willett; Greenwich, Miss Mabel Smith; Kars, Miss W. A. Toole; Springfield, W. B. DeLong.

Miss H. G. Thomson of Rothesay opened the conference on Primary Work. The children, being brought to the front, sang Growing Up for Jesus, after which Miss Thomson gave an interesting talk on How to Teach the Children, also giving a series of illustrations to be used in the various lessons of the Sunday school work.

The Rev. A. Lucas gave an address on How Can Our Sunday Schools Best Aid the Temperance Movement.

The following were elected representatives to the provincial convention: Miss H. G. Thomson, Rev. A. M. Hubley, Rev. C. W. Hamilton, J. A. Moore and S. H. Northrup.

On motion it was decided to hold the next annual convention at Newtown.

The session closed with the doxology and benediction by the Rev. J. S. Sutherland.

DROWNING ACCIDENT AT CANSO.

(Special to the Sun.)

CANSO, N. S., Aug. 1.—A drowning accident occurred here this afternoon, in which three young men, aged from 16 to 18, lost their lives. Arthur Hurst, John Horn and Clyde Roberts went out in the bay in a small sailboat for the purpose of jigging squid, and while returning home the boat was struck by a squall and sank with all hands, within a mile from shore, before aid could reach them. None of the bodies have yet been recovered.

Rev. Lewis F. Wallace has resigned the pastorate of the Lawrencetown Baptist church.

THE SAGAMORE

Suggests a Simple Means of Confounding the Scientists.

"Mr. Paul," said the reporter, "the latest verdict of science—so the newspapers tell us—is that mankind will eventually die of thirst."

"I git pooty dry sometimes," observed the red man.

"You'll be dryer," said the reporter. "It's an awful prospect."

"Mebbe," suggested Mr. Paul, "we kin keep this country safe."

"I don't see how," said the reporter.

"I tell you how," rejoined the sagamore. "Keep that man Laurier in power. Whenever it gits pooty dry he'll hold plebiscites. Plenty gin after that."

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