

## Terrible Charges By a War Correspondent

Mr. A. G. Hale, representative in South Africa of the London Daily News, is in the city, and has been studying the various methods and the red tape of the British war office. He says:

Away in front of us, noble the snow-crowned, white, gentle Beaufort, and snow-crowned and snarled. Every little top sparkling with a giant gem, and over all a pale blue sky, curtained by filmy clouds. The wind, a soft, warm, and fragrant, the sun laughed rosy, the handwork of the Eternal. And under foot only the deep deep blackness of the blasted valley, raised up, the green, the green of living green, the rude, rough footprint of the god of war—sweet war; kind, Christian war!

And, overhead, betwixt the smoking towers and smiling sky, flocks of vultures come and go, fluttering their great pinions noiselessly. To them the sound of guns, the hiss of bullets, the roar of the cannon, the banquet board. Foul things they look as they float over us, silent as souls that have slipped from some sash upon in Hades, to the greenness that grows on the wolf's hide, their feathers hang upon them in ridges, unkempt, unlovely, soiled with blood and offal. They float above our heads, their wings upon our skulls.

A Dying War-Horse.

A horse rode wearily upon its knees, looks round dumbly on the wilderness of

ards toward the skies that seem so full  
of laughing loveliness, then, with a sobb  
of which is almost human in the intensity  
of its pathos, the tired head falls down-  
wards, the limbs contract with spasmodic  
convulsions, and the eyes are closed. One  
wonders, if the Eternal mocked that silent  
appeal from those great sad eyes, that  
had neither pain nor lot in the sin and  
sorrows of war, how shall a man dare  
look upward for help when the bitterness  
of deep travail and the agony of death  
are above on flank and front and rear,  
and the world with greedy speed converging to  
one point, until they flock in a horrid,  
struggling, fighting, revolving mass of heads  
and feathers above the fallen dead, as  
the clouds of heaven are gathered in  
defeat, and around and under and over

edge of the textured line swings his rife with swift back-handed motion over his shoulder, and brings the butt amid the crowd of carion. The vultures hop with a quivering of the wings, and then they crouch, and stand with wings extended and outspread, feet apart, their necks outstretched and curved heads dripping slime and blood, a fitting setting amidst the black ruin of war. The charger now looks up and sniffs the air, and then he quitted carion, flattened into a shapeless streak, and shrinks towards the earth, as if aching to be veiled from the laughter of the skies. But there is neither pity from above nor shelter from below as the red wave of war sweeps over the land.

Guard the Motherland.

God grant that merry England may  
never witness, on her own green meadow  
lands, these sights and sounds which  
meet the eye and ear on African soil. Oh,  
England, England, if I had a voice whose  
clarion tones could reach your ears and  
your heart, I would tell you that

village and hamlet, wayside cot and stately  
castle, in all your sea-encircled isle. I

Better cry, you to guard your coast!  
 Better, it seems to me, writing here, with  
 all the evidence of war beneath my eyes,  
 that every man born of woman's love  
 should have a grave, and that the rocks  
 should find a grave in foundering ships  
 of war, than that the foot of a foreign foe  
 should touch the motherland. Better that  
 the sea should be a grave for every  
 man like me, sending Nelson's message  
 all around the armoured line; better that  
 our best and bravest found a grave where  
 their waves curl toward our coastline than  
 that the sea should be a grave for every  
 man, and that the wolfish mouth of  
 war. Better than our strong men perish  
 with the brine and ocean breezes play-  
 ing on our hair, on gazing up through  
 the sky, which their souls are outward-  
 bound, than that our little mads and tiny, tender  
 babes should face the unutterable shame,  
 the anguish, and the suffering, of a war

Do not laugh the very thought to scorn and brand the thing impossible, for foods have laughed before this, while kings have wept. I tell you, you may stay at home, miss much, the world know-and, knowing, dread. If England at this hour could only realize what manner of men control their destinies, then all the lives in the world would be saving again. I do not know if lack-breasts of a similar strain control the supplies for England's navy, but if in time of war it were the lives in the world that were saved, I should have the old flag and the stout hearts who fight for it.

Rundle's Dilemma.

Lend me your ears and let me tell you how our army in Africa is treated by the Government.

and a journalist that every written word is true. I will add nothing, nor detract from, nor set down aught in malice. If

[illegible]flexible line, for if once they forced a pass-  
age in some numbers they would

In huge numbers they would sweep like a torrent southwards, envelop his rear, cut the railway and telegraph to pieces, stop all convoys, paralyze the movements of all troops up beyond Kroonstad, and once more raise the whole of the Free State, and very possibly a great portion of the Cape Colony as well.

**A Starved Army.**

General Rundle's task is a colossal one, and any sane man would think that gigantic efforts would be made to keep him amply supplied with food for his soldiers. But such is not the case. The men

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