IN PRETORIA

Lord Roberts's Formal Entry, was a Grand Spectacle.

The Canadians, Led Tby | Colonel Otter Passed in Front of the Saluting Base.

At a Long Steady Swinging Gait, Which Compelled the Band to Change Its Tune and Give Something Faster.

(From H. S. White, the Sun's Special War Correspondent with the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South

WITH THE COLUMN UNDER THE COMMAND OF GEN. IAN HAMIL-TON IN PRETORIA, June 5 .- Pretoria at last! After four months of weary trekking, the army under the command of Lord Roberts, today en-tered and took persession of the capital of the Transvaal. The enemy made a half hearted stand on the kopjes of the Witwatersberg, south of the city, but they were quite unable to stand the steady advance of the Bri- the army left Enslin, was given the tish army. A few hours' firing, the bombardment of the forts and the skilful turning of the right flank of their position on Menday afternoon cleared the way. The enemy trekked from the hills of Witwatersberg through the town in great confusion and hurriedly left for Middleburg, leaving all but about twelve hundred the Cornwalls, who were also well reof our prisoners in the compound at ceived. Then Waterval, fourteen miles northwest of THE CANADIANS, LED BY COLthe city. The same evening the demand of immediate surrender brought the burghers out to Lord Roberts with

the keys of the city. This afternoon Lord Roberts made his formal entry at two o'clock at the head of his victorious army. It was a grand spectacle. The streets were thronged with the inhabitants of the place, who had come out to see the British firg run up over the Raadzaal. Early in the morning, preceded by the mounted troops, the Guards' Brigade had marched into the city and all day performed the duties of town guard. Long before the hour at which Lord Roberts was to make his formal entry the streets were thronged with people and Church square was a black mass of humanity with the open space in front of the Raadzaal kept clear by long lines of the Coldstream Guards. From the flagstaff over the handsome building in which the Transvaal parliament has its sessions, the Vierkleur floated proudly. It was a little after two o'clock when a commotion in the crowds in Market street proclaimed the coming of the commander-in-chief and his staff. There was a cheer from a little band of loyalists about the Grand Hotel on the corner of Church square as Lord Roberts and his staff galloped into the open space The imin front of the Randzaal, mense crowds which lined its sides were silent spectators, unlike the crowd which witnessed the same coremony in Johannesburg. They refrained from any demonstration of their feelings. Their silent, sullen faces, touched with a tinge of sadness, were far more impressive than the angry groan which greeted

THE HOISTING OF THE BRITISH FLAG

in the Gold Metropolis a few days before. As the commander-in-chief took up his stand in the open space the long lines of soldiers presented arms. Then all eyes were turned on the flut tering folds of the Vierkleur, which still floated proudly over the Raadzaal. Presently two British officers appeared on the stone balcony and in a few seconds the Transvaal flag was quickly run down. A small British flag was attached to the haliards. As it was run up to the top of the mast the soldiers presented arms, the band played the national anthem and a small portion of the crowd cheered with the wildest enthusiasm. It was a strange sight, however, for among that great mass of humanity which crowded the square came not a sound. To them there was no cause for enthusiastic jubilation. They seemed to realize that the inevitable end had come at last and the country of which they were so proud was no longer theirs. They did not seem to bear resentment as did the Dutch population of Johannesburg. Their faces wore rather a look of sorrowing resignation and I saw tears roll silently down the rugged cheeks of more than one sturdy burgher. It was a great day for Britain, for it marked the nearing of the end of the long and hardly fought war which has cost the lives of so many of her brave soldiers, but to the Dutch burgher it was the saddest of all sad days-the end of his bright dream of the supremacy over South Africa and the beginning of a national existence subject to the suzerainty of the great nation whose arms have been successful in one of the bitterest struggles the world has

A few minutes after the ceremony of hoisting the flag was over, the Guards band struck up a lively marching air and the crowd at the eastern extremity of the square parted as the regiments of the Guards brigade, headed by General Pole-Carew and his staff, marched into the open space pas the commander-in-chief and his staff, and through the crowd again on the western side of the square. Following then came the gallant regiments of the 18th Brigade, under General Chermside. The Essex, the Welsh and the Yorks, men who had been in almost every engagement since the army left Enslin. Proudly they marched past the great general, for whom all have such reverence. Grimy, their khaki uniforms soiled with the dirt gathered from a trek of over 1,000 miles and blackened by the stains of so many hard fought battles, their decimated ranks told the story of privation and hard work. Following them came the

the Naval Brigade. A pause of fifteen or twenty minutes and the proce egan in the other direction troops under command of General Ian Hamilton, who were encamped beyond the race-course, were now march past. They came into the city from the western side and marched through the square from west to east. It is interesting to note the kindly consideration shown by the commander-in-chief to the column which has done most of the fighting since the army left Bloemfontein. But a single division of infantry were given the honer of marching past the commander-in-chief from the many thousands of troops which composed the main column under his command. It was a delicate and well deserved

apliment paid to General Ian Hamilton and the troops he commanded that all were given the honor of marching past the field-marshal in the city in the capture of which they had taken such a prominent part. Heading the procession was General Ian Hamilton and his staff, followed by the Mounted Infantry attached to his division, which had done such splendid work in the battle of the previous day. They are a fine body of men these Mounted Infantry, ready to dare death at any time in the performance of their duty. Conspicuous among them were the sturdy colonials from New South Wales and West Australia. Next came the guns of the Royal Horse Artillery, followed by General Smith-Dorrien and his staff at the head of the two brigades of infantry which have done such magnificent work under his command since the army left Bloemfontein. "The Fighting 19th," as it is called, which has been in every engagement since place of honor. The Gordon Highlanders followed the general and his staff, headed by their band of pipers. Their appearance created a splendid impression. A fine regiment the Gordons have always been, and they marched past with a steady swing which excited general admiration. Next came

ONEL OTTER.

It was enough to make any Canadian proud of his country as these sturdy heroes passed in front of the saluting base at a long, steady swinging gait, which compelled the band to change its tune and give something faster.

The Canadians never appear at a function of this kind without creating comment upon the sturdy appearance of their ranks. Individually taller and more strongly built than the men of any other British regiment, except, perhaps, the Guards, their appearance is always the signal for an enthusiastic reception. As they passed through the open space and in front of Lord Roberts and his staff, every man seemed to realize that he must do his best. Weary as they were, their uniforms blackened and stained with long marching and hard fighting, of which no regiment in the army has had more, their soldierly bearing and sturdy appearance won for them enthusiastic plandits on all sides. Even the silent Dutch were interested, and as our boys marched past I heard more than one apathetic burgher enquire who they were, and crane his neck to see the men who had travelled 8.000 miles over the seas to fight for the supremacy of the British Empire in South Africa.

It is strange, but perhaps natural, that the Boers should have such an interest in the colonials from Canada and Australia, who have fought in this war. You can always interest a burgher by telling him about the Canadians. This is perhaps because they are astonished at a colony so far removed from the Mother Country and the scene of the present hostilities interesting itself in a struggle in which it had no stake save a desire that the supremacy and integrity of the British Empire should be preserved. Certain it is that the Boers have had more than one opportunity of learning to respect Canadians, at least for their fighting qualities. The men who forced General Cronje to surrender at Paardeberg and have so often since compelled the enemy's forces to fall back and hurriedly retire before the advance, have earned no small reputation among the Boers, and are always spoken of in terms of the greatest respect. The Shropshires brought up

the rear of the 19th Brigade. Next came the 21st Brigade, under the command of General Bruce Hamilton, composed of the City Imperial Volunteers, the Cameron Highlanders, the Sussex and the Derby. Following them the divisional artillery brought the memorable procession to a close, and the commander-in-chief and his staff rode to headquarters at the residence of the British agent in Sunnyside, a western suburb of the city.

ANGRY AT KRUGER'S GREED. During the day, after the ceremony of the entry was over, I got to know quite a number of the officials of the Transvaal government. I found them exceedingly bitter against the president and the members of his government. No less than two and a quarter millions of gold in the government mint had been removed and taken to Lydenburg. The government officials even had not received their pay, and there were any number of disappointed creditors in the city who held commandeering notes which had not been satisfied.

President Kruger, I was told, had I have an opportunity of sending you left the capital the previous Tuesday night without issuing any proclama- of nearly three weeks, we are again in tion to the effect that the seat of government was to be removed from Pretoria. On the same train with him, of the telegraph wire, the post office. however, went a dozen or more small The interval—this long, arduous, dreary iron boxes from the government mint, containing something like a million and a half of coined gold. The following railways or towns, or even the smallest day the state secretary, Reitz, also of villages, over the desolate, depoputook his departure, and with him went lated veldt, as part of the column that the rest of the treasure looted from the gold mines of the Witwatersrand. Very little of this lot of gold was coin, for pleted its victorious march to the seat the yellow metal came into the mint of the government of the little South much faster than the stamps could African Republic that had the audacity convert it into money bearing the to challenge to mortal combat the likeness of Paul Kruger. Most of it was in bars, carefully boxed up, and I am told that with State Secretary Reitz something like two and a half tions of this great out-flanking movemillions of the stolen public treasure ment will forget the labor, the fatigue, this may be, it is certain that a ma- hours in the saddle, and the longer-

Procrastination is the thief of health as well as the thief of time. There are few things in which pro-crastination is so much indulged as in letmean to write, but "to-morrow and on" and we This is bad enough when pondence is social or business in its character, but when it concerns the vital issue of health it is in-This touches you, if you are one of the romen who have felt inclined to take advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of a consultation by letter, free. You have studied the evidence which shows how women have been cured. You cannot doubt but that Dr. Pierce's Fa-

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Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"When I wrote you about my allments I was living in Richland, Iowa," writes Mrs. M. Vastine, of 647 South Liberty Street, Galesburg, Ili.
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to beauty. They clear the complexion.

is not blamed for removing the public treasure out of the reach of the victorious army which was advancing on the capital, but he is severely criticized for leaving without issuing a proclamation informing the burghers where the seat of government was to be taken, and for not paying the officials employed at Pretoria. THE RELEASE OF THE PRISON

ERS. An incident of the occupation which is worthy of note was the conduct and

liberation of the British officers who at various times during the war have been taken prisoners and brought to Pretoria. They were confined in large corrugated building situated south of the town. The building itself was enclosed by a series of barbed wire fences, and all about the compound guards were placed to prevent their escape. Early on Tuesday morning, before the troops entered the town, Commandant Haupt, who was in charge of the prison, informed the British officers that they were to be removed at once to Lydenburg. He ordered them to get ready at once to leave. This order was met with a determined opposition on the part of the imprisoned efficers, who not only re- much as twenty or thirty, to the westfused to obey, but placed Commandant Haupt under errest. They then disarmed the scanty guard about the prison walls, liberated the commandant on parole, and were in the city anxiously waiting when our troops marched in. One hundred and sixty of them there were, many who had been in custody for seven or eight They were clean, brightmonths. buttened khaki uniforms, which were in striking contrast to the dust-covered, stained habiliments of the officers who had trekked so far over the

veldt to release them. I asked one officer how it was they had been able to keep thir uniforms so clean during all these months of confinement. "Oh," he said cheerfully, "we didn't wear our uniforms after we got here. The government served out to us a free issue of clothing when we were imprisoned. It was a funny kind of clothing, for you could shoot peas through it, and of course it didn't fit, but at any rate it enabled us to save our uniforms."

The prisoners, though pale, did not look as though they had been harshly treated during their enforced stay in Pretoria. Beyond the long period of close confinement, which, of course, rendered them rather unhappy looking, they seemed well and wild with delight at their release.

informed, were confined in another compound at Waterval, about 14 miles west of the city, where they were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the army to be released. From all I could learn, they, too, had been treated with a fair amount of consideration, except during the past few days, when the disorganization of the enemy's machinery of government, consequent upon Lord Roberts's advance on the capital, left them without food and proper attention.

Of the total number of something over 6,000, between twelve and fourteen hundred were removed a few days before our arrival to Komatipoort. It is soid they were induced to leave under the promise that they would be put over the border into Portuguese territory.

H. S. WHITE

PRETORIA, July 7, 1900 .- Once more a letter. Once more, after an interval touch, to some slight extent, with the rest of the world, again within reach period of nearly three weeks-has been spent in continuous marching, far from forms the left flank of the great army under Lord Roberts that has now com-

"Greatest Empire that has been." As long as he lives not one man who has taken part in the intricate operawas taken to Lydenburg. However the hunger and thirst, the long, long for the warmth of the sun, which would jority of the Dutch inhabitants of and oh! how infinitely drearier-hours long after sunset the column dragged Pretoria believe that their government on lonely outpost duty, shivering on its weary way. Late in the afternoon

ong, dark night. There have been in- little town of Parrys, in the valley of tervals of excitement, days of exposure to shot and shell, that were welcomed as a positive relief from the monotony and tediousness of the constant marching by day and by night in the face of a wary and crafty enemy. But these intervals of excitement have been short -few and far between-and we end this the enemy with a gun or two could march with our minds chiefly impressed with confused memories of endless hours in the saddle, of sleepless nights shivering on the bare veldt, of days at a time without the poorest apology for a meal-with nothing more than an adamantine biscuit to munch in the ton's brigade reached the drift where morning, another in the afternoon, and, in days of plenty, still another in the evening-with starts in the dark long before sunrise and halts in the dark long after sunset; with fatigue for men that made them sleep on the bare, lumpy ground more soundly than you sleep in your feather beds, and fatigue for their faithful, quietly enduring horses that reduced them one by one to such pathetic helplessness that they were led out of the ranks and in mercy shot, in such numbers that the route of our columns will be marked plainly for years by their skeletons-and through all these confused memories of hardship and fatigue runs the echo of the familiar sounds that announced so often the presence of the enemythe hammering pom-pom, the screaming shell, the whistling bullet-such are our memories, all set in a scene of dry, rolling, widely-expanding, prairie-like veldt, with never varying days of cloudless sunshine, and nights of calm penetrating cold that was intense enough to freeze the water in our bot-

GEN. HUTTON'S WARNING.

As you know, we left Kroonstad to continue our march northward on Sunday, May 20. Before marching we had a short service on horse-back, Father Sinnett of Montreal, officiating-a mounted church parade! General Hutton gave a practical tinge to the parade by adding a few remarks on his own account-strictly on business. Among other things, he told the men that they might expect eight days of the hardest work that they had ever had in their lives. Now it is over, the men are not inclined to question his predictions, only they don't see why he drew the limit at eight days- he might have made it at least eighteen.

The first two days of the march were without incident beyond the ordinary routine work of advancing across an enemy's country, where every acre of ground has to be thoroughly scouted for miles in front and on either flank, by day, and where, by night, you cannot lie down in peace to rest until all around the camp on every eminence pickets have been posted to protect you from surprises. On the third day, the twenty-second, we reached Rhenoster Spruit, where the enemy were expected to dispute our We were acting, as we cressing. have done throughout the operations, north of Bloemfontein, in conjunction with General French's cavalry division, and on the left flank of the British advance. The whole way from Krocastad to Pretoria we were always at least ten miles, and sometimes as following the railway closely, formed the centre of the advance. Our column, numbering in all about 8,000 men, was composed entirely of mounted infantry, with several batteries of Royal Florse Artillery, besides Maxims and pom-poms. French's so-called cavalry were really as much mounted infantry as Hutton's brigade, excepting that in place of a bayonet they carried a sword-much to their disadvantage, for the bayonet that our men carried was exceedingly useful-for cutting fire-wood, opening tins, and in a dozen and one little ways in camp. Whereas, in camp or out of it, the swords of the so-called cavalry were merely an encumbrance. As far as Mr. Boer is concerned, he does not propose to wait till you can have a chance at him with anything that does business at a distance of less than at least a few hundred yards. For real practical purposes, the local beef being so tough, a tooth-pick has far more merits, in

this kind of warfare, than a sword. With this mixed force of 8,000 men i was our business to continually turn the right flank of the enemy and, if possible, get in their rear and cut them off. When we reached Rhenoster Spruit, on the 22nd, we were about 20 miles west of the railway, and as far as we knew considerably in advance The men who were captured, I was of Lord Roberts's main column. If the enemy's right flank had been in position on the Spruit, as we expected, we should certainly have easily driven them back and have threatened the retreat of their centre, which was opposed to Lord Roberts.

THE BOER DOES NOT WAIT to be caught in such traps. Nobody better than he appreciates such a situation. Consequently, when he reached Rhenoster Spruit we found the position abandoned, and we crossed the drift peacefully, and without any trouble to any one except the yelling Kaffir transport drivers, who had to force their mules over a very rough creek bed, and up a steep hill.

On the 23rd we continued our turning movement, marching twelve miles due east towards the railway; that evening, in camp, we heard that the enemy in front of the main column had cleared out, and that there was no further necessity for continuing the movement. Consequently, the next morning, we were not surprised when we changed our course and went northward towards the Vaal River. It was the Queen's birthday, and the rumor spread through the column that it was General French's intention to celebrate the day fitly by crossing the Vaal and invading the territory of Oom Paul. We all thoroughly sympathized with the idea, and were keen to carry it out. But we did not appreciate until later what the carrying out of this picturesque little idea meant. It was the longest and hardest day's march that we had in the campaign. Reveille, as usual, was at 4.30, in the frosty darkness, long before sunrise. We ate our frugal breakfasts on our knees, also, as usual, by the dim light of a candle and shivering in our great coats, saddled up and marched, longing eagerly not rise for some time yet. All day till divisonal artillery and the big guns of has not acted squarely. The president the tops of rocky kopjes during the we passed, without entering it, the

the Vaal, and knowing that the river was so near, thought we would soon come to the crossing. For mile after mile we continued through the rough, rocky hills that parallel the river-s most difficult road in the best of times, and a position that a few hundred of have rendered utterly impassable to us. But the enemy had apparently been absolutely fooled as to the point of our intended crossing, and not a man opposed us-not even a solitary "sniper. Quite late, and in inky darkness, Hutwe were to cross. The cavalry brigade were shead of us, and they actually effected the crossing on the Queen' birthday-our brigade bivouacked for the night on the south side of the river. Meanwhile the transport was having a lively time of it in the pitchy darkness over the rough, difficult road. At least five miles in length, the transport train struggled along-up hill and down hill, sometimes on the road sometimes off it, across deep sluits, through water, over rocks; the Kaffirs screaming, the mules braying; officers shouting directions and orders; everyoody, black or white, officers or men, wearing at each other, at the mules at the horses, at the road, at the darkness, at themselves in many cases for having been such fools as ever to have come to war. For half an hour at a time th

team of mules, was floundering about at the bottom of a sluit, unable to gct acrees itself and blocking the road for the rest. Here and there wagon got off the road, went into a chasm imperceptible in the darkness. and rolled over, remaining with its wheels in the air, as a useful signal of danger to the wagons that followed. For hours the long convoy struggled along thus, making at the most half a mile an hour, until finally at near midnight the transport officer decided that the attempt to reach the troops was impossible, and the order was given to "cutspan" and he ready to start at the first streak of dawn. So then and there, right where they stood on the rocky, hilly road, every team outspanned and every man, black driver or white escort, lit his little bit of fire, boiled his cup of tea or coffee, and then curled himself up among the boulders at a slope often of 45 degrees, and did his best to dream of his home and festive Queen's birth-

whole train would often be at a stand-

till, while one wagon, with its long

days of the past. Meanwhile, the troops, in bivousck on the river bank, some miles ahead, awaited patiently, hungrily and shiveringly the coming of the transport wagens, which came not. On the wagons were the rations for men and borses, and for the officers their beds. Hour after hour of chilly darkness passed, and still the wagons came not At length, indeed, the whole night passed, the sun rose, and then the troops rose too, (from blanketless beds in the officers' cases), and when at about 8 o'clock they saw the head of the convoy approaching they greeted it with the cagerness of men who greet breakfast after going supperless to bed. Thus passed the most memorable Queen's birthday of most of our

mer.'s experience. IN TRANSVAAL TERRITORY. On the 25th, at about 9 o'clock, Halton's brigade crossed the Vaal River, enjoy it, when "pom-pom-pom-pomand for the first time set their foot upon Oom Paul's own especial and particular preserve. French's cavalry, as usual, were in the advance, and they sighted a few Boers, who promptly and prudently bolted. We had, as a matter of fact, crossed the much- ing with it the fragments of one of dreaded Vaal River without any opposition whatever. We had crossed burst, and immediately there was a at a place that would have been prac- stampede for horses, rifles, saddles tically impregnable if it had been de- and kits. It was the most effectively fended by a few determined men. All and rapidly dispersed breakfast-party the way across the Free State the that ever was seen. The first dis-Boers had told us that they would not fight any more in that country, but that when we reached Transvaal territory, then-ah! then, indeed, we might look out for something that, guest at the little feast had departed being translated into good American, might aptly be called "a caution to And now we had passed snakes." their first strong defensive position; we were the first of the army in the Transvaal; and we could not find a single Boer with one little Mauser to oppose us. We began to think that had been hit, and that the only result the Boers' dreadful threats were as of the heavy fire at such close quarharmless as their shells that don't ters was the loss to P Squadron of burst.

Like the 25th was the 26th-a peaceful, quiet march onward towards Jo- articles. hannesburg. As far as our brigade was concerned, equally peaceful and Big shells and little shells began imquiet was the 27th, while ever nearer and nearer to the great golden city we drew. But on that day French's cavalry, still in the advance, had a rear guard fight with the enemy. As we onel Alderson's corps, to which our came into our bivouack at night we men belong, were on the left of the heard their guns. They drove off the Second Battalian, and the latter were enemy, of course.

be so peaceful. Early in the morning fire for a long time. Together they we reached a nek, or pass, between occupied a ridge which was the centwo lofty kopjes, leading to a wide open valley through which flows the under the heaviest fire of the day. Klip River. On the banks of the river Further on their left again, on the is a little settlement-too small to be called a village—of which a very trimlooking gaol is the most conspicuous either Van Wyk's Rust or Olifant's Vlei, according to taste-was destined to be the scene of the most serious fight we have had since we left Kroonstad-really the only fight that approached to anything like the proportions of a battle.

Van Wyk's Rust or Olifant's Vlei is fourteen miles south of Johannesburg. The river is spanned by a well made bridge, and a wide well macadamized road traverses the valley in the direction of the city. The river is impassable, on account of a bog, for horses at any point but at the bridge. When we reached the place the Boers were in a strong position on a range of high kopjes on the east side of the road and some two or three miles north of the river. In these kopjes they had several pieces of artillery, and at least one big gun that outranged any of our artillery. Their mounted infantry occupied several ridges between us

and their main position. French's division advanced rapidly down the main road towards the ing, indeed, quite heavy-when apriver, with Hutton's brigade on his right. Half way to the river from the nek, they came under shell fire, which their guas did their best to reply to, brigade across the bridge, and to send though our artillery fire was probably them on the long march, many miles



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no impression on the enemy. The whole of our force gradually advanced until, about noon, Hutton's brigade, with our men, crossed the bridge, and gradually pushed their way northward. Meanwhile French's division began to our left a very long turning movement, which occupied all the rest of that day and a great part of the next. THE CANADIANS' GOOD WORK.

Towards evening our men-the Canadians-forced the enemy back from the advanced ridges they occupied. The first battalion took possession of a small kopje on the right, and the second of one almost immediately on their left, but more advanced. kopje, held by the second battalion, was understood to be the key of the position. For some hours before sunset our men held there two kopjes, all the time under shell fire. When darkness fell they were ordered to bivouac there for the night, and each battalion slept just where they were, without anything in the way of food or bedding but what they carried with them. It was a bitterly cold night, with heavy hoar frost in the morning. and very few of the men will forget that bivouac. The next morning, at dawn, our men looked for an immediate resumption of the shelling. But in this they were agreeably disappointed, and they had even sufficient leisure to send for a cook wagon, and the mess Cape carts from the transport, which was camped on the north bank of the river a couple of miles in their rear.

baronas pared a nice breakfast and were gathering around the little camp-fires to pom," boud and near at hand, broke on their astonished ears, and simultaneously five of the little one-pound shells came as uninvited guests among them. Five columns of red dust spouted up into the air, one column carrythe camp-kettles, under which it had charge from the pom-pom was quickly followed by others, as well as by shells from the artillery. In less time than is customary in polite society, every and the breakfast things-or such of them as could be gathered up in a hurry-were cleared, and were on their way back to the transport camp. Finally, when there was time to look around, the astonishment of everybody was great to find that not a man their mess Cape cart and a few trivial losses of cooking utensils and other

That was the opening of the ball. mediately to fall wherever any of our troops were visible to the enemy. The Imperial Mounted Infantry, known as the 3rd M. T., who form part of Colordered to support them. In doing The next day, the 28th, was not to this they were under a heavy shell tre of the position, and which was top of a small wooded kopje, was Colonel Pilcher's corps, with Queenslanders and the New Zealandfeature. This place—apparently called ers, being the second corps which, together with ours, made up the brigade under command of General Hutton. Our first battalion was not exposed to such a heavy fire as the second.

The object of the operation in which our brigade was immediately concerned was to engage the enemy and hold them in their position until General French, with his cavalry, could complete his long turning movement around the enemy's right flank. To induce the enemy to stay where they were our men were constantly ordered to show themselves on the top of the ridge. This they did with perfect coolness, though on every occasion they were greeted with a perfect shower of shells. The ruse was evidently completely successful, for the Boers began the advance to our position, just as it was desired that they should do.

For hours, this kind of thing continued, at times the Boers getting near enough to exchange rifle shots - the rifle-fire for at least half an hour beparently the object of the operation was accomplished, and it became necessary to withdraw the whole of our quite ineffective, and certainly made round by our left, to support French.

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safely. Mean fifteen pounder tion on the sou they kept the too closely. could very clea tion a swarm riding over th had so recently had any real they could have and have made them. But the side of the riv shells among enough-they ed for all they The brigade noon, and after gan their mar the route previ division. The bank of the ri to another cros of Gen. Hamilt for the first t they had taker fight in which of the left wi heard of the l ed by the Gor casualties of of which you to you by you contingent. The good f Rifles did not days of the K

of the fact the shell and pomduring the tv alties were The first day ly wounded o shell. The was also sligh was severely to D Squadre acting as orde when he was carrying an o the back, but horse, sticking had been car first it was t recover, but he is now de danger. The the gaol. whi hospital, and hind for a da Very 1 easily as our good many v hospital. Fatl the Second Ba funeral of was killed Roman Cath Sinnett was

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it? Good with it, there our men had them, while unhurt. Cap of our Maxi ence of this the mules dr made somet two of ther absolutely u who had sl yards of th dust, or kill horses, while without the ous that one ing them. ples of shee shells fell so Klip River of our men something truth appea chells do not portion of th into the gro of dust, an such cases fers is that break up an are badly m is probable now using v burg shell experience, materials. shells shoul On the oth what good s artillery is the best tr and again find the ra shot, and into the maiming at. quickly, air they move treat or ch to the best a word, if their guns be a very be telling our troops. On the

its march and at nig small plac nine miles that day the left fla der Lord 1 what in a Battalion They were chased the miles to w of Pretoria not withou several Bc 30 prisone

and ammu