

fellow," was worthy to fight shoulder to shoulder with his white brethren against the tyrannous Boers. The letter says:—

"Soon the enemy found the dense mass of 700 cattle close to us, and two guns and a pom-pom played into them. The oxen went down 20 and 30 at a time; and soon there was a panic amongst the wounded. They broke loose, and for half an hour threatened to trample us to death in their wild stampede.

"We had to leave our shelter and cut loose, and still the shells burst among them."

Then followed an act, which, in our opinion, should win the Victoria Cross and the Annuity offered by the Citizens' Insurance Company.

"Here Trooper Fortune showed the utmost coolness, and sharpened his knife and walked amongst the now maddened bullocks and cut them loose. I sent a black fellow to complete the cutting loose, and gave him my knife. He had only cut two loose when a 12-lb. shell took both his legs off.

If the reckless bravery of the Victorian Bushmen is not rewarded, it ought to be. Even a soldier who would cheerfully risk his life in the attempt to save that of a comrade might well hesitate to plunge into a mass of maddened cattle, exposed to a galling fire, for the purpose of cutting the animals loose. As a study in black and white heroism, this incident of the defence of Eland's River would make a thrilling subject for the skillful hand of an artist.

---

**Slandering  
British  
Troops.** Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds  
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.  
—Hervev.

Of course, those who know Tommy Atkins have never paid any attention to the attempts to tarnish his reputation by false tales maliciously told and thoughtlessly propagated. But our foreign critics have apparently swallowed everything uttered by slanderous tongues to the prejudice of the British troops in South Africa. However, for what may be said about him by others than his own people, Tommy "doesn't care a damn."

But when one of his own countrymen, who is endowed with uncommon vigour of mind, and of superior intellectual faculties, but with a diseased imagination, undertakes to malign the soldiers of the Queen, we are glad when the noisy demagogue and silly slanderer receives what he deserves.

Mr. W. T. Stead, who has been wandering about the world for some years with his tongue at half-cock and his pen too ready for use, recently issued a characteristic manifesto attacking the British troops in South Africa. The London "Times" now states that Sir Frederick Milner has sent the following letter to Mr. Stead, and we hope after reading it he will conclude to be a good boy for the rest of his restless life. He is what our neighbours would call a "cantankerous cuss," and deserves the castigation adminis-

tered by the worried Governor of South Africa. Sir Frederick Milner writes to Mr. Stead as follows:—

"I have received your broad sheet, purporting to come from a British officer; and, as you have asked my opinion, you shall have it, and I will also forward it to the press. My opinion is that you ought to be ashamed of yourself for circulating so vile a slander against your fellow-countrymen. You seem to have made it your mission in life to vilify your country and to slander the brave men who have suffered and borne so much for your country. It seems to me a pity that you don't remove yourself to France, and offer your services to the gutter-press, where they would undoubtedly be appreciated. As to the letter of "A British Officer," I decline to believe that any British officer could so demean himself as to spread so gross a calumny against his fellow-soldiers, without having the courage to put his name at the end of it. If, indeed, any British officer has stooped so low, I can only say he is a contemptible coward, and I should like to have the opportunity of telling him so to his face; but, in my opinion, the British officer does not live far from the office of Mr. W. T. Stead. Personally, I prefer to believe the testimony of Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, and other brave Generals as to the conduct of our soldiers in South Africa. I don't know if you have taken the trouble to read Lord Roberts's touching farewell to his troops, when he speaks of the gallantry, the patient endurance, the good conduct, and humanity of our brave soldiers. If you have read it, and it has not made you feel ashamed of yourself, I fear nothing will."

---

**To Stead.** "Before you speak, turn your tongue over  
**Grant et al.** seven times."

—Haytian Proverb.

If the respected Principal of Queen's University, Dr. Grant, is correctly reported, he accuses the British Government of making might right in its treatment of the Orange Free State. He asks by what right that country has been annexed, and then himself supplies the following answer:—

"Simply by the right that brute strength gives, and that right is not recognized by reason and conscience. Were I a Free State citizen, I would never surrender unconditionally. We would probably do what Steyn, DeWet, and their comrades are doing, fight on, appeal to the world, and try to raise all of the same blood against the injustice done by the forcible annexation of the country."

Dr. Grant cannot be denied the right to sympathize with the countrymen of Mr. Steyn, who are suffering for their ex-president's folly and madness in joining the Transvaal in an attempt to drive the British out of South Africa. Yet, we think it would have been better for Dr. Grant to have recalled the Haytian proverb quoted at the head of this article before joining Mr. Stead in encouraging the Boers to uselessly shed more blood. The reverend gentleman tells us frankly what he would do if he were a Boer. However, as he happens to be a British subject, his utterances are not alarming. But at this late stage of the South African embroglio they are in exceeding bad taste,