BRITISH FORCES CROSS THE TUGELA.

Warren Crossed the River Under a Heavy Fire.

LYTTLETON SEIZES A LINE OF RIDGES.

The Whole Force Now Moving Towards Ladysmith.

THE ATTACK ON LADYSMITH.

Desperate Onslaught Valiantly Repulsed—Details of the Fight.

London cable says: The Standard's correspondent at Ladysmith, in a despatch which comes by way of Frere, and which is dated Jan. 17th, sends the first detailed account of the Boer assault on that place on Saturday, Jan. 6th.

He makes it clear that the object of the Boers was to capture Caesar's camp and Waggon hill, the possession of which would have brought them within rifle range of the town.

The Manchester Regiment held Caesar's camp, which was separated from the Boers' position by a rocky ravine.

The correspondent says:

"In the early hours of the morning, under cover of darkness, the Heidelberg commando succeeded in evading our pickets, making their way through the thornbush, and reaching the foot of the slope.

"At half-past two o'clock an alarm was raised by our sentries, but before the full extent of the danger could be realized the outlying sangars had been rushed, and their defenders slain."

"Two companies of the Gordon Highlanders went to the help of the Manchesters. The Boers had then already secured a footing on the plateau, but their advance was checked by infantry volleys and an automatic gun.

"It was soon evident that the camp was being assailed on the left flank and in front.

"By daybreak reinforcements from the Gordons and the Rifle Brigade had been hurried to the firing line.

"Lieut.-Col. Dick-Cunyngham, while leading the Gordons out of the camp, was mortally wounded by a stray bullet while still close to the town.

"The 53rd Battery crossed the Klip River and shelled the ridge and the reverse slope of the front position, where the enemy were lying in the bushes. Shrapnel was used, and it did terrible execution.

"The fire effectually checked the Boers and rendered it impossible for them to receive reinforcements through the ravine.

"The enemy throughout the engagement displayed the most stubborn courage. They were evidently determined to succeed or die.

"Meanwhile their guns were very busy. They threw more than a hundred shells at the Fifty-third Battery and the troops aiding it.

"The British, however, were equally gallant and resolved.

"They pressed the enemy back step by step until the remnant broke and fled in disorder.

"A terrific storm of rain and hail had, meanwhile, swelled the streams into torrents, and numbers of the fleeing Boers in trying to cross them were swept away.

"The struggle at this point had now ended, but there was a more exciting contest going on in the direction of Wagon Hill.

"At two o'clock a storming party from the Harrismith commando crept slowly and cautiously along the donga in the valley which divides the British posts from their camp.

"A few shots killed the British pickets.

"Then, taking advantage of the cover, the enemy gradually reached the crest of the hill, where the South African Light Horse were posted.

"The latter were forced to retire, not having breastworks. The Boers continued to advance until they reached the emplacement, where they surprised some working parties.

"Lieut. Jones with a handful of men made a gallant effort to hold the position, but the British were outnumbered and driven back.

"The Boers then took possession of the summit of the hill. The Free Staters, however, were unable to venture far, having to face a heavy fire from a sangar. The Twenty-first Battery and some cavalry arrived, and prevented the stormers from being reinforced, but the British position was critical. They had retired for cover behind the slope.

"While the enemy were making their way into the intervening pass Major Bowen led a charge with a few rifles against them, but fell, shot. Lieut. Todd took his place, and met the same fate.

"Then Major Wallnut, calling the scattered Gordons together, charged and drove the Boers back and joined Lieut. Jones.

"A pause then took place in the fighting, but taking advantage of the storm the enemy attempted to rush the position.

"Three of their leaders reached the parapet, but Jones and Wallnut shot them down. Major Wallnut immediately afterwards fell.

"This renewed check discouraged the assailants. Nevertheless small parties of the braver ones maintained a murderous fire from behind the rocks.

"The final blow was a charge made by three companies of the Devonshires across the open under a terrible fire.

"They fairly hurled the enemy down the hill at the point of the bayonet.

"In the charge Capt. Lafone and Lieut. Field were killed, and Lieut. Masterson and ten men wounded."

The correspondent adds:

"Our position was now secure. Attacks on the north and east had also been repulsed and the assault had failed all along the line.

"The Boers lost heavily.

"They admit that the engagement was the most severe blow their arms have sustained since the opening of the campaign. They were confident of their ability to capture the town.

"They had called for reinforcements from Colenso to assist them. The Ladysmith garrison can now await the coming of relief with renewed confidence.

"The Earl of Ava, like Lieut.-Col. Dick-Cunyngham, was mortally wounded while going forward."

MAGERSFONTEIN BATTLE.

A Grim Story of the Disaster to the Highland Brigade.

London cable: The correspondent of the London Daily News thus depicts the way in which the disaster overtook the Highlanders at Magersfontein:

"During the night it was considered expedient that the Highland brigade, about 4,000 strong, under Gen. Wauchope, should get close enough to the lines of the foe to make it possible to charge the heights. At midnight the gallant but ill-fated men moved cautiously through the darkness toward the kopjes where the Boers were most strongly entrenched. They were led by a guide who was supposed to know every inch of the country out into the darkness of an African night.

"So onward, until 3 o'clock in the morning. Then out of the darkness a rifle rang sharp and clear, a herald of disaster. A soldier had tripped in the dark over the hidden wires laid down by the enemy. In a second, in the twinkling of an eye the searchlights of the Boers fell broad and clear as the noonday sun on the ranks of the doomed Highlanders, though it left the enemy concealed in the shadows of the frowning mass of hills behind them. For one brief moment the Scots seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of their discovery, for they knew that they were huddled together like sheep within fifty yards of the trenches of the foe. Then clear above the confusion rolled the voice of the General "Steady, men, steady," and like an echo to the veteran's voice came the crash of nearly a thousand rifles not fifty paces from them. The Highlanders reeled before the shock like trees before the tempest. Their best, their bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. General Wauchope was down, riddled with bullets; yet gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chief raised himself on his hands and knees and cheered his men forward. Men and officers fell in heaps together.

"The Black Watch charged, and the Gordons and the Seaforths, with a yell that stirred the British camp below, rushed onward to death or disaster. The accursed wires caught them round the legs until they floundered like trapped wolves, and all the time the rifles of the foe sang the song of death in their ears. Then they fell back broken and beaten, leaving nearly 1,300 dead and wounded just where the broad breast of the grassy veldt melts into the embrace of the rugged African hills, and an hour later the dawning came of the dreariest day that Scotland has known for a generation past. Of her officers, the flower of her chivalry, the pride of her breeding, but few remained to tell the tale, a sad tale truly, but one untainted with dishonor or smirched with disgrace, for up those heights, under similar circumstances, even a brigade of devils could scarce have hoped to pass. All that mortal men could do the Scots did; they tried. They failed, they fell, and there is nothing left us now but to mourn for them and avenge them.

"In vain all that day Methuen tried by every rule he knew to draw the enemy; vainly the Lancers rode recklessly to induce those human rock limpets to come out and cut them off.

"Cronje knew the mettle of our men, and an ironic laugh played around his iron mouth, and still he stayed within his native fastness; but death sat ever at his elbow, for our gunners dropped the lyddite shells and the howling shrapnel all along his lines until the trenches ran bloody and many of his guns were silenced.

"When at 1.30 a. m. of Tuesday we drew off to Modder River to recuperate, we left nearly 3,000 dead and wounded of grim old Cronje's men as a token that the lion of England had bared his teeth in earnest."

GEN. WAUCHOPE'S DEATH.

Scenes at the Funeral of the Highlanders' Leader.

London cable: Some of the most brilliant work in the way of descriptive writing ever done by British war correspondents has been appearing in the London papers during the last few days.

After tracing the terrible loss suffered by the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, the Daily News' correspondent thus writes of the burial of Gen. Wauchope: "Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendor on the evening of Tuesday, the 12th of December, a long, shallow grave lay exposed in the breadth of the veldt. To the westward the broad river, fringed with trees, runs murmuringly; to the eastward the heights still held by the enemy scowled menacingly; north and south the veldt undulated peacefully. A few paces to the northward of that grave thirty dead Highlanders lay dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle; they had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave. How grim and stern these men looked, as they lay face upward to the sky, with great hands clenched in the last agony, and brows still knit with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen. The plaids dear to every Highland clan were represented there, and as I looked, out of the distance came the sound of pipes. It was the General coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread all that remained of the Highland Brigade. In front of them walked the chaplain, with bared head, dressed in his robes of office; then came the pipers, with their pipes, sixteen in all, and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments, and in the midst the dead General borne by four of his comrades. Out swelled the pipes to the strains of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' now ringing proud and high, until the soldier's head went back in haughty defiance, and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel, now sinking to moaning wail, like a woman mourning for her firstborn, until the proud heads dropped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death. Right up to the grave they march, and broke away in companies, until the General lay in the shallow grave, with a Scottish square of armed men around him. Only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers, while the solemn service of the church was spoken.

"Then once again the pipes pealed out and 'Lochaber No More' cut through the stillness like a cry of pain until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home moaning for the soldier she would welcome back no more. Then, as if touched by the magic of one thought, the soldiers turned their tear-damped eyes from the still form in the shallow grave toward the heights, where Cronje, the 'lion of Africa,' and his soldiers stood. Then every cheek flushed crimson and strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle stocks swelled almost to bursting with the fervor of the grip, and that look from those silent armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators. For, on each frowning face, the spirit of vengeance sat and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood. God help the Boers when next the Highland pibroch sounds! God rest the Boers' souls when the Highland bayonets charge; for neither death, nor hell, nor things above, nor things below, will hold the Scots back from their blood feud.

"At the head of the grave, at the point nearest the enemy, the General was laid to sleep, his officers grouped around him, whilst in line behind him his soldiers were laid in a double row, wrapped in their blankets. No shots were fired over the dead men resting so peacefully, only the salute was given, and then the men marched campwards, as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far stretching breadth of the veldt."

In Orange Free State.

London cable says The Daily Mail publishes the following despatch from Julian Ralph:

"Modder River, Jan. 11.—I have just returned here with Babington's force of nearly 900 mounted men, which made one of three conjunction raids into the Jacobsdal district of the Orange Free State. Various agencies will have supplied full details of these operations, and I shall confine myself to comment and description.

"If the immediate results of the reconnaissance seem meagre—as we saw no Boers, and destroyed but three houses, the residences of Lubbe, commandant of the district, and his married sons—the moral result is believed to be very effective. The rich and beautiful country which we invaded was not new to our troops. The wonderfully active Canadians and Australians had already traversed every foot of it time and again, causing all armed Boers to abandon their positions. Now our incursion has sent the rest of the inhabitants to follow the armed men, at the cost of the abandonment of an extensive region.

"On Babington's march alone we saw six or seven empty houses, representing a loss to the republic equal to the same number of enormous farms which are peculiar to that country.

"One place which we visited, known as Ramdam, had for months sent a commando of 70 to 80 Boers from the neighborhood, who fought us at Belmont and Graspan (or Enslin). Then the Northamptons invited them in a small action. They will never again concentrate at Ramdam to enjoy their homes or work their farms till the end of the war.

"The house of the younger Lubbes had been prepared for us, insulting sentences having been charcoaled on the walls, reminding us of the fate of Colley and Jameson, and bidding us beware of a similar end. One of the most curious sentences was to the effect that man's property should be respected, and added: 'If you respect mine, we may remain friends.'

"At every house we found abundance of proof that the inhabitants had been active in the war. At every farm Kaffirs who remained in their peculiar oval huts welcomed us warmly.

"The destruction of these three farm houses, the dispersing of these annoying neighbors may seem a small result for a three days' expedition, yet I suspect that the Boers already consider it worse than the capture of a commando, and will feel it more as time goes on.

"I understand that a small force which went from Honeynest kloof had their pickets fired on near Jacobsdal, but our nearest approach to a discharge of rifles was when we mistook a swarm of Australians for Boers. Several times in this way Remington's Scouts, Canadians and Australians have had narrow escapes because of their wearing hats like the Boers. Before the war ends all British troops will be ordered to wear helmets as a badge of nationality. Then, if the Highlanders be required to cast aside their kilts and put on trousers, the costuming of our troops will be perfect."

At Modder River.

London cable says: Though many brisk exchange of shells this morning, the Boers returning our fire for the first time in several days. The British entrenchments are being continually strengthened. The permanent railway bridge is almost completed.

Heavy rains have fallen in the hills recently, and the fords of Riet river are all impassable.

It is reported that it will be necessary to relay the rails over almost the entire distance from Modder river to Kimberley, the Boers having used the rails and sleepers in building their fortifications.

Stories still reach camp that the Free Staters desire to end the war. The latest report is that a council was held recently at Bloemfontein, at which President Steyn and Gen. Cronje were present. It was then stated that, unless the British began the attack by Jan. 17th, the Free Staters would return home. The enormous difficulty the Boers must experience in provisioning the Spytfontein army, which is far from the railway head, is very evident.

London cable says: The rumors from Cape Town that Ladysmith is already relieved are apparently ahead of the facts. In any case, Lord Roberts, whose report was despatched this morning, was not aware of it, and his dates preclude the possibility that the troops mentioned in his despatches have so soon reached the beleaguered town. Though there are some discrepancies in the telegrams, the whole tenor of the news points to Gen. Buller's second advance having begun with good prospects of success; but it is generally recognized that with an enemy so resourceful as the Boers have proved themselves to be, it is idle to indulge in overconfidence. The net result, so far as known, is that Gen. Buller occupies

TWO COMMANDING POSITIONS

north of the Tugela River, thereby securing at least two crossings by which he can bring up necessary reinforcements.

The officials of the War Office here are satisfied that the tide has turned, and that news of a more hopeful character from a British point of view will hereafter be the rule, instead of the exception. That the British advance in a northeasterly direction will be fiercely resisted is fully anticipated. The Boer force is probably superior to the British, and the despatches show the burghers occupy strong positions.

There is some doubt as to whether the Sproenkop, occupied by Gen. Warren is identical with Spienkop. If so the British are within a few miles of Acton Homes, the scene of the earlier conflicts between Gen. White's forces, and the invading Free Staters, whence there is a good road.

DIRECT TO LADYSMITH.

While Gen. Warren's forces was crossing the Tugela River, the Boers occupied a thickly wooded plantation a mile north of the river, and sent several volleys into the advance guard. The British replied and the artillery opened on a neighboring kopje. As the British pushed across the river, the Boers found their position uncomfortable and retired to the hills. Immediately after the pontoon bridge was completed the whole British force crossed. It is thought probable that a combined forward movement has since developed. In the meanwhile the naval guns on Swartzkop had been persistently shelling the Boer entrenchments facing the kopjes occupied by Lyttleton's brigade.

London cable says: A news agency despatch from Mount Alice, dated Jan. 15th, describing Lord Dundonald's advance to Springfield with the Fifth Brigade, under General Hart, says that a few miles outside of Frere, the British passed a number of targets that had been erected by the Boers in such a manner [illegible] to represent a force advancing in skirmishing order. The enemy had evidently been practising at these targets.

The British transport extended several miles, and included probably five thousand vehicles. All suspicious country as far as Mount Alice had been thoroughly reconnoitred, and no sign of the enemy had been found.

Lord Dundonald's force advanced rapidly, meeting with no opposition.

The Boers had been at Potgieter's drift the day before the British arrived. They had had a large camp on the opposite hills, but this camp was quickly struck. A buggy, with an escort, probably the Boer commandant's equipage, was seen leaving the hills.

General Buller took quarters at a farm house, belonging to Martinius Pretorius, who had disappeared.

A loud explosion was heard on Jan. 12th, and it was subsequently learned that the enemy had destroyed a bridge that was in course of construction seven miles above Potgieter's drift.

Gen Buller issued spirited instructions to his force, beginning:

"We are going to relieve our comrades at Ladysmith. There will be no turning back."

The order proceeded to advise the men when to charge and on what conditions to receive the surrender of any of the enemy.

It warned the troops against a treacherous use by the Boers of the white flag.

The order created enthusiasm in the camp.

The march from Frere to Mount Alice was very trying, but the health of the troops is excellent.

The despatch adds that everyone is confident.

The Work Before Buller.

London cable: A despatch to the Standard from Spearman's farm describes the Boer position as revealed by a reconnaissance on Jan. 12. The enemy were strongly entrenched on a series of low kopjes close to the river and extending to Ladysmith. Their second main line of defence was at the edge of a long plateau, which was fortified and flanked by a lofty hill called Abejmana. The position was further strengthened by the sinuous course of the Tugela River, which, after flowing beneath the precipitous slope of the Tabamyama mountain, winds about until it forms a sort of peninsula, over which the Ladysmith road passes to the plateau.

A despatch to the Telegraph, dated Spearman's farm, Jan. 18th, says: "A howitzer battery bombarded the Boer lines occasionally during the night. The firing was resumed this morning. All's well."

Awaiting Further News.

London cable says: A news agency received with extreme satisfaction the news of Gen. Buller's successful crossing of the Tugela River, and awaits with eager anticipation the result of his further operations, which, it is recognized, will not fail to involve a struggle at least as severe as any that has yet taken place.

So far as known at the time of cabling, the expected battle has not begun, though the British howitzers and naval guns have been searching the Boer trenches with lyddite shells, which, according to one correspondent, have been especially effective.

A telegram from Durban reports that numbers of wounded troops are arriving at the field hospital at Mooi River from the front, but Durban readily invents reports of this kind, and nothing contained in the despatches from Spearman's farm indicate that anything more than long-range firing is in progress. Neither is there any mention of the Boers responding to the British artillery.

General Warren's advance guard had a skirmish in crossing the river at Trichard's drift, and the men who swam the stream to get possession of the ferryboat at Potgieter's drift, did their work under a smart fire, but apparently there were no British casualties.

The despatches received here leave much unsaid regarding the strength and exact disposition of the relief column, but Gen. Buller is apparently taking five-sixths of his whole force with him, leaving the remaining sixth to guard the camp at Chieveley.

The comments of the press do not go far beyond congratulation on the success of the movements to the point reached, but it is generally felt that, barring an unforseen accident, the conditions under which a further advance will be made are likely to be more advantageous to the British than in any previous phase of the campaign."

At midnight the War Office announced that it had no further news for publication. When questioned with regard to the rumored British victory and the relief of Ladysmith, the officials replied that they had received no information to bear out either feature of the rumor, and were inclined to think that serious fighting must precede the relief of the town.

H[illegible]

Sp[illegible] 18, 10[illegible]

a. m.—Gen. Lyttleton's brigade, with a howitzer battery, crossed the Tugela River at Potgieter's drift on Tuesday, Jan. 16th. The water rose above the waists of the men. The Boers fired two shots, and then recalled their forces to the trenches, the passage being uninterrupted.

"The British advanced in skirmishing order, and the small kopjes on the summits were occupied by 6.30 p. m. During the night it rained heavily.

Yesterday (Wednesday) the Boer trenches were vigorously shelled in front of Mount Alice, while the British remained in possession of the kopjes and plain. Heavy mists enveloped the hills, but the naval guns and howitzer battery made good practice, thoroughly searching the trenches.

On the Boer right a breach was made in a sandbag emplacement, where it is supposed Boer guns had been placed.

The cannonade was heavy and continuous, and the Boers were observed leaving the trenches in small parties. The hill facing the British position was shelled next.

Gen. Warren has forced a passage of the Tugela, seven miles to the left.

Canadians Hard Workers.

London cable: The Standard's special correspondent at Modder River says:

"Oyez le depechez vous," "Say there, bring her over," and similar commands, in English and Canadian French, greeted the ears of those near the Orange River station while the train was being loaded by the Gordon Highlanders going to the front.

The Canadians had arrived the day before from De Aar. In one day they had laid down and completed a mile and a quarter of railway and built a new platform. Railway making under a South African December sun is no play.

It was a thrilling sight to see those sons of the north handling sleepers and rails with the greatest despatch and enthusiasm. They worked as white men seldom work. It was an object lesson of the thoroughness, good spirit and patriotism which animates all ranks and sections of British now fighting the Boers.

Awful Atrocities of the Bo

London cable: The Times' correspondent at Mafeking, in a despatch dated Jan. 3rd, confirms the statement that the Boers who are besieging that place were concentrating their fire on the women's laager and hospital. He says that it was no longer possible to guarantee the safety of the women and children, despite every precaution.

Women have been mutilated and children killed. The scenes of terror and consternation among them are pitiable.

The garrison's resistance is goading the Boers to commit various atrocities, which is fanning the spirit of revenge among the townsfolk.

Colonel Baden-Bowell, the British commander at Mafeking, has stated that it is impossible to rely on Boer honor. The strictest and most impartial enquiry leaves no doubt that the enemy used explosive bullets at Gametree.

AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

The Higland Brigade Taken Into a Butcher's Shop and Left There.

A special cable despatch to the Chicago Tribune, dated Jan. 11, says:

The death of General Wauchope, commander of the Black Watch, was one of the many sad results of that engagement. General Wauchope, it is now well known, realized the futility of the assault as planned by Methuen. He argued strongly and expostulated bitterly against it. Methuen, however, insisted, and the two quarrelled over the matter the night before the battle, which proved so disastrous to the British forces. A member of the Black Watch, in a letter just received, gives the details of the charge which Wauchope led to his death. He quotes the General's dying words—words showing how fully he realized the situation even in the hour of his death. The letter reads:

"It was one of the darkest nights we ever saw. The rain fell in torrents and we went on and forward, falling, stumbling and slipping over rocks and ant-hills. It was impossible to see where we were going. After we had been taken by surprise, our right half battalion charged, but the men were mowed down like grain before a reaper. General Wauchope was shot at the beginning of the charge. When he saw the mistake that had happened he shouted: 'Rally round me, Black Watch! It's not my fault!' Then he fell, literally riddled with bullets."

THE TROOPS DEMORALIZED.

Letters from men serving in the Modder River column tell of the demoralization of the troops since the commander's incapacitation. A Highland brigade man says: "There is not the slightest doubt that Methuen has lost the confidence of every man in the Highland brigade. I am not going too far in saying that they are afraid to trust their lives with him."

Corporal Bevan, in describing the fateful battle, says: "When the enemy opened fire Wauchope, our brave general, who was killed, turned to us and said: 'Don't blame me, lads.' We hear he remonstrated with Methuen before we left camp about the plans for the battle, but Methuen only told him to obey orders."

"Wauchope, no doubt, went out to find death," writes Sergeant Grey. "When such a disastrous fire opened he shouted to the Argyll Highlanders: 'Don't blame me for this. I received my orders and had to obey them.' With proper handling we could have cleared the Boers out in two hours. As it was, we were taken into a butcher's shop and left there."

Dozens of other letters are printed, all of the same tone.

So far as known there is no insanity in Methuen's family back of the present generation, but it is generally understood all three of his sisters have been backward from childhood.

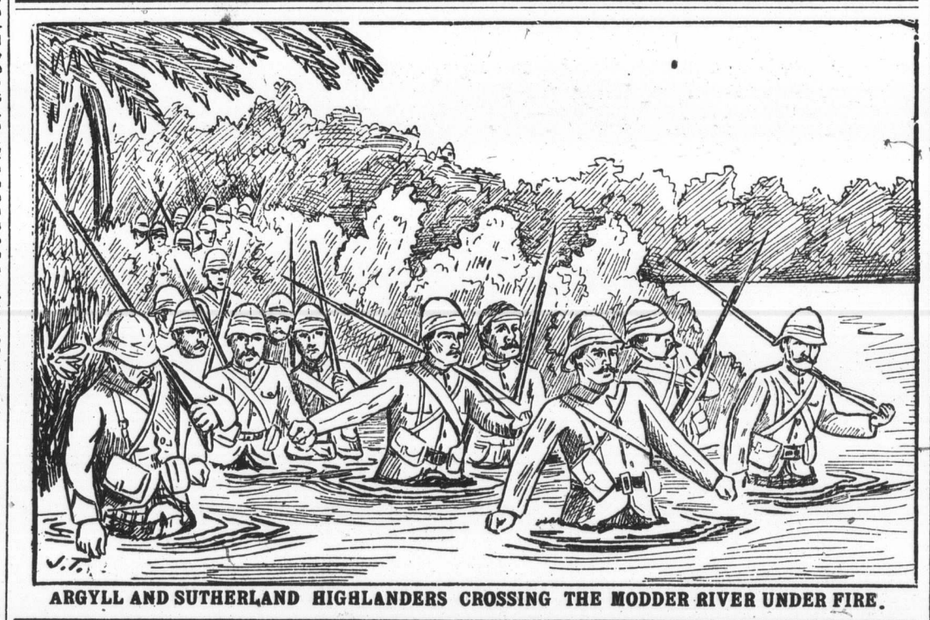
War Notes.

The War Office gives out a despatch from Roberts confirming yesterday's story of French's repulse of attack on an outpost.

The best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men.—Fowler.

As a full private in the University company of the Queen's Own, the present Postmaster-General served his country in the Fenian raid of 1870. He has therefore been awarded the general service medal which is just now being issued.

Ernest J. Lehman, the first to put into execution in Chicago the department store idea, died on Saturday, worth at least $10,000,000.



ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS CROSSING THE MODDER RIVER UNDER FIRE.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION