

A FRENCH VIEW.

Fatal Errors of the Leading Boer Generals.

A Passage in the Twenty-seventh Psalm that Did More for England

Than All that Has Been Accomplished By Lyddite and General Lord Roberts—Notes of a French Officer in the Transvaal.

(From the Paris Figaro.)

If the English generals at the beginning of the South African campaign astonished the world with their incompetence and were beaten in nearly every encounter by a numerically inferior enemy, the Boer chiefs who were opposed to them have shown that they were, perhaps, still worse; and they are in a large measure responsible for the reverses which have delivered their country to the invader. Of course they have the excuse of not being professional military men; many of them never saw war. They were called suddenly from their farms to direct the march of several thousand undisciplined men totally devoid of military instruction. Elected by the burghers, from the "corporal" to the "commandant general," these Boer officers have no other authority than that which their men chose to give them.

Unfortunately, events have proven that, in the selection of men for the higher grade offices, and especially for the office of general, errors have been committed. Even in times of peace there is nothing that can guide the burghers in their voting. They generally chose rich and educated farmers, or else some of the men that distinguished themselves during the war of independence of twenty years ago.

These old Boers of 1831 make war as much with the Bible as with arms. Every order is accompanied with a verse from Scripture, and in the "Twenty-seventh Psalm" it is not mistaken—there is a passage that has done more for the English than all that has been accomplished by Lyddite and Gen. Roberts. This passage is to the effect that you shall not kill an enemy who is not attacking you. The English army has been saved several times by these few words of the Old Testament.

Recently the Daily Mail itself published the account of the retreat of the six battalions of Col. Thorneycroft, after the battle of Spion Kop; they could not re-pass the Tugela River without getting in range of four Boer cannon, which Gen. Joubert refused to have fired. Three months before that the commandant general had showed a goodness of heart, which had important results of a very different kind. At the battle of Nicholson's Nek, Gen. White was utterly defeated, and half of his left wing, being surrounded by the commandos of de Vrede and of Harrismith, surrendered. The other half fled. Thereupon the rest of the army retired in the greatest disorder. The "Long Toms" of the Boers, an eye witness tells me, were ploughing furrows through the English columns, and the commandos of Lucas Meyer and of Botha were coming down from Lombard's Kop to cut off the retreat of the enemy, when the general-in-chief had the artillery fire stopped and also the offensive movement of his left wing. To the pleadings of the other generals he answered:

"LAT DE KERIS LOOPEN"

(Let those fellows run). If Botha had been in command then, the English army would have been destroyed, the siege of Ladysmith would never have taken place, and, maybe, the Boers would have reached Durban before Gen. Buller's army of relief.

On the side of the Orange Free State, Gen. Piet Cronje committed errors similar to those made by Joubert in Natal. The stubbornness of this old Boer was equalled only by his fatuity. When the European officers advised him to attack Kimberley, which was defended only by a thousand volunteers, he answered, shrugging his shoulders: "I was a general when you were babes in your mothers' arms. Besides, what's the use of risking the lives of my burghers? The Lord will surely cause the fall of a town that holds within its walls the worst of all monsters." He referred to Cecil Rhodes.

After having repulsed Lord Methuen at Magerfontein he would not follow up his victory nor would he attack the English camp, which was filled with discouraged soldiers who were almost in mutiny, and who would not salute their general. And when, two months later, Gen. French's cavalry passed at a few miles' distance from his left wing to make a dash by way of Koffyfontein to deliver Kimberley, although he had notice of this movement, he considered it impossible that an Englishman should pass where he, Conje, did not want him to pass. Finally when, after he was surrounded at Paardeberg, two veldt korntes succeeded in cutting a passage for him that was, in the only answer he had for them was: "Look out for yourselves, and I'll look out for myself."

In the end, however, he earned forgiveness for all his faults by the heroism of his desperate defence. Unfortunately, as much cannot be said for another general whose incompetence did trifling damage to the army of Natal. Gen. Lucas Meyer is the only veldt kornt—except Col. Vilhoes-Mareuil—who received his command from the government without having been elected by the burghers. Physically he is one of the handsomest men in South Africa. He is 6 feet tall and formed in proportion, and his long gray beard makes him look like a patriarch of sacred history. He lived a long time in the neighborhood of Vrheid, on the Zulu and Swazi frontiers, and he has the reputation of being of all the white men the one that best speaks the different native

languages. So he became the counsellor of several native negro kings, and contributed to a great degree to the annexation to the Transvaal of the New Republic in 1886 and of Swaziland in recent years.

It was these successes, so little military in their character, which caused him to be appointed general, and in the discharge of his new duties he showed himself to be equally unskilful and un courageous. It was his fault that the 4,000 English from Dundee succeeded in reaching Ladysmith by an almost impassable road, on which a hundred men would have been able to stop them. Later it was upon his advice that, despite the pleading of Botha, the right bank of the Tugela was abandoned, and that the superb positions at Colenso, which the English had been attacking unsuccessfully for three months, fell to the hands of the latter without a struggle. Lastly, he allowed himself to be turned by Sir Redvers Buller at Helpmakaar, like Cronje at Koffeyfontein. The day before this happened he watched the English army marching on the plain of Pomsery, and he would not allow the 200 men who were sent to the enemy's way. When these 200 were obliged in the presence of overwhelming forces to abandon Helpmakaar, the army retired in the best of order, without losing a cannon or even a wagon! The general, however, with head and feet in haste toward the north. Then only the burghers refused to serve under his orders and caused the government to deprive him of his command.

THE SICKNESS AND DEATH

of Joubert and the surrender of Cronje, happening at almost the same time, brought to the head of the army younger chiefs who were men of other worth. If, with the handful of men left to them, they have not been able to triumph over the English invaders, at least they will have the consolation of selling their lives and their independence dearly and of doing for their country all that courageous men can do.

The army of the South African Republic in no way resembles the armies of Europe. Military service does not exist in the country, and it was only after Dr. Jameson's raid, four years ago, that a permanent artillery corps, consisting of 400 men, was created.

When war is declared every citizen between 16 and 50 years of age takes up his Mauser rifle, his cartridge belt, and a little dried meat, mounts his horse, and goes to the capital of his canton, or wijk. There all hands assemble under the orders of the veldtkorntes, the number of which is regulated according to the size of the wijk. The veldtkorntes are permanent functionaries elected by the burghers, and in time of peace he assesses the taxes and commands the farmers in time of war. All the detachments of the veldtkorntes of one district form a commando under the orders of the commandant. The number of men in a commando varies greatly. For example, that of Pretoria is 2,500, while that of Swaziland is only 140. Several commandos are grouped together into a little army under the direction of a veldt general. The commandant general is the chief of the army. The positions are all elective, no matter what the grade.

When the burghers reach the capital of the district they receive new supplies. If necessary, and wagons drawn by oxen or mules, and loaded with tents, preserved food, cartridges and tools, are furnished to the commandos. A large number of Kaffir servants follow their masters on reserve horses or in the wagons which they drive with marvellous skill. From the wijk the capital the commandos start for the frontier, which is soon reached. At the last railroad station they are joined by the artillery and the ambulances that have come from Pretoria. Thus, the mobilization is completed.

The Boer army marches without the slightest order, but with extraordinary rapidity. The chief of each fraction knows only the destination of the marching army, and he goes there as quickly as possible, without paying any attention to the other commandos. When he finds near a stream a wagon with a narrow brim, that is soon knocked up by his position there, and the wagons are arranged in their places off the route of march, the animals are sent out to graze under the surveillance of the Kaffirs, and the fires are lighted. Coffee comes next, and after swallowing it the Boers retire to await the rise of the sun or of the moon to resume the march. The different divisions of the column pass one another constantly, and marching through camps in bivouac is of continual occurrence. The miscellaneous teams, the horsemen grouped with no regard to order, the shouts of the Kaffirs at the mules, the whistling of the long whips with bamboo handles—all give to the commando the aspect of a gypsy band rather than of an army on the march.

Except in the artillery there is no uniform in the Boer army. The Boer goes to war in his everyday clothes. HE WEARS A JACKET of a dark color, over which his cartouchiers are thrown in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. Any old thing goes for his trousers, but his boots are strong and solid, one only being furnished with a spur, usually, turned out. The entire outfit is surmounted by a long beard and a felt hat with a narrow brim, that is soon knocked out of shape and color by the sun and the rain. In this costume the Boer goes to war. He has three enemies, the flies, the sun and the English. Against the first his only weapon is patience. Against the second he uses his umbrella, which in fine weather is attached to the saddle; and for the last he has his Mauser, which he carries across his back or in the holster expressly made for it, which hangs behind his right leg.

When the commandos are in retreat entire families leave their farms and join the column. They carry all their goods in a huge wagon, in the back of which there is a compartment for the women and children. The men travel on horseback, helping the Kaffirs to drive the ox teams. On the front of the wagon provisions are piled and also the humble furniture of the abandoned farm. The cattle, sheep and goats travel by the side of the moving habitation. In Natal I saw an old man with a switch driving before him a dozen guinea hens. The fowl certainly

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The stomach is the vital center of the body. It is the organ from which all other organs feed. A weak stomach means a weak man. There never was a strong man with a weak stomach. What is called "weak stomach" is in general a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, which prevents the proper digestion of the food which is taken into the stomach, and so reduces the nutrition of the body. When all food is taken away the body starves. When the food eaten is only digested and assimilated in part, it only nourishes the body in part, and the body is partly starved. And this starvation is felt in every organ of the body dependent on the blood which is made from food.

The great variety of the cures performed by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due to its remarkable power to heal diseases of the stomach and allied organs. It cures through the stomach diseases seemingly remote; but which have their origin in disease of the condition of the stomach and the other organs of digestion and nutrition. "Weak" heart, lungs, kidneys and weakness of other organs is cured with the cure of the weak stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

were not of much value, but he did not want to let anything fall into the hands of the hated "Kaffirs." The best of the army habits for a certain time the commandos establish their laagers near some railway station. The tents are thrown up rapidly. The trains bring along cattle and provisions of all sorts. A bakery is hastily established. Sometimes entire wagon-loads of straw and cornstalks serve to better the food of the horses. The aspect of the camp is as confused and picturesque as the line of march of the commandos. Tents and wagons are scattered about in all directions.

The tent of the general-in-chief is distinguished from the others simply by the little tri-color flag that surmounts it. All through the day the burghers on their horses gallop back and forward in fatigue uniform—that is to say, without their Mausers and cartridges. They take the train to the station, to get letters from their wives and journals from Johannesburg, which the railroad employees deliver gratis. The station is the regular place of rendezvous. Some go to the "bait" to get pipes and tobacco. Others wait for the general-in-chief to bring back to the front the burghers who returned after leave of absence, or who come back from the hospitals convalescent and confident; and many more crowd in front of the official bulletins giving the progress of the military operations. In the camp, when the Boers have nothing else to do, they pass their time in sleep, at prayer and at target practice. The slow and monotonous psalms are interrupted constantly by the rattle of rifles, and the bullets fly in all directions, making the approaches to the laager often more dangerous than a line of battle. Consequently accidents are frequent. During the two months that the army of Natal remained near Glencoe, half a dozen burghers were killed by accident and only two were killed in action.

The quiet life of the camp is often interrupted by the attacks of the English. While the burghers are fighting, the Kaffirs unfurl the tents and load the wagons. This is done in an incredibly short time. At the close of the fight the march is resumed forward or backward according to the result of the day, and on the order of the general, a new laager is established.

Such has been the life of the Boer commandos during the past year. As the war is prolonged and the towns fall into the hands of the enemy, existence becomes harder and more painful. But it requires so little to sustain the Boer in his present position, he will be able, without too many privations, to fight till his last cartridge is gone. That is the reason why the English are bound still to meet with many deceptions and surprises before they will be able to pacify the annexed territories and finally conquer their alert and active enemies. J. CARNE.

QUAKER REFLECTIONS.

It isn't right to pay left-handed compliments. The widow's life is not always choked with weeds. The height of ill-breeding, according to accepted social standards, must be listened to the music at the opera.

Most any woman can talk her husband into buying her a \$25 hat, and yet some idiot once started the rumor that talk is cheap. THEY FEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN. England's legitimate and glorious imperialism of former days has disappeared; that of today is founded on rancour. It has become pervious to the attacks of Europe, and is forced to consider it as to be dreaded, because it is a continual menace to her. Mr. Chamberlain has been the principal agent of this detestable transformation, and for this reason the entire continent bestows on him the epithet of "the man of straw." He counts for much in the insecurity of the present moment. In England he is called "the modern style" imperialism, which has chosen so dangerous a godfather, the Boer. Paris.

UNIQUE.

"I think we ought to give this wedding a display here on the first page," said the managing editor. "Out of the ordinary, is it?" asked the city editor. "Why, there was no 'howler' of any kind," replied the managing editor. "Enough," cried the managing editor; "the 'howler' led it and give it a scare head; it's the only one of the kind."

SIR JAMES OUTRAM, The Bayard of the Indian Army.

Among the memorials of heroic men in Westminster Abbey there is not one more worthy than that of General Sir James Outram. "The Bayard of the Indian Army." He was so-called because he resembled in character the famous Chivalrous knight of the Middle Ages. He fell in the Spanish war, in 1823, and his memory was long held in honor as a pattern of true chivalry. To be called the Bayard of the Indian Army was thus no slight honor to Outram. He, too, was a gallant and brave soldier; he, too, was gentle, modest and pious; the plucky hero of higher and purer type than that of medieval times.

A great poet has said: "The Christian is the highest type of man." Outram showed his Christianity not only in religious spots and observances, but he carried it into his professional career and his public life, as the following anecdote proves: When Sir Charles Napier, determined to invade Scinde and suppress the warlike and troublesome Amerees of that country, Outram did not approve of the policy, but

AS A SOLDIER HE OBEYED, and by his gallantry contributed largely to the swift and decisive victory and conquest. When the prize-money came to be distributed, Outram said that as he disapproved of the war he would not accept his share of the rewards. On this refusal being represented to him as a reflection on others, he gave the whole of the money that fell to his share to the establishment of Christian missions and schools.

In the war with Persia, just before the Indian mutiny, he was chief of the expedition, with Havelock second in command—a man of equal gallantry and of kindred spirit. They soon became fast friends, as two Christian men were likely to be when engaged in the same perilous and patriotic service.

They had scarcely returned from the Persian expedition when the mutiny of the Sepoy army broke out. The story of Havelock's battles and marches is well known to readers of Indian history. With a small force he had to oppose overwhelming numbers of the rebel armies, and although he GAINED SEVERAL VICTORIES, giving the first check to the triumphant mutineers, the losses in his little army, and the outbreak of cholera in his camp, compelled him to retreat without reaching Lucknow, and he had to wait for reinforcements before re-entring the city.

The reinforcements at length came, under General Outram. Being senior officer, he was entitled to take command. This Havelock expected, though he could not but feel hurt by the thought that he would seem to be superseded on account of the failure of his first advance. The noble-minded Outram saw this, and with a generosity ever to be remembered, he waived his right of seniority and placed his military services at Havelock's disposal as a volunteer. Divisional command which he declared this purpose is such as was never before issued to an army by its commander.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY is not gone, and when Outram thus spoke and acted, and his conduct towards Havelock will have an influence for good for all time. In the second advance on Lucknow, Havelock led the force as skilfully as before, and the troops had again to face the same difficulties, and to encounter greater resistance. But they had confidence to use the words of Outram, "that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and generously fought will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished."

One incident more must be mentioned. When Havelock's son performed a daring and gallant deed during the advance, his father hesitated to recommend him for the Victoria Cross, lest he might be charged with favoritism. General Outram wrote to him in terms honorable alike to father and son, and worthy of his own chivalrous nature: "I shall deeply regret having divested myself of the command during the advance on Lucknow, if, from what I must regard as most sensitive delicacy, you withhold from Lieutenant Havelock, because he is your relative, the reward to which, as a soldier, he has so unmistakably established a first claim." Does not Outram well bear the title of "the Bayard of the Indian Army?"

REV. MR. ALMOND.

(Charlottetown Guardian.) The telegraphic information that the Rev. J. Almond, B. A., Anglican chaplain to the Royal Canadian Regiment, has decided to enter the imperial service is of interest to many outside of the circle in which he moved previous to his appointment a year ago. His career at the front has been unmarked by sensational incidents, but steady adherence to duty, self-sacrificing performance of work of an arduous and trying nature, and a constant and cheerful zeal have marked his connection with the regiment, have lifted it above commonplace compliance with regulations, and entitle him to an honorable place in the annals of the first contingent.

Rev. Mr. Almond's work compelled attention in the evil days when the entire force was wasting the ranks of the army at Bloemfontein. Illness had separated him from the regiment when the march to Paardeberg began, and he was not present on the field where the Canadians received their baptism of fire. That was a circumstance of lasting regret to him, for he possesses an accurate and adventurous temperament, of the type which finds a relish in the incidents of battle. The epidemic at the Free State capital called forth all the energy of the chaplains of the army, and Mr. Almond threw himself with his full strength and with rare self-abnegation into the laborious and often harrowing duties which the situation

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PNEUMONIA, COLDS. MR. J. H. BARNEZ, Greenwood, B. C., writes July 10, 1900: "With Oxydonor, I broke a severe cold in one night several times; I broke pneumonia twice; and I helped me greatly in a chronic case where my doctors failed, and one honest one plainly told me there was no help, and my time was short. This was four years ago; now, though not a strong man, there is no one in the country able to give me second place in my line of work."

BRONCHITIS, CATARRH. MR. F. FRETZ, Winnipeg, Man., writes July 31, 1900: "I have used Oxydonor for two weeks for Bronchitis and Catarrh of the head, and I feel like a new man."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE. MRS. F. I. COOK, Isabel Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, writes June 5, 1899: "I have suffered untold agonies from Bright's Disease, and Oxydonor relieved me of pain, and in six weeks I was cured."

SEVERE COLD. MR. R. J. CHISP, Souris, Man., writes April 9, 1900: "In case of severe cold, stiffness of joints and sore loaves, by applying Oxydonor over night, I get immediate relief."

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called for. Sorely against his natural inclinations he remained in the hospitals when the march northward began, for the regiment left behind it a rear guard of scores of sufferers who needed his ministrations. When circumstances permitted he left Bloemfontein, and by an energetic bit of travelling rejoined the regiment in time to participate in the entry into Pretoria. His services at Bloemfontein caused him to be employed to a considerable extent in executive work connected with the alleviating of the condition of the soldiers all along the line of communications, and in all circumstances he showed himself the same kindly, considerate, cheery and unaffected minister of good.

A knack for executive work, zeal, practical piety and unselfishness make an excellent equipment for laborers such as those to which Mr. Almond has devoted himself, and he will be followed in his career by the good wishes of his fellow-countrymen to whom he has been of service.

Miss Wunder—Is Mr. Rhymsen a true poet? Miss Gabbigh—Yes, indeed. They got he applied at the city hall for a poetic license last week.—Ohio State Journal.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

(Westminster Gazette.) No more for him the dust along the street, The cry of new-borns and the traffic's din, The joy of balanced prose—the work well done.

Rap at his door—another comes "come in." Another, who perchance knows not his name. But fills the well-worn chair with boyish pride, And dreams the same old dreams of work and fame.

No more for him the grind—slow—word on spur. His paper prints his name, and then he forgets; He showed rare promise and he laughed at fear. "He sent his news—a truce to vain regrets."

No more for him the saddle and the spur, The maddened ride, the hardship, and the fun. He saw great deeds, and earned his little pay, Dead jerked his bride when the march was done.

City and koppel! what to him is change? Topper and helmet! what to him is dress? The fever passed him, but the rifles saw—God rest him! and his paper goes to press. —Theodore Roberts.