

FOR THE FLAG

DT 933
M35
1901
c.3



✓





EDWARD VII
King and Emperor

FOR THE FLAG

or

Lays and Incidents

or

The South African War

BY MRS. MACLEOD,

Authoress of Carols of Canada, Etc.



CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,

Archibald Irwin, Printer.

1901.



EDWARD VII
King and Emperor

FOR THE FLAG

OR

Lays and Incidents

OF

The South African War

BY MRS. MACLEOD,
Authoress of Carols of Canada, Etc.



CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,

Archibald Irwin, Printer.

1901.

DT9.33

M35

1901

c. 3

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year 1901.

BY ELIZABETH S. MACLEOD,

In the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

BRITISH LIBRARY
SERIALS ACQUISITION
6 SMITH SQUARE
LONDON WC2R 2LS
TEL: 01-2753151

OUR EMPIRE'S FLAG.

Dedicated to our Patriots.

*Ho fairest light on land or wave !
Ho brightest gleam of glory !
Shine forth that all beneath thy rays
May read thy wondrous story.
How Freedom rose when rose thy dawn
And, though the way was gory,
Passed on erect, with unbound hands,
To climb the heights of glory.
To climb the heights of glory.*

*Beneath thy beams, Oh guiding star !
From off the hills of heather,
From western plains, from southern seas
Leal sons, troop on together.
That sword which sought the mother-heart
Hath nerved her every daughter;
Now all the world shall learn that blood
Is thicker far than water.
Is thicker far than water.*

*Thou droopest not 'neath summer sun;
Thou heed'st not winter hoary;
Nor years shall dim that steadfast light
Which gilds thy path of glory.
Then on! lead on thou conquering Flag!
Wave out for aye thy story!
Since none but Heaven may link the bars
Across thy march of glory.
Across thy march of glory.*

The British Cabinet. 1900--1901.

PRIME MINISTER—MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

Secy of State—Foreign	-	-	Marquis of Lansdowne
Lord Pres. of the Council	-	-	Duke of Devonshire
1st Lord of Treasury and Leader in House of Commons			Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour
Lord High Chancellor	-	-	Lord Halsbury
Secy for India	-	-	Lord G. Hamilton
Home Secy.	-	-	Sir Mat. White Ridley
Secy. for the Colonies	-	-	Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain
Secy. for War	-	-	Rt. Hon. W. St. John Broderick
Secy. for Scotland	-	-	Lord Balfour of Burleigh
Chancellor of the Exchequer	-	-	Sir Matt. Hicks-Beach
1st Lord of the Admiralty	-	-	Earl of Selborne
Pres. of the Board of Trade	-	-	Rt. Hon. Gerald Balfour
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	-	-	Lord James
Lord Privy Seal	-	-	Lord Salisbury
Pres. Local Government Board	-	-	Rt. Hon. H. Chaplin
Lord Lieut. of Ireland	-	-	Earl Cadogan
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	-	-	Lord Ashbourne
Pres. Board of Agriculture	-	-	Rt. Hon. W. Long
1st Commissioner of Works	-	-	Rt. Hon. Ackers Douglas

PREFACE.

THERE is no attempt in this little book to give a detailed sketch of the war; the pen of the gifted historian may do that. I have merely endeavored to set before "those who sit at home at ease" an ever present reminder of the great and varied sufferings and sacrifices endured, and of the dauntless deeds accomplished by those patriot hearts who went forth to fight and, if need be, to die for freedom's and for country's cause in a far, unkindly clime—the oft-tried veteran of the old home-land and his youthful comrade-in-arms from the islands and continents of either sea.

The day has departed when civilians spoke with contempt of the private in the army and fawned upon the officer of the same. Even the rustic simpleton who, in a dazed and drunken mood, accepted the "shilling" and left the paternal acres amid the lamentations of a mourning hamlet, has so often dignified by his after prowess, developed in the storms of war, the humble village of his birth, that British valour has come to be respected and feared wherever British feet have trod, or British hearts have bled. Even France, yet smarting under the defeat of Waterloo, during the Crimean war produced in *Charivari* a picture of a Highlander standing sentinel at his post with a precipice over-looking the sea at his back; a French soldier and a Tartar peasant regarding him from below. "What folly," says the Tartar, "to place a sentry in such a position!" To which replied the Chasseur, "There's no danger; *ces soldats la ne reculent jamais.*"

Again, it is somewhat of an amelioration to our grief over the horrors of war to know that our heroes, our *substitutes* in the path of danger, are better attended to in these later days during the mishaps of battle or disease, and that there need

PREFACE

be no repetition of the cruelly thoughtless neglect experienced in former campaigns.

To those who believe the war to have been of unnecessary duration, I would recommend the perusal of one of Lord Roberts' despatches, in which he points out the magnitude of the area over which hostilities were carried on; and if this despatch fails to carry conviction, then the reader thereof must be either profoundly opaque or hopelessly prejudiced.

The verse matter, etc., in these pages are original. The incidents are gleaned from the public press of the period.

Owing to the kindness of His Lordship I am enabled to lay before his many friends a copy of "Strathcona's" latest photograph, also of his autograph; and for figures in relation to Canadian Contingents I am indebted to the politeness of Colonels Irving, of Halifax, and Moore, of Charlottetown, respectively Commanders of the Militia of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

It would seem invidious to prefer a few likenesses of famous generals to the exclusion of others; thus I choose the one *par excellence*, the Chief, Earl Roberts; while in bounden loyalty, as also in token of the distinction of having this book entered for publication on the first day of the reign of King Edward VII., I have the honor to insert therein, as frontispiece, a photo of his Most Gracious Majesty.

While lamenting the loss of the great and good Queen Victoria, we have reason to be thankful that her successor by inheritance is also her successor by choice of the people. May the love and the loyalty which has ever surrounded His Majesty and the peerless Queen Alexandra live on, untarnished, through the years; and nowhere else will they exist more generously than in this our great and wide Dominion, our beautiful and hopeful Canadian land, wherein

" God bless our own dear Canada!"
With heart and voice we sing;
" God bless Britannia far and near!
God bless our Sovereign King!"

E. S. M.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Introduction - - - - -	1
Part I	
Record of the War - - - - -	7
Part II	
Incidents of Battle, etc - - - - -	32
Part III	
Canada - - - - -	86
Part V	
Strathcona's Men - - - - -	98
Part V	
Rt. Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal - - -	105
Part VI	
Incidents of Canadians, etc - - - - -	109
Part VII	
The Southern Seas - - - - -	157
Part VIII	
Generals of the War - - - - -	165
Part IX	
Medals of Generals - - - - -	173
Part X	
The Victoria Cross - - - - -	179
Finale - - - - -	181



INTRODUCTION.

Statistics of South Africa.

THE nine states and protectorates of South Africa were, in the year 1899, as follows:—

Basutoland, (British Colony) area 10,293 square miles, population 250,000; chief city, Maseru, 862.

Bechuanaland, (British Protectorate) area 213,000 square miles, population 200,000; chief cities, Mafeking, Palapye, Palachwe.

Cape Colony or Cape of Good Hope, (British Colony) area 266,775 square miles, population 1,559,960; chief cities, Beaconsfeld, population 10,479; Cape Town 83,898; Cradock 4,389; East London 6,924; Graaf Reinet 5,946; Graham's Town 10,498; Kimberley 28,718; King William's Town 7,226; Paarl 7,668; Port Elizabeth 23,266; Uitenhage 5,331; Worcester 5,404.

German South-West Africa, (German Colony) area 322,450 square miles, population 200,000; chief city Windhock.

Natal, (British Colony) area 36,000 square miles, population 829,005; chief cities Durban 39,245; Pietermaritzburg 24,595.

Orange Free State, area 48,326 square miles, population 207,503; chief city Bloemfontein 5,817.

Portuguese East Africa, (Portuguese Colony) area 297,750 square miles, population 1,500,000; chief city Lorenzo Marquez, 7,700.

Rhodesia, (British Protectorate) area 750,000 square miles, population 450,000; chief city Buluwayo 5,000.

South Africa Republic or Transvaal, area 119,139 square miles, population 245,697; chief cities, Johannesburg, 102,714; Klerksdrop, 2,500; Potechefstroom, 4,000; Pretoria, 12,000.

Recapitulation: 2,062,733 square miles, population 5,481,865.

A Warning.

In July, 1879, the late Sir Bartle Frere, who was High Commissioner in South Africa from April, 1877, to August, 1880, placed on record the following prophecy: "Any attempt to give back or restore the Boer Republic in the Transvaal must lead to anarchy and failure, and probably, at no distant period, to a vicious imitation of some South American

Republic, in which the more uneducated and misguided Boers, dominated and led by better educated foreign adventurers—Germans, Hollanders, Irish Home Rulers, and other European Republicans and Socialists—will become a pest to the whole of South Africa, and a most dangerous fulcrum to any European power bent on contesting our naval supremacy or on injuring us in the colonies. . . . There is no escaping from the responsibility which has been already incurred, ever since the English flag was planted in the Castle here. All our real difficulties have arisen, and still arise, from attempting to evade or shift this responsibility. . . . If you abdicate the sovereign position, the abdication has always to be heavily paid for in both blood and treasure."

Testimonies against the Boer.

I.

It is because I fear that a considerable section of the Christian world of England, because of its tender sympathy with present suffering and its yearning after a present peace, is being led by writers, who have appealed only to these sentiments, into an attitude with regard to this war which is out of harmony with the Divine purpose at this time, that I am driven to write this appeal.

In the name of the Lord Jesus, and for His dear sake, I appeal to the Christian people of England to suspend the judgment they have been led to form on the question of the war in which Great Britain is now engaged. If ever there was a war for the Lord of hosts, if ever there was a war for truth and right, for the putting down of oppression and wrong, for the deliverance of a people powerless to deliver themselves, whose wrongs have cried up to heaven until the Lord has come down to deliver them, this is the war.

Let no Christian heart think that the immediate events which have led up to this war are the chief cause why the life-blood of the British Empire is being poured out to-day. No! British soldiers are dying on African soil to-day to put an end to conditions of atrocious wrong—a wrong continued throughout generations, and which, apparently, nothing but this sacrifice of life could right. Burghers of the Republics and colonists together, the innocent with the guilty, are to-day expiating crimes which, unavenged for long years, have sent up their cry into the ear of Eternal Justice.

For over 200 years the progenitors of the Transvaal Republic and their descendants have crushed, maltreated, and as far as they had power to do so, robbed of all rights belonging to them as fellow human beings the colored people of this land.

Under Transvaal rule a ceaseless committal of crimes, legislative, social and individual, have been perpetrated upon the helpless natives both within and beyond the border of the Republic, for whom it has seemed

till now there was no possible deliverance. Powerless to right themselves, with no human arm to look to for succour, the mute appeal of their helpless sufferings has gone up before God, the God of eternal justice. The crimes which have cried unredressed to heaven from the length and the breadth of this land for over two hundred years, but more particularly from that part known as the Transvaal territory, defy description; and it has seemed as though redress would never come, as though no deliverance were possible.

To justice-loving souls who have known of these wrongs it has been like some horrible nightmare that in the nineteenth century, within the limits of a country over part of which there waves the British flag, political and social oppression by one race over another was being grossly practised, to know that on every side individual brutalities were being committed on defenceless victims, and that, not by Arab slave-drivers or Moslem oppressors but by a professedly Christian and highly religious people, who, with the Bible in their hands and loud professions of faith and prayers, were practising barbarities, in peace as well as war, which put to shame the records of what the savages of this land have inflicted, even in our time, upon white races. Oh! it has been horrible beyond words—horrible!—Mrs. Lewis, a Dutch lady, sister of Premier Schreiner, of Cape Colony.

II.

The Paris 'Siecle' of May ninth contains a remarkable letter from a French-speaking inhabitant of the Transvaal on the African war, of which we translate some passages. The writer says:

"I have lived in the Transvaal for more than five years, and can bear testimony as to the Boer policy towards the Uitlanders. My position has made it necessary for me to deal with cases of injustice, of robbery, of brutality of almost daily occurrence, and I know by experience that the Boer is the irreconcilable enemy of the blacks, and that at the bottom of the whole South African question there is the native, the pariah whom the Boer wants to exploit in his own fashion. Doubtless there are British who are cruel and no better than the Boers; but the whole difference lies here, that with the English there is protection, justice, equality before the law for the black, while with the Boer the black is outside the law. How is it that the Protestant missionaries are detested by the Boers? Because they are the friends and the protectors of the black. That there are amongst the Boers honest folks who only ask liberty to raise their cattle in peace is quite true, but side by side with the patriarchal Boer, attached to his church, rigorously practising his religious duties, there are the Boers, such as Paul Kruger, Steyn, Reitz, etc., who dream of the establishment of an Afrikander—that is to say, Boer—government from the Zambesi to the Cape. This type of Boer has discovered that money is the great power, and he has used the Johannesburg gold to arrive at his ends. To say that England has willed this war in order to possess herself of the Transvaal is a travesty of the facts. . . . The truth is that for years there has existed a vast plot worked by the ambitious heads of the

Afrikander party throughout the whole of South Africa, a plot which men like Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir Henry Loch had not the perspicacity to discover, or the courage to denounce the combat, before it had spread its ramifications throughout all South Africa. But England will keep at the top and will have the last word. She represents right, justice, civilization, progress, and in a great measure Christianity itself, and that is why she will overcome the immobility, the obscurity and the despotism of the Boers."

III.

The bishop of Pretoria, Dr. Bousfield, was summarily ordered from his home and from the Transvaal by Kruger. It was a fearful trip for the aged prelate to make from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay in an open coal car. But he says he had to get away somehow. He continues: "No Uitlander is allowed to remain in the Transvaal without a permit. People found there without permits are condemned to twenty-five lashes and three months imprisonment. As the Uitlanders leave their property is commandeered or stolen by the Boers. The savagery of the Boer to-day is worse than it was before the war broke out. It makes any Christian man's blood boil when he reflects that these wretches first rob their victims and then actually apply the lash to them because they are British subjects."

IV.

It is a patent fact to all close observers and easily ascertained by any one who impartially investigates the matter that the war is the natural outcome of Boer despotism, intolerance and injustice; and that England's cause is just. . . . On the heads of the Boers lies the terrible onus of all this slaughter, this misery, this untold woe. . . . Outside this land the Boers are regarded as a peace-loving, God-fearing people; hard working and careless of power, while they are in reality indolent, fanatical and persistently intolerant of all creeds save their own; and their desire to rule is but too clearly evidenced by the deadly preparations they have long been secretly making to acquire by force of arms supreme dominion over the whole of South Africa.—Sister Mary Beginald Murphy, O. S. D., late of Cork, Ireland, now of Natal, South Africa.

V.

✓ To the Editor of the Sunday Journal, New York,—I landed in this country last week, having come from Cape Town, South Africa. I came by the way of Liverpool, England. Hearing that the Irish, my own countrymen, in Providence and vicinity, are raising money for the Boers, I desire to make a few facts known to them through your paper, if you will kindly let me.

I have lived in the Transvaal eight years and I know a few facts about the Boers. In the first place, do they know that an Irishman or any other man never gets justice from a Boer in any court of law in the

Transvaal. I will give \$1000 to any man who will prove that they did within the last five years.

I will give you a type of the justice. In 1895 I was living in Johannesburg. I was working in the De Beers mines, which were owned by Mr. Rhodes, an Englishman and Mr. Beit, a German. At that time there were about two hundred Irishmen working in the mines.

That year a law was put in force whereby all children had to go to the Boer school, and all had to learn Dutch. Next door to me there lived a man by the name of Patrick Fahey, who had three children, two boys and a girl. The girl was about twelve and the boys were younger, so he sent them to school, and one day, because the girl could not learn the Dutch, the teacher strttuck her on the head, and through that blow she went into convulsions and died.

Mr. Fahey had the teacher arrested, but he was let off, as the teacher was a Boer. So Mr. Fahey would not let his boys go to school after that. Then the Boer police came to arrest him, and because he would not go with them, they shot him before the eyes of his poor wife. He lived about two hours after he was shot. Myself and Mike Carroll went and got the priest, but the Boer police would not let him into the house. This occurred on the 14th day of October, 1895.

We called a meeting of all the miners, both Irish, English and Scotch, and we subscribed and got a good coffin and buried him decently. We decided also to let the English Governor at Cape Town know the facts of the case. So we did. He sent two men to investigate it, but through that twenty of the miners were sent out of the country, and all the property, furniture and such like the Boers confiscated. We that stayed got together £115 and sent Mrs. Fahey and her children back to Ireland.

I can tell you over twenty cases similar to the above, but I think that will be enough to let you see what the Boers are. I don't love England; but I say give me English laws as they are in Natal, where every man has equal rights. That is what England is fighting for. There are over 10,000 Irish volunteers in Natal alone and we will fight to the death to down the cruel Boers, and I appeal to all Irishmen to help the widows and orphans of the Irish soldiers who fall in battle. I have come here on a little business, and I am going back to Cape Town next week to fight the Boers and avenge poor Pat Fahey. So, at the last, I say, God bless old Ireland and her soldiers who are fighting for a good and just cause!

DANIEL MALLEY.

Dayville, Conn., Feb. 12.

Oppression.

A cry comes over the waters;
A sore and bitter cry,
It stirreth our sons and daughters
'Neath nigh and far off sky.

It is the wailing of mothers
 O'er many a needless grave;
 It is the praying of brothers
 To lend a hand to save.

Shall we, who list the mournful strain,
 Stand coolly, idly by
 While Misery claspeth hands in vain,
 And puppet powers defy?

No! by the Ruler of the world,
 Who granteth liberty;
 Through Whom our banners are unfurled,
 To whom we bow the knee,

Who lendeth unto nations might
 His mandates to fulfil;
 Nor yieldeth unto any right
 To thwart the Higher Will.

We swear to oust the tyrant's sway,
 To right the righteous cause;
 And light with Freedom's glorious ray
 The wronged of wrongful laws.

If modern civilization is a good thing, and if there is no more advanced civilization on the face of the globe than that represented by the Government of Great Britain and allowed by her dependencies, then it is best for Africa that Great Britain should be sovereign there.

There is no denying the fact that wherever Britain plants her flag, that flag stands for the certain assurance of liberty, full and free, to every class and creed and race.—American Paper.



PART I.

Record of the War.

ON the 6th day of October, 1899, in the sixty-second year of the reign of Her late Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal, sent an ultimatum to the Government of Great Britain, demanding that all of her troops be withdrawn from the frontier, and that within the short limit of forty-eight hours.

On the 12th and 13th a large force of the Boers crossed the boundary line; entered Natal, and shelled and derailed a British armoured train; while another force surrounded the town of Mafeking, and cut off all communication. This unexpected promptitude on the part of the Boers, added to the not at all surprising tidings that the Orange Free State President, Steyn, had cast in his lot with the aggressor, caused much alarm throughout the British Empire. It speedily came to be realized that undue clemency had been extended to those who were taking advantage of the unpreparedness for war of the few military British in South Africa; and it was feared that a general massacre of British subjects would ensue should outside aid be for any length of time delayed.

General Sir Redvers Buller, with a large body of soldiers under his command, was at once, on the 14th, despatched to the seat of war; and not only from every district of the homeland, but also from each of the Colonies, came messages of sympathy and offers of assistance.

Meanwhile the invaders had marched on to Glencoe and captured a train at Elandslaagte, in which neighborhood, on the 20th and 21st, the two first serious engagements were fought. Elandslaagte was won by the British under General White, with the heroic assistance of General French.

The British, under General Penn-Symons, encountered the enemy under General Joubert, at Talana Hill, and after eight hours of bitter fighting, drove them from their position. The victory, however, was dearly bought; the loss on both sides being heavy, whilst the gallant leader of the British force

was mortally wounded, as he rode forward to encourage his men to storm the almost insurmountable hill.

—

General Penn-Symons.

"Go on lads! never mind me," were his last words.

"I see him yet, our noble Chief!

Even as upon that day

When, through the thickest of the fight,

He boldly led the way.

"Through mud and swamp and tangled brush,

O'er hill and sun-scorched plain

He'd shared our lot, he'd cheered us on,

His courage knew no wane.

"No laggard he, nor unkenned path

Might on his valor tell;

He urged us on with voice of hope

Clear as a tocsin bell.

"We heard, we struggled through the smoke,

Nor paused to catch our breath;—

Who would refuse to honour such,

Even to the very death.

"Ah, why should my brave General fall!

And I be left to tell

How like a patriot he planned;

How like a hero fell.

"For, steadfast in the face of death,

From out his mortal pain,

"Go on! and never mind me boys."

Re-echoed down the plain.

"His dying message nerved our arms

And strengthened British will;

And, through a storm of rifle fire,

We rushed the frowning hill.

"We scaled the heights, we reached the crest;

The coward foe, undone,

Fled far before our gleaming steel;—

Talana Hill was won."

25th. General Yule reached Ladysmith, and five days thereafter was fought one of the most disastrous battles of the whole war—that of Nicholson's Nek. The British loss, in killed wounded and missing, was about two thousand; while General White, British Commander at Ladysmith, estimated the Boer loss to have been fully as heavy, captured apart. Joubert was leader of the Boers.

November 1st and 2nd. Ladysmith was surrounded by the enemy and communications cut off, the first news therefrom reaching the outer world by means of a carrier pigeon, one of a number which had been taken to Ladysmith from Durban. The message, from General White dated 5th November, was to the effect that the city was well provisioned and believed to be in perfect safety.

6th. Colenso fell into the hands of the Boers. An attack was also made upon Ladysmith, which was bravely repulsed. The same day Cronje demanded the surrender of Kimberley and followed up a prompt refusal by bombardment the day following.

8th. British forces left Durban to march to the assistance of General White. The Boers attacked Mafeking and kept up the fight for four days. General Buller with his troops reached Cape Town.

11th and 12th. Kimberley and Ladysmith were again shelled by the Boers; and Joubert repulsed a sortie from the latter city.

21st. Joubert with his followers surrounded Estcourt.

23rd. General Lord Methuen engaged and defeated the Boers under General Cronje, at Belmont, and again at Gras Pan on the 25th.

26th. The siege of Estcourt was raised and Joubert retreated towards Ladysmith, while General Hildyard with 10,000 men entered the town.

28th. Was fought the Waterloo of the campaign, the bloody battle of Modder River. The battle raged in unceasing fury for over six hours. The number engaged totalled over 15,000, both sides being about equal. The Boers had arranged their positions weeks before, and the British were compelled to fight on the open. General Lord Methuen remained on the

field giving orders till the last, although suffering from a severe wound received in the height of the engagement.

December 1st. The bombardment of the besieged towns was persistently going on, and despite the well-known courage of the British soldiers and the acknowledged skill of their commanders, the gravest anxiety and suspense brooded over the Empire. It was gradually dawning upon the public mind that the Boers were far more formidable opponents than had at first been apprehended; and tidings from reliable sources revealed to the unsuspecting the immense preparations which they had long been making in anticipation of the coming struggle.

When the news was received of the repulse by the Boer forces under General Botha of General Gatacre, who, after a forced march of sixteen hours, engaged the enemy at Stromberg on the 10th of December, and shortly thereafter of the terrible disaster at Magersfontein on the 12th, the feeling aroused was that of intense personal sorrow linked with an ardent desire for immediate stronger and more active measures whereby to crush the presumptuous foe, to restore to freedom the kinsmen and countrymen who were suffering in the beleaguered cities, and to uphold the prestige of that Power which is honoured with a mission to carry, even to the remotest ends of the earth, the blessings of Christian civilization.

Many a heart mourned the untimely fate of the heroic General Wauchope and his faithful followers of the historic Regiment, who, through what was believed to have been an incorrect order, marched bravely to their doom; and many an eye unused to weep shed tears of sympathy with those sturdy Highlanders who "cried like women" beside the graves of their beloved General and their comrades of the Black Watch.

Burial of the Heroes at Magersfontein.

" The sunlight beamed calmly across the dark veldt,
The night of grim battle had sped,
And the few who had answered to call of the roll
Had gathered to bury their dead.

- “ We wrapped them around in their patriot shroud,
The crimson dye hid of the brown,—
Oh ! the angels might weep, o'er those heroes who sleep,
As from regions of peace they look down.
- “ For the pibroch shall sigh through the lone Highland glen,
And the surges shall moan on the shore,
But the step that was music, and sunshine, and mirth
Shall be heard on the threshold no more.
- “ We silently dug them a grave on the waste,
And we buried them side by side ;
And the stoutest heart failed as we tenderly gazed
On those comrades, laid low in their pride.
- “ Together we'd shared in the hardships of war,
And together had braved the fight ;
But this was the sorest, the saddest of all,
When we covered them from our sight.
- “ Then a voicing of prayer, then a last, low dirge,—
Oh ! the wail of those pibroch notes !—
And over that altar, for country and cause
Rich incense of sacrifice floats.”
-

December 14th. General Buller advanced to the relief of Ladysmith but was surprised by the Boers at Magersfontein and repulsed with heavy loss.

15th. Repulse of the British, under General Buller, at Tugela River, after a fierce and bloody battle in which the British casualties amounted to one thousand men. The Boers were led by General Joubert.

17th. Lord Roberts was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in South Africa, and sailed with a large body of troops for Cape Town.

Towards the end of the month the shelling of the Boers upon the besieged cities of Mafeking and Ladysmith proved more constant and more vigorous, and increasing anxiety was felt respecting their fate.

27th. General Kitchener, who came from Egypt to Gibraltar to join Lord Roberts as his Chief-of-Staff, embarked

at that port on the S. S. Dunottar Castle, which was conveying the Commander-in-Chief to Cape Town.

28th. General Buller was joined by General Warren with a large division.

January 3rd. General French drove the Boers from Colesburg.

6th. The Boers, under General Joubert, bombarded Ladysmith, but were driven back by General White. Short as the supply of ammunition was, and hard pressed as the suffering defenders were they nevertheless repulsed the Boers and, after several hours of fighting, won the day.

8th. The Queen telegraphed congratulations and thanks to General White and the troops.

13th. General Warren crossed the Tugela River.

17th. Colonel Baden-Powell, defender of Mafeking, compelled the Boers to retire out of range.

23rd. Spion Kop, defended by the Boers under General Schalkburgher, was taken by General Warren, but after great loss of life was abandoned on the 25th. General Woodgate was mortally wounded.

27th and 28th. At Ventnor's Spruit one hundred and fifty American scouts joined the British army.

31st. Captain Percy Scott, Commandant of the towns, General Wolfe-Murray, Commandant of the line of communications, and others visited the American Hospital Ship Maine, and met Lady Randolph Churchill, head of the American Patriotic nursing scheme for the British wounded in Africa.

Feb'y. 1st. General Kelly-Kenny, Commandant of the 6th Division, repaired the bridge at Thebus, west of Strenberg.

2nd. The Hospital Ship Maine took on board a number of the wounded from Spion Kop.

12th. Lord Roberts arrived at Modder River and was enthusiastically cheered by the troops.

On the 15th was raised the siege of Kimberly, defended by General Kekewitch. General French, after a magnificent march, through a blinding dust storm and attacks from the enemy, entered the city. Lord Kitchener was much pleased with the work of the Naval Brigade, who had placed

a 12-pounder gun on a kopje commanding the river. Great joy and thankfulness prevailed all over the Empire. A company of Kitchener's Horse, consisting of only 50 men, were besieged in a farm house on the Riet River for four days by a body of 400 Boers, under DeWet. They defended themselves all that time without food; their horses died, and seeing no chance of escape they surrendered.

18th. First battle of Paardeberg.

19th. General Buller took Colenso. The enemy admitted heavy loss. Two Boer women were fatally wounded while defending the trenches.

* 23rd. General Cronje's clever night march from Magersfontein ended in his being trapped. During a terrible thunder and lightning storm the British closed around him on all sides.

25th. A fierce attack on Mafeking was bravely repulsed.

26th. General Brabant occupied Jamestown.

27th. Battle at Paardeberg, and surrender of Cronje with over 3,000 troops. This was considered one of the great epochs of the war, and was the more memorable as having occurred on the anniversary of Majuba's disastrous defeat of the British in 1881.

Victory.

Ring out, Oh bells of gladness!

Peal through the frosty air;

The God who lent us sadness

Hath heard the nation's prayer.

And dawn hath risen o'er darkness,

And right shall oust the wrong;

For, over Afric's blood-stained veldts

Shall soar fair Freedom's song.

Droop low, Oh flags of Boerish land!

Majuba's bloody day,

Through British steel and brother hearts,

Shall be redeemed for aye.

Not ours to place a laurel wreath,

On every patriot's head;

Nor drop a tear upon each mound

Which tombs our glorious dead.

For noblest deeds and noblest lives
 Oft shun the glare of day;
 While rare and costly monuments
 Oft vaunt most common clay.

And many a gifted, noble life
 Hath passed into the night,
 Content to hide from mortal ken
 Its heaven-afforded light.

Yet we may join that grateful song,
 Imbued with homage meet,
 Which circles from a nation's heart
 Around her heroes' feet.

That song which, in a minor tone,
 Wails by the crimsoned sod;
 Yet riseth to triumphant strains
 In pæans to our God.

28th. General Clements, escorted by a squadron of Enniskillings, entered Colesburg and received an enthusiastic reception.

March 1st. Ladysmith was relieved by General Buller, who entered the town unnoticed amid the cavalry, but news of his arrival spreading, General White and his staff at once went to receive him. General Buller telegraphed to the War Office: "General Dundonald, with the Natal Carbineers and a composite regiment, entered Ladysmith last night." Great rejoicing all over the Empire.

The Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Alfred Milner, prorogued the Cape Parliament till April 6th.

2nd. Cronje and party reached Cape Town and were escorted on board the cruiser Doris, which sailed for St. Helena.

Kruger issued an appeal to the Boers, ending "the British will never reach Pretoria."

Boasting.

'Tis one thing to conquer in dreams,
 Another to fail in the fight;

The morning of golden bright gleams
 Oft waneth to darksomest night.
 'Tis one thing to combat in word,
 Another to stand in the field
 And measure one's might with the sword
 Of foemen who know not to yield.
 The threatening and boasting are vain,
 The head of the haughty bends low;
 And the voice of the tyrant no more
 May issue his mandate of woe.
 As Herod, who kissed not the rod,
 But boasted when under the ban,
 Who mount to the seat of a god
 Shall sink 'neath the footstool of man.

Cape Town was loud in praise of the reliever of Ladysmith, who kept his men attacking the enemy for twelve days previous to entry. Lord Roberts published an order thanking the troops for their zeal and endurance.

5th. General Brabant defeated the Boers at Dodrecht.

8th. The Queen made a state entry into London. Never had she received such an ovation. Her carriage had to be forced by the troops. She smiled and bowed continuously.

Kruger and Steyn were both on the battlefield at Driefontein: but in vain endeavoured to rally their troops. The route was complete.

9th. The Naval Brigade reached Durban. The gunners marched, amid great acclamation, with the tattered Union Jack which had flown through the siege of Ladysmith.

12th. Lord Roberts addressed a message to the Boer authorities "that, should the gross abuse of the white flag and holding up of hands be continued, he would be compelled to disregard the white flag entirely."

Kruger and Steyn made overtures to Great Britain which were, with the approval of the Government, rejected by Lord Salisbury.

General French reached Bloemfontein and occupied two hills near the railway station.

13th. Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State, was captured. Lord Roberts sent following despatch to the War Office :

“By the help of God, and by the bravery of Her Majesty’s soldiers, the troops under my command, I have taken possession of Bloemfontein. The British flag now flies over the Presidency evacuated last evening by Mr. Steyn, late President of the Orange Free State.”

The Union Jack hoisted at Bloemfontein was made expressly for the purpose by Lady Roberts.

16th. Lord Roberts started a movement to crush the enemy. The forces under his command were divided between Generals Clement, Gatacre and Brabant.

17th. As a tribute to the exceeding valor of the Irish troops in South Africa, St. Patrick’s Day was celebrated throughout the Empire. Shamrocks were brought to England by the car loads. The Irish flag was hoisted over the Mansion House, London; and, by order of Her Majesty, the bell in the Tower of Windsor was rung, and all the soldiers of the Empire wore a bunch of shamrocks in their helmets.

The Shamrock.

Oh the dear little Shamrock! the sweet little Shamrock !

The proud little Shamrock, I ween:

For the nursling which bloomed through the dool of the years

Now blossoms 'neath smile of a Queen !

“ Though Queen of the mightiest empire

Which earth has ever known

I joy but in my peoples’ joy

Their sorrows are my own.

“ I have wept when the sun of my bright, summer hours

In the glory of manhood went down ;

I have mourned and have missed the glad voices long stilled,

More precious than pearls of my crown.

“ And shall I not mourn with those mourners who weep

O’er the tomb of that glorious band

Who have died for fair freedom, for country and Queen

On the heights of the far-away land ?

‘Oh ye daughters of Erin ! light-hearted and true ;
 Oh ye sons of the loyal and brave !
 I stoop from earth’s grandeur to gather a wreath
 For my brave Irish soldiers’ grave.

“ It shall be of the flower of the land of their love.
 And green as its leaves shall their name
 Be enshrined in my heart, and the hearts of all those
 Who link Ireland with honour and fame.

“ Oh! bear it, all proudly, aloft on your crest;
 That the world of the future may know
 How much of the glory, and triumph and rest
 To the leal sons of Erin we owe.”

Oh the dear little Shamrock ! the sweet little Shamrock !
 The proud little Shamrock, I ween ;
 For the nursling which bloomed through the dool of the years
 Now blossoms ’neath smile of a Queen.

20th. Lord Kitchener occupied Prieskal unopposed. The rebels surrendered their arms.

28th. General Joubert died, and was buried on the day following.

April 2nd. The Queen, out of sympathy for the friends of her brave Irish soldiers who had fallen in Africa, left Windsor Castle for a visit to Ireland.

4th. Her Majesty reached Dublin. At Kingston an address of welcome was presented. The Queen replied, and asked “God’s blessing on Ireland.” Over a million people witnessed the pageant and heartily cheered the Queen. The Duke of Abercorn said, “ It is the most wondrous and most spontaneous exhibition I have ever seen. I am immensely proud of being an Irishman.”

5th. Lord Methuen captured a force under General Villebois Mareuil, at Boshop. The leader was killed.

10th. Remounts were continually arriving, but the shortage of horses monthly was calculated at 5,000.

11th. The Boers were ill-treating their prisoners, the Colonials particularly. They used them as they would malefactors.

13th. Wepener was still surrounded; but the garrison, 500 British Horse, under Colonel Dalgetty, was holding out well.

23rd. Lady Sarah Wilson wired from Mafeking, "Situation unchanged, the garrison depressed, but determined to deprive the Boers of a crowning triumph. A pound of flour sold for two guineas; and a case of whiskey realized one hundred and eight pounds."

25th. Wepener relieved.

26th. The Queen left Dublin for England. Amid all the jubilation, not one arrest required to be made by the police during Her Majesty's visit.

Lord Roberts.

Halted his army for six weeks in Bloemfontein. The ignorant at home grumbled over the delay.

What means this sudden halt,
This seeming aimless ride
On war's tumultuous tide,
Is't need or is it fault?

Say, is the warfare o'er,
Hath strength of battle sped,
Is vaunted courage dead—
Dead, and to rise no more?

No! should those colors pale
Which never knew defeat?
Speak not of mean retreat
To those who fear no gale.

They rest but on their oars;
They nurture needful strength;
Well knowing peace, at length,
'Yond war, shall rule those shores.

✓ May 1st. Lord Roberts with his army marched northward from Bloemfontein.

5th. Defeated the Boers at Vet River.

6th. General Hamilton occupied Winberg.

12th. Lord Roberts occupied Kroonstadt.

15th. A patrol, under Commandant Eloff, Kruger's grand-

son, entered Mafeking. Colonel Baden-Powell opened fire on them, killing 17 and taking Eloff and several men prisoners. Colonels Plumer and Mahon joined forces. General Buller occupied Dundee, and on the 16th advanced and captured Glencoe.

16th. The Queen visited Netley Hospital and talked with and distributed flowers amongst the wounded.

17th. Mafeking relieved. News of the relief were wired abroad and congratulations reached the brave General Baden-Powell from every corner of the globe. The occasion was made a day of rejoicing throughout the British Empire.

General Lord Methuen entered Hoopstad. General Broadwood occupied Lindley, and General Hutton's mounted Infantry surprised and captured Commandant Botha and his troops 30 miles north of Kroonstadt.

18th. General Buller occupied Newcastle, having marched 138 miles since the 10th.

19th. Lord Roberts was at Kroonstadt, his cavalry extending like a semi-circle for many miles. General Clery was at Ingogo and Lord Dundonald at Laing's Nek.

21st. General Hunter was pushing up the railway with supplies for Mafeking.

25th. Lord Roberts, and his troops, were at Verdefort Road.

27th. The British army had crossed the Vaal River and were in the Transvaal.

28th. Lord Roberts and his army marched 20 miles and were then 18 miles from Johannesburg. The enemy were hard pressed, and had barely time to get their guns into a train and leave the station as the West Australians dashed into it.

29th. Kruger was ready for flight. A special train, provisioned and with steam up, awaited him beyond Pretoria.

30th. The British forces under Lord Roberts entered Johannesburg, the occupation of which marks an epoch in the war; it being by far the largest and most populous city in the Transvaal, and the most populous of any in South Africa.

General Hildyard had occupied Utrecht, and General Clery was bombarding Laing's Nek.

June 2nd. Generals Botha and Buller met at O'Neil's

farm, near Majuba. Buller asked Botha to surrender, but Botha replied that he was not empowered to do so.

5th. General Botha surrendered the city of Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, and Lord Roberts marched in. The Union Jack was hoisted on top of the Government offices.

The Queen, then at Balmoral, surrounded by several members of the Royal Family, and by many notables of her court, drank the health of Lord Roberts, and the whole nation joined in the toast; glorifying the victors and rejoicing in the victory. A huge bonfire, lit by Her Majesty's command, blazed on Craig Gowan mountain, and illuminated the country for miles around.

Pretoria.

Pretoria! Pretoria!

Fair harbinger of peace;
Bright goal, at which the storms of war
Shall have their long surcease.

Now, three cheers for our glorious Flag!
The loved Red, White and Blue,
And blessings on each patriot heart
To Britain's honour true.

Pretoria! Pretoria!

With gladness and with mirth
The sons of Freedom swell the song
O'er this, thy second birth.

Three cheers for "Bobs" and Kitchener!
And French and Buller brave!
And blessings on the rank and file
Who fill a warrior's grave.

Pretoria! Pretoria!

We hail thy glad, new hour;
Since tyranny hath dropped its chain
And lost its lease of power.

Cheers for our valiant heroes all!
May everlasting sheen
Illumine the record of their deeds
For country and for Queen.

Pretoria ! Pretoria !

'Neath firm, yet gentle hand,
Dark Afric's deserts yet shall bloom
To fair and fruitful land.

Then glory to that Sovereign Power
Who rules by land and sea,
And blessed be His glorious name
Through Whom all victories be !

11th. General Carrington was moving southward.

A despatch of the 12th says : "The Fourth Derbyshire Battalion of Militia has been overpowered and the Colonel killed and prisoners to the number of about six hundred are in the Boers' hands. The catastrophe is much more serious for the British than the capture of Spragge and his men."

14th. Botha was returning to the eastward.

15th. Lord Roberts offered preference to Colonials in the mer. wanted for the new Mounted Police in South Africa.

25th. De Villier's commando surrendered to General Warren at Bilkefontein.

26th. Sir Charles Warren reported that the rebellion in Cape Colony, north of Orange River, was ended, the last formidable body of Boers, under Commandant De Villier, having surrendered.

July 7th. General Buller visited Lord Roberts in Pretoria. He looked none the worse for his eight months arduous work.

Colonel Thorneycroft and his men drove back a company of Boers at Greylingstad.

19th. At Lindley General DeWet's force broke through General Hunter's cordon, but was repulsed after several hours' hard fighting.

21st. The Boers made a determined attack on Heidelberg but were beaten off after a sharp engagement. Generals Hamilton and Mahon were marching eastward to join General Pole-Carew.

It was stated in the House of Commons that over 12,000 troops had been despatched to Africa since the capture of Pretoria.

Lord Salisbury.

" *Fes déclééd to increase, by a very large addition, the Army and Navy of Great Britain.*"

Why smileth Peace o'er many a plain,
Where, in those days gone by,
The clang of arms and groans of pain
Thrilled earth and heaven on high?

Is it that nations shame their birth,
And their escutcheons mar,
By dallying on a peaceful earth
In coward fear of war?

The bravest mariner who sails,
Ere entering unknown seas,
Sets rudder firm and never fails
To watch the rising breeze.

So is it with the wiser course;
Those statesmen see afar
Whose active minds, of vast resource,
Stem off the tide of war.

And hold that bounteous show of arms
Doth guarantee fair peace;
And that through force of war's alarms
All needless wars shall cease.

23rd. Commandant DeWet cut off Lord Robert's communication and captured 100 Highlanders.

August 1st. General Knox attacked a Boer force near Kroonstadt.

5th. Commandant Olivier escaped to the hills, near Bethlehem, with 1500 men. General Rundle went after him.

6th. Boers were damaging property around Pretoria, and attempting to destroy the coal mines which are necessary to the running of the railway. Several residents of the city have been sent into exile for having behaved cruelly or shamefully to British subjects during or before the war.

9th. A plot to shoot all the British officers and to capture Lord Roberts was opportunely discovered. The conspirators

numbered 15, of whom 10 ringleaders were arrested. The houses which contained the officers had been marked, and were to have been set fire to after the massacre, and horses stood in readiness to carry off the Commander-in-Chief. The affair caused great excitement and indignation.

25th. General DeWet was prevented by General Baden-Powell from joining forces with Botha. Baden-Powell captured DeWet's waggons.

27th. Major Brooke, commanding at Kerai Railway Station, attacked and completely routed the Boers, who were holding a kopje near by. H. Pretorius was among the wounded.

The Boers were beaten back by Bruce Hamilton at Winburg. General Olivier has been captured; also three of his sons. Olivier formerly defended Colesburg against General French. He was an able general.

31st. Eighteen hundred British prisoners, released at Nooit Gedacht, reached French and Pole-Carew. They were badly clothed and half-starved. Ambulances were sent out to pick up the sick and weakly ones. The officers had been taken to Barberton, whence some had escaped. Those included the Earl of Leitrim and Viscount Ennismore.

September 2nd. The Transvaal was annexed to the British Empire. General Buller engaged the Boers under General Botha near Lydenburg. The enemy, 2000 strong, held the pass and fired continually the whole day at the British.

3rd. General Hamilton drove back the Boers and occupied Swartzeskopjes. Colonel Plumer defeated the foe near Warm Baths.

5th. DeWet captured a British train near Kroonstadt, securing 44 loads of supplies. DeWet declared he would fight "to the bitter end."

The siege of Ladybrand was raised, after several attempts to capture the small garrison of 150 British troops. The attacking Boers numbered over 2000. They twice tried to rush the position, but failed.

General Baden-Powell arrived in Cape Town. He was carried shoulder high, by the crowd, to Government House.

8th. DeWet joined Theron near Johannesburg. General

Paget defeated the Boers near Warm Baths and sent over 4000 head of cattle to Pretoria.

16th. General Buller captured the Boer position near Spitzkopje. The enemy lost heavily.

20th. Kelly-Kenny was dealing with the enemy at Dormberg.

22nd. Lord Methuen, at Harris River, captured many thousands of cattle, guns, etc.

24th. The Guards, under Pole-Carew, occupied Koomatipoort.

28th. Boers attacked Paget's force but were driven off.

30th. Rundle's troops recaptured a battery gun lost at Nicholson's Nek, also 65,000 rounds of Martini ammunition.

Oct. 1st. Twenty Gordon Highlanders were killed at Korriespoort. Ian Hamilton found a number of guns in Crocodile River.

8th. Commandant Muller surrendered to Clery. Boer prisoners aggregated 16,000.

17th. General Botha's brother surrendered.

19th. Kruger sailed from Lorenzo Marques, on the Dutch cruiser Gelderland, for Holland.

25th. DeWet with 3000 Boers was reported in the north of the Orange River Colony.

29th. Prince Christian of Sleswig Holstein, the Queen's grandson, died of enteric fever. He was Major in the King's R.R.

Prince Christian.

"He wished to be buried beside his comrades in South Africa."

"I have fought in the ranks of the loyal and brave,
I have marched 'neath a withering sky,
Yet not in the battle, in fury of fight
Is it mine, as a soldier, to die.

"Sweet life, with its pleasures, its largess of hope
Shall not be my portion, I ween;—
But I go at the call of a Higher command,
As I went for my country and Queen.

“Then, lay me adown with my comrades who sleep
In the shrine of a patriot's grave;
Where calmly I'll rest since, for aye o'er my breast
The loved colours of England shall wave.”

30th. Trains to Pretoria were attacked by the Boers, and a Boer commando of 300 captured 30 British, but afterwards released them.

31st. Rundle occupied Bethlehem. The railway at Edenburg was wrecked by the Boers.

November 14. Major McIntosh, Seaforth Highlanders, occupied Phillipolis.

6th. Lord Roberts took his sick daughter to Johannesburg, and Lord Kitchener was left in command.

11th. Lord Methuen defeated the Boers at Lichtenbury, capturing several waggons—Prinsloo and Fournée were killed and Groebler wounded.

16th. The Queen received a detachment of Colonial troops at Windsor, and personally thanked them for their loyal services to the Empire.

A plot against Lord Roberts' life was discovered. The intention was to explode a mine under the church which he usually attended, St. Mary's, while he was within at worship. Five Italians, four Greeks and one Frenchman were arrested.

22nd. Lord Roberts was thrown from his horse, but telegraphed to the Secretary of War that he “felt no ill effects whatever.” This timely message allayed the anxiety produced by the tidings that the beloved General had met with a serious accident.

24th. A skirmish took place at Dainsfontein. Captain Watson, seeing a New South Wales trooper fall, turned back under a hot fire and carried the wounded soldier out of danger.

26th. General Sir Redvers Buller reached London. The city gave him a hearty welcome. The royal carriage awaited the General at Windsor; and he and Lady Aubrey dined with the Queen and remained at the Castle overnight.

30th. Lord Roberts handed over the command of the British troops in South Africa to Lord Kitchener.

December 1st, The first despatch from General Kitchener in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief, confirms the reports of heavy fighting between Generals Pilcher and DeWet.

December 3rd, Lord Roberts reached Ladysmith. He said he trusted the day was not far distant when peace would reign supreme, and without ill feeling towards a conquered foe.

Clemency.

To fight when honor calls to arms,
 But, when the fight is o'er,
 On helpless victims of defeat
 To wield the gun no more.

It is not thine, Britannia,
 To tread upon the weak;
 Nor through unfair excuse of war
 A dire revenge to seek.

No son of thine shall idly stand
 Where coward victors be;
 Nor ghoulish knave, nor fiendish soul
 May claim a part in thee.

6th. The 15th Parliament of the reign of Queen Victoria opened. Lord Salisbury paid a tribute to the skill of Lord Roberts and General Kitchener, and to the bravery of the officers and soldiers of the South African war.

11th. A battle was in progress between Generals Knox and DeWet.

At a reception in Cape Town Lord Roberts made a telling speech in the course of which he referred in feeling terms to the Imperial unity the war had made manifest, and to his pride in being the first General to command the Empire's troops from all parts of the world. "God has given into our hands," said the Field Marshal, "a great heritage for which a heavy price has been paid in the blood of the best and bravest; and we must not be neglectful of the trust, as we have been in the past, but must be able to give a good account of our steward-

ship and must remember there are other duties than national glorification."

Lord Roberts.

Unto a nation's song of praise,
 To all the homage meet,
 Which gilds the laurels on thy brow
 And circles round thy feet.

Since dauntless deeds of patriot hearts
 Should every muse inspire,
 I fain would touch one other chord
 On Victory's tuneful lyre.

Aye prompt to strike for country's cause,
 Aye slow to hear re-call ;
 Amid those valiant men of arms
 The greatest of them all.

High on that scroll, Britannia,
 Where glows thy patriots' fame,
 Encircled with a triple wreath,
 Shines forth thy Roberts' name.

The supplementary estimates of £16,000,000 were adopted in Parliament, by a vote of 284 against 8.

14th. Botha was near Standerton with 2,500 men. General Clements was compelled, by Delarey, to retire with a loss of 5 officers and a number of men. The War Office ordered all the available mounted infantry at Aldershot, Malta, etc., to leave for Africa.

15th. The prisoners taken by the Boers were released.

17th. A big battle at Orange River, which lasted several hours. Total defeat of the Boers, who numbered 2000.

Lord Kitchener wants the wounded Imperial Bushmen now convalescent in South Australia sent back to Africa, having found them very valuable troops

Sir Alfred Milner has been gazetted Administrator of the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal.

18th. The Boers invaded Cape Colony. General McDonald engaged them near Burghersdorp. General Clements' entire force had a narrow escape from capture. Colonel Legge of the 20th Hussars, at Nooitdacht, killed five Boers with his revolver before being mortally wounded.

22nd. The Boer movement into Cape Colony was checked. DeWet was near Senekal.

28th. The Boers cut the railway south of DeAar junction. General French pursued them. Commandant Kruse was captured. Canadians were invited to enroll for service in the South Africa Mounted Police, under General Baden-Powell.

28th. Lord Kitchener announced that all who voluntarily surrendered would be allowed to live in the Government laagers till the abatement of the guerilla warfare. Seventy-six Boer prisoners were permitted to return to their homes. Every trooper in General Knox's column was supplied with three horses.

January 1st. General Knox was following DeWet; had captured horses, waggons of supplies and 6,000 rounds of ammunition. General French captured Boers and a quantity of cattle.

6th. The Canada, with Lord Roberts on board, anchored off Osborne. Lord Roberts was given a warm welcome. At the Palace the Queen conferred an Earldom on him, with remainder to his daughter.

Babington engaged the enemy and forced them to retire—20 Boers killed, and Commandant Dupeit taken prisoner. Lieutenant Laing, 2 officers and 15 men were killed in action against a superior force of Boers near Lindley.

10th. Lord Kitchener surprised many by his lenient dealing with the enemy.

Kitchener—Buonaparte.

By the dusky tombs of the pyramids
 In the glow of their splendor were spread
 The glittering hosts of the Gallic land
 With their ever conquering Head.

Grim Cheops looked down from his giddy heights
Which rang with the wail of defeat,
For the heart of the spoiler was barren of weal
As the desert beneath his feet.

He looked on the slaughter of helpless men
At the hands of an armed host,
While the warm winds carried the shameful tale
Of triumph where honor was lost.

But Thou! Oh thou land of the noon-day light!
Thou land of the undying brave!
Thine annals are clear, thy honor is dear,
No son fills a tyrant's dark grave.

12th. Lord Kitchener holds all the railway lines. He was organizing a force of 30,000 irregular horse. The defense of Cape Town was completed. The Admiral's Cape Fleet was prepared to land a naval brigade of 2,800 men with six Hotchkiss guns at Murray's Bay.

13th. Fourteen hundred Boers crossed the line, attacking Zurfontein and Kaalfontein, but were driven off. Lord Kitchener telegraphed that three agents of the Peace Commission were taken prisoners before DeWet, January 10th. By his orders one, a British subject, was flogged and then shot—the others were flogged. Until the reckoning with DeWet comes this action ought to be borne in mind.

15th. Five thousand men were sent, from England, to reinforce the Imperial Yeomanry.

16th. A severe engagement took place at Murraysburg—6 British killed, 17 wounded and 5 missing.

Lord Roberts, in delaying the presentation of a sword of honor from Portsmouth, said: "It is most distasteful to me to be honored and feted and called upon to rejoice while so many are in bitter grief."

18th. Colonel Grey, with New Zealanders and Bushmen, routed 800 Boers near Ventersburg—General Colville engaged the Boers near Standerton, and drove them off with heavy

loss—300 Boers entered Aberdeen, looting streets, but retired before 100 British.

19th. The Queen was announced to be seriously ill at Osborne House, Isle of Wight.

21st. Great anxiety regarding Her Majesty's condition overspread the Empire. Public and private engagements were postponed and a settled gloom rested on all classes of society. H. R. H, the Prince of Wales telegraphed to the people, "My painful duty obliges me to inform you that the life of our beloved Queen is in the greatest danger."

22nd. This day forms an epoch in history, and will always be held memorable as not only the closing of one reign and the beginning of another, but as the day upon which there passed from earthly life the longest reigning and the best beloved sovereign who has ever graced the throne of the great British Empire. "My beloved mother just passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren," was the announcement made by the affectionate and dutiful son who is now destined to wield the sceptre as our future king. May his throne, "established in righteousness," ever rest secure under the blessing of Heaven, and in the love of a loyal people! The Queen died at 6.50 English time.

23d. The King took the oath before the Privy Council, and made a noble accession speech.

24th. The King was proclaimed Edward VII. at St. James's Palace.

28th. Welzel, one of the peace envoys to the Boers, was shot by order of DeWet.

29th. The United States Embassy sent beautiful wreaths for the late Queen's funeral from President McKinley, Mrs. Garfield and Ambassador Choate.

The King telegraphed General Kitchener that the late Queen had spoken of him shortly before her death.

February 2nd. Queen Victoria's remains were taken from Osborne House to Windsor Castle, followed by the Royal Family and representatives from every European Court. The funeral, according to the wishes of the late Queen, was strictly military, the coffin being conveyed on a gun carriage.

The mourning pageant was the largest ever witnessed. Religious services were held all over the Empire.

4th. The late Queen was finally laid to rest beside her mother and her long and faithfully mourned husband, "Albert the Good;" in Frogmore Mausoleum.

5th. General French, near Bethel, was driving the enemy eastward. At Moddersfontein 1400 Boers made an assault on the British, and killed two officers.

8th. A British column at Petersburg brought in 4000 horses and cattle. Lord Methuen captured 13 waggons of supplies. Louis Botha, with 2000 men was repulsed by General Smith-Dorien at Bothwell.

16th. Colonel Plumer's column engaged DeWet near Philipstown. DeWet, after a sharp defeat, rode off, telling his followers to look out for themselves.

March 3rd. In an engagement at Lichtenburg 2 officers and 14 men were killed. The Boer General Celliers was killed.

12th. Colonel Pilcher's column cleared the Boers between Bloemfontein and the Orange River, capturing many prisoners and 300 horses.

14th. The end of the war was, apparently, not far off. Commandant-General Botha sent a message to Lord Kitchener with a view to surrender. His brother was lately killed, and his two nephews wounded.

21st. Botha declined British terms for peace, and hostilities were resumed. A combined movement of the forces against the Boers, near Thaba N'Chu, resulted in great loss to the enemy. Besides taking several hundred prisoners in Thaba N'Chu, with thousands of sheep, horses and cattle, Major Byng and Colonel Bethune brought in 16,000 cattle and 140,000 sheep from the Wepener district.

The long hoped for day of peace cannot be far distant ; for, despite the dogged determination of the Boer leaders to prolong a hopeless struggle, and that indifference to the sufferings of their kin which permits them to continue the work of bloodshed merely for the gratification of an ignoble revenge, the systems of evil must ever give way before the inroad of a freer, broader faith, a truer conception of the rights of humanity and the strength of a Power which has hitherto proved invincible.

PART II.

Incidents of Battle, Etc.

TALANA HILL.

"As soon as the Boer guns silenced our artillery General Symons gave the order for an assault on Talana Hill. The hill rises 800 feet, and the distance to the top is more than a mile. The first portion of the ascent is gentle and over open ground to a homestead surrounded by broken woods. Above the woods the ground is rough and rocky, the ascent steep, and half way up a thick stone wall runs around the hill, as the fringe of a wide terrace of open ground.

Above the terrace the ascent is almost perpendicular, and at the end of this was the Boer position, on the flat top so characteristic of African hills. Altogether, the position seemed impregnable even if held by a small body, against large forces, and General Symons must have had extraordinary confidence in his men when he ordered 2,000 of them to take it in the teeth of a terrible and well-sustained fire from superior numbers of skilled riflemen. His confidence was fully justified.

It is said that he deliberately resolved to show the Boers that Majuba hill was not the measure of what British infantry could do, and if so, he more than succeeded. To find a parallel for the endurance, tenacity and heroic determination to press forward over all obstacles and at all hazards, one has to go back to Wellington's invincible infantry in the Peninsula.

The men had to go through eight hours of fighting, without breakfast. The wood was the first cover available, and in the rush for this position the Dublin Fusiliers led the way, though afterward the three regiments went practically side by side.

The advance of the infantry was covered by a vigorous cannonade, but the appearance of our men in the open was the signal for a storm of rifle fire from the Boers. Though our losses at this stage were extraordinarily small, in the wood, which for some time marked the limit of the advance, they were considerable, and here, about 9.30 o'clock, General Symons, who had galloped up to tell the men that the hill must be taken, fell mortally wounded. Throughout the morning he had exposed himself, perhaps unnecessarily. His position was always marked by a red flag, carried by his orderly.

By ten o'clock our men, creeping up inch by inch, and taking advantage of every available cover, had gained the shelter of the stone wall, but for a long time further advance seemed impossible. As often as a

man became visible the Boers poured a deadly fire in his direction, while, whatever their losses from our artillery fire, they rarely afforded a mark for the rifle.

About twelve o'clock, however, a lull in their fire afforded our men an opportunity for scaling the wall and dashing across the open ground beyond. Then the almost sheer ascent of the last portion of the hill began. Here our losses were greatest, the Rifles losing most heavily. Col. Gunning, who was always in the front of his men, was shot through the head.

Near the top of the hill Captain Pechell, who had only arrived two days before from the Soudan, also fell. Out of seventeen officers the battalion lost five killed and seven wounded.

As our men neared the top of the hill our guns were compelled to stay their fire, and the Boers of course were enabled to stay their rifle fire accordingly.

The last portion of the ascent was rushed with the bayonet, but the Boers did not await the charge, a few who stood ground till near the end being seen flying precipitately across the top of the hill when our men reached the crest."

ELANDSLAAGTE.

"It was about a quarter to five, and it seemed curiously dark. No wonder, for as the men moved forward the heavens opened and from the eastern sky swept a sheet of rain. With the first stabbing drops the horses turned their heads, and no whip or spur could bring them up to it. It drove through mackintoshes as if they were blotting paper. The air was filled with a hissing sound, and under foot you could see the solid earth melting into mud, and the mud flowing away in the water. The rain blotted out hill, dale and enemy in one great curtain of swooping water. You would have said that the heavens had opened to drown the wrath of man.

Through it the guns still thundered and the khaki columns pushed doggedly on. The infantry came among the boulders and began to open out. The supports and reserves followed.

Then in a twinkling, on the stone-pitted hill face, burst loose that other storm--a storm of lead and blood and death. In the first line, down behind the rocks, the men were firing fast, and the bullets came flickering around them. The men stopped and staggered and dropped limply, as if a string that held them upright had been cut. The line pushed on and a colonel fell, shot in the arm. The regiment pushed on and they came to a rocky ledge, twenty feet high. They clung to the cover, firing, then rose and were among the shrill bullets again. A major was left at the bottom of the ridge, with a pipe in his mouth and a Mauser bullet through his leg. His company pushed on.

Down again, fire again, up again and on. Another ridge won and passed, and only one more hellish hail of bullets beyond. More men down. More men pushed into the firing line, more death-piping bullets

than ever. The air was a sieve of them ; they beat on the boulders like a million hammers ; they tore the turf like harrows.

Another ridge crowned, another welcoming whistling gust of perdition. More men down ; more pushed into the firing line. Half the officers were down. The men puffed, stumbled on—another ridge taken. God ! Would this curs'd hill never end ? It was sown with bleeding and dead behind, it was edged with a stinging fire before.

On, and now it was surely the end. Merry bugles rang like the cock-crow on a fine morning. "Fix bayonets !" staff officers rushed shouting from the rear, imploring, cajoling, cursing, slamming every man who could move into line. But it was a line no longer. It was a surging wave, of men. The Devonshires, Gordons, Manchesters and Light Horse were all mixed. Subalterns commanding regiments, soldiers yelling advice, officers firing carbines, stumbling, leaping, killing, falling—all drunk with battle. And there beneath our feet was the Boer camp and the last of the Boers galloping out of it. There also, thank heaven, were squadrons of Lancers and Dragoon Guards storming in among them, shouting, spearing, stamping them into the ground.

"Cease fire !"

It was over.

Twelve hours of march, of reconnaissance, waiting and preparation and half an hour of attack—but half an hour crammed with the life of a half lifetime."

The same correspondent, describing the end of the battle when the Highlanders, the Manchester Regiment and the Light Horse were sweeping to the final charge says :—"To our astonishment we heard 'Cease fire and retire,' sounded by the buglers. It was difficult to account for them, but not when we knew that the Boers had learned our bugle calls. In obedience to the sound the Gordon Highlanders were beginning to fall back, when their boy bugler, saying, "retire be dammed," rushed forward and blew a hasty "charge," whereupon the ranks closed up and the victory of Elandslaagte was won."

Colonel Scott-Chisholme, who resigned his command of the 5th Lancers and raised the fine Corps of the Imperial Light Horse, South Africa was killed in the battle of Elandsgaate.

COLENZO.

By An Officer Who Was Present.

After the most terrible and one-sided battle of Colenso last Friday I fainted when I got to camp, from sunstroke, and on Saturday morning found I had dysentery. How any one escaped on Friday is a marvel to me. We were nine and a half hours under fire, and it was like a severe hailstorm on a tin roof. I couldn't put my glasses up without hearing "phit," "phit," "phit." From the very first I saw it would be no go. Directly we got under fire a corporal said to me : "I wonder how many

Boers there are hidden in that wood opposite, along the Tugela." I said "I expect it is full of them, as Buller never shelled it at all." I was right. Two companies of the 23rd went in and jolly soon come out through us and exposed our four companies to a double fire, and I don't see how we escaped at all. Then I saw about three companies of the 7th Fusiliers go in on the left of the taken guns, and they soon came out of it. After that we were told to advance a bit, and eventually we were told off as escort to the lost guns with the result that we retired (when ordered to, and "Tommy" did not like that word at all), and had six officers taken and over one hundred men killed, wounded, missing, or prisoners, out of a total of thirteen officers and 472 men, with which we started at 4 a. m.

LONDON, April 21.—The Gazette announces that the Queen has conferred the Victoria Cross on Major William Bablie, of the army medical corps, for conspicuous bravery at the battle of Colenso.

THE DYING SOLDIER AT COLENZO.

"He was only a boy * * * I bent down to listen. * * * 'Oh, mother mother! Oh, God!' came in a low moan, and then—a great silence."

Oh, mother! wheresoe'er thou art,
Afar o'er land or sea,
In angu'sh keen each mother-heart
Doth bleed for thine and thee.

Oh! for that sore, that woeful cry
Of longing, 'midst the pain,
For her whose help, through all the years,
Was never sought in vain.

First name, and last upon his lips,
Save His, who, at the close
Of life's brief day, relieved all pain
With undisturbed repose.

Oh, mother! whereso'er thou art,
That prays by land or sea,
Death cannot part, Heaven will not keep
Thy loved for aye from thee.

Describing the battle of Colenso, Pte. H. Morris, 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifles, says: "As man after man in the British regiment jumped into the river to gain the other side, they were shot down or drowned. When we retired wounded men kept coming into camp for hours. One man had been shot no fewer than six times, but still managed to crawl into our lines. The colonel of the Connaught

Rangers, who was reported amongst the killed, appeared in camp hardly recognizable. He was bespattered with blood from head to foot, and he was cheered as only British soldiers could cheer him."

Private John Stroud, of the 12th Bearer Company, A. M. S., in a letter to his father at Maidstone, says: "We fought a great battle (Colenso) on Friday, an attack on the Boer position which was not successful. There were over 1,000 casualties among our own men. We had four bearer companies here and they were under fire most of the time, and the bullets and shells were dropping amongst us too close to be comfortable. Fortunately the Boer shells are badly made and seldom burst; if they did a good many of us would not be alive now. Many of the shells dropped within three or four feet of us, doing no damage but covering us with dust. . . . In many places on the field a dog could scarcely cross, bullets and shells dropping like a shower of rain. One battery of guns had to be left, all of our officers were shot, and horses dead and injured, and only a few of the men got away safe. It was terrible while it lasted. The Bearer Company were kept on the go until late at night, and many awful sights were to be seen. In one place over twenty were found within a couple of yards round, and the place was thick with wounded."

THE FIRST TUGELA REVERSE.

Many brilliantly written accounts of the first Tugela reverse appeared in the English papers. Mr. Bennet Burleigh, writing of the terrible ordeal of fire through which those who manned our guns passed, says:—

The gunners never flinched nor winced, buckling to their work like men who grip a heavy load. Nay, more, some of them in derision began to 'field' as at cricket, with the badly aimed spent shot of the machine cannon. Running aside, they would make a catch, and call, 'How's that, umpire?' Astounding, and yet more astounding, for this story is absolutely true!

Within a quarter of an hour Colonel Long was knocked over, shot through the arm and body, a bullet passing through his liver and kidneys. He was carried aside two hundred yards, into a shallow donga, where lay several of the Devons and others. There, wounded as he was, Colonel Long sent for help to overcome the enemy's rifle fire. But it did not come, for there was a difficulty about quickly finding either General Buller or General Clery. . . . Colonel Long became delirious, constantly repeating: 'Ah! my gunners are splendid. Look at them!

Colonel Hunt, shot through both legs, was also carried to the donga. As the men were being shot down very rapidly—for the Boer fire was by that time increasing—Colonel Hunt advised that it would be better to abandon the guns, but Long's characteristic reply was: 'Abandon be damned! We never abandon guns!'

After the order was given to abandon the guns four men persisted

in serving two guns and remaining beside their cannon. One of either pair carried the shell; the others laid and fired their beloved 15-pounders. But two men were left. They continued the unequal battle. They exhausted the ordinary ammunition, and finally drew upon and fired the emergency rounds of case, their last shot. Then they stood to 'Attention' beside the gun, and an instant later fell, pierced through and through by Boer bullets.

The British forces began their advance at daylight and the Boers left them absolutely unmolested till at 6.25 there suddenly burst an awful crash of Boer musketry upon the batteries and advancing infantry. The rattle of Mausers swelled and maintained as one continuous roar. From the buildings, and lines of trenches south of the river and from the river bank itself the Boers fired at our gunners and footmen, and from the trenches on the northern side of the Tugela River and from Fort Wylie and elsewhere they sent out a hurricane of leaden hail, and the bullets venomously rained upon the ground in all directions, raising puffs of dust and tearing through the air with shrill sounds. Few have ever seen so heavy and so deadly a fusillade: but neither the British gunners nor the infantry hesitated or winced.

The cannon were wheeled into position although many of the horses and men were shot down ere the manoeuvre was completed, and our indomitable soldiers walked erect and straight onward. Not even Rome in her palmiest days ever possessed more devoted sons. As the gladiators marched proud and beaming to meet death, so the British soldiers doomed to die saluted and then with alacrity stepped forward to do their duty—glory or the grave. Anglo-Saxon soldiers always advance that way. I asked an American who had seen warfare at home, in Cuba and Manila, if his own countrymen generally did this and he answered, 'Yes, it is marvelous but wasteful.'

Closer and closer walked the soldiers to the Boer trenches until within 400 yards of the nearest rifle pits. Then lying down they returned the fire, but there was little or nothing to aim at.

By 7.15 the Irish Brigade had driven the Boers to the north bank of the Tugela. They found that the enemy had planted the ground with barbed wire entanglements. Even in the bed of the river barbed wire was laid down. Into the water went Dublins, Inniskillings, Borderers and Connaughts, but it was found at the ford that the Boers had cunningly dammed the river and there was ten feet of water where ordinarily it is but knee deep. They strove to find the crossings and many a fine fellow with the weight of ammunition and accoutrements was drowned.

It was a desperate and serious situation. The attack upon the right was making no progress and the hearts of the men had reached an apparent impasse. But there were furious and angry Irishmen who had resolved to get across somehow. By dint of scrambling from rock to rock and swimming, a number won the other side. Yet most of them found that they had but passed across a windingspruit. The Tugela still lay in front,

and all the while the murderous fire of cannon and musket crashed, and comrades fell weltering in their blood.

In the meanwhile Colonel Long had lost his guns and Generals Buller and Clery with their staffs and escorts had ridden to the scene.

The spouting hail of lead and iron snapped and spluttered, and the dust puffed more than ever. Lord Roberts' son, with Captain Schofield and Congrove, volunteered to ride out and endeavor to save the two field batteries in the open. Readily other volunteers were found. Corporals from the lines, men and drivers of the ammunition waggons, taking spare teams, galloped out, and men and heroes again began falling on every side. Young Roberts' horse was blown up by a shell, Congrove was hit with a bullet and his clothes were cut with other missiles. Schofield alone escaped untouched. Across that valley of death quickly the surviving animals were rounded up and the guns were hooked and dragged away. Again and again that day attempts were made to haul off the remaining guns, but the Boer fire was incessant and withering. At four the battle was over. General Buller abandoned the guns and retreated."

It appears that the battle orders, drawn up by General Clery, provided for the effective support of the artillery by Generals Hart, Barton and Dundonald's brigades. Those were never completed.

The retreat, contrary to many of the accounts which have been published, was made after dark, and in a blinding rain storm. The army, with its vast transport system, its ammunition trains and guns, had to cross the Tugela River, then a raging torrent, with precipitous banks, but not a man or a pound of stores was lost. So carefully was every detail arranged that the various units of the force, cavalry, infantry, etc., made their way to the river through lines of men located at intervals of from thirty to fifty yards, whose duty it was to keep them in the right track. Guided in this manner they came to the Tugela River opposite the pontoon bridge laid down by the Engineers, and crossed in safety. Still guided in the manner indicated they were brought at last to a temporary camping ground three miles south of the river. In the morning the Boers, with every gun at their command well placed and flushed by the results of the fierce fighting on Spion Kop, prepared to bombard and attack the British forces, but found that they had been outwitted.

LIEUTENANT ROBERTS

Killed at Tugela River, Dec. 17th, 1899.

Oh! calmly shall thy loved one rest
Within that ever sacred earth,
Baptized, through floods of sacrifice,
Unto fair Freedom's glorious birth.

Calm shall he rest, beneath that flag—
 That flag he nobly died to save—
 Nor foot of tyranny may dare
 To desecrate his hallowed grave.

Even in our dool we joy for those
 Who sleep beneath the Afric sod ;
 Their lives unto their country given
 Their souls unto the patriot's God.

Oh ! never through the waning years
 Shall wane the memories of those brave ;
 While Freedom, smiling through her tears
 Stands guardian o'er each honored grave.

Out-looking 'yond the storms of war,
 To halcyon days when war shall cease ;
 And every breath which stirs the grove
 Shall sing the psalm of lasting peace.

THE MAGERSFONTEIN SLAUGHTER.

The men were fairly caught in a trap.

From the Boer trenches, not two hundred yards away, from trenches tier upon tier, from rifle and machine gun, there poured an awful storm of death and destruction. Our men were still in their close formation, presenting a mark that the poorest marksman could not fail to hit.

There was no time to deploy. In a flash every man lay down, some to rise no more. The men in the rear began firing in all directions and many a poor fellow was wounded by bullets from the rifles of his comrades.

For five long minutes the Highland Brigade was prone upon the ground, a struggling mass of humanity in places four and six deep. Then two companies of the Black Watch alone heard the order to charge, and whipping out their bayonets, they sprang like demons upon the first trench and left not a man alive in it. Mad with anger, and crazed with grief, for their beloved General, Wauchope of Omdurman fame fell among the first, they thrust their gleaming bayonets right and left.

Every man in these two companies deserves special recognition. 'Tis such as they that have built up our vast Empire. But they simply withered away before the terrific fire from the other trenches, drawing much of the fire that otherwise would have decimated the whole brigade. This all took place in the dusk of the early morning. They fought like heroes. Had all the brigade heard that order and obeyed it, what is virtually a severe repulse—yes, a defeat, would have been turned into a

glorious British victory which would have wiped out all memory of Majuba Hill and 1881.

But, unfortunately, some one, as is usual on such occasions, gave the order to retire, and utterly demoralized, leaving the ground littered with dead, dying and wounded, the Highlanders fell back, leaving the two companies of the Royal Highlanders unsupported and compelling them likewise to retire from the trench gained with their heart's blood. Then again the whole brigade caught it, for the men were still "en masse."

From Simonski's account there appears little reason to blame Methuen. The Highlanders had marched several miles in the darkness, such darkness that the leading companies marched with a rope carried across their front to keep the men from losing line and touch with each other. The force expected to meet the Boer pickets first, and then to open out for attack. But the Boers, expecting the attack, had drawn back the pickets into their trenches. The Highland brigade had no skirmishers or scouts in front, and just as the darkness began to break they found themselves in solid quarter column, right under the Boer position.

The blame which can attach to Methuen can apparently be only such as may pertain to an order to infantry to attack a strong fortified position, without previous or simultaneous use of artillery.

SPION KOP.

For real ghastliness, for a glimpse into the gory realities of war and the horrors of the battlefield, the private letter of a young medical officer at Spion Kop, printed in the Daily Graphic, can hardly be beaten "I selected a pass," he writes, "overhung by steep clay banks on the top of which I got up a Red Cross flag. Cases now began to pour down from Spion Kop on stretchers. The Boers opened fire on us, and three bullets went into the fire, knocking the sticks about. The reason for this fire was not the Red Cross flag, but owing to some Tommies who were strolling over to it, either to take cover there or to see what we were doing. I promptly ordered them away. A few minutes after the Boers let fire five shells in quick succession in my direction, but they fell short and did no harm. This sort of thing went on round me for the rest of the day, but I always kept well in the shelter of the bank.

From this time to ten o'clock next morning the wounded came through my dressing station, as the pass was the only exit from the hill. I saw every case, and some of them were mutilated beyond description, fully 330 wounded, and dead who had died on the way, passed through my hands. The cheerfulness of the wounded struck me as remarkable—men with shattered wounds smoking their pipes, and, although starving, not a grumble did I hear. Many a poor chap, shot in the morning in the front trenches, who could not be reached, lay in the blazing sun all day. One old Colonial in Thornycroft's, with a gray beard, walked down leaning on his rifle. He was a mass of wounds—one ear cut through by a

bullet, his chin, neck and chest also shot through by others, and his back and legs torn by shell. He came in and said he just dropped in to let me take his finger off, as it was so shattered that he could not pull the trigger of his rifle, and it got in the way of the next finger, which he could use, for he wanted to get back up the hill to pay the Dutchmen out. Of course, I could not let him go back.

The bullet wounds are beautifully clean, just a little round hole, and as a rule do not do much damage, as they often go through the bone without shattering it, and the wounds do not bleed much.

The shell wounds are hideous.

It was now frightfully dark and I put two lanterns on a stick as a direction to my pass. Shortly after this both lanterns went out, and I had a pretty bad time, as the pass often got blocked with wounded. Finally, I could send no more wounded across the drift and had to stack them with the dead in rows on the grass. I collected all the wounded officers on stretchers around me and gave them brandy and a hypodermic of morphia.

The morning light began to dawn about 4.30 and lit up the ghastly faces of the patients around me. My men now got a fire ready and got some beef tea and coffee, and after giving the wounded some, I sent them on the ambulances across the drift.

Commandants Botha and Burgess, the Boer generals, now came upon the scene. The former, who was the chief general, was a smallish, thin man, with yellowish beard and hair, and had a magnificent rifle beautifully carved with his name and a text from the Bible. He had a couple of mounted Kaffirs carrying his ammunition and water bottle, and an interpreter. He seemed, however, to understand English, though he refused to speak it, but now and then said: "Certainly." There was quite a number of German officers. I heard that one of them had been killed. They let our men search the dead for their identification cards and letters and money. It was very sad to see the things we found in their pockets—love-letters, Christmas cards, little pocket-books with accounts, half-finished letters. Several of the Boers handed in little things they found—a cheque for ten shillings, a purse with money, etc. Some of the officers had trinkets round their necks. One poor fellow had a locket with a spray of white heather, and we had to cut his name off his shirt and pin it to the locket as a means of identification."

"Lack of water," is one reason General Buller gives for the evacuation of Spion Kop.

The unthinking and frivolous may imagine this is an excuse when they read that another reason for the retreat was "the heavy Boer fire."

Let us read this newspaper correspondent's description of the British retreat after the battle of Colenso:

By this time the battle was almost over. The retreat, however, had

only just begun. So we agreed to ride out over the plain across the lines on which the troops were retiring. In the far distance, near the blotch of green in the veldt which marked the grove of trees about the town, we could see the guns of the deserted batteries standing black in the fierce sunlight of noon and beyond this the squad of troops pouring out from among the houses of the town. All over the vast sweep of sun-burned veldt the scattered troops of four brigades of infantry were crawling, half-exhausted, back to camp.

Here was part of a skirmish line, wavering as it crept to the rear because the men of the centre were lagging; here a man lay behind an ant hill, thinking perhaps in his thirst-dried brain that he still was under fire of the Boers. An officer walked with painfully steady steps, his chin sunk in on his neck. The first man we came to was a soldier of the Scotch Fusileers. He looked up at us with half-shut eyes.

'You see me?' said the man.

'Yes.'

'And you see those five men up ahead?'

'Yes.'

'We were escort to one of the guns. The rest are down there in the ditch. Last evening they gave us a pint of water apiece, and that was the last we ever got. An' now I'm goin' up there, an' I'm goin' to say, 'Give me water,' an' if they don't give it me I'm goin' to shoot 'em.'

We had had no water ourselves since dawn, and though we had only looked on at the battle we thought we knew what he meant.

Then we came to more men, who always looked at us with their eyes half-closed.

'Water?' they would ask, and we had none, and the men dragged on as before. This always with the stifling sunlight pouring down upon us from the heat-blurred, whitened sky; and underneath the dry, dead grass.

Later we came to another native dwelling, which likewise had been turned into an hospital. Coming towards this place we could see a man on a horse, who refused to sit straight in the saddle. The man was wobbling heavily forward, half down the horse's shoulder, while another man walked slowly alongside and tried to keep him held on the horse. We rode away from the hospital only to meet two stretcher-bearers carrying a man between them.

'I'm afraid you're too late with that man,' said an officer. 'See his open eyes staring at the sun.'

The stretcher-bearers left him to carry some other man who lived.

These were among the last of the army, so we joined in with the struggling throng that was crawling so slowly up the steady rise of the veldt. On the bottom of an old water course was an oblong hole half filled with a pool of still water as thick as potato soup with mud and around this hole the men were kneeling close packed together, eagerly

drinking of the pool. For the rest of the way we rode alongside of two troopers leading horses.

'Where are those horses from' we asked the first man. He answered something, but the thirst was hot in his throat, and there came out only a dry huskiness for what he had intended to be words. The second man chewed savagely at a blade of grass, with all his teeth showing and his eyes, like theirs, half closed. In this company we rode into camp."

A private in the King's Royal Rifles, of the name of Goodman, was brought from Spion Kop to No. 4 Field Hospital with many others.

He had been lying on the hill all night. He had not had his clothes off for six days. Rations had been scanty, and he had been sleeping in the open since he left the camp.

He had been struck, it appeared, in the face by a fragment of shell, which had carried away his right eye, the right upper jaw, and the corresponding part of the mouth and cheek, and had left a hideous cavity at the bottom of which his tongue was exposed.

He was unable to speak, but as soon as he was settled in a tent he made signs that he wanted to write.

A little memorandum book and a pencil were handed to him, and it was supposed that his inquiry would be as to whether he would die—what chance he had. Could he have something to drink? Could anything be done for his pain?

After going through the form of wetting the pencil at what had once been a mouth, he simply wrote, "Did we win?"

No one had the heart to tell him the truth.

MODDER RIVER.

It is easy to lament the lack of strategy and tactics with which Lord Methuen directed the battle, but his critics do not point out where there was any room for the display of either in such a situation. Lord Methuen himself in his despatch points out that the position of the Boers left him no choice but to attack them directly in front, and this he did with such determination and with such persistence that he won a victory over a superior force having every advantage. British generals in all ages have under similar circumstances done as Lord Methuen did, attacked under disadvantage, trusting to the soldiers to win, and the result has justified his confidence."

SALUTING THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF THE MODDER RIVER

It has long been a tradition of the British army to salute the first of the dead and wounded carried from the field of battle. One popular picture of the Duke of Wellington shows him in the act of saluting the body of a drummer boy.

A REQUIEM FOR THE ENEMYS' DEAD.

At Modder river on the morning after the battle. at daybreak, burial

parties were sent out by the British. They were met by the Boers, who assisted them in the interment of their dead, and sang psalms over the graves.

"It was a trying time," writes Pte. William Moon, describing the Modder River battle. "Every minute you could hear some poor soldier's cry for help, while not one, but a great many lay dead and dying all around us. To as many as I could I gave all my water, for that is the first thing the wounded ask for. It was a sight which I shall never forget in all my life, and I thank God that I am spared to write this letter to you. More than once we said to one another that death would be a relief to us."

Several deeds of valor were performed by the Derbyshires at the River here—notably the removal by Captain Grant and Lieutenant Popham of the explosives underneath the wagon bridge which had been mined.

Pte. John Murphy, 3rd Grenadier Guards says: "Oh, its extra to be out in the wars. It's then you see everybody praying. The biggest of villians come to it when they see the first fight. Seeing poor fellows shot at your feet, it's then the thoughts come into your hearts."

A Youthful Patriot.

"On Christmas Day, 1899, shot in Market Square, Harrismith, Orange Free State, for refusing to fight against his own countrymen, John McLachlan, aged 30 years, eldest son of John McLachlan, of Wandsworth, formerly of Lambeth."

They marched him along 'mid the wondering throng ;
 Oh ! he carried his head full high ;
 And proudly he walked, for he deemed it no crime
 For the sake of his country to die.

He had said that his hand, his honest right hand,
 Should never yield service to wrong ;
 For he came of a land where no traitor may thrive,
 Where the pillars of freedom stand strong.

They halted ; they stood him in midst of the crowd,
 Neath the glare of a withering sun ;
 Yet he flinched not, but straightened as warrior might
 Who knows his last battle is won.

One volley ! and cowards have finished their work,
 Injustice hath honoured its name ;
 A spirit hath soared from the triumphs of wrong,
 And valour is richer in fame.

Yes, he was but one—Oh! the thousands beside
 Who have struggled and suffered and died :
 As the sword of the tyrant dripped red with the blood
 Which the altar of freedom supplied.

Men die for a cause, yet the principle lives,
 For, as night-shade doth brighten to day,
 So the aftermath, rising from darkness of doom,
 Shall glow in its glory for aye.

BOERS' DEADLY FIRE.

Private Dutton writes of Magersfontein : " I was firing from behind a bit of a bush, on my stomach, for eleven hours. Every time I moved I was shot at. It was terrible. I got away, dodging from bush to bush, until I was out of range of the Boers' shots. Three of us were behind a bush. A Black Watch man was shot in the neck. One of our officers crawled to him and bandaged him up. He crept back again, when he was shot in both hands ; he got up and ran, and was shot in the leg."

A BRAVE GRENADIER.

Amongst the many individual acts of bravery displayed by our men in South Africa, that of Private Fitzmaurice, of the Grenadier Guards, stands out prominent. During the thick of the fight at Belmont, Colonel Crabbe, commanding the Grenadiers, became detached from his regiment, and was immediately surrounded by Boers. Seeing his Colonel's danger, Fitzmaurice rushed to his assistance. He shot two Boers, bayoneted a third, and amidst the firing carried Colonel Crabbe to the ambulance wagon. The Colonel was shot in the wrist and injured in the thigh, and these were the wounds he described as scratches when writing the result of the battle to Windsor. He was soon about again, and recommended Fitzmaurice for the Victoria Cross. Fitzmaurice was one of the first Grenadiers who volunteered from Windsor to join the 3rd Battalion.

GENEROUS.

At Magersfontein the Boers were so moved by the heroic indifference to death displayed by a party of two officers and twelve privates, who charged up to the very muzzles of their opponents, that casting their weapons aside, they rushed in an overwhelming number upon these men, seized the whole of them, and dragged them into their trenches. Then, when they had been disarmed, the Boer commandant said : " There, you are free to go, and we will not re-open fire until you are within your lines."

HONOURABLE.

As Wauchope fell in the trenches at Magersfontein he said to his servant by his side, " Take my charger home to my wife." These were his last words. The man got the horse out, and after waiting in hiding behind some rocks until twelve hours later, when all the firing had ceased,

ventured out of his hole. He was at once captured by the Boers, but when he told them the story they bade him go and fulfil Wauchope's dying wish.

UNSELFISHNESS.

An orderly was bringing some water to a wounded man lying on the ground. He was shot through the abdomen, and he could hardly speak owing to the dryness of his mouth, but he said, "Take it to my pal first; he is worse hit than me."

This generous lad died next morning, but his friend got through and is doing well.

An article of faith with the soldier, it seems, takes the form of a grim stoicism under pain.

Thus one enormous Irishman, with a shattered thigh, yelled out in agony as he was being lifted upon the operating table to be examined.

The pain was evidently terrible, and excuse enough for any degree of exclamation. But he apologized quaintly and profusely for the noise he had made, urging as an excuse that "he had never been in an hospital before."

COOLNESS.

Sir Redvers Buller had left the position he had appointed for himself at the naval battery—the situation on the right (where the guns lay useless) was too serious for a man of Buller's spirit to stay there now—and had ridden off towards the guns with all his staff and the escort of the Natal Police. He was down among the naval twelve-pounders behind Long's guns now. The Boers had perhaps recognized the staff; the whistling in the air trebled. 'You oughtn't to be here, sir,' gasped Ogilvy, 'I am all right, my boy, said the general.'

BLOEMFONTEIN.

The capital of the Orange Free State is a fine, modern city; with all the improvements special to the times.

The Government offices, the College for boys and the Institute for Ladies, along with the Public Library, the Natural History Museum, etc., are handsome and substantial structures, while many elegant private dwellings lend ornament to the general appearance of the cleanly, wide-streeted city, which can also boast the possession of several well laid-out public parks.

JOHANNESBURG.

The famous city of Johannesburg is at once both the largest and, previous to the outbreak of the war, contained the greatest population of any city in South Africa. It is situated on the southern slope of the Witwatersrand range of mountains, from the summit of which it is only a couple of miles. It is one thousand and fourteen miles distant from Cape Town, four hundred and eighty-three from Durban,

three hundred and ninety-six from Delagoa Bay, and thirty-two miles from Pretoria. It may be imagined the city is well above the level of the sea, its elevation being five thousand six hundred and eighty-nine feet. Its altitude is greater than that of any other town in South Africa. Out of a population of over a hundred thousand that Johannesburg possessed previous to the outbreak of the war over fifty thousand were whites, sixty-seven per cent. of whom were of British origin, there being about six thousand Transvaal citizens amongst them.

The growth of Johannesburg has been something marvelous and forms a record in the history of the cities of the world. Other cities have possibly risen as quickly, but few there are that can show such substantiality as Johannesburg, with its palatial hotels and stately business blocks, its handsome public buildings and its suburbs with its comfortable villas and pretty gardens.

Fourteen years ago to-day Johannesburg was not. One year ago it was full of commercial life, its streets were full of people, business activity was rampant, and all its industries, especially the chief of all, the mines, were in full operation. For months past it has been a silent and deserted city in comparison, its trade dead and its streets empty save for a few natives and 'Zarps,' or Transvaal Police, merely living in the city to prevent incendiarism and disorder. It is now likely, however, that with the advent of the British army Johannesburg will in a brief space of time become itself again. Johannesburg dates from September, 1886, when a few straggling shanties began to rise along the line of gold reefs now forming the Wemmer and Ferreira companies' ground. The existence of the reef at this point was not then known, but on its discovery steps were at once taken to secure more suitable locality, and in December, 1886, the nucleus of the present city was laid out. The land around was previously considered of so little value that not long ago farms had changed hands for the value of a team of oxen. In January 1895, two stands in Commissioner street sold for forty-two thousand pounds, and one on Pritchard street at forty thousand pounds. All around the undulating country is dotted in all directions with battery houses and other buildings connected with the working of the mines.

The annual output of the Johannesburg mines has reached over a hundred million dollars. The general consensus of opinion of the mining community has of late years favored the expectations of increased value of ore with increased depth of working, and so far as the results of one boring may be trusted, this theory does not seem unfounded.

Besides the Witwatersrand region, there are in the Transvaal many other gold fields, such as the Venterskroon, the De Kaap, the Steynsdorp and the Sontpauzberg, the latter of enormous area.

The city of itself extends over an area of six square miles of roads and streets. In the course of the last few years many outlying suburbs

have been created for the benefit of those wishing to live a little way from the town. The streets are regularly laid out and several open squares exist, among which is the Market Square, which is the largest in South Africa. In the buildings the city is particularly rich considering its youth. They include the public offices, the Stock Exchange, the market buildings, the public library; the hospital and a number of churches and theatres, beside several fine hotels and business houses. St. Mary's Anglican Church is the largest in the city, but a still larger one, to meet increasing need, was about to be built. The city is well provided with public parks, including Kruger's Park, Joubert's Park, the Hospital Gardens and other breathing spaces. The transportation facilities are very good, including several lines of street cars and the railway that runs through to Pretoria, to the north and to Cape Town on the south. The lighting system, both gas and electric, is good, but the water supply is poor both in quantity and quality, besides being very dear. The scarcity of water is owing mainly to the undermining of the earth or the mining industries, but it is expected that in future measures will be taken to successfully cope with the difficulty of obtaining a copious supply of pure fresh water.

The sanitary condition of Johannesburg is a horror; its streets are foul and unpaved, and, as very few of the Boers live in the metropolis, the typhoid epidemics that frequently devastate Johannesburg are complacently ignored by the Government. Anything that thins out the Uitlander population is hailed by the Boers as a friendly interposition of Providence in behalf of the Transvaal. The water supply is inadequate, and what there is is contaminated. A petition signed by 30,000 residents of Johannesburg praying for municipal improvements was presented to Oom Paul during my residence there. The President sipped his coffee, puffed his great pipe, spat excessively into a huge porcelain dish, and laughed immoderately. "If the Philistines do not like the land of my people, let them depart in peace," was his only reply.

PRETORIA.

On a map the city seems easy of approach by any army, but such is not the case. On three sides the mountains rise from one to two thousand feet above the streets of the city, which is itself 4,500 feet above sea level. On the fourth side the south, facing Johannesburg, the range flattens away to a vast level plateau exposed at every point to the sweep of any guns that may command it. The city is 1,080 miles from Cape Town, and about 50 miles from Johannesburg.

Seven modern forts command the approaches to the town and it would take at least twenty thousand men to properly defend it. The civil engineers who built the railroad from Johannesburg to Pretoria found such problems of grade and mountain resistance offered them that the train was finally forced to enter the city on a line resembling the curves and twists of a giant boa constrictor.

You look at the mountain fronts as your train struggles to find its

way into Pretoria, and wherever the eye rests there appears to be a line of forts, a redoubt, the front of masked batteries or the domes of bomb-proof rifle and cannon pits. They command the few, and very few, narrow entrances to Pretoria.

They command the railroad to Lorenzo Marques and the railroad to Johannesburg. They face the north of Winderboom and guard the ways of Beersheba, Hebron and Polonia. These two formidable fortifications were built by the best men and engineers obtained in Berlin, others from Amsterdam, while French and Italian engineers constructed other of the defences.

In external appearance the seven are alike. They have masonry faces with earthworks which cover their front to a great depth. In this they conform with plans and suggestions to be found in M. Block's much studied work, "The Future of War." Pile upon pile of sand bags are stacked up wherever shot or shell from an enemy might strike. There are many hidden recesses, secret recesses, secret passages, complete telephone connection not only with each other, but with the official buildings in Pretoria. It is also reported that the near approaches are mined, and that it would mean destruction to an army to storm the works.

For fifteen years Oom Paul has been quietly, with secrecy, putting up these defences, paying something like \$10,000,000 it is said. You would know more of these forts, but it is impossible to find out. You ask questions, but they are not answered. None seems to know the inward mechanisms, nor how the batteries are placed. A' I say that Oom Paul can tell, but not even an inquisitive American would ask him. When the forts were building workmen employed in one part were not allowed to work on another. Sentries were posted at all the entrances. Details of the work were kept from all but the President and the commanding officers. It has been said that British spies have gained entrance. It is said that enough food has been accumulated within the forts and the city of Pretoria to last the inhabitants and the army in the event of a siege, for five years. The ammunition supply is estimated for three years. How many guns are mounted it is difficult to say, but undoubtedly many of the Boer guns have been taken to the mountains north. The guns originally placed in the fort were fifteen centimeter Creusots, but their number is not definitely known.

Pretoria is in many respects the most agreeable of all South African towns for permanent residence. The air is dry and bracing, and is admirable for persons of weak lungs. "Pretoria is not as pretty a town as Bloemfontein," says Poultney Bigelow, but that is for reasons which may be obvious. Bloemfontein gives the impression of good taste, of general comfort, of harmonious development. At Pretoria, on the contrary, we find Boer cabins with mud floors ranged alongside of pretentious Government buildings, built obviously to impress the beholder by their size.

The streets of Pretoria are wide avenues, and were laid out with reference to the ox-trains, and are today much too wide for the normal traffic

of the city, costing much to keep them in repair. But this is a good fault and will abound to the benefit of the city in the future.

Anxiety.

"He reached home safe and well. Meantime his mother had died of anxiety."

Oh! war hath its shadows as well as its shines,
And sorrows abound in its train;
The pean of triumph floats out o'er the wail
Of sadness, bereavement and pain.

She heard not the music, she saw not the flags
As they streamed on the calm summer air;
Her eyes with her heart were in far away clime,
For the loved of his lifetime was there.

She saw him, her hero, stand forth in first rank
'Mid the hosts of the youthful and brave,
She saw him, the target of death-dealing guns,
Lie tombed in a warrior's grave.

She faded and died 'neath her harrowing thoughts,
'Neath the picture her fancy had drawn;
Ne'er looking through darkness of withering night
For the rays of a bright after dawn.

Ah! what of the hearts which have sorrowed for those,
For whose coming the longing was vain;
Those lights of the homestead, those hopes of the hearth
Who will ne'er cross the threshold again.

Oh Thou! Who wert human, Who tasted of woe,
Give comfort, if sparing of Joy;
Since many a mother throughout this broad land
Is heart lonely for loss of her boy.

IN KIMBERLY DURING THE SIEGE.

When we come to making the terms of settlement with these inhuman Boers, every woman in England must remember why her sisters in Kimberly were in more danger from shells than their husbands. It was because the Boers purposely shelled the houses knowing that only women and children were in them.

Different women behaved differently. 'As a rule, we think they showed more pluck than the men,' a leading citizen said to me.

Two women were sitting on different stoops on different days. In each case a shell fell nearby and exploded in the street. One—an English woman—looked on rather amused than otherwise, and went out and gathered the pieces to give away as mementos. The other—a Dutch woman—died of fright.

Two Kaffir women were walking in the main street side by side. A shell came, killed one and did not touch her companion.

Dr. Ashe tells of a lady who walked or rode out with her husband every day, shells or no shells. Plenty suffered dreadful deaths. Plenty enjoyed amazingly narrow escapes, mainly while at their daily work in their homes. One young lady hid in a shell-proof pit until it was time to dress for dinner and then went to her room and was killed. That is precisely how death came to George Labram, the mechanical wizard who made a big gun for the town. Another shell fell under a bed on which a babe was sleeping, but it did not explode.

A lady was lying down full dressed on her bed resting after dinner. A man came in to say that he found a man with firewood (which was very scarce) who wanted a certain sum for a load. The lady turned over on her side to get her hand in the pocket at the back of her dress, and just as she rolled away from the side of the bed a hundred pound shell came and bored its way through the bed in exactly the same place where she had been lying. It went through the bed and the floor and into the foundation of the house without exploding; but it would have cut her to pieces had she been dressed as men are clad and been able to put her hand down at her side and take her purse out of a pocket there.

Plenty of women who stood the smaller shelling very well, found their nerves at the breaking point when the Boers brought the hundred-pounder to play on their homes. That was when, as if by common consent, the servant girls used to dive under the beds whenever the alarm was sounded to announce the coming of a big one.

There came a few days towards the end of the siege when Mr. Rhodes invited all the women and children to seek perfect safety in the diamond mines. Imagination runs riot at the mere idea of their treasure caverns becoming the familiar haunt and rendezvous of a populace. Their thoughts on finding themselves walled in with rocks whose contents could purchase principalities and stir the longing of queens—these and the emotions of a thousand fair women of more modest mold, who are of common clay, and yet love diamonds fully as fondly, are too complex, too intense, too tremendous for handling here. But, apart from these suggestions, the actual scenes in these subterranean chambers are said by Dr. Ashe to have been too strange ever to be forgotten by him.

To one of these gem-encrusted caverns hollowed deep in the earth's interior, came fifteen women and children; to another came a thousand. Small as were their companies, it seemed impossible to move without treading on a sleeping child. Rugs, sheets, blankets and mattresses had been lowered into the depths, and those who lived in these strange refuges were felt as were no people on the earth's surface overhead, for the great monopolists produced milk and tinned soups, and many delicacies for their guests. A few wretched men, shaming the honor of their mothers and the sex of their fathers, crept into the mines to share the safety of the babes and women, but such was the silent contempt

they inspired that they presently fled to the upper air, and none of their kind took their detestable places.

Many women worked in all the ways that charity, humanity and benevolence suggested, and those who formed an organized corps distributed the few delicacies obtainable, and especially the tinned milk, which was most precious, taking care that it went only to the nursing mothers, the babes and the wounded.

FRENCH'S RIDE INTO KIMBERLY.

From Modder River, from Rensburg and from DeAar the cavalry, mounted infantry and horse artillery, came in long lines concentrating at Gras Pan and Honeynest Kloof. On Monday the march began. Ramdam, eight miles to the southeast, was soon passed, and a sharp skirmish secured Devil's Drift on the Riet. After a halt of a day the column marched on. At Klip Drift the cavalry division halted at night. The breathless haste of a dash through the enemy's country, carried out with a rapidity probably without a parallel, had left its mark on the horses, and the transport was hopelessly in the rear.

On the 15th, at 10 o'clock, the critical advance was made, and the shelling and capture of two laagers a few miles out of Klip Drift on the northern side of the river, cleared the way for the junction of the forces encamped on the Modder, some five miles east of the border fence. This body was composed of Kitchener's and Roberts' Horse and two more regiments of mounted infantry. Before they entered the great plain of Alexandersfontein the contingent from Modder River, the Scots Greys, Household Cavalry and two Lancer regiments joined the force, which now numbered some 10,000 men, seven batteries of horse artillery and three field batteries. Their entry into the plain was the signal for the great event of the day. The plain is perhaps three miles in width and five in length, converging slightly to the north and fringed with kopjes.

The kopjes on either sides were held by the Boers who poured bullets and shells into the advancing mass, almost hidden by the curtain of dust that rose from under the hoofs of the horses. These were quickly cleared of their occupants by the impetuous rush of the mounted infantry. Lieutenant Sweet Escott, of the 16th Lancers, was the first officer to fall, shot dead at 50 yards by a Boer, who received a lance through his throat almost before he could produce the inevitable cry for mercy. Kopje after kopje was cleared, and the Boers were driven from them right and left, as the column crashed forward like some great ploughshare, thrusting aside the enemy on either side, helpless to withstand this tremendous charge and almost powerless to harm it. A barbed rider fence stretching across the plain checked the advance for a moment, and the halt enabled the Boers to withdraw their guns. It was no time for a flank movement to capture them.

At Bevillier's Farm at the northern end of the plain, the column halted, and reformed in column after watering the horses. They had

come ten miles and broken the ring around the besieged town. The pace at which the advance had been made had both minimized the casualties and prevented Cronje from appearing with 10,000 men to line the kopjes on the plain. The latter realized that he was defeated, and acted with his usual sagacity. By the evening of this same day not a man was left on the hills on the ridges that had been the camping ground so long.

Meanwhile the cavalry pushed on. From Bevillier's Farm the country resembled some great English park, studded with single trees and undulating under the long sunburnt grass, through which the guns ploughed long tracks in the crumbling red soil. Here the pace began to tell, and horse after horse that had struggled on so far fell dead from some wound unnoticed in the fight.

There was no time to pause, and at a point some three miles further, the first sight of Kimberly burst upon the column through the fringe of the trees. The Boers on the north of the town were firing their shots from their great gun, but they soon stopped, and General French entered the town, which in a moment put out its flags and decorations. The panic that had been caused by the continuous bursting of the huge shells over every part of the besieged town vanished, and from the 1200 foot level of the diamond mines thousands of women and children emerged into the light of day.

MEMORIES OF LADYSMITH'S TRIAL.

The "Daily Chronicle's" correspondent, under date of March 21, draws a pitiful picture of conditions in this corner of Northern Natal. He writes:—

"One hardly knows whether to call Ladysmith a cemetery, a hospital or a slaughter house. It is true a thousand dead would well cover the fatal losses of the siege, and of these five hundred and twenty-two died of disease. Why, enteric fever alone cost us three hundred and eighty-two lives, and dysentery one hundred and nine, while of wounds only eighty died, not counting those three or four hundred whom death found suddenly on the hills. But the siege is over, and the hospitals are crowded still. From Intombi, certainly, the victims of a feverish ground sodden with disease are being quickly drafted down to the sea; all but those whose shattered bones would break again at moving. But the new hospital in the tin camp is filled already, and we are actually sending the sick to the front, instead of the rear, for want of room. Enteric gives us no rest. Friend after friend of the old garrison falls at my side. And now it has attacked the new garrison, too. In one brigade fifty are down, in another sixty-four. There seems no end of it, though they tell us the touch of frost next month may do us good, and the other morning I saw the precipices of the Drakensberg once more outlined by thin ledges of snow. But, enteric apart, chronic diarrhoea torments us, and dysentery to follow. We were so reduced in strength that the improved diet does us harm rather than good. The men eat and drink, but fade away. No need to speak of the smell of death that hangs over all the town and the

encircling hills—the smell of horses still unburied on the rock or sweeter in the river, where washed—the smell of ground putrid with long encampment—the smell of shallow graves. Apart from mere health, these things would not matter much, were one not haunted by memories. As I ride around the familiar fortifications, so lately full of men, and see them slowly falling to pieces, while the trenches are filling up with the rainy weather, it seems as if at every step my horse kicked up the bones of some friend that is gone. Here it was that Av1, the fearless and adventurous gentleman, worthy of Elizabethan days, stood upright among the rocks, having orders to find out the enemy on that terrible January 6th, and fell with a tiny hole in his forehead and a gap at the back of his head as big as a baby's foot. Here Dick Cunygham, just recovering from his Elandslaagte wound, was riding out at the head of his Gordons, to relieve the Manchesters on Caesar's Camp, when a bullet from a mile away just dropped into his liver. Here young Digby-Jones tried to beat back the Boer onslaught with the butt end of a revolver till he died. And there are so many more—men of all ranks and conditions. On almost every rock there sits a ghost who nods his head and speaks quietly to me as I pass.

CHRISTMAS IN LADYSMITH

The sun beats down with pitiless persistency on the misery of the war-stricken town. For the curse of strife is with us here in these days, when, in common with every people in Christendom, we are singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Ours is the strangest of Christmastides that 10,000 Britons have celebrated within the memory of living man. A brilliant, cloudless sky supplies the high lights of a picture of death, of bloodshed, of privation, and of hardship that is set in a frame of unspeakable ruin and desolation.

Of course, we haven't a monopoly of misery. I know that. In many a home in England, alas! our picture is reflected with awful realism, and many are the thoughts which turn to the little mounds of earth in our midst where some poor fellow rests who will never again meet those whom he held dearest.

No, we haven't a monopoly of misery. All that we can lay claim to is the terrible light which proximity casts upon sufferings. And what wouldn't we give now for the gloomy days and the dull skies that are associated with an English Christmastide!

The mocking sunshine, the glorious brightness of the heavens simply befool the season and belie the grief that is around us. We have no long night. Every day reaches us early and leaves us late. With the grey streak of dawn in the eastern sky, when the first bird chirps a greeting to its mate comes the report of the distant gun and the crash of the shell near by; and then, with the western sky bathed in rich purple, when the last bird twitters itself and its mate to sleep, comes again the report of the distant gun and the crash of the shell near by.

And in a few brief hours—even these sometimes broken by the noise of warfare—the same day of strife will be recommenced. So it has gone on during the eight weeks which have preceded our Christmastide.

The shadow of the festival of peace and goodwill was upon us when we gathered in the English church last Sunday. It was a congregation of men. Half a dozen brave women—of the few score who have remained in the town of desolation—worshipped in the midst of men whose swords hung by their sides and whose breasts were encircled with cartridge belts. Half a dozen children—unwitting witnesses of the terrible scenes of war—twisted and fidgeted in their seats as youngsters are wont when the service is lengthy and the heat is overpowering. And as I stepped inside the door of this temple of peace a sound of voices filled the tiny church:

“Give peace, O God, give peace again.”

The portal of the edifice was wrecked by the enemy's shell; a gaping crevice laid the walls open from roof to floor. What a reminder of the devastation outside. “Remember!” struck up the choir and congregation in unison, and our thoughts went beyond the building and we recollected the shot-pierced roofs, the walls laid low, of houses in the town. “Remember!” and we recollected the holes torn in the streets, the caverns rent in the hills by the mighty explosives hurled at the place where war wrought its worst. “Remember!” and we recollected the awe-giving crashes which had accompanied this destruction, and which will never cease to haunt the ears of those who have listened to the death-dealing engines of modern warfare. “Remember!”—but we reverently sung the verse to the end, and the sound of the voices fills the church with the prayer:

“Give peace, O God, give peace again.”

The rumblings of a heavy wagon shook the ruins of the temple before the choir and congregation joined in the singing of the third verse of this hymn for us in time of war. An ambulance cart, with the Red Cross painted on its sides and a white flag floating above it, rolled past to collect our wounded from some field where battle had raged in the early morn.

And our thoughts went to those other places of public worship—the Dutch church, the Congregational chapel—in fact, to all the buildings erected to the glory of God which were now tenanted by wounded to the exclusion of worshippers.

A church bell has not rung in Ladysmith for eight Sabbaths, and, that no sound but the roar of artillery might disturb the calm of the sufferers, the striking of the town clock has been silenced. And I suppose there was not one man in that congregation who did not call up the vision of some comrade who had been killed or maimed for life.

There was not a woman or child to whom the sight of wounded men being carried from the battle field to the hospital was not familiar. For awful scenes of pain and human agony have passed before the eyes of all

who remained in the besieged town. There were choking voices when the church next echoed with the prayer :

" Give peace, O God, give peace again."

Nobody wanted to catch his fellow-worshipper's eyes, feeling that his own were tear-dimmed, and that tremor was upon his lips. So those who were near looked out through the wrecked porch and, though dazzled by the brilliant sunshine, they gazed over devastated orchards and gardens to the plain where cattle starved and vultures circled around the half-buried bodies of horses and oxen.

Beyond it, at the foot of the Mbulwana, lay the white flag camp of Intombi Spruit. Here war's dread hand-maiden Disease was reaping her harvest. And we thought of the Christmastide that was to be for the hundreds who lay there between life and death (their cemetery already filled), with a few medicaments and no luxuries to coax them back to health and strength.

And we thought of the emotion of those who, knowing a relative or a friend was dying, were forbidden by the enemy's regulations to leave the desolate town for a few hours to visit this neutral spot and say a last farewell. And we thought that war was horrible—that its miseries overwhelmed its glories—and with quiet, earnest, " Amen " subscribed to the fervent prayer :

" Give peace, O God, give peace again."

THE ADVANCE ON LADYSMITH

During the day the Boers maintained a brisk artillery fire from long range and automatic guns, but the British losses were slight.

The Inniskillings advanced to assault along the main or eastern side. The Boers immediately opened a terrific fire which was heard rattling above the loudest artillery from a stone sangar on the top of the hill and a cross fire from the surrounding heights.

In spite of the scores of shells bursting about the the trenches, hurling rocks, bullets and splinters in the faces of the defenders the Dutch stood the fire, all their heads, slouch-hatted, plainly visible against the sky, maintaining their terrible fire. And when the supreme moment arrived several in their reckless excitement sprang on the top of the walls waving their rifles and firing furiously.

But if the defence was magnificent, the attack was superb. The Inniskillings climbed steadily up the hill to within five hundred yards of the summit without much loss. Then the leading companies charged, running swiftly onward across the rocky slopes between a few small trees, while the whole ground was stirred and spurted with bullets striking ground.

The attack was spent. Then away the supports advanced to sustain it, but only to share its fate. In spite of the gallantry and devotion, after repeated attempts, the heroic Irish soldiers, having lost very heavily in officers and men, recognized that they could not prevail,

Yet they clung to the ground already won, and finding all further advance impossible, lay down upon the slopes and building shelters of walls of stone, sullenly, stubbornly refused to retire.

The Connaughts now advanced to support the attack, and the Dublin Fusileers, the famous regiment which had already suffered so terribly in this war, marched eagerly forward, the soldiers brandishing their rifles and cheering loudly, inspiring all who saw them with wonder and admiration ; but the light was fading every minute and the night closed before the main strength of the attack was developed.

Sharp fighting took place in the afternoon, and the musketry grew very heavy. As darkness fell the Boers made a vigorous daring counter attack, evidently with the intention of driving the British across the river.

Confused, close fighting of a fierce, sanguinary nature continued throughout the night. The British losses were severe, but it is certain the Boers suffered proportionally. The British troops closed with the Boers several times.

Sixteen men of Wortley's composite battalion of rifles, all reservists, showed blood on their bayonets.

Kruger's grandson was among the killed.

Prisoners were taken and lost by both sides.

Many officers and men were killed or wounded, but the morning showed the British to be in full possession of all their ground.

As the relieving column passed through the street Colonel Donald, of the Royal Fusiliers, halted in front of Sir George White, and he and his men gave three cheers for the defender of Ladysmith, and this was carried on by each succeeding regiment.

Sir George White stood in front of the Town Hall, its honor scattered by Long Tom, the most significant sight of the times that have gone. Facing him were the pipers of the Gordons who played "Highland Laddie" as the Scotch Fusiliers passed, "The wearing of the Green," for the Irish regiments, and "Cock of the Walk" (?) for the others. Some Tommies, in spite of the fatigue, danced passed White in time to the music. It was a wonderful scene, full of comradeship and loyal feeling. The relieving column was covered with rags and mud, robust and tanned, like coastguards. The men in the lines through which they passed were yellow with fever, cadaverous, some scarcely able to stand. They hailed each other with mutual understanding that each had done his best and his full duty.

White received Lord Dundonald to-day before an immense crowd of soldiers and civilians who cheered the greeting between the saviour and the saved. After wringing Dundonald's hand, General White turned to the throng and said :

"People of Ladysmith, I thank you one and all for the heroic and

patient manner in which you have assisted me during the siege. From the bottom of my heart I thank you."

"It hurt me terribly when I had to cut down the rations, but, thank God, we have kept our flag flying."

White's voice broke at this point, and some one started "God Save the Queen," which was taken up by the crowd and sung with bared heads.

It was a memorable scene.

GENERAL BULLER.

"After the relief of Ladysmith General Buller thanked both of the forces and expressed his sympathy with the relatives and friends of the gallant men who had fallen. "By the exhibition of truest courage," he said, "courage that burns steadily besides flashing brilliantly, they had accomplished their object and added a glorious page to the history of the country."

BULLER'S BOYS.

Beneath the fierce rays of the sun,
Waist-deep in watery flood,
In unknown paths, through tangled growths,
Where hidden foemen stood.

They bravely pushed their gallant path,
Through swamp, o'er hill and lea,
Till o'er the moans of battle rang
The shouts of victory.

Britannia, to her trusty sons,
In sending words of cheer,
With great, full heart of mother-love
Doth drop a mother's tear.

With mingled pride and sorrowing
Upon her silent brave,
Who rest within their patriot shroud,
In glory's honoured grave.

HOW LADYSMITH SUFFERED.

All accounts from relieved Ladysmith speak of the joy of the rescued garrison and population as indescribable, and well it might be. Their sufferings had been terrible. General White tells that when the siege began a total population of 18,000 souls was shut in by the Boer armies—12,000 troops, 2,000 civilians and 4,000 natives. Very few of them escaped sickness of some sort. Of the 12,000 soldiers, 8,000 had at various times been inmates of the hospital. As food became reduced, the water bad and the stress of the siege and general privations became greater a man once down with sickness was lost. From 15th January to 1st of March there were 2,000 deaths from disease alone—an awful mortality.

Living on reduced rations, killing the cavalry and artillery horses to

From
hank
Save
ared

make their flesh into sausages, with the field batteries unhorsed, brave General White and his men did not despair. The cavalry were converted into infantry and helped to man the trenches. An interior line of defences had been constructed so as to still fight on if the outer works should be carried. Ammunition as well as food was scarce, and for many weeks not a shot was wasted. Yet White tells that he could possibly have held out for six weeks longer. Fortunately the timely arrival of the relieving force prevented the dreadful and costly necessity.

No thought of surrender was for a moment indulged. The public, who did not know or imagine how terribly trying were the conditions, nor how awful the mortality was, feared and even expected momentarily for many weeks to hear of the garrison being made prisoners. They did not realize of what stuff General White and his brave little army were made. Little as persons living in comfortable homes can know of the actual privations which Ladysmith has suffered in those four terrible months, our reason tells us that the courage, fortitude, endurance and devotion of the besieged have been beyond all praise.

SIEGE OF MAFEKING.

On Oct. 12 the Boers, having captured an armoured train, sent out from Mafeking, practically cut off communication between the town and the outside world, and, advancing two days later, commenced a heavy bombardment of the town on Oct. 17, which, however was ineffectual. After four hours firing, which killed one dog, Commandant Cronje, who commanded the Boers, sent a messenger demanding the surrender of Majeking, 'to save further bloodshed.' The messenger found Colonel Baden-Powell fast asleep. When he awoke he invited the messenger to lunch, and sent him back with the reply that he 'would let him know when he had enough.'

Towards the end of October, Piet Cronje, Commandant Cronje's son, taunted his father with his failure to reduce Mafeking, and undertook to do it himself. On October 31 young Cronje led 800 Boers against Cannon Kopje and there was a keenly contested engagement which lasted for five hours with heavy shell and rifle fire. The Boers were driven back with heavy loss; young Cronje received wounds from which he died soon after.

Then commenced a series of sanguinary fights, the result of gallant sorties by the defenders and desperate attempts at 'rushing' the town by the Boers. During the rest of the time the bombardment continued with more or less effect, the artillery fire doing more execution as the Boers advanced nearer to the town. On November 27 it was found necessary to reduce the rations of the garrison. The British, however, managed by great exertions to force the Boers away from their more advanced posts. On December 26 occurred one of the bloodiest episodes of the siege—an unsuccessful attack being made upon the Boer position at Game Tree Hill. The British attacked bravely, but the Boer fire was so murderous that flesh and blood could not stand it, and the order to retire was at length reluctantly given.

Captains Vernon and Sanford, Lieutenant Paton and 18 men were

the
the
he
had
the

killed; Captain Fitzclarenc and 23 men were wounded; three British prisoners were captured by the Boers.

The Boers celebrated the New Year by resuming the bombardment with unusual vigor, deliberately shelling the women's laager, and thereby killing and wounding some of the children therein. On Feb. 2, the hundredth day of the siege, the garrison sent a message to the Queen expressing their loyal devotion.

Towards the end of February some of the besiegers were recalled to repel the British advance towards Kimberley, but after Kimberley had been relieved the Boers who had retreated northward with the heavy guns pressed the siege. On March 3 the Boers furiously bombarded the brickfields and trenches about a mile from Mafeking for three hours, killing one and wounding two colonials. On March 5 they made a determined attack.

Owing to a misunderstanding, the colonials evacuated the foremost trench. This the Boers occupied, but reserves were called upon and the trench was recaptured with a rush.

The Boers continued very active, and Colonel Baden-Powell and the garrison had all they could do to prevent them from encroaching on the defensive lines. The Boers captured some of the outworks, and from these bombarded the town. The garrison about this time began to feel the pinch of want. They were reduced to the use of horseflesh and bread made from horse forage, while the water was so filthy that typhoid, dysentery and diphtheria were epidemic. There was a heavy death rate among the women and children. Colonel Baden-Powell on March 27 reported the Boers to be pushed back so far as to cause the town to be comparatively out of rifle range. In April the bread eaten by the garrison grew worse and worse in respect to quality and quantity. The enemy were repulsed on April 11th.

On April 29, the two hundredth day of the siege was celebrated with horse dinners; and as late as May 7 Colonel Baden-Powell reported that all was going well and that the garrison was cheerful. On Saturday, May 12, the Boers made a determined effort to storm the town, but lost heavily, losing some fifty killed, and Sarel Eloff, President Kruger's son-in-law, and ninety men were taken prisoners. It was this day reported in the town that General Hunter, with the army of relief, had, two days previously, reached Vryburg, ninety-four miles distant.

At last, on Friday, after weary waiting, the Empire heard with joy the official Boer announcement, the news being dated from Pretoria, May 18, that when the laagers and forts around Mafeking had been severely bombarded, the siege was abandoned, a British force from the south taking possession.

Mafeking is a small place. Its fall would have made no difference in the course of the war; but while the balance of battle was in doubt upon the great fields of conflict, the unconquerable little town, shut up in the

north, saw the few weeks for which it was expected to hold out, pass into months of isolation. Never will England forget the happy, hopeful thrill that came to her when Colonel Baden-Powell said: "Mafeking can't be taken by sitting down and looking at it." There is no advancement which the nation would hail as a fair reward for the brilliant capacity, cheerfulness and iron courage of the hero of the Empire.

At 9.40 the Lord Mayor of London, in his robes of office, announced the news to the crowds in front of the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress to the front of the Mansion House, where an immense portrait of Colonel Baden-Powell was displayed, bearing the inscription, "Mafeking relieved."

While the attendants were waving Union Jacks, the Lord Mayor briefly addressed the assemblage, saying, "I wish your cheers could reach Mafeking." There the speech was interrupted by a redoubled cheering and the singing of 'Rule Britannia,' after which the Lord Mayor remarked: "We never doubted what the end would be, or that British pluck and courage would conquer at last."

The Lord Mayor then led the crowd in singing 'God Save the Queen,' and with renewed cheering and the waving of flags by the assembled multitude and the singing of 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' the Mayor and his party retired.

Ten thousand people stood in front of Mrs. Baden-Powell's house in St. George's Place, cheering, and a score of cabs brought congratulations.

TRIBUTE TO A BRAVE ENEMY.

General Pretorius, discussing the three sieges, said:

'The Ladysmith men were good, but there were 10,000 of them, and all fighting men. Kimberley was remarkable because of the large number of its civilian population and natives, but the siege of Mafeking however it may end, will always live in South African history, because a flat and absolutely unprotected country village (for that is what Mafeking is) has by the genius of one man been defended, and defended against the most strenuous efforts not only of our leading general, Cronje, but of his successors.

'I should like,' said General Pretorius, to his English friend, 'to take you outside Mafeking where I have been, and look at the place. You would have thought that the 8,000 with which we once surrounded it could have got in on any night they chose. We had the best of Cronje's burghers there, but it is no confession of cowardice on our part to say that we knew Baden-Powell was not only prepared for every surprise of ours, but that he was ready to spring surprises at any moment. And though I think' (it should be stated that the general was speaking just prior to his release) 'that we shall eventually take Mafeking, it will be by starvation and not by attack.

'Our burghers have not exhibited fear on any occasion, but I do not think they will tackle Colonel Baden-Powell.'

When General Cronje left Mafeking to face Lord Methuen at the Modder river, he declared that the defenders of Mafeking were devils, not human beings.

SALISBURY'S SON.

Lord Edward Cecil, son of Lord Salisbury, deserves quite as much credit as Colonel Baden-Powell for the magnificent defence of Mafeking, as the following story, contained in a letter from Lord Kitchener dated from the Cape, for the first time shows. Lord Kitchener who had Edward Cecil serving on his staff in the Soudan, relates that shortly after reaching South Africa he came across a well-known Dutchman who has filled large contracts for provisioning the English army. Just before the war broke out he received instructions to send a certain quantity of stores to Mafeking. Whilst shipment was going on forward Lord Edward Cecil called upon the contractor and asked for particulars of the stores. These being supplied him, he said :

"Could you send four times as much?"

"Yes, if I had authority," said the Dutchman.

"Well," said Lord Edward, "you send four times as much as you have orders for and I will give you my note of hand for cost of the surplus quantity. If the government don't pay you I will."

Considering the fact that Lord Edward's financial resources are chiefly represented by his pay as Major, his undertaking to pay out of his private purse a sum between 30,000 dollars and 40,000 dollars was characteristically daring. The Dutchman considered he was safe in dealing with the Premier's son. Mafeking was accordingly stocked with provisions and general stores for an amount four times more than highly-placed authorities thought was sufficient. According to Lord Kitchener's testimony this is how Mafeking managed still to hold out.

AFTER THE BATTLE AT ESCOURT.

"One of the officers was found with a letter from home clasped tight in his dead hand. He had apparently pulled it out of his pocket to console therewith his dying moments."

"Several of the dead had letters or photos in their hands or by their sides."

Oh! many a cheek will blanch with woe,
And many an eye will weep;
For many a hope has lived and died
With those who rest in sleep.

The mother will recall the hour
When first those lips she pressed;
And, with a love that never failed,
Close-clasped him to her breast.

And, brooding o'er the after years
 Of youth and manhood's prime,
 Will long to follow to that bourne
 Beyond the ills of time.

The stricken wife will clasp her hands,
 The child will sob in vain ;
 The bulwark of his hearth and home
 Will ne'er return again.

The sister heart will sorely mourn
 The brother of her pride ;
 And who shall cheer her empty life,
 The disappointed bride.

Thou ! Father of the fatherless !
 Great God of battles, hear !
 Have mercy, heal those hearts which bleed,
 O'er many a-soldier's bier!

FEEDING THE GUNS.

If it were not that there is a very excellent and elaborate system of supplying soldiers with ammunition during the course of a fight, it would be almost hopeless to attack any position. Modern cartridges are very heavy things to carry. The long bullet, the heavy brasswork of the case and the weight of the wads and powder all combine to produce an article which, though it is of small compass, is very weighty.

When our soldiers are attacking a Boer position, their operations require that each man shall have a large supply of ammunition. This must all be carried forward as the fight progresses. The Boer entrenched upon a hilltop may have the largest supply of his ammunition by his side, and he is not weighted down by it, as our soldiers are when storming a position.

During a protracted fight the British soldier is in most instances compelled to fire away all the ammunition which he is personally able to carry. An ordinary private carries 100 rounds. Just before an action, when heavy firing is expected, this 100 rounds is supplemented by 50 more from the battalion reserve of 77 rounds per man. Thus each private advances into battle carrying no less than 150 possible dealers of death.

Whenever a soldier falls or is wounded he is immediately stripped of ammunition, and it is at once distributed among the men who are still capable of carrying on the fight. The reserve ammunition for each battalion is carried in four carts, and on the backs of two pack mules. When an action appears imminent, a temporary reserve called a "British reserve" is formed.

This consists of two carts taken from each of the four battalions composing the brigade. The special reserve is placed under an officer selected

for the occasion. In the event of any of the battalions becoming detached from the brigade they receive their own carts back again.

In addition to the above there is always with the regular ammunition column 87 rounds for each man, and a further supply is carried in the "ammunition pack" of 55 rounds per man. Accordingly the total amount carried in the field for each infantry soldier works out at 309 rounds.

The men who actually bring up the cartridges to their comrades of the fighting line are selected from each company for their strength and agility. The duty of bringing up supplies of ammunition during an engagement is a very arduous one, and only the most physically fit are able to attempt it.

The mules which accompany a battalion are supposed to get within 500 yards of the men in action and the carts to within 1,000 yards.

REALITIES OF WAR.

"War must be endured to realize it. We have been at it night and day. Last night we had to lay down in our trenches and it literally poured. We were half covered with water."—Sergeant C. Relf, 2nd Devons.

"I went to the front twice under a hot fire and brought in two wounded men, one of whom was shot again when we were carrying him. How I escaped in such a hail of bullets, God knows,"—An officer at the battle of Tugela.

A story is told how General Lord Roberts heard of the death of his only son, whom he adored, and who was one of the most promising officers in the British army.

It was the occasion when the British forces suffered the very severe defeat and loss on the Tugela. In the Senior Service Club, of which Lord Roberts is a member, a group was standing about the ticker reading the list of casualties and had not observed the General, who was standing close behind. All at once one said!

"Great God! Bobs' son is killed!"

An exclamation was heard from behind. Turning round he made way for Roberts, who advanced and read the fatal news. He said not a word, but, turning sharply round, silently left the club to break the news as gently as possible to his wife and daughters, waiting anxiously at home.

His greatest fear was lest it should be conveyed to them in some brutal manner, for instance by the blatant cries which later must have echoed terribly in their ears throughout the evening. "Poor Bobs!" was all his fellow clubmen could say. Most of them were retired officers, but their looks were full of pity, and every heart was flowing with sympathy for the genial, kind-hearted, modest-minded "Bobs," whose greatest pride was just that very son.

Lady Roberts lately presented Mr. H. A. Quinton, of the Bank of

Ireland, with a handsomely-bound copy of "Forty-one years in India," by Lord Roberts, accompanied by an autograph letter thanking Mr. Quinton for his services in connection with her fund for the wives and families of soldiers and sailors serving in South Africa.

The Queen personally interested herself in the devoted women who have done so much splendid work in South Africa. In the midst of her anxiety and grief she sent for the Mother Superior Theresa and Sister Evangeline who labored so heroically among the sick and dying during the siege of Mafeking, and she asked that the names of all the nurses who specially distinguished themselves in the campaign should be submitted to her.

BOERS AND THE BIBLE.

A missionary was visiting a Boer family, and found that they were daily using, and therefore wearing out, a Bible that had been brought over with the family three centuries or so before from Holland, and containing all the family names from father to son ever since. He pointed out to them that it was a treasure not to be ruined. They agreed, but did not know where to get another to replace it. He promised to make them a present of one. The old Boer was aghast. 'But,' he said, 'the English do not know anything about the Bible.' However, the book, printed in Dutch by the Bible Society, was duly presented. Of course, instead of the Dutch arms it had the English arms on the front page. The old man pointed this out, 'That is the Bible,' he said. A little further examination showed him, however, to his amazement, that this was only a matter of printing and that otherwise the two were identical. The explanation as to the arms led to a reference to the translation. 'Translation!' said the old man, 'This is no translation. The words were originally said in Dutch.' Literally that represents the ordinary state of the upcountry Boer mind. They look upon the promises and threatenings of the Old Testament as personally addressed to themselves and their forefathers. They worship a purely tribal God, who has given over 'the heathen as a prey to their teeth,' and they, feeling themselves fully justified in so doing, act toward them accordingly. If they see together in the street a Boer, an Englishman and a native they would describe them as 'a Christian,' 'an Englishman' and 'black trash.' After all, apropos to some of the letters that have lately appeared, that is worshipping 'the same God,' or 'being Protestants,' with some little qualification,

That Britain's patricians are of the right stock is shown by the fact that 36 members of the House of Lords are with the troops in South Africa. Besides these 36, there are hundreds of the brothers and younger sons of peers serving with their regiments.

Besides the oldest sons of the Marquis of Dufferin, of Lord Roberts

and of Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, who have been killed, the heirs-apparent or presumptive to the following peerages are under orders for South Africa, or already there : the dukedoms of Athole, Richmond, St. Alban's and Westminster ; the Marquessate of Lansdowne ; the Earldoms of Abingdon, Arran, Beauchamp, Derby, Dunmore, Erne, Fitzwilliam, Gosford, Granard, Lanesborough, Listowel and Rosse ; and the Baronies of Bagot, Balfour of Burleigh, Ebury, Farnham, Iveagh, Leconfield, Loch, Lovat, O'Neill, Tweedmouth and Wimborne.

IRISHMEN IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

There are, at the present moment, seven full regiments of Irishmen in the British Army—the Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Connaught Rangers, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the Royal Irish Regiment and the Royal Irish Rifles. And these Irish Regiments are freer from any admixture of foreign or non-Irish blood than probably any other seven regiments in His Majesty's army,

Not only are these Irish regiments composed of Irishmen, but the mixture of Irishmen in the English and Scottish regiments is very material. Of the 202,000 troops in the British army last year 158,560 were of English, 57,370 of Irish and 16,480 of Scottish birth.

OLD ENGLAND.

"Some people insinuate that the English regiments have not been reaping as many laurels as the Irish and Scotch. Englishmen form 75 per cent of the army in South Africa, and the number and prominence of their deeds are not less than their numerical superiority demands."

"The Lancashire Fusiliers alone lost 470 men out of 900. * * * Only five officers out of twenty, left, and a captain in command, etc."

"Nearly every county in England is represented by those regiments, which have rendered brilliant service in the war."

Oh England ! grand old England !
 From distant isles, from far-off seas
 Fond hearts breathe forth the filial prayer,
 Which young life lisped around thy knees ;
 A prayer for all thy valiant ones,
 Those hero-hearts of sterling mould ;
 From those who left thy palace halls,
 To those who farewelled on the wold.

For England, dear Old England !
 The famed in song and story ;—
 What other land may cast a shade
 On brave Old England's glory!

Fair Scotia's tartan proudly waves
 Upon the blood-stained battle-field ;
 Sure signal of that dauntless host
 Who know to fight but not to yield,

Whose sires have served in every land
 Which nigh or far-off ocean laves ;
 And triumphed in fair freedom's cause.
 Or sunk in glory's honored graves.

Yet England, dear old England !
 The famed in song and story ;—
 What other land may cast a shade
 On dear old England's glory!

Those flashing lights upon the wild !
 Who cheer with mirth the darkest path ;
 With softest heart for suffering weal,
 But iron-willed to foeman's wrath :
 See how they spring to front the fray ;
 Brave Erin bides not, asks not why ;
 No coward blood doth course those veins
 Which throb to conquer or to die.

Yet England, dear old England !
 The famed in song and story ;—
 What other land may cast a shade
 On brave old England's glory!

Britannia's brood, from further West,
 And from the South Sea's utmost girth,
 With strong, young arms, and souls aflame
 Have dignified their kingly birth.
 And fought as veteran soldiers fight.
 And won as surely win the best ;
 Till that bright sun which gilds the brave
 Hath blazoned every youthful crest.

Yet England, grand old England !
 The famed in song and story ;—
 What other land may cast a shade
 On brave old England's glory!

BISMARCK.

A new story is told of the visit in 1883 of the Boer Deputies, Kruger, Du Toit and General N. J. Smit, to the continent after going to England to get "better terms" than they received after Majuba. At a banquet given them in Berlin, Smit was entertaining the company with stories of how the burghers had shot down the English during the war of 1881, "when Bismarck, who had been listening to the conversation, said to the person whom Smit was addressing, 'Ask him (the General) if he knows what would have happened to himself and friends had Disraeli been in power.' Smit answered 'No.' 'Well,' said Bismarck, 'I will

tell you. You would have hanged on the tallest tree in the Transvaal long ago.'

BOER MANNERS.

A letter from Durban gives an account of the sufferings of the refugees in the open railway trucks. "A woman from Dundee told me," the letter goes on, "that she had managed to obtain a bottle of milk for her baby to drink on the journey. The guard seized this from her and deliberately broke the bottle on the wheel of the train. At the end of the journey the mother obtained some milk, but the child was so ravenous it drank too much of it and died. What respectable refugee women have had to put up with at the hands of the Boer is enough to make any one's blood boil. One case, which I can vouch for, should appeal to Britishers. A lady was coming down with a child in her arms, when the mite was snatched from her arms by one of these brutes, who deliberately spat in the babe's face, remarking, "there! that is what we think of you rooineks."

A private of the Natal Mounted Police had his horse shot, and immediately cried out, "I'm hit." "Nonsense, man: it's only your horse," cried a comrade, and the man accepting the assurance, went on fighting. He returned to the camp with his corps, strolled about in the evening, suffered during the night from what he called spasms, and only next morning discovered that a Mauser bullet had gone through his body. Then he collapsed and was taken to the hospital.

AN AGED PATRIOT.

It is related in an English newspaper that a seventy-two year old recruit had passed the doctor's examination for the Imperial Yeomanry. He had served twenty-eight years in the Black Watch, the Gordons and other Highland regiments, and has six sons serving in the army, four at the front in South Africa. While the old lion has such cubs there need be no fear that the sun will ever set on the British Empire.

A Morpeth man serving with the 67th battery of artillery, which formed part of the garrison at Ladysmith, in a letter home states that during the battle of Waggon Hill he picked up a bag which contained fifty sovereigns and fourteen pounds in silver. For safety he placed his find in the magazine of one of the guns. A little later a shell from a Boer 12-pounder Nordenfelt struck this particular British gun and blew it to bits. No money was found afterwards. 'What do you think of that for hard luck?' asks 'Tommy.'

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

One of the most touching incidents of the war in South Africa occurred when Captain Towse received the first Victoria Cross bestowed by

the Queen for valor in the veldt. Captain Towse earned the distinction by attempting to carry off Colonel Downman, who had been wounded, under a hail of bullets. He was unable to do so, and lay beside him and kept off the Boers all night until help came. By that time Colonel Downman was dead. Captain Towse was blinded in both eyes by a bullet wound. Captain Towse was taken to Windsor, and led into the royal presence by his wife, where he knelt at the feet of his Sovereign, who was so much overcome by the sight of the blind hero that her aged hands could scarcely pin on the most prized of all British decorations. The Queen's few words of simple praise of his gallantry and thanks for his devotion were spoken so low as to be almost inaudible, and when Queen Victoria was led out there was scarcely a dry eye among the officials present.

GRAVE OF LIEUT. ROBERTS.

A loyal Dutchman, named Hatting, residing near Frere, has made a graceful offer to Lord and Lady Roberts,

The remains of their son, Lieutenant Roberts, who fell at Colenso, lie in this man's farm, and he offers to make over to the parents of the deceased officer two acres of land around the grave.

ON THE EVE OF BATTLE,

A Holy Communion Service.

It is a common error to represent the British soldiers as ne'er-do-wells, with little or no sense of religion. Soldiers may not be plaster saints, but if those who talk of them in this fashion would but attend a service at a garrison church, they would find there the best of congregations. Nowhere do the people join so heartily in the services as in a military chapel, and the spectacle of rows of soldiers all taking part is most impressive. Much more impressive, however, is the same act of worship when performed in camp. But nothing can exceed the solemnity of a military service on what may be a battlefield, especially if that service be the celebration of the Holy Communion. How many of the men kneeling reverently there will be alive to-morrow? That is the question every participant asks himself. The scene presented is one not easily to be forgotten. At the altar, made of drums, stands the chaplain, in his surplice, administering the sacrament to men who will be in the thick of the battle in a few hours, while round the congregation stand men, fully armed, keeping guard.

A HERO.

Archdeacon Barker is one of the heroes of Ladysmith. A Boer shell fell at his feet, and the archdeacon picked it up as it was on the point of exploding and dropped it into a tub of water, extinguishing the fuse.

BLOEMFONTEIN.

The entry of Lord Roberts into Bloemfontein partook little of the glamour that is supposed to be attached to war. Provost-Battersby writes to the Morning Post :

"Here was the greatest incident in the greatest war that England

has waged for half a century ; here the capitulation of the capital of a state which had set itself for five months to break a power with which no power in Europe cares to meddle. And thus it was celebrated ! Why the coming of a circus would have made more show !

After our drab fashion there was significance in the worn and soiled khaki which on the first Sunday filled the cathedral, when the commander-in-chief, as many another great and pious general, took the sacrament of remembrance and thanksgiving at this first close of his campaign.

There was perhaps, too, a new meaning sung into the psalms of the day for the men who had fought at Paardeburg and Magersfontein—'A thousand shall fall beside thee and ten thousand at thy right hand.'

War makes a reality of many metaphors ; it makes a reality, too, of some petitions, and many, perhaps, that morning in Bloemfontein Cathedral, sad for lost friends and tired of fighting breathed as heartily as the first lips which spoke it, that promise which is half an intercession "to guide our feet into the way of peace."

THE MAUSER BULLET.

"It is some comfort to the bereaved to learn that the wounds, even to the death, caused by the Mauser bullet are almost painless."

"The missiles pierced through flesh and bone as if they had been tissue paper. He felt only a sensation of numbness in the arm. He went down, picked up his rifle, and fired several rounds before he collapsed from loss of blood."

"Of the 123 wounded at Glencoe and Elandslaagte, only three had to be carried off in cots, after reaching Capetown ; all the rest, wounded in head, arms or body walked to the train."

Patriotism.

Britannia ! thy true and brave
Have hedged thee safely, surely round
With loyalty unmixed, profound,
Upon the land as on the wave.

Not on the battle-field alone,
Nor on the deck behind the guns
Among the well-trained warrior sons,
Is all the love of leal hearts shown.

From lowly hut and palace home
Meet service cometh at thy call,
And largess gifts—among them all
Not least are those from o'er the foam.

Oh, Motherland ! dear Motherland !
However far thy children be,
Let evil dare to menace thee,
They rise and as a bulwark stand.

Oh Motherland ! land of all lands !
Thou ! land where Freedom rules the free ;
We love, we live, we die for thee—
God leave the sceptre in thy hands.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND, ETC.

All classes of people have contributed generously to the requirements of the war, and patriotism was never more extensively displayed than now.

The Princess of Wales, after acquiring and fitting up the splendid hospital ship known by her title, spent large sums of money in providing comforts for the invalided soldiers; while Princess Christian procured and fitted up an hospital train which has been of the utmost service; besides enlisting many well-trained nurses in her Army Nursing Reserve. Lady Randolph Churchill procured, through American benevolence the hospital ship *Maine*, and Lady Furlly, Lady Bentick, Lady Lansdowne, Mrs. A. Paget, Mrs. J. Bagot, Lady F. Poore, Lady Chesham, Lady G. Curzon, and others too numerous to mention, worked hard on behalf of the cause. The Duke of Westminster on his deathbed signed a cheque for £1,000—and other contributions, large and small, swelled the Patriotic Fund to the millions.

The Indian Patriotic Fund reached nearly £100,000. Besides they equipped a Volunteer Force, under Colonel Lumsden, and sent 3000 natives, also thousands of horses and mules, and also a horse-hospital and thousands of suits of clothing, etc. Natal taxed itself to the very utmost in assisting all schemes of patriotism.

Australia, rich country as it is, exceeded all anticipations in its generosity to the cause, while New Zealand did most nobly. The former contributed over £200,000 to the Patriotic Funds, with 400 army service wagons, an ambulance section and horses and mules by the thousands, while the latter has expended on the cause no less a sum than £250,000.

A short time since a Zulu chief and his men came in to do honor to the magistrate, and to offer their services in case they might be wanted in the war. The chief explained that he knew he was unworthy to fight with the Englishmen, but when the master went hunting did he not call the dogs to help? He himself, and his men, were content to be the dogs if they might help. At the word 'Inkos' which means master these men saluted by raising their right hands high above their heads. These Zulus are born fighters. They had fastened their assegais to their saddles to show that they meant what they said. They were fine, big fellows, and were mounted on small horses.

Mrs. Vaughan, Ipswich, London, relates an extraordinary family record of services to the Queen. "My husband and my father," she writes, "served in the old 31st Regiment, now the North Lancashire, the former

thirty-nine years, and the latter twenty-one years. I had six sons. One served twenty-six years, one twenty-three years, three twenty-one years, and one who died of enteric fever in Egypt, eighteen years. Four of my sons served in the Royal Engineers, and the youngest is still serving, although his time is up. The other two served in the North Lancashire Regiment." The male members of the Vaughan family have thus given 190 years to the service of the Queen.

The widowed Lady Decies has a family of three sons, all serving at the front. She will sail shortly for Cape Town to be near them.

Daughters of the Empire.

The dearest treasures of the heart
 Upon thine altar laid;
 Not through the costliest gifts of earth
 Could just award be paid.
 They freely give, and give their best,
 What more can mortal do?
 Since each successive offering
 Is sacrifice anew.
 Still hands! that may not combat
 With weapon on the field;
 Lone hearts! which mourn in sadness,
 Yet joy their best to yield.
 Britannia! thy daughters brave
 In trustful loyalty,
 Have wiped the tear and stilled the plaint
 And raised the song for thee.
 For thee, Oh bounteous Motherland!
 Unto thy generous heart
 Still firmer be the tie that binds
 Thine own, "till death doth part."

If you take a dozen soldiers as like each others as peas so far as height, weight, age, courage and general appearance are concerned, and wound them all in precisely the same way, you will find that scarcely any two of them are affected alike.

One man, on receiving a bullet in his leg, will go on fighting as if nothing had happened. He does not know, in fact, that he now contains a bullet. But perhaps in two or three minutes he will grow faint and fall.

Another man, without feeling the slightest pain, will tremble all over, totter and fall at once, even though the wound is really very slight.

A third will cry out in a way to frighten his comrades and will forget everything in his agony. A fourth will grow stupid and look like an idiot.

Some soldiers wounded in the slightest manner will have to be

carried off the field. Others, although perhaps fatally injured, can easily walk to an ambulance.

Many die quickly from the shock to the nervous system.

A very curious case is recorded in the surgical history of the civil war in which three officers were hit just at the same time. One had his leg from the knee down carried away, but he rode ten miles to the hospital. Another lost his little finger, and he became a raving lunatic. The third was shot through the body and, though he did not shed a drop of blood externally, dropped dead from the shock.

The conduct of the wounded men of various nationalities was worth studying.

A sandy-haired, square-headed German, with a lance wound through the muscles above the knee joint, we brought in howling and shivering. He kicked up such a row that a man in the Gordons with his arm in a sling, threatened to brain him with an empty beer bottle.

The German was then lifted off the table upon which he had been placed and put into a corner out of the way of the exasperated Scotchman.

In contrast to the cowardly Teuton was a Gordon Highlander, who swore with a very strong Dundee accent. He had his wrist shattered with a Mauser bullet which had passed on and possibly killed somebody else.

On the "field dressing" being removed the blood spurted out of the wounded arm like a garden spray, which caused the gallant Dundonian to ejaculate, "Ma God!"

After getting his wound attended to he immediately tackled a plate-full of bread and jam, saying apologetically, "I he'na had onything tae eat the day."

Among the wounded who arrived at Cape Town, Oct 31, by the Jeluga was a non-com. of the Gordon Highlanders who was struck in the right shoulder by a Mauser bullet at Elandslaagte. Knowing he was hit, he took his rifle in his left hand and flung it as far down the hill as he could so that in the worst event it should not be taken by the Boers.

But in a few minutes the numbness departed. Our gallant non-com. went down, picked up his rifle and fired several more rounds before he almost collapsed from loss of blood.

Others wounded on board the Jeluga spoke of the Mauser bullet as causing only a sharp prick when it passed through arm or leg.

The wound it makes at entry and exit is so tiny that a lead pencil could not be used as a probe. The "paralyzing shock" credited to the small bore missile does not seem to be borne out by experience.

A Dublin Fusilier was removing forage from the old camp at Glencoe when a shell came from the Boers' 40-pounder, and entered the ground with a bang five yards distant.

The Dublin was bending at the time, and did not even take the

trouble to look up. His officer heard the Dub. saying to himself as he turned his back on the shell, "Ach! go to blazes with you!"

Oh well! that in face of a threatening doom
The mind may in triumph take wing;
And soar from the regions of sorrow and gloom
And rob the last foe of its sting.

'Tis said that when 'gulfed in the ocean's embrace
One dreameth of amaranth bowers,
With fairy-like visions of beauty and grace
In gardens of gorgeous flowers.

Brave martyrs have triumphed o'er torture and fire,
And stoics have smiled over pain;
But what of those others whose spirits aspire
From death-wound or deep in the main.

Blessed thought! that to anguish of bodily pain
The senses are often-times numb;
Blessed knowledge! that grandeur of soul life shall reign
When mortality's voices are dumb.

BOY BUGLER AND THE QUEEN.

The Queen's personal interest in the men fighting her battles was constantly illustrated by her visits to Netley Hospital and the private houses where lay officers and men wounded in South Africa. She stood godmother to the child of a major's wife whose husband was killed at Elandslaagte, and she summoned to Osborne Bugler Dunn, aged fifteen, of the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was the first to cross the Tugela River though the men of the regiment tried to keep him back. While running with the soldiers, holding the bugle with his right hand, Dunn sounded the "Advance." A bullet struck his arm and the bugle fell. The boy immediately lifted it up and repeated the call. He was brought to Netley Hospital, and was visited there by Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenburg, who asked the boy what he would like the Queen to do for him. He replied:—"I hope Her Majesty will send me back to the front. I'm to have a medal and three bars, because I was in three engagements. My father has only two bars to his medal." The lad's father, a sergeant, returned to the front, having recovered from his wound. On his arrival at Portsmouth young Dunn was tenderly borne on the shoulders of the delighted populace. Her Majesty presented the lad with a silver bugle suitably inscribed.

The Mayor of Portsmouth recently visited Her Majesty's ship *Powerful* in the harbor, and presented each man of the naval brigade who was present during the siege of Ladysmith, with a handsome silver hunter

watch, each of which bore the name of the recipient and the inscription, "Siege of Ladysmith, 118 days, 1899-1900." In all 220 watches were distributed to the men, who were drawn up under the poop. The mayor, in the course of a brief congratulatory speech, said the gift was made by a few London admirers who did not wish their identity to be disclosed.

PRINCE VICTOR.

The grandson of Queen Victoria, Prince Christian Victor, who died of fever in South Africa, was a soldier born, who owed nothing to rank, but obtained his advance in recognition of his military ability. He knew everything about Tommy Atkins, from the existing fees down to the canteen extortions, which he labored to abolish. In the last 10 years he served in six campaigns—a rare record—and he constantly obtained deserved recognition for valor.

A VALIANT TROOPER.

"A party of Rimington Scouts were galloping back, hotly pursued by a large body of Boers, when they came to a fence of stout wire. They had not a wire-cutter among them, and so turned and galloped along, hoping to come to some opening. Far from this, however, they came to a second fence running at right angles to the first. It seemed that they must be all shot down or captured, when a trooper—Fraser was, I think, his name—took his feet from the stirrups, rammed in his spurs, and went straight at the fence. The impact was tremendous, killing the horse and throwing the man some twenty yards like a stone from a catapult, but also snapping the wires. His comrades rode through the gap, and picking up his senseless body, escaped. By a miracle he wasn't dead, and recovered. I think such a deed as that done in cold blood is hard to beat; for, as all horsemen know, by all the rules of the game he rode to certain death."

We honor the soldier who falls in the ranks,
The victor who shouts in his glee,
The sailor who weathers the stormiest gale;
What crown shall we offer to thee?

The soldier may conquer, the sailor reach haven,
But thou! is thy spirit divine?
Has't chosen the surety of undeserved doom;
The crown of the martyr be thine.

"A staff officer of engineers told General Roberts that he could do certain work assigned to him in the course of a fortnight. 'I am sure,' said General Roberts, 'that you will do as well as you can.'

General Kitchener asked the same officer how much time he would require to do the job. 'A fortnight,' was the answer. Kitchener smiled

grimly. 'Either you will do it in a week,' he said, 'or you will be sent home.' The work was finished in a week."

General Buller said: "We began fighting on February 14, and literally fought every day, and every night also, till the 27th. I am filled with admiration for the British soldiers; really the manner in which they have worked, fought and endured during the last fortnight has been something more than human; broiled in a burning sun by day, drenched in rain by night, lying but 300 yards off an enemy who shoots you if you show as much as a finger. They could hardly eat or drink by day, and as they were usually attacked by night, they got but little sleep, and through it all they were as cheery and willing as could be."

"To be Knight of the Thistle is a big honor," remarked an old quartermaster-surgeon amid a discussion among some military men at Chatham; "but I can claim a distinction lots in front of that.

"Well," the veteran non-com. went on to explain, "the good fortune which befell me was to be kissed by the Queen," an intimation which caused the little party to gather round yet closer.

"You may have heard," said the distinguished soldier, "of my being the youngest bugler that took part in the Crimea, and such fact secured for me a place among the survivors who were inspected by the Queen after peace was proclaimed. Well, I was then a little flaxen-haired, red-cheeked youngster, small for my age, and, I suppose, contrasted a good deal with the worn veterans. When my turn came to pass, Her Majesty asked how old I was, and on replying a little over 13, at the same time giving quite the best salute possible, the Queen said, 'Dear little fellow!' and then gave me a kiss on the cheek. So you see how I came to receive a gracious distinction which, from generals downward, no other soldier has ever been able to lay claim to. That honor's mine alone."

Honoured.

Previous to leaving Cape Town Lord Roberts, amid a great demonstration of enthusiasm, was presented with a sword; and also an address, to which he made a suitable reply.

"Costly and rare as the offering may be,
'Tis the symbol of red-handed war;
God grant that it never lead forth in a fight
Whose actions the conscience may mar.

"If e'er it be drawn from its glittering belt
Let it's rising ne'er shadow the light
Which glows on the sword of the fearless and true,
Whose watchword is "Country and Right."

“Yet, should war’s wakeful trumpet recall me once more,
Till our banners in laurels are wreathed,
This emblem of honor, of union of hearts,
To your honor shall never be sheathed.”

Describing the medical work done after the battle of Colenso, Dr. Treves pays a notable tribute to the four nurses in the camp. He says:—

I should have said that two Netley sisters—one an old “London” nurse—joined us before we left Frere, and better nurses and more devoted women I never met. They worked night and day, and their work was of the very best. Poor Tommy may not think much of the “Orsepittle” at Cheiveley, but I know he will never forget the four women who stood by him after Tugela, and tried to make him comfortable.

President Kruger’s sons, who surrendered to General Baden-Powell, are back on their farms, working peacefully.

Col. Baden-Powell is only 42, Lieut-Col. Kekewich is 45, Lieut-Col. Pilcher is 41, Lieut-Col. Plumer just a year older.

A gunner of the 44th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, owes his life to having a pack of cards in his pocket. In a letter just received at Colchester, a member of Nesbitt’s Horse states that at Priesk the gunner was struck in the left breast by a bullet. It lodged in a pack of cards in the pocket of his khaki jacket, and passed through the whole pack with the exception of the last card—the ace of spades. He was unhurt.

THE MESSAGE.

During the attack on Ladysmith Lieutenant Masterson was sent back across the fire-swept zone with a message. He was hit by three bullets, but struggled in and delivered his message, which was important, to the Devon’s firing line. Lieutenant Masterson’s wounds are doing well, though he has eleven.

BULLER.

“When the engagement was over General Buller went round, and to show how bad he felt it, big tears rolled down his face to see such a lot killed and wounded.”

“An orderly who did not know Lord Roberts, for whom he was carrying a despatch, riding up to another orderly asked, ‘Where’s Bobs?’ ‘Here I am, my lad; what can I do for you?’ said a cheery voice close by. It was that of the Commander-in-Chief.”

GENERAL WAUCHOPE.

Before leaving Edinburgh for the seat of war he told a friend that he had a presentiment he would never return. "But," he added, "if I had to choose the manner of my death, I would prefer it to meet me at the head of my troops."

Thou had'st thy wish, Thou ! grand in life,
 Thou ! lit of purpose high ;
 Yet nobler spirit in the strife
 Went never forth to die.

Clear light unto thy lesser kind !
 Bright sun within thy sphere !
 Each precious hour of life refined
 Weeps tribute o'er thy bier.

When General Buller and his army marched into Ladysmith, the kind-hearted commander, perceiving the utter weakness of the men who were lined up to receive him, sent his aide-de-camp to ask General White to order them to sit down. "Before the order was given," says General Buller, "I counted six who had dropped." What an appeal to a nation's gratitude !

During the attack on Caesar's camp a remote corner was held by sixteen Manchesters, who fought from 3 in the morning until dusk, when the Devonshires reinforced them. Fourteen lay dead, but the two survivors, one of whom was wounded, still held the position. The same day the sergeant with one of the guns had a leg and one arm shot off. He fell across the trail of the gun, and said, "Roll me out of the way and go on working the gun."

The telegram received by the Tsar from the Russian Attachee with Lord Roberts ran thus :—"The attack and endurance of the British infantry is such that no officer in the Russian army had any conception of. I am so filled with admiration I can add nothing to this message."

BRITISH VALOR.

I will quote the words of a military attachee sent here by a nation which loves England none too well :

"I always thought the Turk was the finest soldier in the world," said he, "but—leaving out your cavalry, which have not done so well—I shall always say that there is no other army to compare with the British. For courage, dash, staying power, discipline, and all that makes for success with an army, there is no other like it."

GOOD WORK.

General French said to one of the gunners, "See those three wagons

over there," (a distance of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles) "see what you can do with them." The gunner fired three shells and the wagons were no more.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

"Captain Sanford was the first to fall, mortally wounded with a bullet in the spine. He fell down calling to his men to continue the charge, "where he had fallen he died."

"When poor Colonel Stopford received the wound that finished him he exclaimed 'I am done for!' then, putting his hand in his pocket, took out a piece of jewelry and gave it to the drill sergeant who was standing by, saying, 'Here's something to remember me by.'"

"When General Woodgate dropped, mortally wounded, at Spion Kop, not to discourage his men,—he protested he was 'all right.'"

Devotion unto duty paved
Their pathway unto death ;
One grand, unselfish spirit spoke
From out their latest breath.

What more, thou country of their love,
Could hero-patriot yield
Tha. life unto thy service given,
Or death thy cause to shield?

Ho, lilies of the purest white !
Ho, amaranthine bloom !
With reverent hands we softly twine
Your fragrance round their tomb.

BRITISH AT COLENZO.

On going over the battlefield I made this significant discovery, that on the average there were sixty empty cartridges around every one of our dead.

That is to say, every man fired his rifle with courage and determination until the last, even when completely isolated from companionship.

I came across quite a number of instances in which two comrades had fought together and died together far from the main body of their regiment.

KITCHENER.

Let this story be told to Lord Kitchener's credit, though it may surprise many. A certain Yeomanry commander, whilst on parade, rated his men in unmeasured terms. Nothing was right in his judgment, that the troopers did. They set their horses wrong, they moved on like machinery, etc., and were "no better than a d——d rabbit." "A lot of gutter snipes," etc. "That," said Lord Kitchener, who came up, "is not the way to address men. They are not a d——d rabbit, and to be spoken to as such. No troops can be trained in that fashion, and the commander who does not respect his men is unable to lead them." The

whole force heard the observation, and the men were as decorously elated as the yeomanry officer was obviously crestfallen. Lord Kitchener said no more openly on parade, but he took that overstrung gentlemen aside and read the "Riot Act," or what stands for it in military phraseology, to him in such severe fashion that he will never forget the lesson.

OUR NAVAL BRIGADE.

"Her Majesty the Queen has graciously conferred the Companionship of the Bath upon Captain Lambton, of H. M. S. Powerful, and Capt. Scott, of H. M. S. Terrible, in acknowledgement of their services in connection with the relief of Ladysmith."

Not only on those gallant ships,
On many a deck beside
There are who've earned our gratitude;
A nation's hope and pride.

Though lessened not our debt to those
Who trod with weary feet ;
Who drooped 'neath ills of scorching clime,
Yet never owned defeat.

Honor the brave !
Whether high, or of lowly name ;
Whether crowned or unkennt of fame,
Honour the brave !

One golden link
Binds each Commander and his crew;
Together they had dared to do
Upon fate's brink.

True union nerved
The minds and hearts that struck the blow,
Which crushed a formidable foe
To doom deserved.

Together rove
By thoughts of freedom and of home,
Britannia's seamen ride the foam.
Taut-bound of love.

At Graspan, Belmont and Magersfontein the Naval Brigade did splendid work. They saved Ladysmith. Captain Scott's able-mindedness was followed up by the active heroism of his Marines and Blue-jackets. God bless our Naval Heroes !

THE SALVATION ARMY.

"At Colenso our Salvation Army officer, Capt. Ashman, was under fire all day, from daylight till night, with the Surreys, just as they

were. In the blazing sun and the thick of the battle there he was carrying off the dying and wounded. When he came in at 11 at night I hardly knew him. He was covered in the blood of those he had helped. We two women moved with the troops, advancing about the same time as the hospitals, but Captain Ashman went through side by side with the soldiers."

BRAVERY AND TREACHERY.

The son of Mr. E. Lunn, Wakefield, England, writes: "I was in company with a sergeant in charge of some wounded Boer prisoners. One of these was lying on a stretcher, and was being carried in when he whipped out a revolver and aimed it at an officer near. The sergeant was carrying his gun on his shoulder with the barrel in front of him. He quickly dashed the revolver out of the Boer's hand, clubbed his own rifle as he would a striking hammer, and dashed the prisoner's brains out where he lay. He was not satisfied with one blow, but had three, and beat the man's head to a pulp. The captain did not see what the prisoner had done, so he ordered the sergeant's arrest. A comrade slipped out of the marching line, asking to be excused, saying he thought the sergeant's circumstances needed some explanation, and told the captain how things stood. The captain gave the order for the sergeant's release, congratulating him, and thanking him for saving his life."

Our Boys in Blue—Durban, S. A., March 19th. 1900.

They come, they come! the crowds surge fast
 Along the echoing street;
 In eager haste, with earnest will
 To tender welcome meet.

They come, they come! Britannia waves
 Her colors overhead;
 While, unto music's sprightliest tones,
 They march with rhythmic tread.

Oh! sweetly smiles that southern sun,
 And gaily streameth forth
 The banner of that patriot host,
 Sons of the loyal North.

As all along their line of march,
 Through shouts of loud acclaim,
 Admiring eyes light up the scene
 And tongues bespeak their fame.

Oh! bright the glorious aftermath
 When, victory's course is run;
 But purer far the light that gilds
 True hearts, whose loves are one.

Then glory to His Glorious Name
 Through whom all feuds are healed ;
 Who, with the badge of Liberty,
 Blessed unity hath sealed.

THE GORDONS AT THABA N'CHU.

" Captain Towse, with about fifty of the Gordons, got isolated from the main body of British troops, and the Boers, with that marvellous dexterity for which they are fast becoming famous, sized up the position and determined upon a capture. They little dreamt of the nature of the lion they had snared in their toils. With fully 250 men they closed in on the little band of kilted men, and in triumphant tones called upon them to throw down their arms and surrender.

It was a picture to warm an artist's heart. On all sides rose the bleak, black kopjes, ridge on ridge, as inhospitable as a watch-dog's growl. On one hand the little band of Highlanders, the picturesque colour of their clan showing in kilt and stocking, perfect in all their appointments, but nowhere so absolutely flawless as in their leadership. Under such leaders as he who held them there so calm and steady their forebears had hurled back the chivalry of France and had tamed the Muscovite pride, and they were soon to prove themselves men worthy of their captain.

On the other side rose the superior numbers of the Boers. A wild motley crew they looked compared to the gem of Britain's army. Boys stood side by side with old men, lads braced themselves shoulder to shoulder with men in their manhood's prime, ragged beards fell on still more ragged shirt fronts. But there were manly hearts behind those ragged garments, hearts that beat high with love of home and country, hearts that seldom quailed in the hour of peril. Their rifles lay in hands steady and strong. The Boer was face to face with the Briton ; the numbers lay on the side of the Boer, but the bayonet was with the Briton.

" Throw up your hands and surrender." The language was English, but the accent was Dutch ; a moment, an awful second of time, the rifle barrels gleamed coldly towards that little group of men, who stood their ground as pine trees stand on their mountain sides in Bonny Scotland." Then out on the African air there rang a voice, proud, clear, and high as clarion note : " Fix bayonets, Gordons !"

Like lightning the strong hands gripped the ready steel ; the bayonets went home to the barrel. Rifles spoke from the Boer lines, and men reeled a pace from the British and fell, and lay where they fell. Again that voice with the Scottish hurr on every note : " Charge, Gordons ! Charge !" and the dauntless Scotchman rushed on at the head of his fiery few.

The Boer's heart is a brave heart, and he who calls them cowards lies ; but never before had they faced so grim a charge, never before had

they seen a torrent of steel advancing on their lines in front of a tornado of flesh and blood. On rushed the Scots, on over fallen comrades, on over rocks and clefts, on the ranks of the foe, and onward through them, sweeping them down as I have seen wild horses sweep through a field of ripening corn. The bayonets hissed as they crashed through breastbone and backbone. Vainly the Boer clubbed his rifle and smote back. As well might the wild goat strike with puny hoofs when the tiger springs. Nothing could stay the fury of that desperate rush.

Do you sneer at the Boers? Then sneer at the armies of Europe, for never yet have Scotland's sons been driven back when once they reached a foe to smite. How do they charge, these bare-legged sons of Scotia? Go ask the hills of Afghanistan, and if there be tongues within them they will tell you that they sweep like hosts from hell. Ask in sneering Paris, and the red records of Waterloo will give you answer. Ask in St Petersburg, and from Sebastopol your answer will come. They thought of the dreary morning hours of Magersfontein, and they smote the steel downwards through the neck into the liver. They thought of the row of comrades in the graves beside the Modder, and they gave the Boers the "hay-maker's lift," and tossed the dead body behind them. They thought of gallant Wauchope riddled with lead, and they sent the cold steel with a horrible crash, through skull and brain, leaving the face a thing to make men shudder. They thought of Scotland, and they sent the wild slogan of their clan re-echoing through the gullies of the African hills, until their comrades far away along the line, hearing it, turned to one another, saying: "God help the Boers this hour; our Jocks are into 'em with the bay'nit!"

But when they turned to gather up those who had fallen, then they found that he whose lion soul had pointed them the crimson path to duty was to lead them no more. The noble heart that beat so true to honor's highest notes was not stilled, but a bullet missing the brain had closed his eyes forever to God's sunlight, leaving him to go through life in darkness; and they mourned for him as they had mourned for noble, white-souled Wauchope, whose prototype he was. They knew that many a long, long year would roll away before their eyes would rest upon his like again in camp or bloody field. But it gladdened their stern warrior hearts to know that the last sight he ever gazed upon was Scotland sweeping on her foe.

IN PARLIAMENT.

"A Pro-Boer made several unseemly interruptions."

No policy of earth may bar
The blood-stained road towards release;
Heaven's will alone may wage for peace
When served the purposes of war.

Yet this we hope—nay, well we know
That strife shall have its long surcease,
When blissful, universal peace
Shall wed high heaven to earth below.

The text of Lord Robert's farewell order to the army is eloquent enough to stir the enthusiasm of to-day's leader writers. It is the strongest possible summary of the sufferings and heroism of the British army in a campaign of unexampled severity, over 14,200 officers and men having died from wounds fever and exposure.

A BIG WAR.

In his despatches Lord Roberts furnishes a couple of tables which drive home the often described and seldom realized magnitude of the area over which hostilities have spread in South Africa. The area of the operations was :

	Square miles
Cape Colony - - - - -	277,151
Orange River Colony - - - - -	48,326
Transvaal - - - - -	113,940
Natal - - - - -	18,913
	<hr/>
Total - - - - -	458,330
Rhodesia - - - - -	750,000

The distance troops had to travel by land :

	Miles
Cape Town to Pretoria - - - - -	1,040
Pretoria to Koomatipoort - - - - -	260
Cape Town to Kimberly - - - - -	647
Kimberley to Mafeking - - - - -	223
Mafeking to Pretoria - - - - -	160
Mafeking to Beira - - - - -	1,135
Durban to Pretoria - - - - -	511

"From these tables," the Commander-in-Chief observes, "it will be seen that the army in South Africa had to be distributed over an area of greater extent than France and Germany put together, and, if we include that part of Rhodesia with which we had to do, larger than the combined areas of France, Germany and Austria."

THE ARMY IN AFRICA.

"When it is considered that this is by far the largest force that has ever crossed the sea since the days of Xerxes, and is beside the largest British force that has ever taken the field anywhere in the history of the nation, it must be admitted that the War Office and the whole system have covered themselves with glory, at least up to the present time. For it is one thing to move troops by land and sea; it is quite another to move 150,000 men into what is practically a desert, and keep them perfectly supplied with food and the other necessaries of life. In this regard the Army Service Corps has done extraordinary work. Before a regiment of the army corps landed there was a million pounds worth of supplies at De Aar, within 60 miles of the Orange River, and

that in spite of the fact that two months ago the Army Service Corps was not even equipped with half its complement of horses."

GROWTH OF EMPIRE IN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

Attention has been centred on the British Colonies as never before by reason of their active loyalty during the Transvaal war. Representative government was granted to all the important colonies in 1856. Distress in the British Isles during the early years of the reign led to a wave of emigration to the lands across the seas. In the case of Australia, a new impetus was given by the discovery of gold. Canadian federation began in 1867 and the dawn of this year saw the union of Australia take effect. Besides territory actually acquired, Great Britain has assumed practical control of Egypt while restoring the Soudan to Khedivial rule and there is no apparent prospect of her withdrawal from the Nile Valley.

- 1839—Aden annexed.
- 1842—Hong Kong acquired.
- 1842—Natal taken.
- 1843—Sinda annexed.
- 1836—Sikh territory ceded.
- 1849—Punjab annexed.
- 1852—Pegu, Burmah, acquired.
- 1866—Oude annexed.
- 1858—Crown assumed rule of India.
- 1860—Fiji Islands annexed.
- 1875—Sultan's share in Suez Canal bought.
- 1878—Island of Cyprus occupied.
- 1886—Burmah annexed.
- 1890—Zanzibar protectorate assumed.
- 1896—Ashantees compelled to accept British sovereignty.
- 1896—Kitchener occupied Dongola.
- 1899—Partition of Samoa.
- 1900—Transvaal and Orange Free State annexed.



PART III.

Canada—Seat of Government, Ottawa.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL—The Right Hon. the Earl of Minto.

MEMBERS OF THE KING'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

Right Hon. Sir Wilfred Laurier, G. C. M. G., Premier.

Hon. Sir L. H. Davies, K. C. M. G., Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Right Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, G. C. M. G., Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Hon. D. Mills, Minister of Justice.

“ F. W. Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence.

“ S. A. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture.

“ W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance.

“ A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals.

“ J. S. Tarte, Minister of Public Works.

“ C. Sifton, Minister of the Interior.

“ W. Patterson, Minister of Customs.

“ W. E. Bernier, Minister of Inland Revenue.

“ R. W. Scott, Secretary of State.

“ W. Mulock, Postmaster-General.

J. Sutherland, without portfolio.

R. R. Dobell, without portfolio.

Hon. C. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor General.

“ J. J. McGee, Clerk of K. P. C.

“ H. G. La Motte, Clerk of the Crown in Chancery.

High Commissioner for Canada in London—Right Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, G. C. M. G.

Secretary of Canadian Government Offices in London.—J. C. Colmer, C. M. G.

The Olden Flag.

Raise high the Royal Standard!
 Shame not thy royal birth ;
 The prestige of thy might retain
 Thou ! noblest of the earth.
 Great Canada! thou fair, free land !
 A world looks forth to thee ;
 No alien hand thy hand shall lead
 Thou'lt bow no servile knee.

Then rally round the olden flag !
 The loved Red, White and Blue ;
 Let traitors scheme or boasters brag
 To Motherland prove true.

Float on, Oh flag of Empire vast !
 Long may thy colours wave
 O'er many a blood-bought heritage,
 O'er many a hero's grave.
 The lustre of thy fame doth light
 The field our fathers won ;
 The noblest gift which valiant sire
 Could e'er bequeath his son.

Then rally, etc.

High-sounding waves of ocean
 Cleave not the solid rock ;
 Ho land of Bruce and Nelson !
 Ho shades of Wolfe and Brock !
 While spirits of the dauntless brave
 Within our patriot s glow
 Think ye that one of Britain's brood
 Would yield to myriad foe.

Then rally, etc.

Droop not, Oh peerless standard !
 Oh loyal hearts and true !
 Forget not ye the olden land
 Though cherishing the new.

Forget not hearts and hopes are one
 From far off Southern Isles
 To where, beyond the Rocky steep,
 The broad Pacific smiles.
 Then rally, etc.

Wave on, Oh flag of Empire ! wave
 O'er mountain, rock and stream ;
 Where wholesome fealty rests secure
 Beneath thy fervent gleam.
 For, while the maple reddeneth,
 While surges swell the sea,
 Thou'lt guard the freeman's sacred rights,
 In country of the free.

Then rally round the olden flag !
 The loved Red, White and Blue ;
 Let traitors scheme, or boasters brag,
 To motherland prove true.

"Enthusiasm such as has swept over Canada with the basis of sympathy for Britain, is a surprise to even those loyalists whose fond dreams of imperial federation were not expected to develop at least during their generation. Men who declared ten years ago that imperial federation was but a dream are caught up now and borne along on such a tide of enthusiasm as they can hardly understand. It shouts 'Rule Britannia' and sings the National Anthem along with the stalwart young Canadians who have volunteered as soldiers of the Queen, to fight for Her Majesty and the honor of the British Empire in South Africa."

In harmony with the earnest and everywhere expressed desire of the people of the Dominion it was decided upon by the Government to call for the services of a certain number of the militia with the view of assisting those veterans of Great Britain who are upholding the prestige of the Empire in the far away Southern land.

The call was speedily responded to. In every section of the country, from the eastern to the far Pacific Coast came boldly forward the youth and strength of each busy mart of commerce and of each quiet, rural hamlet ; everyone eager to

offer the might of his arm and the purpose of his heart on the beloved shrine of one common country and Queen. Indeed, so eager and so plentiful were the applicants for this special service that many a patriotic son of the Dominion had, much against his will, to return unaccepted, to his former peaceful avocation.

The Government contributed 2,000,000 dollars to assist the mother country in the prosecution of the war. This sum was generally conceded to be a liberal contribution on the part of a comparatively youthful colony.

The First Contingent of Canadian troops, Commander, Colonel W. D. Otter, consisting of 63 officers with 998 N. C. officers and men, in all 1071, and 7 horses, sailed from Quebec on board the S. S. Sardinian on the last day of October, 1899, for the port of Cape Town.

The long sea voyage was, to many, a pleasing novelty and was heartily enjoyed despite the rather unfavorable weather and the heavy seas which prevailed. One very saddening occurrence tended to mar the enjoyment of life aboardship, that was the death, after only three days out, of Private Edward DesLauriers of *S* Company, belonging to Quebec. The bursting of a blood vessel was the immediate cause.

On 30th November the voyagers reached their destination; and as the Sardinian steamed forward amid troopships and all manner of lesser craft she received a most gratifying if a most noisy and elaborate welcome from the merry medley of human voices on the wharf and the roaring of guns and the shrieking of whistles around her in the harbor. Upon disembarking the troops were cordially greeted by the inhabitants of Cape Town and, after being the recipients of many courtesies they were marched to the quarters assigned them a few miles beyond. Here they at once commenced making preparations for pushing forward to join the British army, then operating at Belmont.

On their arrival at the front the Colonials were deputed to take charge of the railway, at which work they continued for several weeks. They were attached to the brigade under command of a very successful British officer, General Smith-Dorien.

On January 1st the Canadians underwent their baptism of fire. The Queenslanders and Canadians, under command of Colonel Pilcher of the Imperial Army, who had replaced the Colonial officers, attacked the Boers 30 miles beyond Belmont. The enemy briskly replied to the attack with the consequence that the Queenslanders lost 20 men ; but when the Canadians followed up and charged with the bayonet the Boers threw down their rifles and surrendered. Next morning the same Company started for Douglas, which they found vacated, but had the good fortune to secure 500 rifles and 80,000 rounds of ammunition which the foe had left behind.

On the 21st of January, 1900, a second detachment of troops left Halifax in the S. S. Laurentian. This detachment, D. and E. Batteries of the Royal Canadian Artillery under command of Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Drury, consisted of 22 officers and 343 N. C. officers and men, in all 365 ; and 263 horses.

27th—There sailed from Halifax the Pomeranian with 18 officers and 304 N. C. officers and men, in all 352; under command of Lieut.-Colonel Herchmer. There were also 295 horses for the use of the troops, the 2nd Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

February 13—The Canadians started to march for Jacobsdale, which they reached after having endured the greatest distress from the excessive heat ; so much so that they were obliged to press on during the night. A great battle was raging as they approached the city. They rested for the night on the outskirts and marched into the town by daylight to share with the conquerors in the spoil.

A short halt and the march was resumed ; this time for these heights which have now become historic, the heights on which so many of the brave attested their courage and their loyalty with the offering of their precious lives, the fate deciding heights of Paardeberg. The long and dreary march was not to end in rest. In the words of one of our heroes :

“ As we neared Paardeberg we heard the advance column in action. Half an hour was allowed for a hasty breakfast and then we were to cross the river and get into action. Our breakfast consisted of a biscuit and a

canteen of coffee. Col. Otter of course was in charge, and the order was given to take up the position on the left, crossing the river by means of ropes. The water was up to our necks and was running very swiftly. Horses were carried off their feet but as far as was known all reached the opposite side in safety. It was a wonderful sight; each man struggling against the wave carrying his rifle ready for the affray. The P. E. Island boys were the first.

An extended order was given to advance towards the enemy and we had only proceeded a short distance when the singing of the bullets announced that the regiment was in the heat of battle and only a few minutes had elapsed before casualties had occurred. Bullets came thick and fast. At 4 o'clock a bullet struck me in the thigh, but it did not hinder me in the advance, and shortly afterwards another bullet struck my foot. I then told my mate that I was hit and he called for the stretcher-bearer, but when it came I was able to walk back to where the doctor was located, using my rifle for a crutch.

The wound in the foot was very painful as the bullet had struck the bone, but fortunately did not splinter it. The wound on the thigh bled profusely, until it was dressed. I was then removed on a pontoon-boat across the river and placed in a hospital where I remained three days.

Tongue cannot tell nor pen picture the scenes in the hospital. I would rather have been somewhere else. Some were dying, some in terrible agony and the groans and wails of those in the throes of death were terrible. It was impossible to get anything to eat, as the food was lost when the Boers captured our convoys at Modder River."

But another and still more serious battle was to take place—a battle well described by another of Canada's loyal sons :

"We have had another battle, this time a far more important affair than our first engagement. After having made the Boers retire on Sunday, 18th, they took up a stronger position further up the river bed, and we had to make trenches and advance upon them little by little until Tuesday morning at 2 o'clock when we were ordered to make a general advance. So we took up a position at about 200 yards from the first Boer trench.

D F, G. and H. Companies of the Canadians were in advance of our brigade and had to bear the brunt of the attack. Had the Boers held out longer than they did, our loss would have been terrible; for in one short five minutes our loss was about thirty killed and wounded.

It happened like this : At five minutes to two a. m. our three companies got the order to steal up a few hundred yards further to the front, as we were going to charge the trenches with the bayonet, and we were to get as close as possible before making the final rush. Our duty out here is to do or die, and not to reason why, so we got ready. We were supported on our left by the Gordon Highlanders and the Seaforths, while

on our right were the Black Watch and Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, with the remaining five Canadian companies and other regiments of infantry in reverse and support.

"We advanced slowly but surely until we got about ~~175~~ ³⁰⁰ yards from the enemy, and still they did not appear to have observed us. We began to think that the birds had flown, and we were ordered to dig a trench for ourselves. Between the Engineers and ourselves we dug a two foot trench across our front. When that was done (and I might here say that it did not take long, for everyone of us knew that we were working for our lives and needed no one to tell us to hurry) we were ordered to advance a few yards further. Immediately we had carried out this order we found that some one had blundered. We were within fifteen yards of the Boers' trenches, if not closer, when one of the most awful rifle volleys we ever heard for the first time broke the silence of the night. There we were in the dark, and the South African nights are dark, in point blank range, with the enemy under cover and ourselves exposed. We all fell flat and at once retired, crawling to our trench. We carried out the short retirement amid the groans of the wounded and the whizzing of the bullets. It gives one a creepy sensation to undergo this; and the experience is one that you do not wish to have repeated. It is impossible to describe the moving about in the blackness, with the bullets fairly raining about, the only human sounds being the cries and moans of the wounded men, or a short, sharp order to 'advance,' or 'volley fire,' or 'charge.'

We succeeded in getting to our trench, and we were not long in opening fire on the Boers and paying them out in their own coin, and with good interest. We saw that it was a fight for life or death, and all of us wanted to live very much; for as dawn began to break we saw that the victory was to be ours and that it would be a glorious one.

Daylight began to come, and we could see that we had them; but still we continued our fire. Then the word flew along our line that the enemy was flying a white flag. Knowing of their treachery on other occasions we did not at once stop firing. Then we saw several white flags waving in their line, and we got the order to "cease."

We remained under cover while a small party advanced to meet their white flag party, and we then learned that Cronje and all his force were willing to surrender unconditionally. So was accomplished one of the greatest British victories in South Africa up to that date.

We were not long in marching to the main Boer laager and relieving our enemies of their arms. We had the honor of taking the largest number of prisoners since the war commenced—somewhere between four and five thousand, including wounded.

The most sorrowful part of this "fire-eating" business came when the thing was all over, and we gathered together to bury our dead comrades. We dug a long trench and laid them down side by side while Father O'Leary said a short service over all creeds. Tears filled many

of our eyes, tears of grief for our lost brothers-in-arms, and of thankfulness because we had escaped a like fate."

After the Battle—Paardeberg.

" We gathered from the gory field
Those who had earned their crown ;
And tenderly we wrapped them round,
Each in his shroud of brown.

" Among the thorn trees in the glade
Our heroes gently sleep ;
And though nor maid nor mother dear
By that lone grave may weep.

" Beneath the spreading hawthorn wild
As peacefully they'll rest
As if the flowers of Canada
Bloomed sweetly o'er each breast.

" Rough stones from off the dismal veldt
Shield well their lowly bed ;
We piled them high and set a cross
As guardian at the head.

" And 'scribed thereon our comrades' names
That all who mark that mound
May learn that every patriot heart
Doth sleep in hallowed ground.

" Then, crushing back the rising sob---
Deep feeling unexpressed ;
We took one last, sad, lingering look
And left them to their rest."

Although great the sacrifice of precious life in the bloody battles at Paardeberg, great and satisfactory were the results. General Cronje, who, aside of Joubert, had been considered the most formidable leader amongst the Boers was at last brought to bay; and to the prowess of the youthful warriors of Canada was accorded the honor of hastening his surrender. Lord Roberts telegraphed the following to Lord Minto :

"PAARDEBERG, Feb. 22.—The Canadian Regiment has done admirable service since its arrival in South Africa.

I deeply regret the heavy loss it suffered during the fighting on the 18th and beg you will assure the people how much

we all admire the conspicuous gallantry displayed by our Canadian comrades."

And also on the 27th advised the War Office, London, in these glowing terms :

"A most dashing advance was made by the Canadian Regiment, supported by the Gordon Highlanders, a gallant deed worthy of our Colonial comrades and which, I am glad to say, was attended by comparatively slight loss."

When this despatch was announced in the House of Commons it evoked tremendous cheering.

Her Majesty the Queen cabled the people of Canada expressing her admiration of the gallant Canadian, and her sorrow at the loss of so many brave men ; and Princess Louise wired that she was "proud to have lived among them."

From a former highly esteemed Governor of Canada, Lord Dufferin, came the following : "I cannot refrain from adding my tribute of admiration for the brave sons of Canada who are fighting and shedding their blood in defence of the Empire." Congratulations were also sent from Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of Cape Colony ; while the press of England paid touching tributes to the courage of the youthful patriots who had fought so gallantly side by side with the veterans of the Olden Land.

"I know that you will be proud of us, mother," wrote one of the young soldiers. "After the surrender of Cronje Lord Roberts personally thanked us for being the immediate means of bringing it about." While from over the sea came the hearty acknowledgment : "The name Canadian is now a synonym for bravery, dash and courage," and to these the chaplain who attended on the battlefield adds, as with a heart sob, "Canada may well be proud of her noble boys. The deep sorrow which has entered into the hearts of loved ones far away will undoubtedly be tempered by the consoling assurance that all have done their duty—all, every one."

Our Boys.

Proud of them ! Yes, on every side,
Through all our vast domains,
Leal hearts beat high in loving pride
And soar in praiseful strains.

For those who chose dread danger's lot
With eyes unto the goal,
Whose deeds no tide of time may blot
From off the nation's soul.

Who may not answer to roll call,
And who have victory won ;
Who shall not say, "God bless them all !
They have their duty done."

On February 21st another troopship, the Milwaukee sailed from Halifax for Cape Town. On board were 28 officers, 605 N. C. officers and men, in all 633 and 614 horses. These troops were of the First Battalion Canada Mounted Rifles and C. Field Battery and were commanded by Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Gordon, D. O. C.

March 17.—The last of the troops sent by Canada to the seat of war were despatched as "Reinforcements" on board the S. S. Monterey, which had been engaged to take out Strathcona's Horse. The "Reinforcements" consisted of 3 officers and 100 N. C. officers and men—in all 103—in charge of Capt. Carpenter.

The after career of the Canadian troops is so closely identified with that of the troops of the Motherland, and of the other Colonies, that it seems unnecessary to dilate upon each of their further very few losses and many remarkable successes. Their experience has been a wondrous one, and much, very much of the realities of war has been crowded into the comparatively short period of their service abroad. Many of them marched over six hundred miles, often on half rations, very seldom on full.

They have taken part in the capture of 10 towns, fought in 10 general actions and on 27 other days. They were also privileged to witness, and to take part in, the deliverance of the long-besieged cities, and to join in the march of triumph with the beloved and high-souled Commander of the whole British Army in South Africa. Colonel Baden-Powell in his dispatch announcing the relief of Mafeking, says: "Most grateful for invaluable assistance by Canadian artillery, which made

a record march from Beira to help us ; ” and an appreciative nation, from the little rag-a-muffin on the city streets to the beloved Sovereign who rules an Empire upon which the sun never sets, has united in one heartfelt acclaim of welcome upon the return of the heroes, who are now more firmly and more truly than ever before, the loyal and well-deserving sons of the grand old British Empire.

Home Again.

Ho! valiant sons of Canada!
Ho, men of sterling mould!
Well might ye grace your heritage.
Ye! nursed in Freedom's fold.

Though brightly on those annals,
Where ranks the hero name,
Shines forth in living characters,
Those sires of deathless fame.

Those sires who, in the other years,
Britannia's flag unfurled;
And made her mistress of the seas,
And Queen o'er all the world.

Yet yours no borrowed lustre;
Each patriot stands alone;
Though blended in one common cause,
His glory is his own.

Ring out! clear peals of welcoming,
Shine forth! fair guiding lights;
Smooth be their path who clomb to fame,
O'er Afric's blood-stained heights.

Why shades the light on Glory's brow,
We joy—and yet we weep,
Since never Freedom's morning dawned,
But Death came forth to reap.

Oh, hearts of inborn courage!
Oh, hands and voices still!
Ye've touched a chord on Memory's lyre,
Which through the years shall thrill.

For worldly wealth and pride of power,
Earth-born, with earth decay;
But honour, justice, valour, truth
Light on to nobler day.

Ho! valiant sons of Canada,
Ho, men of sterling mould!
Well have ye graced your heritage
Ye! nursed in Freedom's fold.



Part IV.

Strathcona's Men.

Hark to the swell of rich music !

Hark to the clatter of feet !

They come in their 'might, as a flash of sunlight
They liven the olden street.

Oh ! grandly, they ride, in their beauty and strength,
Those sons of the far distant West ;
For the East-land hath called, and the country of snows
Hath proffered her bravest and best.

From the far away isles, from the prairie vast,
Over mountain and river and fen ;
Their watch-word in fight, 'for country and right,'
Ride forward Strathcona's leal men.

Oh ! proudly they ride, yet the strongest may weep
As he leaves for a far, foreign shore ;
For he knows that the patriot will never return
Till the days of his warfare are o'er.

Yet, onward he rides in his courage and hope,
As he'll ride over kopje and glen ;
For the foremost in battle, on African veldt
Shall be loyal Strathcona's leal men.

Although intimately associated with the sending of Canadian troops to assist in fighting the battles of the Empire in South Africa, the fitting out of a detachment solely at the expense of one individual is an action so unique that it well deserves special notice in any record of the war.

The whole reading world is by this time aware that the generous offer of the Canadian High Commissioner in London, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, to equip a company of 500 mounted soldiers for the service of the Empire was accepted in a most appreciative spirit by the Home Government. How

carefully and completely His Lordship's plans, in respect to this offer have been carried out results have amply demonstrated. The bravery of the "Strathcona Horse" in every engagement in which they took part has been singularly conspicuous while their invariable success has been phenomenal.

LORD STRATHCONA'S HORSE

"Kipling's reference to the 'duke's son and cook's son' applies to this crowd. Here you see men born on Canadian soil, the sons of farmers, a larger number probably the sons of traders and professional men, and a considerable majority of British birth. Here are "remittance men" who have been drawing an annual allowance from the old folks in England and have been spending it with considerable recklessness. Here are the sons of prosperous cattle ranchers and of thrifty traders and bankers, themselves men of good habits and good prospects. Here is the son of a former Canadian member of parliament, and beside him the son of a railway navy. Here is the owner of lands and herds of cattle, a man of limited education and yet something of a magnate in his own field, but not too proud to sleep in the same cattle shed with his late cook, an Oxford University graduate, the son, perhaps, of some bishop or Queen's counsel in England."

"When Strathcona's Horse get their kit they will have the swellest outfit a Canadian troop ever boasted of. It was generally understood when it became known that Lord Strathcona was to furnish a troop, that that troop would not want for anything; that money would not be an object. Expectations have been outdone. An officer said to-day: "I doubt if troopers or soldiers of any kind, for that matter, ever went to the front with as complete or costly a kit."

Ottawa, March 8.—Strathcona's Horse to the number of 400 had a parade to-day to Parliament Hill.

Many thousands reviewed them at Parliament Park.

Lord and Lady Minto and Sir Wilfred Laurier were present.

Strathcona's Horse and the Prince Edward Island contingent embarked on the steamer Monterey, at Halifax. They paraded the streets with militia escort and bands, amid the cheering of thousands and the waving of almost numberless banners. No finer body of men, says a press despatch, ever paraded the streets of Halifax. The Island men led the contingent in the march and were presented with a flag.

The 'Monterey' left Halifax at 11 o'clock on March 17, and had on board besides 552 men constituting Strathcona's Horse, the draft for

ows

na-
in
the
vellthe
on,
500
l in
ow

vacancies in the first Canadian contingent, due to fatalities and illness, numbering 203 men. The trip was made in 21 days, beating the record of the 'Milwaukee,' by four days; the 'Pomeranian,' by five days; and the 'Laurentian,' by three days.

All the men were clad in khaki and wore cowboy hats. The officers were dressed in khaki serge. Among the officers were some of the best specimens of physical manhood ever seen. There were men who averaged six feet in height, broad shouldered, athletic in appearance, and every man's countenance was stamped with intelligence and had an individuality of its own. The horsemen were not as well drilled in military movements as our own soldiers, but for robust constitutions, they appeared unexcelled.

In the ranks as a private was a son of Lord Beresford, a six footer, who had been engaged as a mining engineer out West.

Young Barrie was going to take the place of his brother, one of those who had fallen on the battlefield. So determined was young Barrie to enlist, that he insisted on paying his own passage and going independently, had he not been accepted for regular service. But at the last moment he was accepted.

The P. E. Island boys had waded at times almost to the waist in icy water for a distance of six miles and in their wet clothes they had driven on an open woodsled for ten miles in order to catch the train at New Glasgow in time to embark at Halifax.

The horses had been taken direct from the prairies. They had only been ridden twice, being what is termed broken and not trained. They were small but hardy-looking ponies, weighing from 900 to 1,200 pounds, and had never known the pampering of stable life or the luxury of brushing. These horses were capable of carrying a load 175 pounds for a journey of 100 miles in one day and they could return the next day without any perceptible signs of fatigue. There were in all 703 horses. Each horse was placed in a sling just high enough to enable his feet to rest upon the floor. They would not lie down during the voyage to South Africa and each horse had a narrow stall to himself. The bridles, saddles and all the horses' equipments were of the best quality.

At a quarter to five Friday evening the Monterey was drawn off by two tugs into the stream, and as the giant steamer with the gallant soldiers sailed proudly forth, no wilder scene of enthusiasm was ever witnessed in this Dominion. It was another offering of Canada's best blood to the mother country, another link welded in the chain of liberal love which has caused astonishment among the great powers of the earth, and it was the gift of a man, one only man, whose millions he has so nobly donated to the defence of the grand old Union Jack.

Cape Town, April 11.—The Monterey with the Strathcona Horse arrived yesterday. All well.

June 24.—The Evening Telegram's special London cable says: "Strathcona's Horse, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Steele, on joining the forces of General Buller, at Paardekop, received an enthusiastic reception."

A private in the first Canadian contingent tells how he overheard a party of Boer prisoners talking about the wonderful things they have seen the Strathconas do in the way of hitting coins and bottles and lassoing horses and cattle.

Montreal June 26.—Smith cables from Pretoria, June 25, that Strathcona's Horse have done one of the greatest deeds of the war.

They have blown up the railway bridge at Koomatipoort on the Delagoa railway, between Pretoria and Koomatipoort, cutting off the Boer communication with the sea, so that all the Delagoa Bay Railway rolling stock, the Boer's artillery, the whole Boer army, including the gold taken from the mint by Kruger, west of that break must fall into British hands.

Thirty-four of Strathcona's Horse under Lieutenant Anderson, were attacked by 200 Boers east of Standerton on July 6. The British soon took possession of a kopje, upon which they successfully withstood the attack of the enemy.

A despatch from Vlakkfontein, in the south-eastern portion of the Transvaal, reports that some sections of Strathcona's Horse, after seeing a convoy safely through Rusfontein Defile, near Greyslingstadt, left eighteen Strathconas watering their horses on this side of the defile. One hundred Boers concealed in the long grass on a kopje, opened fire. Reinforcements hurried to the scene, and the Strathconas brought a Maxim up into play and knocked several Boers off their horses as they were retiring. The enemy decamped.

"Strathcona's Horse have also done some clever fighting. Canada may well be proud of her troops."

August 7.—A party of Boers, near Standerton, notified the British officers commanding at Waterval, of their willingness to surrender. Fifteen of the Strathcona's Horse went to accept the submission of the officer in charge. When the Strathconas approached the rendezvous, in extended order the Boers opened fire. A sergeant who had raised a troop in Canada, at once rallied his men. Doing so he rode among the Boers, who demanded his surrender. 'Never,' cried the sergeant, who, while

turning his horse, was shot dead. The Canadians lost two dead and three wounded.

Amerspoort, August 20. — General Buller left Paardekop, Sunday, August 19th, taking a northeasterly direction. He drove the enemy from strong positions on some hills called Kopjes Kraal, and reached Amerspoort late on the same night, having traversed 18 miles, while our front extended over about eight miles. The main force of the enemy numbering 2,000, under General Christian Botha, had six pieces of cannon and four pom-poms.

The infantry had marched on Monday to Meersicht, and had taken a centre position in advance; the Gordons, with the 60th Rifles forming the fighting line.

General Dundonald's cavalry swept around to the left, covering a vast tract of country, while Strathcona's Horse scouted, and it was due to their dash and enterprise that the advance was not further impeded.

The enemy, who were spread in small parties over the left flank, invariably fell back when the scouts got within 1,000 yards.

The Horse Artillery, supported by Strathcona's Horse, came into action twice.

The enemy from their main position opened fire at long range on the British infantry, who marched forward under cover of a heavy shell-fire from the siege and naval guns and a field battery.

The hills are swept on all sides.

Private A. C. Pearson, of C. Squadron, No. 2 Troop, Strathcona Horse, writes:

"Six of us boys went out to draw the enemy's fire yesterday to ascertain if they still held a certain ridge. Sergeant Lockhart, Privates Ryan, Ager, Robinson, McRae and myself. We had to go right out from under cover and not an enemy in sight, yet we knew they were there, and we got within eight hundred yards of the ridge when all at once the lead flew like hail all around us, and thirty-five men dashed in on horseback to capture us. You should have seen us put spurs to our horses and fly and give them hot shot at the same time; but their time was to come, and on they flew after us, and the lead kept flying like hail.

"Our part of the show was to wheel three to the right and three to the left and gallop back to camp in a half circle. So doing we drew the enemy into our men who were concealed on either side mounted fifty strong, with fifty of the infantry behind them. On came the Boers with sure victory for them and gaining on us at every jump as their ride was a cut-off, the lead singing all around us from the hills back of them. On they came like so many demons, but alas, their time was near, for like a flash of lightning our brave boys came charging down on their left and right flanks, and at the same moment we out of our saddles and poured

in such a deadly fire that no man could resist. So great was their surprise for the moment that it was the greatest mix-up one could imagine. So great was their fright that not a shot was fired after our dismount. For their pains we killed nine, wounded several, and killed and wounded thirteen horses, and we came out of it without a scratch. I tell you we taught them a lesson.

Machadodorp, Transvaal Colony, Oct. 8.—General Buller, passed through here to-day on his way south from Lydenburg to Pretoria, and was enthusiastically received by troops here, and made a speech of farewell to them. In addressing the Strathcona Horse General Buller said: "I have never served with bolder, braver or a more serviceable body of men than that which I see before me. I shall have great pleasure in conveying to Lord Strathcona my high appreciation of your courage and of the work done by you in this campaign."

LIEUT.-COL. S. B. STEELE.

It is not surprising that Lieut.-Col. S. B. Steele, who has been appointed to the command of Strathcona's Horse, should be respected and beloved by the men of the Northwest Mounted Police, and by hundreds of ex-members of the force, who are scattered throughout the Territories, and from among whom the larger number of the Western squadron will undoubtedly be recruited. For nearly 30 years Col. Steele has been associated with those men on terms of the closest intimacy—for there is no intimacy that teaches men of what stuff their comrades are made like that begotten of life on the prairies and in the mountains in the service of Canada's little army of regulars. It is here that men live under the same tent, undergo the same hardships, face the same dangers, until they know their fellows as city-bred men never can. It is when men have to rely for their very lives on the courage, foresight and judgment of their leader that they learn his true value, and no higher compliments can ever be paid to Col. Steele than the undisguised admiration felt for him by all the men who have served under him, and the offers of these men to go to South Africa if they can have him for their commander.

For 30 years Col. Steele has endured the strain of frontier life, and has on innumerable occasions given proof of his qualities as a soldier and as a leader of men. Time and again he has carried his life in his hand, facing mobs of infuriated white men and bands of rebellious Indians.

During the Northwest rebellion in 1885, Col. Steele commanded the cavalry and scouts of the Alberta field force, under Major-General T. B. Strange, and was present at the engagement with the enemy at Frenchman's Butte. Major Steele commanded the mounted force that defeated Big Bear's band at Loon Lake, and saw much active service later. He married in 1890 Marie Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Robert Harwood, ex-M, P.

KING PRESENTS COLORS TO CANADIANS.

London, February 15, 1901.—The King and Queen at Buckingham Palace this morning inspected the Strathcona Horse.

The King presented them with the King's colors and gave medals to the men.

Lord Roberts, General Buller, the Duke of Connaught, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Strathcona and many army and court officials were present.

The King and Queen were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Argyle.

The King, in presenting the colors, said it had been the Queen's intention to do so and he now gave them in his and her own name.

Col. Steele was presented to the King, who, after the review march past, briefly addressed the men thanking them for their work in South Africa and assuring them that he and the British nation would never forget them. He was glad Lord Strathcona was present.

Col. Steele thanked the King and assured him that all the people of Canada were ever ready to defend King and Empire.

The King personally shook hands with and thanked each officer, and the regiment gave three cheers.

Once more the warlike music flooded the air with a sound that fired the blood, then over the terrace came an aged man, whose white beard rivalled the snow on which he trod. He reached the spot where Alexandra stood and bowed before the Queen; then turning walked towards the King, and Edward met him with extended hand and gave him a kindly greeting, whilst Roberts, Buller, and a dozen others vied with each other to do him honor. It was the man who raised the regiment, the loyal Strathcona, whose name the regiment bears, and if he leaves no other monument, his name will live in English hearts when many another name has been forgotten. The King and he stood side by side, the sunbeams chased the shadows from the snow, the flag, rich in its wealth of coloring, flaunted bravely in the breeze, then all the echoes rang and rang again to the cheering of our sons who came to us across the seas.

THE KING'S COLORS.

The King's colors, presented to Strathcona's Horse in London, is a really beautiful flag. It is a silk Union Jack about 2½ feet by 3½ feet. The staff is richly mounted in gold, with tassels hanging from the top. On the staff is a silver tablet, with the following inscription:

"Presented by His Most Gracious Majesty Edward VII., King and Emperor, to Lord Strathcona's corps, in recognition of services rendered to the Empire in South Africa in 1900."

It is possible the colors will be placed in the cathedral at Ottawa, if the corps is not kept up.

ham

ls to

ber-
l.
is of

in-

rch
uth
ver

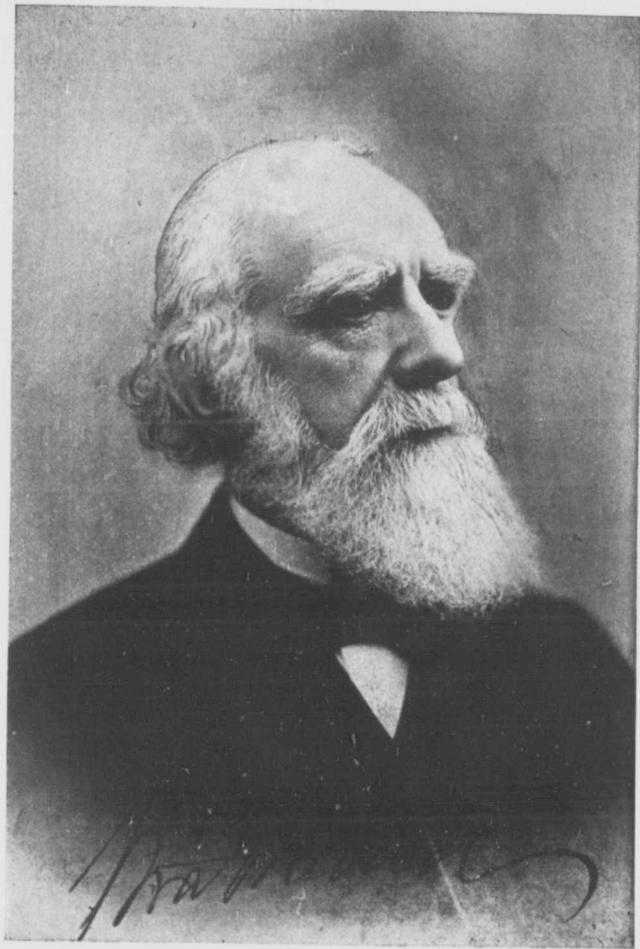
: of

nd

he
rd
in-
he
ly
er
al
er
er
n-
of
ig

a
t.
v.

l
l
f



Part V.

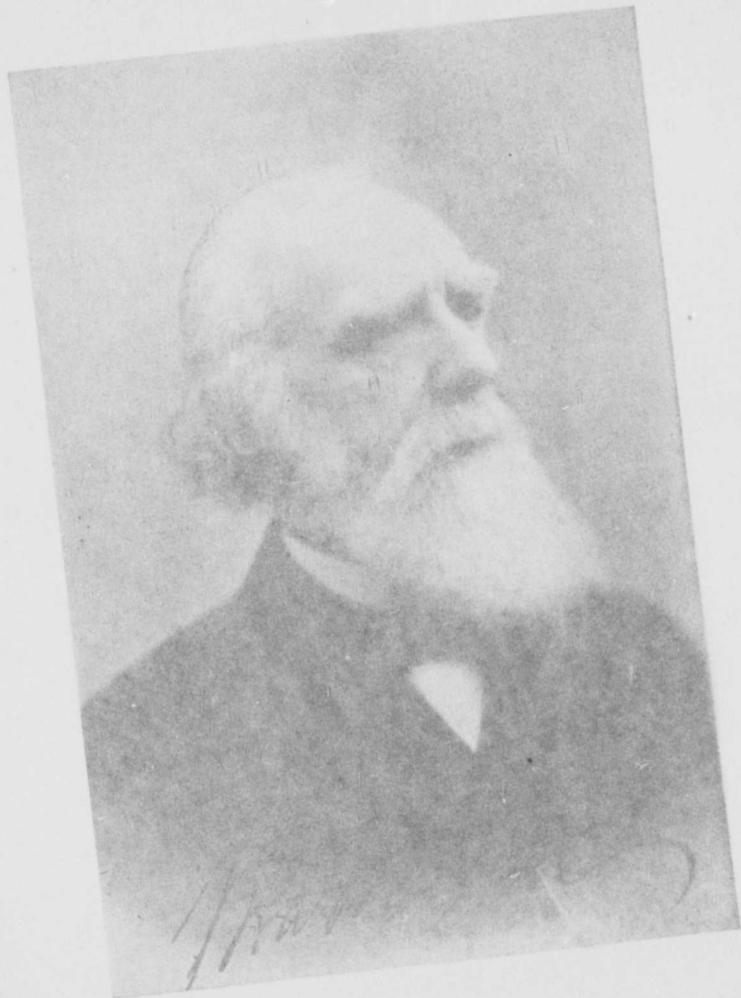
Right Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal,
G. C. M. G.,—L. L. D.,—P. C.
Canadian High Commissioner.

Rare mind ! firm as the granite stone
From out thy much loved Scottish hills ;
Soul ! clear as sunlight's upper zone
When smiling o'er Canadian rills.

However deserving the subject may be, and however appreciated by those who have experienced his benefactions, and those embrace a very large number of the population of this vast Dominion, it would be impossible in any short sketch to do justice to the remarkable and brilliant career of one who may well be considered among the most favored of Heaven and the best beloved of earth. In "Canadian Men and Women of the Times" is set down, with due distinctness, the various steps by which "Strathcona" arose from the young fortune-seeker in a wild, foreign land to be the greatest power in a rapidly rising Canada. Small marvel that His Lordship's motto is "perseverance;" since, over and through all his great abilities shines forth that indomitable perseverance which eventually gaineth the crown of success ; and even for that alone, his lifetime's story might well be written, as an incentive and encouragement for the youth of this and every other clime.

There are few so deservedly and so universally beloved. Says the Montreal Star in relation to His Lordship's late visit to Canada:

"With the rain pouring down in torrents and the chimes of St.



Part V.

Right Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal,
G. C. M. G.,—L. L. D.,—P. C.
Canadian High Commissioner.

Rare mind ! firm as the granite stone
From out thy much loved Scottish hills ;
Soul ! clear as sunlight's upper zone
When smiling o'er Canadian rills.

However deserving the subject may be, and however appreciated by those who have experienced his benefactions, and those embrace a very large number of the population of this vast Dominion, it would be impossible in any short sketch to do justice to the remarkable and brilliant career of one who may well be considered among the most favored of Heaven and the best beloved of earth. In "Canadian Men and Women of the Times" is set down, with due distinctness, the various steps by which "Strathcona" arose from the young fortune-seeker in a wild, foreign land to be the greatest power in a rapidly rising Canada. Small marvel that His Lordship's motto is "perseverance;" since, over and through all his great abilities shines forth that indomitable perseverance which eventually gaineth the crown of success ; and even for that alone, his lifetime's story might well be written, as an incentive and encouragement for the youth of this and every other clime.

There are few so deservedly and so universally beloved. Says the Montreal Star in relation to His Lordship's late visit to Canada:

"With the rain pouring down in torrents and the chimes of St.

George's ringing out a merry peal of welcome, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Canadian High Commissioner, hat in hand and smiling happily, stepped lightly into his carriage and was whirled off to his home this morning by the willing hands of the men of McGill, amidst the greatest reception ever accorded a Canadian citizen.

A great roar went up when Lord Strathcona made his appearance. He was accompanied by Principal Peterson, and among those present were Prof. Adami, Prof. Cox, Messrs D. McNicoll, second vice-president and general manager C. P. R., and Thomas Tait, manager eastern division C. P. R., Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton and Major Wilson.

His Lordship was escorted through the thousands of people present by a squad of police, under command of Capt. Read, who succeeded in getting His Lordship safely through the crush.

Arrived at the entrance to the station, Lord Strathcona was placed in his carriage, from which the horses had been removed. The McGill boys started off amid roars of cheers and drew His Lordship along at a smart pace. The great body of students fell in behind the carriage, a vehicle containing the representatives of the medical faculty coming next. Then followed the science men, the arts and law, each with a following of vigorous, strong-lunged shouters, lustily giving utterance to the various class yells.

At the Windsor every window was lined, and a hearty cheer went up. The procession went up the Windsor to St. Catherine Street, and along to Stanley. Going down Stanley to Dorchester Street, the procession proceeded directly to the High Commissioner's residence."

When Lord Strathcona arrived at his house he addressed the students as follows :

"I feel deeply the kindness of your reception and its heartiness, and I hope that I will have the opportunity of meeting you all during my short stay here. The reception which you have given me today will remain vividly imprinted on my memory during the remainder of my life, however long or short that may be, although I cannot in reason expect that many more years remain to me."

At this point a crowd of students interrupted his remarks by giving him three cheers and a tiger, and before the sound of this had died away some one in the crowd asked : "What's the matter with the Strathcona Horse ?" to which the crowd responded in the only manner which could be expected of them.

As soon as quiet was restored, Lord Strathcona said : "Yes, gentlemen, they are all right. They have done, and will do their duty like all the soldiers of the Queen, no matter from what part of the Empire they are gathered, and the same as McGill will do its duty."

Loud cheers greeted the conclusion of His Lordship's speech."

Strathcona endowed McGill University to the extent of over one million of dollars and, after paying half the expenses, \$500,000, of the building of Victoria Hospital he largely endowed the same. Yet, characteristic of the man, and also of all great minds, his modesty has caused him to decline the grateful recognition of his bounty, in the shape of a monument subscribed for by his admirers in Canada; and he has asked that the \$150,000 set aside for that object be given to assist in the erection of a monument to those heroes who fell in the war.

Lately His Lordship presented his native city, Forres, Scotland, with a handsome hospital. But, as it is impossible, in limited space, to dilate upon the valuable life work of the distinguished philanthropist I shall close this brief sketch in the language of one of the many recipients of his thoughtful kindness: "Who, that has heard of Canada, has not heard of Lord Strathcona, whose sterling nobility of character, added to his princely munificence, has rendered him the beloved of the people and the honoured of his Sovereign!

Has there been an hospital in request, has there been a college lacking endowment, has there been a railway or a canal to be built, in short, has there been any call whatever for public requirement or for private assistance and Strathcona's heart and hand have not been alike open? Truly, if Canada has been to him a kind and indulgent foster-mother he has been to her a most generous and most grateful son. Much as he loves the dear, old Heather Land, the land of his birth, his tenderest sympathies, like his long and useful life, pertain to the land of his adoption; and, as he has been faithful to her interests in the past so shall he ever be until in answer to the call; "Well done good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" he lays aside his earthly laurels to accept that heavenly crown. Till then, Heaven's benison rest upon that silvered head, and upon that kindly heart which amid the splendours of Belgravia or on the rugged heights of Bonnie Scotland beats as true to the weal of humanity as when in the fervour of his strong, young manhood, the dauntless stranger

gazed abroad, with prophetic eye upon the trackless, boundless, grass-grown prairie, and saw on it the happy homes of the myriads yet to be."

Loving-Kindness.

Though fairer than exotic flower,
 Though sweet as buds in May ;
 All earth-born beauty hath its hour
 To bloom then pass away.

That mind which soars to loftiest height
 To which the finite may,
 Is compassed by the mortal blight
 Which bounds its little day.

Thou ! essence of the Love Divine,
 With pure and fervent ray,
 Dost through the gloom of sorrow shine,
 And smooth the roughest way.

Thou love ! which levels every heart
 United 'neath thy sway,
 Shalt blossom till all clouds dispart
 In immortality.



Part VI.

Incidents of Canadians, etc.

MONTREAL BOYS AT DOUGLAS.

"At 12.30 we marched in and took Douglas, and all that time every house had a white rag of some kind displayed in its windows. A big Union Jack was run up in the centre of the town by General Warren; the band played the National Anthem, and the town was ours. It had been a pretty place, but at the time of writing signs of plunder are to be met with on every side. The famous Vaal River runs by here.

We had something to eat by 2 o'clock, the first since Sunday night. At 3 o'clock a cry was heard to the effect that they (the Boers) were coming back. Just then we heard the infantry fire, and I knew the rumor was not a joke. We were ordered first to saddle up, but that was countermanded, and we were then told to man the guns with drag ropes, which brought them into action much quicker than would have been done otherwise. Our shooting, judging by what the other troops told us, was all that could be desired. We put in some beauties, I tell you. Our casualty list was small compared with that of the Boers. Shortly before dark the women were seen holding up a flag of truce, and, of course, the firing ceased.

The artillery did most of the work that day, so they were given an opportunity of bringing in the loot. We forded the Vaal River and reached the Boer laager.

We were engaged twice the next day.

Nos. 3 and 4 divisions, composed mostly of Montrealers, joined us after the first two days' fighting at Douglas. Since then we have marched 18 miles to Faber's Farm, where on the morning of May 30th a very unpleasant reveille awoke us from our dreams. When I lifted my head the bullets were coming in like rain, and the Yeomanry horses were stampeding in all directions around me.

My old mare, however, or rather Capt. Costigan's, still stood well picketed beside the tent. She would have been off with the rest, too, had I not stood by her and petted her; at the same time trying to get out of the way. That was almost impossible, however, as we afterwards found out. We were fired at from all sides but one, I think, and that was from above. I don't know how one of us escaped. We just have to thank God that their fire was a little bit too high. Most of the dead were struck in the head. The officers heard the noise of the explosive bullets, and thought that our men were firing off their revolvers, and ordered them

to desist. But they had simply mistaken the bursting of the explosive cartridges for revolver shots. After the firing ceased we were all day bringing in the dead and wounded, and it was just about sunset when the former were laid in their last resting place. The General read the burial service, or at least tried to, for there were occasions when the brave man completely broke down, and his sobs could be heard at every point of the line. Frequently he had to stop altogether. He afterwards addressed the troops, and told us that he had been filled with admiration at our gallant behaviour that day."

The story of Colonel Pilcher's raid to Douglas and the action at Sunnyside, in which C. Company (Toronto) of the first Canadian Contingent, played so prominent a part, has already been related. Although the importance of the action has been overshadowed by the more recent bloody actions at Paardeberg, yet the Sunnyside affair will always be of importance in that it was the first time that the contingent had had any of its men under fire. Fortunately none of Colonel Barker's men, exposed as they were to the fire of the Boers, were killed. The march from the camp at Belmont, out to Douglas, the rough ground over which the Sunnyside action was fought and the march back to the camp in tropical weather was a trying experience for our men, but at the same time one can be certain that none of them would have missed it."

"My Boy."

"Pathetic was the parting on the pier at Halifax, between a mother and her soldier son, a member of the Second Canadian Contingent. She had come all the way from Quebec to bid him good-bye."

The wide world may awake at the sound of that voice
Which pointeth a nation to power ;
As the crowds who have bowed to his wisdom rejoice,
And hail him the man of the hour.
He may stem the vast current of popular thought ;
He may lead, as with bright wizard wand ;
But the speech and the knowledge and wisdom seem nought
In the clasp of a mother's hand.

The whole earth may resound with the clatter of hoofs
As his chargers go forth unto war ;
And the groans of the dying re-echo the proofs
That his triumph no mortal may bar.
While loud vaunts of his courage and tales of his might
Are in-borne over valley and sea,
The fond mother sees only, in halo of light,
The boy who knelt low at her knee.

He may rise to the summit through honor's bright walk,
 He may sink to the lowlands of shame,
 He may wander where crime and where infamy stalk,
 A loser in life's double game.
 The gay friends of his fortune his friendship may boast,
 Or the worldling may know him no more ;
 Yet, crowned with fame's laurels or classed with the lost
 One leal heart loves on as of yore.

He may rest 'neath the sea of a far away clime,
 Or adown 'neath his native sod ;
 The mother will weep while the seraphim chime
 His welcome to home and to God.
 She will long for that land which no sorrows may mar,
 For that bliss, with no shade of alloy,
 And the glories of heaven will seem brighter by far
 For the sake of her ever loved boy.

CANADIAN CAPTAINS WITH CONTINGENTS.

Captain H. W. Arnold of A. Company, British Columbia and Manitoba, died Feb., 26th from wounds received at Paardeberg on 18th Feb., 1900.

D. Stuart—B Company, London, Ontario.
 R. K. Baker—C. Company, Toronto, Ontario.
 S. Maynard Rogers—D. Company, Ottawa and Kingston.
 C. R. Fraser—E. Company, Montreal.
 H. A. Pelletier—F. Company, Quebec.
 W. A. Weeks—G. Company, New Brunswick and P. E. Island.
 H. B. Stairs—H. Company, Nova Scotia.
 W. C. Good—E. Battery.

When the war broke out, a Canadian boy, William Cox, a native of Manguerville, New Brunswick, was building a railway in the Transvaal. When hostilities began he went to Natal and joined the South African Horse. He was at Potgieter's Drift when the crossing was effected. There was a ferry boat on the Boer side of the river, and Cox with seven others of his squadron swam over to bring the boat back. The Boers opened fire on them, but they went on and brought away the boat, some of them swimming with one hand on the tow rope and the other down in the water pushing as best they could. After a few moments of slow progress the rope caught on the boat in a way that made the craft unmanagable, whereupon Cox clambered to the deck and in the face of a hail of bullets, cleared the rope and enabled his comrades to handle the boat. The gallant fellow was lucky enough to escape without a scratch.

T. C. Wasson, formerly of the 48th Highlanders, a famous handler of the bayonet, was at Victoria on his way back from Klondike when the war broke out. He was too late to get a place in the Royal Canadians, but at once started off for South Africa by way of Australia. The first direct news his family got of him he was in the hospital at Kimberley, with two wounds, one through the left lung and the other through the left arm.

Wasson was in Roberts' Horse on the march to the relief of Kimberley and was wounded in action near that city. Lord Roberts shook hands with him and congratulated him on his spirit.

From the Klondike to Kimberley is a far cry, and Wasson is one of the few soldiers of the Queen who travelled more than half way round the world at his own expense to get a chance of fighting.

Rev. W. J. Cox, Anglican Chaplain to the Canadians in South Africa, writes an interesting letter from Cape Town, describing scenes on the troopship *Laurentian*. He says: "The Sunday services are fine. Holy Communion at 8.30, with an old box covered with a Union Jack for an altar. At 10.30 the parade service took place, and I never saw anything finer. They rig up a sort of reading desk covered with flags. The singing was glorious. I never heard the like. For accompaniment we had an autoharp, two violins and two banjos, while the Sergeant-Major stands out and beats time with his whip. At 6.15 there is a voluntary service, just a lesson, a few collects, lots of hymns and a short address. Last Sunday night they sang for two hours after it, and as one of the officers said to me, "Fellows who can sing like that, all those old-fashioned hymns they learned at their mothers' knee, will make trouble for some one when they get into action."

The "Times" correspondent with General Kitchener's column in Griqualand, has this to say of Col. Hughes' services:

"The loan of this able officer is not the least among the services which Canada has rendered to the Mother Country, and it is to be hoped in the interests of the Empire that larger opportunities will be found for the qualities he has displayed throughout this expedition. One is often tempted to wonder whether our army might not make freer use of men whose experience has been gained in commercial organization."

Sidney Vicary of the First Contingent, writes to his friends at the Sault that the Boers have heard about the Canadians. He says:

"The Sergeant-Major of the Remington Scouts told our captain that during an armistice to bury both Boer and British dead and remove the wounded, the Boer commander wanted to know where and how soon

they would have to meet us. He said that they heard we were 1,000 of the best shots in the world, and that the forces under him were afraid to meet us. So, if we ever have a chance to get at him, we may gain an easy victory and add fame to our already illustrious name. The first meeting of the Canadians with the Boers was not a nice experience for the latter, for they were captured bag and baggage, and forty-five of them are now on trial at Cape Town."

The death of Captain C. A. Hensley, whose relatives reside in Halifax, is particularly regretted in his regiment, the Dublin Fusiliers. The correspondent states that Captain Hensley knew not what fear was. He was loved and admired by his men. He further explains how the young officer met his fate. It was at Venter's Spruit on January 20th. During a lull in the fighting he was standing up trying to locate a trench with the aid of his field glasses, when he was mortally wounded, the bullet entering just over his eye. He was hurried to the field hospital at Fairview, where he succumbed. He lies buried with others of his rank in a green field below Three Tree hill.

A, B, C, and D squadrons of the Canadian Mounted Rifles came into Kroonstad after seven days hard marching and continuous fighting. A squadron under Major Forrester, being among the first of the British troops to enter the town. They were a portion of the advance guard of Lord Roberts's main army, and fought daily from Brandfort to Sand River, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. Amongst the plucky feats performed by some of the Canadian force was the swimming of the Vet River by Lieutenants Borden and Turner, with five men, who put 40 Boers to flight.

London, July 18.—In a despatch, dated to-day, Lord Roberts pays a tribute to Lieutenants Borden and Birch. He says: "They were killed while gallantly leading their men in a counter attack on the enemy's flank at a critical juncture of their assault on our position. Borden was twice brought to my notice in despatches for gallant and intrepid conduct."

London, July 21.—The Marquis of Lansdowne, Minister of War, referring in the House of Lords to Lord Roberts' telegram announcing the death of the two young Canadian officers, Lieutenants Borden and Birch, in defending the British position in the engagement on July 16, paid a glowing tribute to the Canadian volunteers, saying: "When we think who wrote that telegram and with what feelings he must have written it,

I think we may say no more touching tribute could be paid to the memory of the brave young representatives of our Colonial forces."

Harold Borcén.

Son of the Minister of Militia. Killed in action
near Pretoria, July 16, 1900.

Oh! well may they weep for their darling asleep
In a far-away African grave ;
Nor hearken the song which the storm-wraiths prolong
As they ride on the turbulent wave.
For the heart strings yet thrill for a voice that is still ;
But the echoes of ages reply
"Though sad be the parting and keen be the pain
It is sweet for one's country to die."

On fair Blomidon's height falls the shadow of night,
And darkens the white-crested wave ;
Since the light of his home lies afar o'er the foam
'Mid the hosts of the loyal and brave.
For the heart-strings may break and the music may fail
Yet the past to the future shall sigh
"Though sad be the parting and keen be the pain,
It is sweet for one's country to die."

The Canadians have been receiving great praise from General Knox. He acknowledges their valuable work in frustrating the attempt of the Boers to take position on the Koomati River and in protecting the convoys and infantry on the return march. The Canadians stopped a charge of 200 mounted Boers who had come within 70 yards of their rear guard.

The Bloemfontein correspondent of the London 'Daily Mail,' describing 'Greater Britain' at the front says: 'To Canada we take off our hats. She has sent us, beside other worthy representatives, a regiment of infantry that wins admiration from every soldier for marching, endurance or fighting. It can challenge comparison with any battalion in Lord Roberts' army, and that is saying a good deal.'

The 'Morning Standard' correspondent, describing the capture of Bloemfontein, refers to the entry of the Canadians as follows: 'They are fine, strapping fellows, broad-shouldered, clean-limbed and blue-eyed. They swing past with an easy stride and a free gait, conscious of the strength and pride brought them from the lakes and mountains of Canada. Their boots were out at the toes, stockings undarned, breeches torn then mended and torn again, but every tatter and every stain was an honor to those

sons from over the sea, who have marched shoulder to shoulder with regiments of long and great tradition.

Lady Sarah Wilson says the Canadian Artillery that relieved Mafeking made a record march of 300 miles in 12 days and so accurately shelled the Boers' positions as to clear them out in twenty minutes.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle sends to *The Friend* his first impression of the war: "It was only General Smith-Dorrien's brigade," he writes, "but if it could have been passed just as it was down Piccadilly it would have driven London crazy. I watched them, ragged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry, struggling along under a cloud of dust. Who could have conceived, who had seen the prim soldier in time of peace that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian! Bulldog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one. Here and there is a man smoking a pipe. Here and there is a man who smiled, but most have swarthy faces and lean a little forward, with eyes steadfast and features impassive but resolute. Here is a clump of Highlanders with workmanlike aprons in front, their keen faces burned black with their months on the veldt. 'Good old Highlanders,' I cried as they passed. A sergeant glanced. 'What cheer, matey?' he cried, and men squared their shoulders and put a touch of ginger into their stride.

There is a clump of mounted infantry, a grizzled fellow, like a fierce old eagle, at the head of them; some of them are maned like lions and have young and keen faces, but all have the impression of familiarity upon me; yet I have not seen irregular British cavalry before. Why should they be so familiar to me, this loose-limbed, head-erect swaggering type?

Of course I have seen the American cowboy over and over again. Strange that a few months on the veldt should have produced exactly the same man as springs from the western prairie.

But these men are warriors amid war. Their eyes are hard and quick. They have a gaunt, intent look like that of them who live always under a shadow of danger.

Here and there are other men again, taller and sturdier than our infantry line; grim, solid men, straight as poplars. There is a maple leaf upon their shoulders, and the British brigade is glad enough to have those maple leaves beside them, for the Canadians are the men of Paardeberg."

SURRENDER OF CRONJE.

The events of the early morning on February 27th, can best be told from outside.

"From the existing trench some 700 yards long, on the northern bank, held jointly by the Gordons and the Canadians, the latter were

ordered to advance in two lines,—each, of course, in extended order—thirty yards apart, the first with bayonets fixed, the second reinforced by fifty Royal Engineers under Col. Kincaid and Capt. Boileau.

In dead silence and covered by a darkness only faintly illuminated by the merest rim of the dying moon, 'with the old moon in her lap,' the three companies of Canadians moved on over the bush strewn ground. For over four hundred yards the noiseless advance continued, and when within eighty yards of the Boer trench the trampling of the shrub betrayed the movement, instantly the outer trench of the Boers burst into fire, which was kept up almost without intermission from five minutes to three o'clock, to ten minutes past the hour. Under this fire the courage and discipline of the Canadians proved themselves. Flinging themselves upon the ground they kept up an incessant fire on the trenches, guided only by the flash of their enemy's rifles, and the Boers admit that they quickly reduced them to the necessity of lifting their rifles over their heads to the edge of the earthwork, and pulling the triggers at random. Behind this line the engineers did magnificent work; careless of danger the trench was dug from the inner edge of the bank to the crest, and then for fifty or sixty yards out through the scrub. The Canadians retired three yards to this protection and waited for dawn, confident in their new position, which had entered the protected angle of the Boer position, and commanded alike the rifle-pits of the banks, and the trefoil-shaped embrasures on the north.

Cronje saw that matters were, indeed, desperate. Many Boers threw up their hands and dashed unarmed across the intervening space; others waved white flags and exposed themselves carelessly on their entrenchments; but not a shot was fired. Col. Otter and Col. Kincaid held a hasty consultation, which was disturbed by the sight of Sir Henry Colville, General of the Ninth Division, quietly riding down within five hundred yards of the northern Boer trenches to bring the news that even while the last few shots were being fired, a horseman was hurrying in with a white flag, and Cronje's unconditional surrender, to take effect at sunrise.

Of the three Canadian companies, the foremost and that which suffered most, was the French company, under Major Pelletier.

Meanwhile, a few formal preliminaries were being arranged at headquarters, and General Pretymann went out with a small escort to meet the Boer commander and his secretary.

Lord Roberts, in the plainest of khaki, without a badge of rank except his Kandahar sword, awaited the arrival of his distinguished prisoner. 'Commandant Cronje' was the brief introduction, as the Boer swung himself off his white pony, and, curtly answering the Field Marshal's salute, shook hands. 'I am glad to meet so brave a man,' was Lord

Robert's brief welcome, and a formal surrender followed, the conversation being interpreted by Cronje's secretary."

"Paardeberg battle ground is wonderful to see. It suggests a pandemonium—the wreck of nature by delirium tremens. The earth is all slitted with trenches, and the trenches are cluttered with trunks, clothing, books, tins, cartridge clips, cartridge wrappings, broken rifles, shelter cloths, physic and spirit bottles, old letters written in Dutch, shells, bullets, wasted food, bags and sacks, harness, tools—goodness knows what not. Behind the first trenches stand the ruins of scores of vehicles. Of some that were burned by shells only the framework and the tires remain. There are buck wagons, ambulances, spiders, Cape carts, gun carriages, and covered farm wagons, all broken, torn, dismembered, and often singed by fire.

As I passed across the river I came upon two mountains—of what, do you think? One of compressed hay and one of oats. And both were on fire, being burned by some men of the Warwickshire Regiment, by order of the Field Marshal, who has no waggons to bring away the precious food, and does not mean that the Boers shall get it. Awaiting the torch was another great hillock, made of a thousand boxes of biscuits. And seventy miles ahead our horses and men were on half rations or less. Such is war.

Such is what must be endured by Tommy, by his generals—ay, and by the Duke of Westminster, who has been glad to borrow a blanket, ere this, and six feet of the veldt for his bed."

True Heroism.

"He, Roland, lived in the midst of the most trying surroundings, a quiet, unostentatious, Christian life. * * * * He lived nobly and died gloriously."—Sergeant A. Mellish.

"I cannot say too much in praise of that Christian soldier, young Riggs, of Charlottetown. * * * * He died worthy of that meteor flag for which he fought."—Captain Weeks.

Not merely on the field of blood
Doth hero-heart appear;
But in the haunts of human life,
In every worldly sphere.

The hero-heart is he who dares,
With courage and with zest,
Pursue the upward, onward path
With clear, unblemished crest

Ne'er sinking that ideal low
 Which forms his beacon light ;
 Ne'er stooping from that lofty plane
 Which marks his moral height.

Oh ! heroes of the camp, the world.
 Of force, of soul, of mind :
 Yours be the glorious flag to lead
 To battle all mankind.

Privates Roland Taylor and Alfred Riggs, both of Company G. fell at Paardeberg, the former on the 18th, and the latter on the 27th.

These are mentioned in the despatch to Lord Roberts : Lieut. F. V. Young, Manitoba Dragoons ; Sergeant R. H. Ryan, King's Canadian Hussars ; Sergeant Pardon, Duke of York's Own Hussars.

General Hutton further gives details of the affair at Klip Kop, which have already been reported.

Lieutenant Young had charge of the squad and crossed the river so as to take Klip Kop from the rear. To this cleverly executed movement the General attributes the success that followed.

"One of the Gordons," in referring to the Paardeburg battle, says:—
 "Between the trenches and the Boer position lay Canadian dead and dying. About 2.30 a wounded man, about 500 yards away, was seen to be trying to make for our trenches under a heavy fire, but was at last observed to fall. Now and then between the volleys he was seen to wave his hands as if for assistance. Suddenly from the left of the trenches a form was seen to climb the earthworks in front of our trenches, jumping down to make straight for the place where the wounded lay, about 90 yards from the Boer trenches. Utterly regardless of the scathing fire that hissed around him he ran on and at last reached the wounded man, and tried to lift him, but it was too late, for the poor fellow had breathed his last. Seeing it was of no avail his would-be rescuer walked back over the ground he had covered, and although bullets whistled round him and tore up the ground in every direction, he coolly regained his trenches with a pipe stuck between his teeth. I have since ascertained that his name was Private Thompson of the Royal Canadians, and although I do not know whether his case is one recommended for bravery or not, still I have never, during the campaign, seen a case of such coolness and pluck as that displayed by Private Thompson."

"I don't think the papers have had anything about Pte. Ernest Lord's heroic conduct at Paardeberg," said Pte. Hine. "It was on the first day of that memorable fight. While under a heavy fire Pte. Lord and another of the Royal Canadians named Baker arose from their cover and, walking along the line, took the empty water bottles from the men and going to the river refilled them and brought them back to their owners, who remained lying in their position. Private Small also distinguished himself at Paardeberg. It was on the 27th February, when Private Harris was wounded, that this act of heroism was performed. Private Harris was in the firing line when he was hit, and as soon as Small became aware of his injured comrade's condition he took him up and carried him back to the trenches."

Another P. E. Islander, Necy Dorion, distinguished himself in the same way on the same day, the man he carried from the firing line to the trenches hailing from St. John.

One of the handsomest trophies sent home from South Africa by our brave boys is a Free State ensign, captured by Private Necy Dorion, of P. E. Island, at Modder River on the occasion of the capture of General Cronje and his army. The flag is about eight feet in length by four in breadth.

Word has been received that Wilfred Dougall, nephew of John Dougall, of "The Witness," has been seriously wounded in South Africa, having had his eyesight destroyed and nose injured. Private Dougall went to South Africa with the second contingent.

Asked by a Windsor "Record" reporter 'What was the bravest deed you saw done in South Africa?' Private Ernie Craig, who has returned from the war, said: 'I think it was that of Sergt. Bert Beattie, of Toronto. When Color-Sergeant Shrieve was wounded twice in the arm, Beattie was brave enough to carry his comrade across the firing line. Both crossed without receiving further harm. It was one of those lucky escapes; but, nevertheless, a brave deed. Sergt. Beattie, the hero, afterwards died at Bloemfontein. He was the son of Mr. William Beattie, Canadian representative of the 'Scottish-American.'

Major Brown, of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, is in receipt of a private letter giving an account of how Trooper Malloy, C. M. R., was wounded. Four of the Mounted Rifles were skirmishing when they came upon a body of Boers who opened fire on them. Trooper Malloy

was wounded, the bullet entering at the right eye and cutting away the bridge of the nose. The Canadians returned the fire, which, however, soon got hot, some two hundred Boers potting at the little band. One of the others turning to Trooper Collins, of the P. L. D. G. said: "Collins, this is getting too hot, we must get out of this."

Malloy, who was lying down heard this and said: "Don't leave me, Collins; give me your hand. I will try and walk."

"You lie there, Malloy," was the answer, "and I will never leave you." Owing to Collins' refusal the little band drove off the Boers and each man of the C. M. R. captured his prisoner. When Malloy was taken to the hospital, he astonished the doctors by helping them dress his own wounds. Trooper L. W. R. Malloy is an Ottawa lad, whose father fought at Windmill Point and his grandfather at Chrysler's Farm.

The telegraphic information that the Rev. J. Almond, B. A., Anglican Chaplain to the R. C. R., 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, and have lifted it above commonplace compliance with regulations, and entitles him to an honorable place in the annals of the first contingent.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, writing to the City Clerk of Ottawa from Clondeboyne, Ireland, thanks the corporation of Ottawa for its resolution of condolence on the death of his son, the earl of Ava. He says: "I ask you to convey to the Mayor and members of the municipality, in my own name and that of Lady Dufferin, the expression of our deepest gratitude for this signal mark of their sympathy with us in the death of our eldest son."

Not for years have all classes of society in St. John more sincerely mourned the death of a townsman than they did to-day when the news arrived that Capt. Charles F. Harrison, of the second contingent, had succumbed to fever in South Africa. He was the eldest son of Mr. W. F. Harrison, some years ago St. John's leading flour merchant. He held a North-west medal for active service in the Riel rebellion with the Queen's Own, of Toronto, and was actively associated with the St. John artillery and King's County Hussars, up to the time of his appointment to South Africa. Capt. Harrison was prominent in Masonic work and attained the thirty-second degree.

Capt. Chalmers, who was killed while gallantly striving to rescue a

fallen comrade, was a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and a veteran of the North-West rebellion. He was busy building a road from Edmonton to the Peace River when the Canadian Mounted Rifles was raised. He volunteered and was appointed an officer. He was a native of Amherstburg, Ont., and was unmarried.

CHAPLAIN O'LEARY.

"Chaplain O'Leary has been specially mentioned in despatches, and will probably be awarded the Victoria Cross."

"We lay for fourteen hours on our faces and hands with bullets flying over our heads. But nobody flinched when we saw Father O'Leary, 68 years of age, walking about, smiling and talking to the men. He helped all night looking for the wounded and performed, next morning, the last rites at the graves of our heroes who died."

"Father O'Leary has been seriously ill with enteric fever. Should he recover he will be invalided to England."

Fair Soul of Music! wake for those
 Who fear no touch of earthly ill;
 Who breathe upon the storms of life
 And lo! the surging waves are still:

* * * * *

Oh! that wearisome march of a hundred miles,
 Over kopje, and river and glen;
 Yet he faltered not, fell not away from the ranks,
 But trod with the youngest of men.

Through the rain-swollen wave in the Modder's bed,
 With the watery flood shoulder high:
 On, on through the sand-drift, and blistering heat
 Of the sun of an African sky.

On, on through the desert, where hunger and thirst
 O'er the region of silence held sway:
 Where alike beast of burden and owner of soul,
 The weak from the strong fell away.

In the dense hail of bullets on Paardeberg heights,
 On the open—he sought for no shield;
 But smilingly walked in the dread firing line
 Some help or some comfort to yield.

Through the long night of horror, when battle had ceased,
 With fingers oft damp, dripping red,
 He searched, 'mid the darkness, that crimson-dyed field
 For the wounded who mixed with the dead.

And when the bright sun of the morning looked down,
 And smiled o'er the streamlets of gore,
 That silvered head bent by those motionless forms
 Which would start at reveille no more.

Though prized be those badges which laurel the brave,
 And precious the honors they bring ;
 Oh ! what are earth's plaudits, or riches, or rank
 To a son of the Heavenly King.

Sweet Spirit of mercy, and comfort and hope !
 When from strivings of earth passed away,
 Thou shalt bloom 'neath the glow of a kindlier sphere
 And the light of a holier day.

Why then should we weep that thy eventide sleep,
 Draweth nigh, since, the burden laid down,
 Thou shalt pass to thy rest, high in home of the blest:
 Rich-crowned of the conqueror's crown.

Chaplain O'Leary, the only clergyman allowed to go forward at first, marched with the troops, attended in the firing line at Paardeberg, ministered to the dying, and helped all night to fetch in the wounded and to bury the dead. He was idolized by the soldiers of all creeds.

Father O'Leary speaks in the highest terms of Rev. Mr. Almond and Rev. Mr. Fullerton, the two other chaplains, remarking that they were splendid companions.

FROM ALL THE CONTINGENT.

SIR,—I have the honor of placing on record the noble disposition, self-denial and generosity of the true Christian leader, Dr. H. G. Barrie, of Toronto, whom the Young Men's Christian Association sent out with us, the Canadian contingent for South Africa. Ever on the alert to give Christian counsel and advice, always on hand to assist materially every man, he has fairly captured the soldiers' hearts. He has been a brother to us all. I have some experience as a soldier in the field, then as a soldier, accept I beg you, this tribute to this man's noble work.

I have the honor to be,

STAFF SERGEANT,
 Canadian Contingent.

Lieutenant Wood, of Halifax, was the first Canadian to die in Africa from wounds received at Belmont, Nov. 10th, 1899.

After the fight at Babuschagne's Nek, 30 men of the Colonial Mounted Infantry were left in a donga over-night to guard a wounded officer till reinforcements should come up. During the night this small force was attacked by 600 Boers with one field gun, but they managed to keep the enemy at bay. General Gatacre wired a special order complimenting the men on their coolness and bravery.

"Private Malloy (of Winchester, Ontario) escaped the fate of eighty of his gallant compatriots at Paardeberg, but at Bronkhorst Spruit a Mauser bullet traversed his temple from side to side, with the result that his eyesight is gone forever. For a youth to have all his hopes and aspirations in life thus destroyed at one fell swoop, and to be able to declare that he has no regrets for the past, argues the possession not only of splendid courage and cheerfulness, but a philosophic mind such as even a patriarchal patriot might envy. He obeyed the call to arms because he felt that it was right to do so, and having so decided, he accepts with manly fortitude the vicissitudes of fortune which have to him been so hard to bear. We do not wonder that the company of eager business men who interrupted their operations for a time that they might honor the Canadian heroes passing through the city, had great trouble in choking down the emotion that surged within them, as they listened to these noble utterances, and gazed into the sightless eyes of the youthful speaker. Sightless eyes truly; but Mr. Malloy has also a soul which is unconquerable, for he wound up his little oration by leading the cheers for the Queen."
—Liverpool, England.

"Our men are standing the fatigue and the intense heat with great pluck, and their enthusiasm is most contagious. Our long marches are enlivened by Canadian songs in both French and English, and all are eager for a battle in which they can prove their mettle. The heat and dust is dreadful, but all are well."

Ottawa, June 11.—The following message from Her Majesty the Queen has been received at Government House, in response to one of congratulation addressed to the Sovereign on the fall of Pretoria —

"Balmoral, June 7. Grateful thanks for kind congratulations on this most satisfactory event.

(Signed)

V. R. I.

His Excellency has received the following despatch from Lord Roberts:—

Pretoria, July 6, 1900.—I have much pleasure in bringing to Your

Excellency's notice the good work done by the First and Second Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles, who have been repeatedly conspicuous for their gallant conduct and soldier-like instincts.

During the attack by the Boers on Katsbosch on June 22, a small party of Pincher's Creek men of the 2nd Battalion displayed the greatest gallantry and devotion to duty, holding in check a force of Boers by whom they were largely outnumbered.

Corporal Mordan and Private Kerr continued fighting till mortally wounded. Lance Corporal Miles and Private Miles, wounded, continued to fire and held their ground.

On June 18, a party of the First Battalion, under Lieutenant Young, when operating with a force under General Hutton, to the northwest of Pretoria, succeeded in capturing two of the enemy's guns, and brought in a herd of cattle and several prisoners without losing a man.

THE RED CROSS NURSE.

Breathe softly that name which the famine-struck breathe
 In a voice which through hunger is faint;
 That name which the soldier in laurels doth wreath
 For to him 'tis the name of a saint.

Not in Afric alone, not in warfare alone,
 Is the Red Cross of mercy anear;
 But wherever disaster, by fire or by flood,
 Bringeth ruin that badge doth appear.

In the shell-shattered town, on the frozen heights,
 On the terror-struck banks of the Seine,
 The naked were clothed and the famished were fed,
 And the wounded were nursed in their pain.

That Cross is a badge for the kinship of kings,
 Is a hope for the sorrowing throng,
 Ah! weak is the effort of language to tell
 Of a life which out-soareth all song.

Since earth is the better, since heaven is the dearer,
 For such visits of angels that be;
 Great Spirit of goodness be Thine to support
 In their richness, those lives lit of Thee.

Quebec, August 13.—Among the arrivals on the "Corinthian" last night was Surgeon-General Ryerson, Canadian and British Red Cross

Commissioner in South Africa, who went out with D and E Batteries on the "Laurentian," and who, as an official at the seat of war, had an abundant experience of the hospitals, their management and the salient features of the campaign. He was on the first train that entered Kimberley after the relief, and took with him an immense quantity of stores for the famine-stricken inhabitants. Speaking of the Colonials, he said: "There were altogether 20,000 Colonial troops in the army, including the Canadians. It is an open secret that the majority of the British officers had a very hearty and healthy contempt for all Colonials, but now it is generally recognized that without the Canadians and their fellow Colonials the British arms would have had a very hard time. The brilliant and effective work performed by the irregulars both in the scouting and in the line of battle caused a great reaction in the minds of both officers and men, and now a Colonial can have almost anything he wants.

It was my special work to see that the Canadian sick and wounded were carefully attended to. They wanted for nothing. Every wish they could express was granted owing to the liberal resources I had at my command. I made it my especial care to personally look after the Canadian boys, and they were well served. Then also the boys who were convalescent were furnished with cash when they required it.

At the Kimberley hospital, after Paardeberg, there were a hundred and forty-seven wounded Boers, all of whom were quartered in the roller-skating rink. Their wounds were in many cases in a terrible condition owing to the lack of dressing. Often serious wounds had been dressed with nothing more elaborate than tobacco juice. They did not receive any proper treatment for days—in some cases weeks. However they were very patient under pain and exceedingly grateful for what was done for them. All ages were represented, from the youth of fifteen to the old man of seventy. Owing to their hardy constitutions there were but few deaths among them."

At Kimberley, Col. Ryerson caught veldt fever and went to Cape Town to recuperate, when he went to Bloemfontein and established a Red Cross depot there. The Bloemfontein hospital was the largest in South Africa, and it was there that enteric fever made such dreadful ravages. It began in April and increased so rapidly that at one time five thousand poor fellows were down with it, crowding every place and giving the doctors and nurses all that human beings could do. The Canadian nurses did excellent work both at Kimberley and Bloemfontein, but unfortunately both Miss Horn and Miss Richardson got the enteric fever and were dangerously ill and will be

invalided home. The others, however, worked like Trojans and are still at it. Within six weeks two thousand soldiers died of enteric fever, wounds and dysentery, this number including eighteen Canadians, Fifty-three poor fellows succumbed in one day. The dead were buried in long trenches. It was a terrible time and the attendants were nearly worn out by their incessant work.

He attributed the epidemic to two main causes—filthy and undrinkable water and the multitude of flies, of which there were millions, it being certain that they carried a good deal of the infection.

It must be a source of satisfaction to Englishmen to know that the noble Englishwoman, Miss Nightingale, is spared to see the splendid fruit of her noble life's work. Next to the Queen, who has always shown such a loving interest in her work, Florence Nightingale is the British soldier's idol.

Lady Lansdowne, formerly a resident of Ottawa when her husband was Governor-General, was the foremost promoter of a recent patriotic concert at Covent Garden at which Patti sang. There was a great attendance of royalty, nobility and gentry, and the prices of boxes ranged from \$500 to \$1,250 each. The big sum of \$55,000 was raised as the proceeds of this one concert.

Lady Roberts and her daughters did much for the hospital in South Africa.

Bloemfontein, April 16.—Please thank the people of Canada, on behalf of myself, the troops and Colonel Ryerson for their generous and timely gifts just received.

(Signed)

ROBERTS.

Miss Gould says that about \$3,500 has been received so far in response to her chain letter, in aid of the African soldiers.

When Private McRae of Co. G. was at Naauwport there were about 1,000 other cases there. He was very near being sent to Cape Town, and could have gone; but wished to rejoin the Canadians, and the doctor did not press him. Private James Walker was in the same tent as he, with an affliction of the lungs. On the 23d the patients were moved into new quarters. The convalescents, on the 22nd had an open air feast,—the

first in five months for Private McRae. Lady Henry Bentinck was one of the waitresses. Besides her there were a great many of the nobility nursing.

St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 11.—At the forthcoming special session of the Newfoundland Legislature, called for February 19, the government will propose a vote of \$20,000 towards the Imperial patriotic fund, as the colony is unable to send any volunteers to South Africa.

Writing to her sister from the Palace of Justice, Pretoria, now used as an hospital, under date of July 17th, Miss Affleck, nurse, who accompanied the first Canadian contingent to South Africa, has this to say:

“ Well, here we are at last—the height of our ambition realized so far, in getting into Pretoria! Sister Russell and I at Springfontein, and Sisters Forbes and Pope at Kroonstadt, received telegrams ordering us to come here. Neither knew that the other had the order, nor whence it came as we were all very happy and contented to stay with No. 3 hospital. Our superintendent was so indignant that she at once wired to Bloemfontein to the principal medical officer to know if we might remain where we were; but the answer came back that it was the Field Marshal's order that we should be in Bloemfontein Monday evening; so we had only one day's grace. We were very loath indeed to leave No. 3, and all our friends, whom we had been with for over six months, although we were delighted with the prospect of getting to Pretoria. We left Springfontein on Monday, noon, reaching Bloemfontein 6 p. m. in a pouring rain, slept there on train and left at 6 a. m. on board Lady Roberts' train en route for Pretoria. We were preceded all the way by an armoured train, for the track had been destroyed in several places only a few days previous. However, nothing exciting happened along the way. Tuesday evening we reached Kroonstadt, where we again stopped for the night. Here we visited the other sections of No. 3, met our old friends and were joined by the Sisters Pope and Forbes. The third evening we reached our destination, and at the station met and had a handshake from Lord 'Bobs,' who was down to meet Lady Roberts and the two Misses Roberts. On our way up we had a few trying experiences. When we got on board at Springfontein who should we see but Captain Barker, also on his way to Pretoria. We were glad to see him, for we had not heard from him since we left the boat, seven months previous. Sister Russell and I very foolishly left without a lunch to eat along the way. We got a miserable dinner at Bloemfontein, for which we paid three shillings each, but when breakfast time came we found ourselves starving, and not a morsel to eat. We tried in vain to buy bread at the stations. At last a staff officer trav-

elling on the train heard of our plight, and gave us a loaf and some butter (a rare commodity), and two English sisters with whom he shared the carriage (for there were twenty sisters on board) had some tea, so we managed, though late in the day, to appease our famishing appetites. We were all right after we got to Kroonstadt and joined the others. They, likewise virgins, were supplied with rations for the journey. Major Dennison took us to his quarters for the night. Here the luxuries were almost too much for us after six months of tent life. He gave up his room, a magnificent one—bed wide enough for four, an open fire-place and a fire, electric light, carpet, lovely furniture, etc. The sudden change from privation to luxuriance almost appalled us. Then the dinner! After being used to one knife among a dozen, etc. Here we had two knives each, violets and roses on the table, and everything lovely.

Thursday noon we proceeded to the Irish hospital, which is in the Palace of Justice, a magnificent building commandeered from the Boers. It had just been completed for the law courts, but had not been opened. I should think the Boers would be furious to see the English take possession of such a fine building. I was given charge of Sir William Thompson's ward of thirty patients, together with three small wards of sick officers—eighteen in all. I found the work immense—never a minute off, so made complaints, and have now only the officers. Any one who has ever nursed them knows what it means. Individually they are exceedingly nice, but they make very trying patients. Among the eighteen I have at present one lord, two colonels, two doctors, one major, seven captains and the others are lieutenants. Another sister and myself take it week about for day and night duty.

There has been fighting only six miles off since we arrived. Just now the forces are all gathering north of us, and a big engagement is expected to-morrow. It is so strange how we meet old friends out here. The first day I was here I met Dr. Arthur Ross, who is with Dr. Duff. They were stationed eight miles out, and he was in for supplies. To-day when I was out I met Dr. Vaux, for whom I had nursed in Ottawa. He said: "How little did I think, when you had that case for me, that the next time I should see you would be in Pretoria!" Then the second day we were here who should happen in but Dr. Robinson, who was our doctor for three months at Rondebosch. I went out with him to see Kruger's house. Saw Mrs. Kruger and plucked violets from their garden in the face of the sentries. Our mails are very slow to reach us here. The way is so often blocked with transports that mail cannot get through. The climate here is quite warm, although it is winter (I shouldn't like their summer) and violets, roses, etc., still bloom in the gardens. We expect to go home by England, but can hear no definite news as to when, but I expect it will be well on for winter anyway before we plant our feet on native soil.

KRUGER'S CRY.

When Kruger and Steyn were at Petrusburg exhorting the cornets and commandants a man galloped in shouting, "The British are coming!" Kruger stopped short and cried, "Inspan!"

ONCE FOR, NOW AGAINST.

Madame Alice Bron, a rich Belgian lady, who went out as a nurse to attend wounded Boers, has returned. She has made known her intention of publishing a pamphlet, which will be a strong indictment of the Boers. She says she has discovered all the vices of the corrupt and decaying country, and asserts that the Boers are hypocrites and liars, and that even the late Colonel De Villbois-Mareuil himself had lost all admiration for them.

"Mr. Michael Davitt, before leaving Lorenzo Marques, said to a shipping official:—"I came to the Transvaal too late this time, but in the next war, which won't be long, I hope to be in time to render some service." We hope Mr. Davitt will repeat the remark to the Irish Fusiliers when they return from the war."

It is a singular fact that "Major John McBride," organizer of the Irish Brigade in the service of the Transvaal Boers, who was a candidate for the House of Commons in the recent bye-election in South Mayo, received only 427 votes, while his opponent received 2,410. In Ireland, as in Canada, apparently, only the froth and scum and dregs of society have any sympathy with the Boers.

LAST HOURS.

The hospital train had taken up its load at Modder River. It had come from Paardeberg, only twenty-nine miles off. Authority had taken the ambulance mules for other purposes, so the proper ambulance stood idle, while the wounded went in ox waggons. These ox waggons had taken bully beef and biscuit, ammunition, and forage to the front, and as they had to return to the rail, what more simple than to fill them up in this way. It is true the wounded didn't like them; they had no springs; they weren't built for men to lie down in, and eight men per waggon was a tight fit. With their worn out oxen they took three days over the weary trip of twenty-nine miles while many of the men had shattered limbs, shattered from expanding bullets, and felt every jar. Still they got in somehow—unless they happened to die on the road—and were put between the sheets on a soft bed at last. One man sat up in his bunk, quietly giggling to himself.

"What's the joke?" said the khaki-clad doctor.

"Only that I'm so glad to be here at last."

Ninety-six of them there were, and they mostly turned over in their

clean pyjamas between the clean sheets and slept the twenty-four hours round, except when wakened for meals.

Cot No. 48 was a fractured thigh, with a hole you could lay your fist in; another bullet had drilled his hips, leaving a couple of holes in him, through which his very life dribbled out. There he lay, crushed with the shame of his own noisomeness and worn out with the pain of these grating bone ends, which the much-enduring splint couldn't keep still. The splint was soon taken off and re-applied. The doctor was a stout, stolid person of the unemotional sort, but he knew the pain he was giving and he saw something of the piteousness and all of the hopelessness of it. As he worked a lump rose in his throat, and he grit his teeth tight. His face must have shown more than he meant it to, for No. 48, too sorely tried to speak, and with big drops running together on his forehead, timidly reached out and patted the brown hand that had been torturing him. The doctor rose from his knees and as he did so he stroked the close-cropped head on the pillow. It was hardly more than a boy's head after all. Neither said a word. Then he had to pass on; there was more than enough to do elsewhere.

In the grey dawn the train stopped at a wayside camp. Something sewn up in a brown military blanket was put out. Cot No. 48 was empty.

TRIFLES.

A Chaplain of the army, through means of borrowing a book in Pretoria, found in the owner a countryman, who proved a very good friend.

Oft seeming simple, trifling cause,
Is hinge to very wondrous end;
And doth a world of ill forfend;
Or evil on ill's victim draws.

One jarring note may start a strife
Which, echoing from shore to shore,
Doth rise into a cannon roar
And needless waste of precious life.

One graceful word may heal some wrong,
May bring repose to tortured mind,
May upward lead the spirit blind
Till caught the tones of angel song.

Thus goes it through the going years,
Thus weakness takes the place of strength,
Thus shall it be until at length
Heart gladness overcomes all tears.

"A subscription of \$580, all her savings, has been sent by a Canadian nurse in New York,"

Dr. Seward Webb and wife, of New York, sent \$1,000 to the Patriotic Fund.

The money collected by the British South Africa Patriotic Fund Association, in Boston now amounts to about \$8,000. This does not include large sums which have been subscribed independent of this organization.

Worcester has started a fund for the families of British soldiers, and the first day the movement was inaugurated \$3,288 was pledged.

"A Friend."

We know not who the givers were,
 Their rank is all unknown,
 What matter! since in heart of hearts
 Their feelings match our own.

That modesty which veils its face
 Before the noon-day light,
 Oft braves the world's supreme contempt
 When called to lead the fight.

The tiny violet in the woods,
 The rose 'neath summer glare,
 Like incensed of a Hand Divine
 With fragrance load the air.

Thus with the titled and unnamed,
 Since, lit of kindred flame,
 The outcome of each generous heart
 Accomplisheth the same.

CRONJE.

Captain Webster, of the S.S. 'Milwaukee,' the vessel which conveyed Cronje and the Boer prisoners to St. Helena, says:—

Cronje and his wife used to sit for hours holding each other's hands, and occasionally reading the Bible. The British officers, anxious to enliven their captives up a bit, invited them to listen to a graphophone which was on board. The Commandant and Mrs. Cronje and another Boer officer and his partner, were amazed and watched the box intently.

They were charmed on hearing Sousa's march, but when Sankey's hymn, 'The Ninety-and-Nine,' was rendered, Mrs. Cronje burst into

tears, while the other women sang the hymn throughout. A banjo solo was next ground out, and Cronje, highly tickled, kept time by nodding his head and tapping his feet on the floor,

He became curious. He wanted to know whether the music was made by ventriloquism, whereupon Captain Webster, for his enlightenment, took the machine to pieces. Cronje was more astounded than ever, and to fill up the cup of his pleasure, the graphophone was given him to beguile his exile in St. Helena.

"The British troops, immediately upon taking possession of the laager, were ordered by Lord Roberts to devote all their attention to succoring the wounded and burying the dead, as well as to the caring for the women and children who were panic-stricken in expectation of some fearful punishment." After the surrender of Cronje.

"That inhuman conqueror, the Duke of Cumberland, caused his prisoners, among whom were many of the highest and noblest in Scotland, to be murdered in cold blood." After the battle of Culloden.

Mercy.

Afar on Scotia's lonely moor
 Culloden's cairn doth raise its head ;
 Huge monument, through all the years,
 Of noble and ignoble dead.

For there the highest in the land
 Before the Prince-born butcher stood ;
 A conqueror, by force of arms,
 A fiend to slaughter in cold blood.

Not such those lustrous warriors
 Who boast no empty badge of power ;
 Beyond each glorious feat of arms
 Rare, high-souled deeds of mercy tower.

That monument which marks the brave
 Whom earthly force had hunted down,
 Doth also mark the ruthless deed
 Which dimmed the lustre of a crown.

Thus, o'er Culloden's cold, grey stones,
 While mourning music wails for aye ;
 Full many a heart in Afric land
 Shall bless the foemen of to-day.

sort, however it is gilded, will ever deceive ane single true chiel o' the Highlands.'

'And then,' said my gossip, 'the pipes passed to the hands of another man, and my servant, seeing me about to move away, touched my arm and bade me wait, as the new player was another adept with the pipes. 'He's grand at it,' said he. 'Well done, Stewart! He's saying, sir, that the reason none will heed those who blame our grand leader that's gone is that there's men of rank among us—and of the proud blood—that'll stand up to any man at home and swear that when our fallen chief came back with his orders for the battle he complained of them sorely, but he said, "No better could he get," and when he lay down in his blanket his head was full of trouble that was coming on him—he not being able to learn what he needed to know against the morrow.'

THE TRANSPORT SERVICE

Splash! A puffing, spluttering sound follows, accompanied by fervent criticism on South Africa generally. It is a trooper who has strayed a bit. His horse has fallen into a donga with about five feet of water in it. He scrambles out dragging his horse after him. He expresses his disgust in eloquent and forcible, but not parliamentary language. Our Mark Tapley friend here shines. He addresses remarks to the section generally about "some blokes as thinks they can get to Bloemfontein quicker by swimming." The victim of the accident gives the delicate humorist one or two vitriolic words in reply. The rain comes down with increased force, the inky blackness seems to get even more inky. The bullocks cannot do any more work. The noble beasts have been gallantly striving to pull their loads through the clinging slush, but there is a limit even to the patience of a bullock. In vain the Kaffirs cruelly lash their teams. A halt has to be ordered, and a laager is formed for the rest of the night.

If there is one thing in campaigning that damps a man's military ardor more than another it is bivouacking in the pouring rain on an empty stomach. He feels absolutely miserable. These men not on duty try to get as comfortable as possible. Some creep under the wagon tarpaulins, wagons loaded with fodder being especially sought after. Here some perservering individual has managed to ignite a fire under a wagon, (there are wooden articles subsequently missing). Round the fire are crouched 20 or 30 shivering mortals wrapped in their blankets, their wan, drawn, bearded faces showing the effects of this terrible game of war.

The rain continues falling with a swishing noise, the cold night wind cuts through the wet khaki and chills one to the bone, but no inclemency of the weather can ward off the sleep so sorely needed by the troops on the convoy. Under every wagon are sleeping forms snatching an hour or

two of blissful forgetfulness 'midst the misery of seven months. Lying in mud, or washed by tiny rivulets it is all the same. They are dead tired, and they sleep regardless of thunder, lightning, cold and rain. What are they dreaming of as they lie there? Of home, perhaps; of the parting from all that made home home. But the reprieve sleep gives them can endure but a little while with 40,000 men to feed at the further end of the endless veldt. Towards dawn the storm abates and the advance is ordered. The troops, chilled and stiff, mechanically repeat the process of the night before, and once more the convoy proceeds on its way o'er the pathless veldt. With the exception of a short halt for breakfast, consisting of a biscuit, a pint (or less) of coffee, the march is continued until about 10 a. m. when the convoy halts for the day, and the bullocks are turned out to grass. The above sketch is a true representation of an ordinary day's work in rough weather in the transport service. There is also a great danger of attack. Apart from this consideration, however, there is no more trying work on active service. Morals and physique are tested to the utmost, and there is no greater test of soldierly qualities of man.

"Disease and Boer bullets have played havoc with the small band of newspaper correspondents who voluntarily remained in Ladysmith. Stevens, of the Daily Mail; Mitchell, of the Standard, and Stabb, of the Times of India, died of fever in one week. Stabb had attached himself to the Naval Brigade, and had fought magnificently. Ferrand of the Transvaal Leader, was killed in the Wagon Hill fight. O'Flaherdi, his assistant, was wounded in the same battle, both fighting in the ranks of the Light Horse."

"How George Steevens took enteric fever no one knows. When the end was clearly approaching the doctor said he thought he should be told of his condition. So, W. T. Maud, who nursed him night after night till he himself became a wreck, broke the news: "I think, old man," he said, "we had better send a telegram to your wife. The doctor says you are not so well to-day." "Well," said Steevens, "you write out a telegram and I'll censor it." Maud wrote: "Husband not so well; condition serious," Steevens took it in his hand. After a pause. "You mean I am going to die?" "Well, the doctors say you're a good deal worse." "Come, if I'm going to die you'd better tell me." Maud said it was so. "Soon?" "Yes, not long." Another pause, and then: "What a strange by-path out of a besieged city," said Steevens. At 4.30 p. m. he was still cheerful. At 6 dead. They buried him at midnight, for the Boers shelled the cemetery during the day, thinking they saw entrenchments being dug; and dark and rainy as the night proved, the Boer searchlights were on them as they laid him in the ground."

INFLUENCE OF THE PIPES.

"The pipes put me through several moods and changes of mind in those long weeks of waiting.

At first, the abundance of their queer music—of which I had heard but little up to then—came as a novelty. Next, they roused my curiosity as to how a piper could have either the will or the strength to play for sixteen hours on end without a longer pause than the minute it required to change from one tune to another. And, next, the unceasing noise annoyed until it maddened me, and I cursed the pipes as an instrument of torture. The piper walked to and fro, the length of the regiment's lines, and, at a distance, the air was full of a 'zizz-zizz-zzz,' like the note of a demon bee, while the nearer it came the more its nasal chords mastered the neighborhood and quivered in my very bones.

At the last (I cannot tell why or how it came about) I grew to like the sound, and to miss the melody when the piper was afar and only the buzzing came to my ears. When he was near he played upon my body and my senses. My pen raced with the purple music of the reels, my blood warmed under the defiant, challenging, scarlet chords of the battle songs, a pleasant sadness possessed me when the tunes were plaintive and grave. Without a drop of Scotch blood in me, I yet began to love the Scotch, and to take interest in all that I could see and learn of them. With nothing to connect me with their land—except that my father attended a course of medical lectures in Edinburgh—I yet could feel the pipes move me and my heart go out toward their players.

In time I used to leave my camp and cross the narrow lane to the canvas village of the Highlanders in order to watch a piper at his work.

And lo! I discovered that instead of one man being the sole piper a score of men shared his work. Those stood in line silently listening and watching as the musician of the moment strode jauntily up and down giving to his hips that swaggering, boastful, swaying movement which your true master of the bag and reeds never fails to practise. They looked at him for hours, now hungrily, now gloatingly, as he stepped to and fro, just touching his toes to the veldt like a man practising to walk on eggs—like one whose body is lifted like his soul by the music he creates. For hours, I say, but in every hour at least two different men were the players. Those who watched were waiting their turns, and ever and anon the player of the moment halted, the flying ribbons fell beside the 'drones,' and the pipe was passed to one of the men in the patient line.

Then off strode the fresh player with the streamers floating from his pipes, with his hips swaying, his head held high, and his toes but touching the earth. Once I heard a man say, 'Gi'e me the pipes, Sandy; I can tell ye what naebody has said'—at least those were the strange words I thought that I distinguished.

What I was certain of was that I had discovered why it seemed that the regimental piper played steadily for sixteen hours a day.

I fell to studying the Scotsmen and their music after a battle in which the Highlanders had met with a great calamity. For weeks they were low spirited and unsocial, even with one another. Such is their temperament—a brave and gay one, but with a substratum of melancholy which will, at times, come uppermost.

'I should not like to crack a joke at our mess,' said to me at this time an officer of theirs who was not wholly Scotch. 'It would sound profane; and my fellow-officers would surely think me mad or idiotic. I suggested champagne the other night at dinner, and I'll not do that again until we get back our spirits. The men are in the same mood as the officers. It is the pipes that make them so. The pipes are keeping them a great deal resentful, and still more melancholy.'

'The pipes?' I echoed, inquiringly. 'What have the pipes to do with their feelings?'

'Eh, man? Don't you know that the pipes can talk as good Scotch as any man who hears them? Surely 'tis so—and 'tis what the pipes are saying, first in one player's hand and then in another's, that keeps the men from forgetting their part in the last battle—Magersfontein.'

Once, as the days passed, when I saw this officer again at leisure, I went to him for an explanation of his surprising disclosure. I had been trying to learn the language of the pipes in the meantime, but I acquired no more understanding than a dog has of English when he distinguishes between a kindly human tone and a cross one. I could tell when a tune was martial and when another was mournful. When a gay one rang out—if any had—I would not have mistaken it for a dirge. To some this may seem a very little learning, but I had begun by thinking all the tunes alike.

'Yesterday,' said my friend the officer, 'we'd a little match between men who had some skill at embroidering the airs of the old ballads with trills of those grace-notes that they call 'warblers,' but this contest was broken up by a rugged son of the hills who, after asking for the pipes, flung from them a few strong, clear notes which gained the attention of all who are born to a knowledge of the music that speaks. I am not one of those, but I called my soldier-servant up and asked him what was being played. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'that's McCallum—a great museecian he is. And hark, sir; he has the right of it and boldly he is telling every one his thoughts. He says that every man kens that yon General (Wauchope) who's dead, was as cunning and skillfu' in war as ony man above him, and 'tis late in the day—now that he's laid away and dumb—to put blame on him as if he were an ignoramus and a butcher, like some others. And now—Oh! brawly ye're tellin' it, McCallum—he says there may be scheming and plotting in high places but no skulldragger o' any

"Another batch of Boer women and children were sent from Pretoria through the British lines to join their relatives. Three days provisions were given them. They seemed grateful, and sang in the train. The exodus of Boer families from Pretoria has surprised and angered the enemy. The step was a wise one, however. The women, though living on our rations, were bitterly anti-British. Very few of them owned property, and many of them were living rent free in the houses here. Some of the cases were exceptional. One woman who had been drawing rations for six weeks was proved to be the owner of fourteen oxen, ten mules and £500 in ready cash. She was compelled to join her fighting husband outside, and boasted that she had fooled the English."

UNYIELDING.

"We may as well give in,' said Col. Codrington. 'It's useless. Wave your handkerchief, Crabbe.'

'I'll be hanged if I do,' said the bluff Colonel of the grenadiers; 'wave your own if you want to.'

'There's no use,' said Colonel Codrington. 'It's red silk, a rag to a bull. Don't be ridiculous and have us all killed. Bring out your white handkerchief, Crabbe.'

And talk of this kind went on for several minutes before Col. Crabbe waved his pocket handkerchief.

The Boers at once ceased firing and came up to the wounded men. With considerable skill and care they bound up each of the injured men, and then, Mass Farm being near, carried them thither. Every attention was bestowed upon the unfortunate officers and colonel, and refreshments were given them. In the course of the evening the ambulance and many medicos arrived, and victors and vanquished said good-bye to each other, the Boers allowing their wounded prisoners to be carried away by our own people. The corpse of Adj. the Hon. L. Lygon was also borne back to camp. To-day it was to have been interred at Bloemfontein, but his relation, Lord Henniker, preferred that the remains should be buried near where he fell, so the body was sorrowfully followed to its last lonely resting place upon the free, wild veldt."

LORD ROBERTS

"Has never been known to use an oath."

When evils hedge thy peaceful path,
Thy golden vistas blight,

Waste not thy breath in sounding wrath,
But steady stand and fight.

When travelling on the upward way,
Turn not to left or right;

If thou would'st keep the foe at bay
Hold on! fear not to fight.

When youthful morn of halcyon dreams
 Gives way to darkening night,
 Pine not for fair, false mirage gleams
 But arm thee for the fight.

The weakest coward, veriest knave,
 Or other low-souled wight,
 Dares blaspheme Him who rules the wave;
 Yet dares not aye to fight,

Oft hills high-seeming to our gaze
 Get less on closer sight;
 Thus, evils which our visions raise
 Sink low 'fore honest fight.

The darkest hour of mortal doom
 Fades 'neath celestial light,
 Fume not when clouds of darkness loom
 But fearless front the fight.

True courage fears no human foe;
 Swear not, but do the right;
 Then proudly shall thy colors glow
 For God shall lead the fight.

AN IGNORANT BOER.

"The Boer prisoners in hospital still continue to prosper and wax fat. I was speaking to one of them the other day. He was an exceedingly interesting man, and the half hour's conversation was very instructive to me. He was educated at Stellenbosch, the Cape Dutch university centre and was one of the last men one would imagine to have any mistaken notion as to Britain's resources, and yet, he informed me, he had been under the impression that the English army consisted of six thousand soldiers.

'But surely' I argued, 'you must know that the British army consists of more than six thousand! You read the papers, you have a knowledge of the world!—

My friend the Boer prisoner shook his head with a wise smile.

"I have seen only accounts of a big English army in English newspapers. What would be easier than for your commander-in-chief to put down an extra hundred thousand troops on paper? If you have so many troops, why are you sending to India, Canada, Australia and China for assistance.

"I did not attempt to explain."

SLEEPY STEVENS.

'Trained not to think,' I said. 'Take the case of Trooper Metford, of the Battersby Mounted Troop. Fifteen men of this gallant force were under a galling fire from invisible Boers hidden in a clump of trees at Paardeberg. The colonel sent word for these troopers to retire, and the captain in command, while executing the order, saw a trooper holding an extra horse.

'Whose?' he asked.

'Trooper Stevens'

'Where is he?'

'Don't know; hasn't turned up.'

Back to search for Stevens went the Captain, into the shower of scudding bullets, earning one of the greater number of those medals, so few of which hit a mark. He searched the veldt until he came upon a bundle of khaki. It proved to be Stevens, lying with his head upon his folded arms, dead—to all appearances. The captain lifted one of the khaki arms, and from the way it fell when he dropped it, he fancied that there must be life remaining in the trooper. He actually suspected that—even with death singing the air full of Mauser music all around him—Stevens might have fallen asleep. He picked up a stick and whacked the trooper a smart blow across the back. Instantly Stevens rolled over, and cried out, 'What the devil are you doing? Why can't you let me sleep?'

Then he sat up and rubbed his eyes. Opening them at last he recognized his captain, and was ashamed.

He was sent to the rear under arrest, and that night he sent to his captain to ask him to come and hear something very important and urgent that he had to say. The captain returned the answer that he never wished to see or speak to him or any man like him while he lived. On the next day the prisoner saw the captain passing by and yelled to him, 'For God's sake stop, captain, as you hope for mercy yourself stop and hear me.'

'Well, what is it?'

'Have me shot, captain; please have me shot. Don't let me be taken before the colonel. I cannot face him—never, never! Oh, do not let the colonel see me, but please have me shot quick. I deserve to die, and I am willing, but I never could face the colonel.'

Evidently there was not a spark of the romance of funk in Trooper Stevens. He was a sleepy-head but he was not a coward.

THE BIRTH OF KHAKI.

Veteran writes:—'Khaki (anglice 'drab') was adopted as the color of uniform first by the famous Guide Corps under Lumsden and Hodgson in 1848. In the Indian mutiny of 1857 we dyed all our white clothing khaki, and since that time it has always been worn in India—either in drill,

serge or cloth—as the fatigue or fighting dress of the army. During the Afghan campaigns of 1878-80 we wore khaki drill or serge throughout the operations.'

ENGLAND'S EMERGENCY RATION

An interesting feature in connection with the provision of supplies for the troops is to be found in the portable rations which are being sent out to them. The principal form taken by such rations is that of tins of "consolidated pea soup." Each two-ounce tin, although only 2 inches in height and 1½ inches across, contains all the needful ingredients for one pint of most nutritious soup with the addition only of hot water, salt, pepper and all needful seasoning being included in the tin. In the absence of other provisions the soup thus made is sufficient for the meal, or at least to keep a man going until he can obtain a more solid repast. With his food in this consolidated form a soldier can carry about with him rations enough to last him, if need be, for four or five days; a mule can carry 1,500 tins, a camel over 2,000 and a Cape wagon about 60,000. In addition to the orders which are being executed for the government, large quantities alike of consolidated soups and of desiccated vegetables are being sent out for the canteens of various regiments, compactness being, of course, again the chief recommendation. One of the greatest curiosities in this respect is, perhaps, a tin which, although just about the size of a man's thumb, contains all that is needed to make half a pint of Worcestershire sauce on the addition of that quantity of water. In regard to the desiccated vegetables, it is a noteworthy fact that most of the large supplies which go to South Africa for the use of the troops are understood to come originally from the Continent.

FOR DARING BRAVERY.

The four scarfs Her Majesty the Queen recently sent out to South Africa, knitted by her own hands, have been presented to the most distinguished private soldiers for conspicuous bravery of each of the following colonies: Australia, New Zealand, Canada and Cape Colony. The fortunate recipients were Privates Dufroyer, New South Wales Mounted Infantry; H. D. Coutts, New Zealand Mounted Infantry; R. Thompson, Royal Canadian Regiment, and L. Chadwick, Roberts' Horse. Each of these men has performed acts of conspicuous gallantry during the campaign. The scarfs have V. R. I. embroidered in silk.

"You might not credit it, but it's as true as I'm alive that at Modder River I saw men falling asleep in the firing line fairly worn out. We were lying in the hot sand for twelve hours without drink or food, and

the heat was unbearable. My company got lost at night and we had to sleep in laager amongst rocks and stones, and amongst the dead till morning. I often thought of home and the children."

'LOOT.'

We have all been slightly misled by the Boer word 'Commandeering.' It makes stealing seem less offensive—in fact, under the new name of 'commandeering' stealing commends itself to many of us. Lord Roberts has been awfully down on it. He seems not to have caught the spirit in which we who would not 'steal' a pin have been 'commandeering' Dutch Bibles, horses, and other portables in our path. At a certain point on the veldt one of Roberts' staff was riding ahead of the Field Marshal and saw a Canadian with two fat fowls hanging from his saddle.

'Here,' said the officer, 'where did you get those fowls?'

'Commandeered 'em, sir.'

'Well, for goodness sake hide them. Here's Lord Roberts just behind us. He'll have you shot.'

Up cantered Lord Roberts with his face troubled. 'What is that man doing with those chickens?' he asked sternly.

'Sir,' replied the staff officer, he has understood that you are on very short rations, and he desires to offer the fowls for your dinner. He got them off a farmer close by.'

'Why, how very kind,' said the Field Marshal, pleased to the heart and smiling warmly. 'What is your name? I am very much obliged to you.'

'Now, no more of that, do you hear?' the officer whispered to the Canadian, who rode away, leaving his plunder, and doubtless very glad to part with it as he did.

THE HORSE IN BATTLE.

When it comes to a battle a horse shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of our batteries in the Murfreeboro fight was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but when he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in he gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the battle was no more for him, and he walked away and lay down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart that killed him.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more in the management of horses than any amount of yelling.

A farrier sergeant writes: "You would be surprised to see how little

the horses seem to mind the noise of the exploding shells. They take no more notice of them than we do. I was shoeing an officer's horse in a space of open ground behind the stables of the hotel. I had already got two or three of the nails in when I heard the screaming of a shell in the air. It burst about five or six yards away. The bits and splinters came whizzing all round me and the horse, but did not touch either of us. Now, you will hardly believe it, but when the dust and smoke had cleared away, and I had got back to my presence of mind—of course, the whole thing didn't take 12 seconds—I found the mare had still got her foot on my apron, and was waiting for the rest of the nails. It hadn't disturbed her a bit."

HORSES WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

An officer was crossing a battlefield two days after an engagement when a horse came up to him and laid its head across his arm. The officer pushed it off, but the horse came back and again laid its head on his arm. This time the officer noticed that his coat sleeve was covered with blood, and on examining the horse he found that the whole of his under jaw had been blown off. Of course, the officer did the only decent thing he could do and put the animal out of misery. Every old army officer can tell of many pathetic stories of the same sort.

Albrecht was the only foreigner who was listened to or obeyed by the Boers except, perhaps, the Frenchman who came out to teach them how to handle the Creusot guns. Albrecht had been a burgher so long, and was so brave that he obtained great power and influence. As an example of his bravery it was said that at Magersfontein, when our artillery was frightening the Boers terribly, Albrecht stood up and said: 'Why should you be afraid. There is plenty of room for the shells to pass on each side of me.' This he said in a jargon language, as he said everything else, for he never learned Taal, and sprinkled what he knew of it all over with German.

Of Villebois, the Frenchman of whom such marvellous stories are told in the European newspapers—it was said that he played a difficult and unpleasant role simply because the Boers will not yield obedience or even respect to a foreigner. When Cronje was at Jacobsdaal, it is alleged that Villebois came to him and said, 'The English are going to surround you, sir.'

Cronje smiled and said, 'The English will never leave the railway.' Villebois replied that there was so much good sense and obviously clever strategy in their cutting loose from the railway and forming a cordon around the Boer army that he was sure they would do it.

'You are a boy,' said Cronje, angrily; 'hold your tongue, and remember I was a soldier before you were born.'

HONOR.

Lord Roberts to Cronje—"You made a brave defence."

When heroes fall in open fight
Where rival heroes meet,
Disgrace may never link its name
With courage in defeat.

Though causes differ, honor lights
Each soul with kindred fire;
And noblest hearts, from highest heights
May discrowned worth admire.

Early last year the Transvaal government called for tenders for 950 miles of seven-strand barbed and plain wire, with which to enclose the entire system of the Netherlands Railway, the period in which tenders were to be handed in being unusually limited. This sudden and hurried desire to fence the railway struck us at the time as being significant, because, in common with others equally well informed, we knew the finances of the State were not so flourishing as to permit of the immediate expenditure of so large a sum as £50,000 upon an undertaking not vitally necessitated by the circumstances; and, further, because the Boers as a body, dislike wire fences as being irksome and restrictive of the movements of their flocks and herds. Simultaneously with the publication of the particulars of the tender, the American Steel and Wire Company had an order placed with them by a Pretoria firm for the instant shipment of 1500 tons barbed wire, and this huge quantity was likewise despatched in May or about the same time as the other wire.

"I saw a Lancer who pitied an old Boer because of his grey hair and whiskers. The Lancer said that when he pushed him out of the way he could not give him the thrust because at the moment he thought of his own old father. Well, the Lancer got five yards or so past him, when the old boy aimed and fired at his preserver, but the bullet missed. A comrade who saw the act rode back and thrust the Boer through the heart with his lance, giving him a second thrust to make sure."

'To give an idea of how deceptive is this veldt on a misty day I need only to mention that a flock of sheep, which a thunderstorm had caused to close up in a block was actually mistaken for a Boer laager. This

misconception was not dispelled until after the scouts, advancing with the utmost caution, had approached within four hundred yards. At double that distance all of us were prepared to certify that we could see wagons, oxen and mounted men.'

Plans of men and mice, says a high authority, often go wrong. Every one of Lord Roberts' succeeded. Every stroke was made at the right time, and produced the intended effect. The blow at Jacobsdal virtually relieved Kimberley; the march into the Free State withdrew Cronje, and the 'debacle' at Paardeberg relieved Ladysmith; at the same time it drew off the Boers from Stormberg and Colesberg, setting Gatacre and Clements free; and the simultaneous movement of these generals at the right moment saved the railway.

The chief of a tribe of the Maoris of New Zealand is sending a club elaborately carved out of greenstone to Lord Roberts, 'the brave man.' This is the first time a chief has parted with one of these beloved heirlooms, which he values quite as an English Duke does his ducal mansion.

There is a stained glass window at Woolwich which is exciting a great deal of interest just now, because it contains a remarkable portrait of Lord Roberts. 'Bobs' is humorously alluded to in this connection as 'Saint' Roberts, because saints are supposed to have the monopoly of figuring in stained glass.

The window in question is to be seen at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and is one of eight placed in the institute as a memorial of the Jubilee.

The march of Lord Roberts' army across the Orange Free State to Bloemfontein is considered to have been a greater event than the march from Kabul to Kandahar. Lord Roberts' army through the Orange Free State consisted of -

Soldiers,	-	-	-	-	23,000
Horses and mules,	-	-	-	-	22,000
Natives,	-	-	-	-	5,000
Miles marched,	-	-	-	-	168

In the march to Kandahar the force consisted of :

Soldiers,	-	-	-	-	11,000
Horses and mules,	-	-	-	-	7,800
Natives	-	-	-	-	7,000
Miles covered,	-	-	-	-	320

This distance was covered in 24 days of some 15 miles per day.

The economic aspect of the traction engines with the British army in

South Africa is not without interest. Operating on the bare veldt, seven of these machines have performed an aggregate 5,000 ton-mileage per day of profitable haulage. At the current rate paid for bullock transportation, three shillings and three pence per ton-mile, a traction engine will pay for itself in ten days.

THE NEW WAR MEDAL.

The medal for the present South African campaign will be the most expensive and the most ornate issued by the war office in recent years. The medal proper is a five-pointed star, with a gold centre, surrounded by a ring of bronze, on which the words "South Africa" appear in raised letters. In the centre of all is a miniature of Queen Victoria. The medal is the same size as the khedival star of 1881. The ribbon is of four colors, a stripe of khaki in the centre, two of white, and one each of red and blue. There will probably be a bar granted for each important engagement.

One of the most thrilling incidents of the advance of General Buller's troops to the relief of Ladysmith is related in a letter from Color-Sergt. Mills, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, written to his brother in Ottawa. His battalion had to cross an exposed ridge on the way to attack a hill. Boers lined the kopjes a short distance from the bridge, and the Fusiliers crossed one at a time, the Boers shooting at every man. The enemy brought down fifty Fusiliers before the bridge was sand-bagged, and thus protected from the enemy. It was a veritable gauntlet of death, and Sergt Mills says that had the Boers been as good shots as they are reported to be they could have brought down a great many more. When the battalion was across the bridge, the donga over which the bridge led contained many dead and dying Irish.

"If you will remember that every shell contains 200 bullets, which scatter in all directions, you will see that supporting artillery is no play."

The meeting between George Shepherd, of Paris, Ont., and Commandant Pretorius, the imprisoned Boer General, as told in a letter to his friends is distinctly interesting:—

"While at the hospital I saw some wounded Boer prisoners, among whom was Commandant Pretorius. I spoke to him and he said:—

'You are a Canadian.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'we have just arrived.'

'Well, my, boy, would you kindly tell me why it is that you have left a civil peaceful life to come out here to fight a selfish war and endure

all the hardships of the field? I am not surprised at the action of the English or Cape volunteers, but it puzzles me why you identify yourself with the quarrel. I don't suppose,' he said curiously, 'that it was the mere love of fighting that brought you here.'

'It was not so much to actually assist England as to show the world the unity of the Empire, and to show that if one part of the Empire is touched, all are hurt.'

He did not say anything for a while, but stroked his beard and appeared lost in thought."

LONDON, Dec. 1, 1900.—The officers and men of the Canadian regiment went out to Windsor yesterday and were received by the Queen.

On their arrival at Windsor station the Canadians were welcomed by the Mayor. Large crowds had assembled and gave the men a rousing reception.

The Queen inspected the officers in the quadrangle of the Castle and expressed her happiness on seeing them. She regretted the heavy casualties that had occurred in their ranks since the war began. Her Majesty thanked her subjects from Canada for the great service they had rendered Great Britain in South Africa, and wished them a safe return to their homes.

Colonel Otter said that his officers and men were proud to render service to their beloved Queen and the Empire over which she reigned. They were proud to serve the flag under which they were born, lived and hoped to die.

Each officer of the regiment was presented individually to Her Majesty, who conversed with them for a moment or two.

Private B. R. Armstrong, of New Brunswick, was also presented to the Queen. Private Armstrong lost one of his legs while fighting. Her Majesty spoke in the most sympathetic way to the unfortunate fellow.

LONDON, Dec. 4.—The returning members of the Royal Canadian Regiment and the composite regiment of Household Cavalry were inspected yesterday by the Prince of Wales at Bay Street Barracks.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, Field Marshal Wolseley, General Sir Evelyn Wood and Secretary of State for War Broderick were among those present and participated in the inspection.

The Canadian officers were introduced to the Prince of Wales who, in a brief speech, heartily welcomed them to England. He said that it had given great satisfaction to him to hear how gallantly they had fought, and he mourned with them the loss of so many of their brave comrades.

The Prince also said that he remembered with the greatest pleasure his visit to Canada.

A London correspondent remarks: "How truly pathetic was the meeting of the Queen and her Canadian soldiers seems to have escaped the English papers. Sitting in a carriage the Queen watched intently the men as they marched by within a few feet of her, and she commenced her speech in grave tones. It was only a few words. But, before it was finished, tears rolled down Her Majesty's face and her voice broke, and at the end it was almost a sob. It is not astonishing, therefore, that when Col. Otter replied it was in trembling tones, and not one of the men whom he had led into nearly fifty engagements felt ashamed of the grizzled Colonel because his cheek was wet with tears."

"A 14 year old bugler boy, in the charge of the 5th Lancers before Ladysmith, galloped forward at the head of his troops, shooting down four of the enemy with his revolver."

"Lord Mount Stephen has taken a keen and active interest in the contribution of Canada to the South African war. His purse has been open to the organizers of the Canadian mounted force. He has also contributed largely to the Princess of Wales' hospital ship."

"Lady Tilly, of St. John, is active President of the Red Cross Society."

Miss McDonald, of Pictou, was one of the nurses selected to go with the Canadians. Arriving in South Africa Miss McDonald was attached to the column that went to the relief of Kimberley. After that she became attached immediately to Lord Roberts' staff, and was with him in all his fighting to Pretoria.

Quebec, July 14, 1900—This morning, on behalf of the Dominion, old Quebec extended to our brave soldier boys invalided back from South Africa, a welcome not only worthy of itself, but well calculated to induce them temporarily to forget their sacrifices and their sufferings, and to show the world how highly their noble services to the cause of the Empire are appreciated by all of their fellow countrymen.

The following is a list of the names of the men, with their injuries, the ailments for which they were invalided:—

Corp. Harry G. Haig, of Ottawa, fever.

Corp. F. Norman Ray, of Toronto, fever.

Corp. Joseph Sutton, of Hamilton, wounded in battle of Paardeberg and received a sunstroke at Osonfontein.

Pte. John W. Cartwright, of Second Contingent, Ontario, fever.

Pte. H. S. Cairns, of Ottawa, fever.

Pte. George Chapman, of Fredericton, fever.

Pte. R. Bruce McFarlane, of New Brunswick, wounded at Bloemfontein.

Pte. W. Wendt, of Ottawa, fever.

Pte. John W. Hartnett, of Halifax, N. S., fever.

Pte. Charles R. Nickle, of Montreal, heart failure.

Pte. J. F. Way, of Prince Edward Island, wounded in battle of Paardeberg, on Feb. 18.

Pte. Herbert Love, New Brunswick, wounded at Paardeberg on Feb. 27.

Pte. Victor F. Marantette, Windsor, Ont., wounded at Paardeberg, on Feb. 18.

Pte. George J. Graham, London, Ont., fever.

Pte. John McLeod, New Brunswick, fever.

Pte. Frank J. McNabb, Nova Scotia, fever.

Pte. John R. Ray, Vancouver, B. C., fever.

Pte. Anthony H. Taylor, Ottawa, fever.

Pte. John H. Coleman, Ottawa, wounded at Paardeberg on Feb. 18.

Pte. Roby Harvey, New Brunswick, fever.

Pte. Joseph Letson, New Brunswick, wounded in battle.

Pte. Dan Ferguson, New Brunswick, injured at Belmont.

Pte. Frank Bath, Halifax, sunstroke.

Pte. F. W. Inglestrom, Toronto, fever.

Pte. C. M. Creighton, New Brunswick, fever.

Pte. M. J. McCarthy, Prince Edward Island, fever.

When the Royal Canadians were at Windsor Castle on Nov. 30, after the parade, the following officers of the contingent were presented to Her Majesty: Col. L. Buchan; Major S. M. Rogers; Surg.-Maj. E. Fiset; Capts. A. H. Macdonell, H. E. Burstall, W. T. Lawless; Rev. J. Almond; Capt. J. C. Mason; Lieut. A. E. Swift; Second, R. H. M. Temple, A. E. Carpenter, A. C. Caldwell, F. L. Vaux, and F. D. Lafferty.

VANCOUVER, Dec. 14.—The city has voted \$1500 to receive the returning soldiers.

Each Vancouver man will receive a suitably engraved watch.

A beautiful monument will be built in memory of those who fell.

Banquets will be tendered the returning heroes.

OTTAWA, Jan 8.—Major S. M. Rogers has presented to the city a handsome Boer flag. The flag is about 12 by 16 feet in size, and now hangs in graceful folds over the doors of the City Council chamber. On the flag is attached the following note: "Bon Vierkleur (four colors) Transvaal national flag captured at Springs, Transvaal, by S. Maynard Rogers, 43rd Battalion, Captain D Company, Royal Canadian Regiment, and by him presented to the city of Ottawa, January 1st, 1901.

Winnipeg yesterday, January 20th, 1901, gave a joyous welcome home to her sons who had done such gallant service, fighting under the old flag in South Africa. The sanctity of the day was not rudely broken, but nothing was left undone to indicate to the returned soldiers that their services were warmly appreciated by their fellow citizens of Winnipeg.

* * * * *

21st.—Mayor Arbutnot rose, and asked Major Williams to rise. The rising of the gallant officer was the signal of a magnificent demonstration. Cheers followed cheers, handkerchiefs were waved. "He's a jolly good fellow" was sung by the enthused gathering.

When quiet was restored, His Worship read a testimonial, which was beautifully engrossed:

"To Major Victor A. S. Williams, and the Western Officers and men of the Second Canadian South African Contingent."

In speaking of his field service Major Williams was very modest as regards himself, but could not say enough in praise of his command and the Canadians generally.

"We marched 1,700 miles," he remarked in speaking of the work done, "and fought in 44 general engagements. We were in Gen. Hutton's brigade, but were under Gen. French throughout."

"The Toronto Contingent was conspicuous in the advance upon Kimberley and served with great distinction under Lord Methuen."

LIEUTENANTS IN CANADIAN COMPANIES.

A. Co.—M. G. Blanchard, A. E. Hodgins, S. B. Layborn. B. C. and Man. B. Co.—J. M. Ross, J. C. Mason, R. H. M. Temple. London, Ont. C. Co.—W. R. Marshall, C. S. Wilkie, F. D. Lafferty. Toronto, Ont. D. Co.—W. T. Lawless, R. G. Stewart, A. C. Caldwell. Ottawa and Kingston. E. Co.—A. E. Swift, A. Laurie, C. J. Armstrong. Montreal. F. Co.—H. A. Pautet, E. A. Pelletier, L. Ledue. Quebec. G. Co.—F. C. Jones, J. H. Kaye, C. W. W. McLean. N. B. and P. E. I. H. Co.—H. E. Burstall, R. B. Willis, J. C. Oland. Nova Scotia.

A list covering many pages is given of the officers of the war who have received honorable mention by Lord Roberts, and are now reaping reward.

Of the Canadians Cols. Otter and Drury, and Lt. Cols. Steele and Evans have had C. B's. conferred upon them—Lt. Cols. Buchan and Lessard, Major Belche, Jarvis and Jamieson, C. M. G. Distinguished Service Order—Captain A. C. McDonald, M. A.. Captain H. Pauet, Lieut. Turner, Dragoons—Captains Cameron, MacKay and Cartwright, Strathconas—Surgeon Keenan, Lts. Christie and Leslie, Strathconas.

Medal for distinguished conduct in the field—Kinsley, Dragoons.

LEADERS

Of those who honoured our heroes at departure and return.

British Columbia.—Lt. Govs. Hon. T. R. McInnis and Sir H. Lot-hiniere; Premiers, Semlin and Dunsmuir. Mayor Gardenwas, Vancouver City.

Manitoba.—Lt. Govs. Hons. J. C. Patterson and D. H. McMillan; Premiers, Hons. T. Greenway and R. P. Roblin. Mayors, Hon. A. J. Andrews and John Arbuthnot.

Ontario.—Lt. Gov. Sir Oliver Mowat; Premier Hon. T. W. Ross, Mayor of Ottawa Hon. H. Morris; Mayors of Toronto Hons. John Shaw and A. E. Macdonald, and Mayor-elect Hon. O. A. Howland. Also Mayors of London and Kingston.

Quebec.—Lt. Gov. Hon. L. A. Jette. Premier of the Province and also Mayor of Quebec City, Hon. S. N. Parent. Mayor of Montreal City, M. Prefontaine.

New Brunswick—Lt. Gov. McLellan, Premier Tweedy. Mayors Sears, of St. John, and Beckwith and Crockett, of Fredericton.

HALIFAX.

The beautiful city of Halifax was especially prominent during the war as being the port of embarkation whence most of the Canadian troops sailed for South Africa,

As a great military station, with its spacious armouries, to which were improvised the Provincial Exhibition Building Halifax was well suited for the reception of the large bodies of troops that, from time to time, were lodged within her borders; and one of the most pleasing features in connection therewith was that the kindly treatment experienced by the "boys" during their short sojourn brought letters of thankful appreciation from mothers and friends throughout the whole Dominion.

Such outcome of heartfelt enthusiasm had not been witnessed for

many a day as that which surrounded the departure of the heroes who went forth to attest to a watching world what loving, loyal sons can do for the consolidation of the Empire of the free.

Amongst all the demonstrations of kindness which would linger in the memory of those brave men, and tend to lighten the hardships of their after career, not least would be that of the smoking concert given in the armouries on January 19th; and amongst all the cheering which soiced their departure no melodies would ring longer in their ears than the characteristic, if not soul-inspiring yells of the Dalhousie boys, which broke in as an inspiring echo to the melancholy strains of "Auld Lang Syne," so beautifully rendered by the band of the Leinster Regiment.

Amongst those who delivered stirring and patriotic speeches on the several occasions incident to the farewell of the troops, were Gen. Lord William Seymour, commanding H. M. Imperial Forces in British North America; Lt. Gov. Daly, Lt.-Col. J. D. Irving, D. O. C., whose forefathers have served beneath the flag since the days of Bannockburn, the popular Mayor Hamilton, Hon. W. S. Fielding and Hon. Lt. Col. Bordon, Crown Ministers, etc.; and upon return of the troops Lt. Gov. Jones, Premier Murray, etc.

A large body of troops, under command of Major Pelletier, returned on the Idaho which reached Halifax Nov. 1st, 1900. They received a great ovation.

A splendid monument in commemoration of those Nova Scotians who fell in the war will be erected in Halifax.

DEPARTURE AND RETURN.

The call goes forth; o'er all the land
The message wends its way;
Stout hearts and faithful rise in haste
To listen, to obey.

Out of those smiling hamlet homes
Where falls the peaceful night;
Along the crowded city streets
They tread, with spirits light.

The music swells, the banners stream,
They proudly march along;
Fair dreams of triumph flush the cheek
And thrill the soul with song.

Oh! many a maiden's eye doth weep
 The tear she seeks to hide,
 And many a mother's heart laments
 The darling of her pride.

But, forth he goes, in hope and strength
 To vanquish every foe;
 For patriot vision sights success
 Which none but heroes know.

The music stops; the skies wax dim:
 At home the vacant chair,
 Speaks loudly of the sacrifice
 Which noblest natures dare.

When, faithful to their country's cause,
 Though sorrow rends the breast,
 They give—nor murmur at the gift,
 Their bravest and their best.

* * * * *

They come; the flags that o'er them wave
 Gleam bright with victory's sheen,
 Yet—Oh! ye scrolls of deathless fame
 Ye'll keep *their* memory green.

P. E. ISLAND.

Though the smallest of all the Provinces of Canada, Prince Edward Island is not the least in point of loyalty. When volunteers were wanted for the war many more of the Islanders applied for enrollment than could be accepted; and those who succeeded in accomplishing their desire afterwards amply proved not only their claim to be termed loyal but also their right to be recognized as courageous.

Privates Taylor and Riggs killed in action, F. Wayne and John Harris, seriously wounded, N. Brace and A. J. B. Mellish wounded yet refusing to give in, Lorne Stewart earning deserved promotion, F. McRae and J. O'Reilly fording the Modder River with the Maxim Gun, H. Brown staying by his sick Captain, and H. McKinnon, E. Bowness, A. Rodd and A. Dillon, with those others who, either by active deeds of heroism or patient endurance of unwonted hardships, wounds and disease have ennobled themselves, have at the same time, reflected honor upon the little island of their birth.

Sergeant Mellish, in charge of a detachment of troops on the homeward route, had the honor of replying, on behalf of Canada, at a banquet

tendered the Canadians, to a speech by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool in the splendid Town Hall of that city ; and, later on, of receiving a magnificent reception from the loyal inhabitants of Newfoundland—his detachment being the only body of khaki-clad soldiers to visit the ancient colony ; while private Lord was amongst those who were received by the Queen at Windsor Castle.

The First Contingent which left P. E. Island consisted of 30 men under command of Major Weeks, with Miss Pope as Nurse and Rev. T. F. Fullerton as Chaplain.

FIRST CONTINGENT.

Walter Lane, J. Edward Small, Fred. Waye, Ernest W. Bowness, Fred. B. McRae, LeRoy Harris, James L. Walker, R. Ernest Lord, Sergt. L. Stewart, Thomas A. Rodd, Artemus R. Dillon, Sergt. A. J. B. Mellish, ex-Lieut.; Hurdis L. McLean, Herbert H. Brown, Charles Hine, Lawrence Gaudet, John Boudreau, Nedy Doiron, Alfred Riggs, John A. Harris, J. O'Reilly, Hedley V. McKinnon, Roland D. Taylor, Fred. C. Furze, Nelson Brace, James Matheson, M. J. McCarthy, Joshua T. Leslie, Michael J. Foley, Reginald Cox.

SECOND CONTINGENT.

Thomas L. McBeth, James A. Pigott, Wm. A. McEachern, John W. Bualter, W. John Proud, George A. Arbuckle, Wm. M. Harris, Thomas A. Gurney, Wm. C. Cook, Robert W. Cameron, Alfred J. Holl, William Ellison Coombs, Robert Horne, D. R. Kennedy, Marcellus McDonald, Lt. J. A. McDonald.

The Island contributed well to the Patriotic Fund and also towards the erection of a monument for its departed heroes : while the Charlotte-town branch of the Red Cross Society, President Mrs. C. C. Gardiner, collected and despatched to the seat of war money and hospital supplies to the amount of \$1141.

As from time to time "the boys " returned, their home-coming was made the occasion of much demonstration of gladness—such as general illuminations, processions, banquetting, etc. According to the press of the period, among those who publicly welcomed them by voicing the sentiments of the assembled crowds or otherwise, were Sir L. H. Davies, Crown Minister ; Lt. Gov. McIntyre, Chief Justice Sullivan, Premier Farquharson, Mayor Warburton, Bishop McDonald, Judge Fitzgerald, Judge McDonald, Railway Supt. Sharp, J. F. Whear, M. P. P., C. D. Rankin, Esq., Drs. Taylor and H. D. Johnson, Lt. Col. J. A. Longworth, R. C. A., Major H. M. Davison, Surgeon-Major Jenkins, Lieut. Peake, Commander Spain, R. N., Editors Cotton, McCreedy and Nash, and G. E. Hughes, M. P. P., who suggested the gift and who, in the name of a grateful people, presented each returned soldier with a purse containing fifteen dollars. A special thanksgiving service was also held in which Revs. Leo Williams, D. B. McLeod, G. M. Young, R. F. Whiston, etc., took part.

Capt. G. S. Beer, son of Dr. Beer, of Charlottetown, and Capt. F. W. L. Moore, of the same city, were appointed to high positions under General Baden-Powell; and sailed from Halifax for Africa, along with 1000 men, on the 30th March.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Premier of New Brunswick, and Mayor John W. D. Daniel, M. D., St. John, were of those who specially honored our heroes.

Canada mourns the loss of the brave Major Howard of Gatling Gun fame.

Lt.-Col. Girouard, a graduate of the Royal Military College of Kingston, Ont., has been knighted for his services in the war.

Perhaps the most curious relic of the campaign in South Africa which has yet reached England, has now been deposited in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. This is one of the familiar Queen's chocolate boxes, treasured as Her Majesty's Christmas gift, 1899, in the lid of which a bullet is still deeply embedded. The Royal gift was carried in the breast-pocket of his coat by a Colonial soldier, who owes his life to the fact.

[PAY IN THE ARMY.

Rank	£	s	d	
Private - - - - -	0	1	0	a day
Lance-Corporal - - - - -	0	1	3	"
Corporal - - - - -	0	1	8	"
Lance-Sergeant - - - - -	0	2	0	"
Sergeant - - - - -	0	2	4	"
Colr.-Sergeant - - - - -	0	3	0	"
Sergeant-Major - - - - -	0	5	0	"
2nd-Lieut. - - - - -	0	5	3	"
Lieut. - - - - - 6s 6d	0	7	6	"
Captain - - - - -	0	11	7	"
Major - - - - - 13s	0	17	0	"
Lieut.-Colonel - - - - -	0	18	0	"
Colonel - - - - -	2	0	0	"
Brig.-General - - - - -	2	10	0	"
Major-General - - - - -	3	0	0	"
Lieut.-General - - - - -	5	0	10	"
General - - - - -	8	5	0	"
Field-Marshal - - - - -	16	0	0	"

The banquet given in Halifax to the soldiers upon their return was the most brilliant ever given in Canada; and its success was largely due to the prompt and perfect work of the Executive Committee of ladies: Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. B. L. Borden, Mrs. Hesslein, Mrs. (Dr.) Farrell, Mrs. George Mitchell, Mrs. James Mitchell, Mrs. H. Blackadar, Mrs. Dumaresque, Mrs. David McPherson, Miss Irving, Miss Crane, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. W. Anderson, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Romans, Mrs. W. R. Foster, assisted by Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Lane, Miss Fanning, Mrs. L. J. Mylius, Mrs. Craig, Miss L. Dunn, Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. A. Wood, Miss Holmes, Mrs. Garrison, Mrs. C. Wylde, Mrs. Dickie, Miss Moseley, Miss M. Murphy, Miss Lyons, Miss Eden, Miss DeWolf, Miss Dunn, Miss Moore, Miss Stairs, Miss McGregor, Miss Chambers, Miss Weaver, Miss Bateman, Miss Moody, Miss Elsie Smith, Miss Hayes, Miss Puttner, Miss MacKinley, etc.

Amongst those who dined with the returned heroes were Archbishop O'Brien, the Admiral, the acting General, the heads of the State Departments, Hon. J. W. Longley, Mr. C. E. Church, Dr. Carlton, Dr. Gilpin, Hon. Mr. Murray, Hon. F. W. Borden, Colonels White, Farmer, Atkinson, Oxley, Weston, Crane, Biscoe and other officers of the army and navy; U. S. Consul Foster; Aldermen M. E. Keefe, Chisholm, Campbell, Hayward, Mitchell, Martin, Rogers, A. M. Bell, Chaplains Bullock, Lane and Fullerton, etc., while twelve hundred school children sang an ode of welcome.

Through invitation of the "Montreal Star" many hundreds of children of Canada collected sums of money for the Patriotic Fund. The youthful workers had their photographs, enclosed in a large album, furthered to the late beloved Queen, who graciously acknowledged with thanks her acceptance of the same.

Through the "Evening Mail" the following: every Mayor in Nova Scotia wired congratulations to the returning heroes: Mayors, Craig, Pictou; Mulhall, Liverpool; Wightman, Hantsport; Lettney, Digby; Thomson, Wolfville; Stoneman, Yarmouth; D. Grey, Town Clerk, Stellarton; Pres. B. Bentley, Middleton; Dickey, Amherst; Ruggles, Bridgetown; Rudolf, Lunenburg; Johnson, Dartmouth; Graham, New Glasgow; Stuart, Truro; Conway, Springhill; Day, Parrsboro; Gould, Kentville; Robinson, Annapolis; Curry, Windsor; McDonald, Kentville; and McCormack, Sydney Mines; while Dr. J. M. Wardel, C. M. Pike, etc., greeted them in patriotic odes of welcome.

Previous to the decease of our late beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria, it was arranged that, out of compliment to the patriotism of the Colonies and respect to the memories of those heroes who had fought and died in the South African war, the Duke of York as heir prospective of the Brit-

ish Crown, should pay a friendly visit to the principal ports of the Empire beyond the seas.

This project is now being realized. Leaving England in April on the S. S. Ophir, with suitable convoy, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, after meeting with loyal and enthusiastic receptions at the ports of call intervening, have now reached the Australian Continent and are enjoying the manifestations of loyalty therein accorded them.

A special correspondent of a London newspaper writing from "Melbourne the magnificent," says:

To-day, the proudest moment in Australia's history arrived, when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, amid the thunder of guns and the cheers of thousands of loyal citizens of the Empire, set foot on the soil of the great Southern Federation. At last the instant so eagerly awaited, which had set a whole continent agog with excitement and fanned the fame of loyalty to unparalleled intensity, had come. The people of this huge new world, with its immense future, were eagerly waiting the signal to proclaim in tens of thousands of voices their joy at the coming of Britain's heir, and to demonstrate their love for those who appeared amongst them as the living embodiment of the motherland.

The establishment of the Commonwealth, indeed, has raised Australia to a higher plane, and has created a new empire. The presence of their Royal Highnesses is serving to cement the brotherhood of the Antipodes, and their visit is regarded as a British acknowledgment of the loyal services rendered to England in her hour of pressing need, and of the proud position attained by the Federation.

Consequently, all that lavish display of money and popular rejoicing can do to testify gratitude has been done, and Melbourne to-day is the Mecca of thousands of pilgrims from every corner of the continent.

Their Royal Highnesses are expected in a short time to reach Canada, and will assuredly meet with such a reception as will afford satisfaction to the distinguished visitors and reflect honor upon the loving, loyal Canadian children of the grand, old Motherland.

One hundred and forty-five Canadians died for the Empire in South Africa, that being five per cent. of the total strength of the Contingents.

PART VII.

The Southern Seas.

BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES.

A mother, serene in the beauty of age,
Rich dowered of her purposes high,
Looked forth to behold, on the brightest of blue
Dark cloudlets loom up on the sky.

She said, and her eyes bore a sorrowing light,
" 'Tis not for the home-land I fear ;
But the shadows fall fast on the well loved heads
Of the distant yet evermore dear.

Her breathings went out to the ends of the earth,
And over each mountain and sea
Came answer, "Oh mother ! though severed afar
We are one in devotion to thee.

" Though tall and full grown as to stature and years
We would not forget, if we might,
That in nurture of childhood, protection of youth,
Thou hast steadied our steps for the right.

" We shall rally and follow where'er thou may'st lead,
From the south to the bright Polar Star;
We shall rally and follow till oceans of peace
O'er-flood the dark crimson of war."

Australia.

On the first day of the 20th century, all the divisions of country on the southern continent, consisting of New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, West Australia, Victoria and also the island of Tasmania, were united under one government, and now form the Commonwealth of Australia; the

first Governor of the same being the Earl of Hopetown, with Hon. Edward Barton as Prime Minister. It will ever be remembered to the credit of Australia that the loyal Queenslanders were the first to offer their services, of all Britain's colonies, in this war.

On July 11, 1899, months before the negotiations between Boer and Britain had reached an acute stage the Queensland parliament passed, amid a remarkable burst of enthusiasm, a resolution offering the Home Government the services of two hundred and fifty mounted infantry, with machine guns, in case of hostilities.

The N. S. W. Lancers, after six months training at Aldershot volunteered for service in Africa and left for the Cape as early as Oct. 10th. A second contingent left Sydney Nov. 5th. Indeed, such patriotism was aroused in Australia that the vessels carrying the various contingents were put under special watch to prevent an army of stowaways from getting on board. Australia has sent six contingents to the war, consisting in all of over 8,000 men; and besides maintaining, where requisite, the families of those who went to Africa, has subscribed immense sums towards every loyal and patriotic purpose connected therewith. The valuable services of the Australians as a whole, and the conspicuous bravery of individuals, such as the holding of Klipriversberg Drift, with a small band of 31 men against 1000 Boers for six hours, thereby saving a convoy of 17 waggons; and that of Captain Selheim who, with 12 others, crossed the Modder river under a heavy fire, etc., is not likely soon to be forgotten, but will endure with the best annals of the nation, riveting closer than ever the bond of affection between all the loyal children of the dear old Motherland.

"The Boers left charges of rack-a-rock under the railway rails at intervals, between Brandford and Smaldeel, which might have caused loss of life had the trick not been discovered by a West Australian infantryman with his wits about him."

"A Company of New South Wales Mounted Infantry was unfortu-

nately annihilated, most of the men's bayonets, however, bearing the imprint of sanguinary conflict with their foes. "

" We camped at Driefontein, beside a branch of the Australian hospital—famed as the most excellent of army hospitals. "

HOW AUSTRALIANS FIGHT.

" He carried one arm in a sling, and the bandage round his neck hid a bullet wound.

'The Australians can fight,' he said simply. 'They wounded me—and killed my father.'

Perhaps it was the wind sighing through the hospital trees that made the Boer lad's voice grow strangely husky ; possibly the same cause filled the blue eyes with unshed tears.

'It was in fair fight, lad,' I said gently. 'It was the fortune of war.'

'Yes, he answered, 'it was a fair fight—an awful fight—I hope I'll never look upon another like it.' 'Damn the fighting,' he broke out fiercely. 'Damn the fighting! I did not hate your Australians. I did not want to kill any of them. My father had no ill-will to them, nor they to him, yet he is out there—out there between two great kopjes, where the wind always blows cold and dreary at night time.

'We had ambushed a lot of the British troops—the Worcesters, I think they called them. They could neither advance or retire ; we had them penned in like sheep, and our Field Cornet, VanLayden, was beseeching them to throw down their rifles to save being slaughtered, for they had no chance. Just then we saw about 100 come bounding over the rocks behind us. There were two great big men in front cheering them on. They rushed wildly over everything, firing as they came, not wildly, but as men who know how to use a rifle, with the quick, sharp upward jerk to the shoulder, that rapid sighting, and then the shot. They knocked over a lot of our men, but we had a splendid position. They had to expose themselves to get to us, and we shot them as they came at us. They were rushing to the rescue of the English. It was splendid, but it was madness. On they came, and we lay behind the boulders and our rifles snapped and snapped again at pistol range, but we did not stop those wild men until they charged right into a little basin, which was fringed around all its edges by rocks covered with bushes. Our men lay there as thick as locusts, and the Australians were fairly trapped. They were far worse off than the Worcesters up the ravine.

Our Field Cornet gave the order to cease firing, and called on them to throw down their rifles or die. Then one of the big officers, a great, rough-looking man, with a voice like a bull, roared out, 'Forward

Australians—no surrender.' These were the last words he ever uttered, for a man on my right put a bullet clean between his eyes, and he fell forward dead. We found later that his name was Major Eddy of the Victoria Rifles. He was as brave as a lion, but a Mauser bullet stops the bravest. His men dashed at the rocks like wolves—they smashed at our heads with clubbed rifles or thrust their rifles up against us through the rocks and fired. One by one their leaders fell.' "

" If we once got that kopje there was nothing on earth could stop us. We could pass on and sweep around the retiring foe and wipe them off the earth as a child wipes dirt from its hands, and we laughed when we saw that only about twenty Australians had been left to guard the kopje.

There were about four hundred of us, all picked men, and when the commandant called us to go and take the kopje we sprang up eagerly and dashed over some hills, meaning to cross the gully and charge up the kopje. Scarcely had we risen to our feet than the Australians loosened their rifles on us and not a shot was wasted. They did not fire as regular soldiers always do, volley after volley, straight in front of them, but every man picked his man and shot to kill.

We dropped to cover and tried to pick them off, but they were cool and watchful, throwing no charge away. We tried to crawl from rock to rock to hem them in, but they, holding their fire until our burghers moved, plugged us with lead.

Then once again we tried to rush the hill, and once again they drove us back, though our guns were playing on the heights they held. We could not face their fire. They did not play wild music, they only shot as we never saw men shoot before.

Then we got ready to sweep the hill with guns, but our brave commandant, admiring these brave few, sent an officer to them to ask them to surrender, promising them all the honors of war. But they sent word to come and take them if we could. And then an officer asked them three times to hold up their hands, and at the third time a sergeant said, 'Aye, we will hold up our hands, and when we do, by God, you'll find a bayonet in 'em.' And there they remained, though we shelled them and tried to rush them under cover of the artillery fire. Then when all of their men were safe, they jumped into their saddles and made off carrying their wounded with them. They were but 20 and we 400."

New Zealand.

The beautiful Island, or rather Islands of New Zealand with their 800,000, irrespective of natives, of highly advanced people decline to join the Commonwealth of Australia, preferring to remain as heretofore under their own constitution, with the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Ranfurly as Governor and the Rt.

Hon. Richard John Seddon, P. C. L. L. D., as Premier. The New Zealanders have proved themselves second to none in their loyalty to the Motherland; and by their unswerving valour on the battlefield, and their valuable services as scouts, etc., have amply demonstrated not only their inborn courage but also the exceeding value of the training which they have experienced.

They have already furnished six contingents for the Army in Africa, and are now enrolling a seventh.

The First Contingent of two hundred and thirteen men, under command of Major A. W. Robin, N. Z. M., sailed for the seat of war 21st October, 1899.

2nd—Two hundred and sixty-eight men, under Major Montague Craddock, N. Z. M., left 20th January, 1900.

3rd—Two hundred and sixty-two men, under Major T. Jowsey, N. Z. M., 17th February, 1900.

4th—Two hundred and twenty-three men, under Major J. R. Somerville, V. D., N. Z. M., 31st March, 1900, and two hundred and forty-one men, under Major F. W. Francis, V. D., N. Z. M., 24th March.

5th—Five hundred and fifty-three men, under Lt.-Colonel Stewart Newall, N. Z. M., 31st March, 1900.

6th—Five hundred and seventy-three men, under Lt.-Col. Banks, N. Z. M., 31st January, 1901, two hundred and thirty-three in all.

Though far divided by land and sea, shall we not exchange heart-felt greetings with our noble and valiant brothers who go forth thus freely to conquer or to die in one glorious common cause.

GREAT GALLANTRY

BLOEMFONTEIN, December 2. 1899.—Further details have been received regarding the fight near Reitfontein between the British under General Paget and the Boers under Commandants Viljoen and Erasmus November 28 and November 29. General Paget toward evening on the second day, closed in upon the Boer position with the intention of attacking next day at dawn. They, however, with reinforcements, including three guns, made a desperate attack and severe fighting ensued.

The Boers, who were repulsed with heavy loss, withdrew in a north-

easterly direction. General Paget, having occupied their position, sent mounted infantry in pursuit.

The New Zealanders displayed great gallantry, losing five killed, six wounded officers.

The paim for scouting was accorded to the Mounted corps from New Zealand and Canada.

PRETORIA, December 11.—One hundred New Zealanders who were in General Knox's fight at Rhenoster Kop, had all their officers and thirty men killed or wounded. They fought with dogged courage for seventeen hours without moving.

'Tis hard to choose where all deserve
 A nation's meed of praise ;
 Since sacrifice is offered up
 In hosts of devious ways.

While round Britannia's glorious flag
 A strong and valiant band
 Stands ready to defend the cause
 Of home and Motherland.

Yet some, as giants in the wood,
 Tower high among their kind
 And deeds like those impress their stamp,
 Upon a nation's mind.

India.

India acted nobly. The whole of the expenses in connection with the sending to the seat of war 10,000 of the Regulars were borne by the Indian Government, in addition to the Volunteer forces, whose services were so valuable. The native Princes exhibited by their lavish gifts in money, trained horses etc., the utmost loyalty to the Crown, while the troops did the utmost honor to their arms in the field of battle as did the native water carriers and ambulance-bearers whose services were so highly appreciated, not only by the wounded and fatigued,

but also by the medical staff, the hospital nurses, and indeed everyone of the rank and file of the whole army.

The small Island of Ceylon sent a contingent of 130 men raised from among its British residents, and also contributed over £5,000 to the Patriotic Fund.

South Africa.

Natal, for all the native population is twelve to one of the white, remained firm in its loyalty to the Empire. One in every five were in the army, making in all volunteers and regulars, nearly 9,000 men. When it is considered that such a large number of these men were of Dutch descent Natal has every claim upon our admiration. The Natal forces were in active engagements from the beginning of the war, and previous to taking part in the notable battle of Talana Hill were three days and nights in the saddle and tasted no food for 24 hours. They were with Buller at Colenso, Elandslaagte and Spion Kop, and in a fight of 17 hours' duration one squadron stood their ground against the whole Boer force, with the sad loss of eight out of their ten officers.

Cape Colony, from its half Dutch inhabitants, raised a huge army of volunteers which with the regulars swelled up to almost 25,000 men. The army of defence was greatly assisted by the railway officials and by the private generosity of such individuals as Mr. G. Farrer and Mr. A. Bailey, and also by the energetic work of the ladies of the Cape; who not only assisted in providing for the wants of the soldiers but organized measures for the relief of the great influx of starving women and children who had flocked over the border from the Transvaal.

Although patriotic volunteers were offered from every dependence of the Empire it was thought better not to accept of the services of all. Still the offer of assistance towards the needs of warfare was most gratefully accepted and from every part of the globe came monetary contributions for the cause.

The Colonies have contributed in all over 60,000 men—

horses about 50,000—and expenditure, along with the Patriotic Fund, close upon £5,000,000.

Beneath One Flag.

Wave out, Oh glorious standard!
To every breeze that blows;
Thus wave in halcyon days of peace,
Thus front a world of foes.
Britain! Australia! Canada!
One speech, one mind, one soul;
Like aim within the ridge of time,
Like hope beyond the goal.
Beneath that flag, that glorious flag!
No foreign foe, nor loss
But stirs the soul from Polar star
Unto the Southern Cross.
New Zealand! Ind! South Africa!
United heart and hand
Thy sons have traversed land and wave
In phalanx firm to stand.
Float on, for ever, conquering Flag!
Wave out Red, White and Blue!
What enemy may dare thy wrath
Since thine to thee prove true.
Britannia, and her loyal sons!
With Freedom's flag unfurled,
Out of the din shall dawn in peace
A fair millennial world.



c



FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS
V. C., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E.

op
Be
tic
wi
ex
tai
car
the
he
wh
up
said

PART VIII.
Generals of the War.

BRITAIN'S GENERALS.

What of those olden warriors
Who gloried o'er their slain ;
Who dragged behind gay Triumph's car
King captives and their train ?

Where be those crowns of laurel leaf,
Where be those plaudits vain ?
Long faded is the victor's wreath
Long dropped the captive's chain.

But o'er those Heaven-gilt diadems
Which stoop o'er woe and pain :
Though years may dim the sterling gold
Its worth shall never wane.

LORD ROBERTS.

"The sentence 'Bobs is coming' was like an abracadabra, opening the way ahead, levelling the kopjes, vanquishing the Boers, ending the tiresome, disappointing struggle—all in anticipation, of course, and yet in an anticipation steel-girded with confidence.

It was not only the men in the ranks who showed and exulted in this re-invigoration ; their officers were just as certain that it was the master who was coming.

The first time the correspondents saw him was at a railway car window at Modder River. He sent for them and addressed them as one who speaks to friends. It seemed to them that he lifted every disability and brushed away every limitation which had hampered and almost crippled them in their work up to that time. They were to write what they pleased, he said, and this was not to be censored. Only their telegrams



FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS
V. C., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E.

of
B
tic
w

ex
tai

car
the
he
wh
up
sai

PART VIII.

Generals of the War.

BRITAIN'S GENERALS.

What of those olden warriors
Who gloried o'er their slain ;
Who dragged behind gay Triumph's car
King captives and their train ?

Where be those crowns of laurel leaf,
Where be those plaudits vain ?
Long faded is the victor's wreath
Long dropped the captive's chain.

But o'er those Heaven-gilt diadems
Which stoop o'er woe and pain :
Though years may dim the sterling gold
Its worth shall never wane.

LORD ROBERTS.

“The sentence ‘Bobs is coming’ was like an abracadabra, opening the way ahead, levelling the kopjes, vanquishing the Boers, ending the tiresome, disappointing struggle—all in anticipation, of course, and yet in an anticipation steel-girded with confidence.

It was not only the men in the ranks who showed and exulted in this re-invigoration ; their officers were just as certain that it was the master who was coming.

The first time the correspondents saw him was at a railway car window at Modder River. He sent for them and addressed them as one who speaks to friends. It seemed to them that he lifted every disability and brushed away every limitation which had hampered and almost crippled them in their work up to that time. They were to write what they pleased, he said, and this was not to be censored. Only their telegrams

must be scrutinized. They were to go wherever he went, wherever they willed to go.

Many had never seen him before, but all surrendered to the spell that surcharges the atmosphere around him—during this brief interview, in which he revealed that sympathy, trust, and frankness and that breadth of view which are amongst his most marked traits. They looked on his face as upon the face of a man-leader; a man born to ride in the van of men, to be followed and obeyed.

Care, worry, sickness, danger, unceasing reflection, all had left their marks there, yet all were written across a gentle, sympathetic countenance, never gay or merry, yet seldom stern, and wholly ignorant of passion.

He was as frank and liberal in his welcome to the foreign attaches as he has been to the war correspondents. The attaches had waited in Capetown until he sent for them.

When they met Lord Roberts he said, in effect: 'You are to do as you please and go where you like; only please do not get in the way of any bullets, as I am responsible for your safety.'

Lord Roberts never objects to the publication of anything he says before a gathering of men, because it is his rule never to say what he would regret to have repeated. He works continuously and to do so he has to be free from interruption; therefore visitors meet him only at lunch or dinner. In Bloemfontein, where he was living between walls, his table was a small one, standing a few feet from the head of the very large long table at which sat his staff—his ponderous impressive staff of distinguished men of the aristocracy.

Lord Roberts never smokes tobacco, and with drink he has little to do. He never parades his piety, never forces it upon those around him. Yet on every Sunday since he joined the army he has attended divine service. Not a word has he ever spoken to his staff suggesting or ordering their presence—yet he is certain to attend weekly service—an example to the Army so modestly and so persistently presented that it cannot help but be powerful.

'He is all things to all men, in the best sense of the phrase.'

said one who knows him well. "He has the royal gift of remembering everybody, the superhuman quality of flawless tact, the superior, almost superhuman, gift of justice. Good men like him because he is good ; kindly men find a responsive chord in his nature ; and those who are stern feel that he too is stern upon occasion.

His army will do anything for him, march longer, starve harder, go without tents or blankets more days and weeks, and die in greater numbers for him than for any other man alive. And they will do all these things willingly and gladly, where other armies might protest and grumble and go ahead with sullenness. He can get more out of an army, from the Guards down to the roughest scouting force (as he did between Modder River and Bloemfontein) than any Russian or German General could extort with iron discipline and adamantine authority. It was the so-called 'London Pets'—the Guards—who broke all European records in a three days' march into the Free State. Instead of grumbling they made it a matter for boasting. Whenever other privates would damn another leader Roberts' men say, simply, 'Bobs knows what 'e's about' ; 'Bobs will do the job.' It suffices the majority merely to sum him up with the phrase, 'E's a man !' He can make no mistake that his army will recognize. Whatever he orders or does is regarded as the reflection of superhuman inspiration."

Lord Roberts's interesting work "Forty-one years in India," has gone through 29 editions.

Lady Roberts is distinguished for her persevering efforts to ameliorate the hard lot of the soldier in foreign climes—more especially is she known and beloved on account of her nursing and other helpful schemes.

LORD KITCHENER.

Is conceded to be the greatest military organizer of the present time.

"At the end of the room, at a table which commands a view of all the rest of the room and all the other desks, sits a big stern man, with a heavy mustache, intent upon papers ; he

is engaged in re-organizing the transport system—in time of war in the midst of a campaign he is doing for himself what the whole Pall Mall would have bungled at for years in time of peace.”

Some trust to, so called, luck or chance,
And neither do nor dare ;
While others find their reckless schemes
But castles in the air.

Success means honest, arduous work,
And many a climb up hill ;
With purpose set toward the goal,
And strong, determined will.

Sometimes a special Providence
Accords un-looked for fate ;
Yet, Heaven helps those who help themselves,
If they but work and wait.

Still, better fail than reach success,
In work, or fame or wealth,
Through wreck of conscience, deeds of wrong
Or loss of moral health.

Then, honor to the stern, hard work
Which nobler natures dare ;
Which bringeth solid, sure success
And not mere empty glare.

GENERAL BULLER

“ The bravery, fortitude and undaunted spirit with which General Buller’s forces, after three repulses, at last forced their way through the almost impregnable natural fortresses of the boulder-strewn mountain regions between the Tugela River and Ladysmith, have been beyond all praise. Their esteem of, and confidence in, their commander seemed only to increase after each repulse and their determination to succeed became more stolid. Praise of General Buller in that dark period came almost solely from his own army. ‘ Buller is all right. ’ ‘ Buller knows his business, ’ ‘ Buller will get there, you’ll

see,' was heard after each repulse from this splendidly loyal army. General Buller's fine exclamation of admiration at the conduct of his troops, 'the men are splendid,' found an echo in every British heart at that trying time. Balaclava discovered no more magnificent spirit than did Colenso and Spion Kop. General Buller did get to Ladysmith on that ever memorable March day, but only after the awful conflict of Pieter's Hill, the storming and capture of which is regarded by military authorities, who have been over the ground since and have calculated the strength of the Boer position, a splendid military feat."

"Scotland may claim General Wauchope as her son by birth, but the Empire claims a right to a share of the honor of his splendid career and glorious death."

"Sir Francis Clery is a man of pluck, besides a soldier of sound military education. He has a quick eye for country, and a clear knowledge of what troops can and should do."

GENERAL WARREN.

"He is a thorough soldier but by no means a society man. He is simple and abstemious in his manner of living, a tireless worker, patient, cautious, but most persistent in carrying out what he undertakes. He resembles Gordon in his earnest piety, and knows South Africa thoroughly. These qualities and qualifications made him conspicuous in the campaign."

LORD METHUEN

"Is a thoroughbred gentleman of that high class which has distinguished itself in this war rather by casting in its lot with the rest, not only sharing every hardship to which the humblest clay was subjected, but setting a priceless example of daring unto death."

Not plenteous means, not self-same chance,
 Doth level human kind;
 There is a wealth of heart and soul,
 A richness of the mind.

Beyond the worth of market rates ;
 A treasure all sublime,
 Which yieldeth not to moral rust
 Nor dims through force of time.

Condition hedgeth not the gift ;
 Since heaven delights to yield
 Like precious unction to the brave
 On throne or tented field.

GENERAL GATACRE

Must not be judged by Stromberg. What happened there is by now ancient history. It was alleged that the map of the ground was utterly misleading, that no compass bearings were taken, and so no one knew where he was being taken in the dark ; that the Berkshire regiment, the only regiment to whom every inch of the ground was familiar, was left behind, that the start was two hours late, so that the moon set long before the journey had been completed to an intermediate halting place and the men lost the rest they so much needed ; that the men had actually been under arms for upwards of sixteen hours, when called upon for severe hill fighting and were so dead beat that they fell asleep on the open ground under fire. Against this indictment may fairly be set the unprejudiced letter of a corporal in the Second Northumberland Fusileers who went through the action under the general. He says that "it was broad daylight when they were at the foot of some high, inaccessible rocks.

The guide turned to the general and pointing to the top of the rocks said, 'there is your position and there is your enemy,' and immediately started to gallop off but before he had gone two yards General Gatacre shot him twice through the body, saying, 'Man, you have done me, but you are the first to go.' These were the exact words said. When the general saw how we were trapped he cried like a child and said : 'Oh, my poor boys, what have I done.' "

At the time of the famous march to Berber, when the boots of his men gave out, and hundreds of them arrived all but barefoot, every available camel was burdened with a man

who lacked nothing of strength or courage to march on, only boots. Gatacre had half a dozen chargers; every one was carrying a barefooted soldier, while the general trudged with his men. No wonder they love him.

GENERAL FRENCH.

“Excepting Lord Roberts alone, no commander in the South African field has performed so many signal services with such uniform success as General John D. P. French, of the Cavalry Division. He was in Natal when the war broke out, fought in the early engagements there at Elandslaagte and Reitfontein, helped to hold back the enemy in their first outset upon Ladysmith, and when ordered elsewhere left the town by the last train, which was riddled with Boer bullets on the passage. He next turned up in northern Cape Colony, where, during the dark period of Buller's, Gatacre's and Methuen's checks, reverses and losses, he steadily made headway northward until Colesburg was reached and the enemy driven back to the Orange River.

He had but a small force and was always confronted, and at times surrounded, by greatly superior numbers. He was in the midst of a disloyal Dutch population, but his intense activity, alertness and watchfulness always guarded against surprise and loss, and scored victory after victory over the enemy. During this period he was almost daily engaged in fight and never failed to give a good account of himself.

When Lord Roberts assumed command he called General French to his assistance in his advance northward to the relief of Kimberley and selected him to lead the flying column which so quickly and brilliantly accomplished that great result. In the pursuit and capture of Cronje it was General French who raced past the retreating General and barred his way. In all the operations in which the Free State was overrun, subjected and finally annexed, the Cavalry General bore a brilliant part as he has since done in the advance northward to Brantford, the Vaal and Johannesburg. In fact General French has not only won the admiration of the British Empire but of foreign military writers and authorities as well.”

GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD.

No officer has his name more prominently before the public just now (1901) in connection with the South African war than Major-General Sir Bindon Blood, K. C. B., who is doing such excellent work in breaking up the Boer resistance in the northern districts of the Transvaal. He is an Irishman by birth, and was born in County Clare in 1842. In 1860 he entered the Royal Engineers, and saw his first fighting in 1877, in the Lowaki Expedition, for which he received the medal and clasp. For services in the Zulu war of 1879 he also got the medal and clasp, and the same year went off to the Afghan war, where he again distinguished himself, and received another medal. He went through the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, receiving the medal and clasp, and in 1895 was appointed Chief Staff officer of the Chitral Relief Force. In this capacity he attracted great attention by his organizing and governing abilities, and was, in consequence, placed in command of the Bundecund District, a position he retained until 1898. Sir Bindon Blood was made Major-General in 1899, and was especially chosen by Lord Kitchener for the work he is now performing. It is said of him that, no matter what the country is, he can always provide shelter and defences for himself and men.

OTHER BRITISH GENERALS.

Gordon, Chermiside, Clements, Colville, Barton, Rundle, Knox, Carrington, Pole-Carew, Hildyard, Hector McDonald, F. W. Kitchener, Ian Hamilton, Woodgate, Brabant, Kelly-Kenny, Kekewich, defender of Kimberley; Hunter, Chesham, Nicholson, Bruce Hamilton, Douglas, Lyttleton, Wynne, F. Walker, Lord Dundonald.

BOER GENERALS.

Joubert, Voltje, Schalkburger, Pretorious, Steenkamp, Cronje, DeWet, Botha, etc.

g
u
M

m
ki

sie
un
hi

ing
Lu
28,
Kh
the
of I
Ger
witl
Luc

Whi
dist
hors
ente
pres
but
by L
on th
musk
assist
spot.
I

PART IX.

Medals of Generals

PROMINENT IN THE WAR.

"The precious pieces of metal which adorn the breasts of our gallant generals, are, although insignificant in themselves, the records of their unselfishness and devotion to their Queen and country," says the Royal Magazine.

LORD ROBERTS.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts is the wearer of the Victoria Cross, four medals with ten clasps, and a bronze star, besides three grand crosses of knighthood. He is also a Knight of St. Patrick

He served throughout the Indian Mutiny of 1857-58, including the siege and capture of Delhi, where he was wounded. His horse was shot under him a few weeks later. In the action of Bolundshur he again had his horse shot; while at Agra Kunol his horse was sabred.

At Bundhera he narrowly escaped being captured while reconnoitering. He took an active part in the skirmishes connected with the relief of Lucknow, under Lord Clyde, also in the operations of Cawnpore from Nov. 28, to Dec. 6, 1857, the defeat of the Gwalior contingent, the action of Khodagunge, the reoccupation of Futttehghur, the storming of Meangunge, the action of Koorsee, and the various operations ending with the capture of Lucknow. For these services he received the thanks of the Governor-General of India, was granted brevet of major, and was presented with the mutiny medal with three clasps (Delhi, relief of Lucknow, Lucknow).

It was at Khodagunge that Lord Roberts won the Victoria Cross. When following up the retreating enemy of June 2nd, 1858, he saw in the distance two sepoy going away with a standard. Putting spurs to his horse, the gallant young officer overtook them just as they were about to enter a village. They immediately turned around and showed fight by presenting their muskets at him, and one of the men pulled the trigger but fortunately the cap failed. The standard-bearer was cut down by Lieut. Roberts, and the standard taken possession of by him. He also on the same day, cut down another sepoy, who was standing at bay, with musket and bayonet, keeping off a sowar. Lieut. Roberts came to the assistance of the horseman, and rushing at the sepoy killed him on the spot.

In 1863 he was employed on special service with the expedition sent

against the tribes on the northwest frontier of India, and was present at the storming of Laloo, the capture of Ubbeyla, and the destruction of Mulkah, receiving the India general service medal with clasp—Umbeyla.

Abyssinia was the next field of active service, in the campaign of 868, when, as Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Bengal Brigade, and as senior officer of the department of Zoula, he superintended the re-embarkation of the whole army, and was selected by Sir Robert Napier as the bearer of his final despatches. He was breveted Lieut.-Colonel, and received the Abyssinia medal.

Returning to India, he served as Assistant Quartermaster-General and senior staff officer with the Cachar column of the Looshai expeditionary force in 1871-72, and was present at the capture of the Bholel villages and the attack on the Northlang range. He commanded the troops engaged at the burning of the village of Taikoom, Jan. 26. 1872, for which he received the clasp Looshai, and was made a C. B.

The year 1878 saw him in command of the Koorum field force. He was present at the storming and capture of the Peiwar-Kotal and the pursuit of the Afghan army to the Shufargardan, also in the affair in the Mangor Pass, and during the operations in Khost. For these services he was raised to Knight Commander of the Bath, and received the thanks of both houses of parliament.

General Roberts commanded the Cabul field force during the advance on and occupation of Cabul in the autumn of 1879, and was present in the engagement at Charasiah and throughout the operation at Sherpore during the winter of 1879-80, for which he received the badge of a Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire.

He next commanded the Cabul-Candahar field force which marched from Cabul to Candahar in the August of 1880 and relieved the garrison shut up in the latter place on Sept. 1, defeating and dispersing Ayub Khan's army. Lord Roberts received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, the Afghan medal with four clasps (Peiwar Kotal, Charasi, Kabul, Kandahar); he also received the grand cross of the Order of the Bath and was created a baronet.

1886 found him in command of the British forces in Burmah. He returned as usual, victorious, and was again rewarded. Upon his return as conqueror from Africa, he has, in 1901, been created an Earl and awarded the Order of the Garter.

SIR REDVERS BULLER.

Sir Redvers Buller's first medal was granted to him for services in China, where he served with the Second Battalion of the Sixtieth Regiment in 1860, and was awarded two clasps. His second was only issued by the War Office last year, although it is for services in Canada with the Red River expedition in 1870.

In September of 1873 he accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to the

Gold Coast and served as deputy assistant-adjutant and quarter-master-general and head of the intelligence department throughout the Ashantee war 1873-74, including the action of Essaman, the battle of Amoaful, the advanced guard engagement at Jarbinbah, the battle of Ordahsu (where he was slightly wounded), and the capture of Coomasie. For these services he was granted the badge of a C. B., brevet of major, and the Ashantee medal with clasp—Coomassie.

He next served in the Kaffir war of 1878-9, and commanded the Frontier Light Horse in the engagements at Tabaka Udoda, in the operations at Molyneux Path, and against the Manyanyoba stronghold.

The Zulu war of 1879 saw him in command of the cavalry in the engagements at Ziobane mountain and Kambula, when he was entrusted with the eastern reconnaissance of the former. On March 27th Buller marched from Camp with 400 horse and some natives, 675 in all, and after an 81-mile circuitous march, he bivouacked five miles southeast of the mountain. The next morning he led his column by a path scarcely passable for mounted men, they having to lead their horses by the bridle. On gaining the high plateau he saw how great was the area of the flat mountain top. It was about 9 a. m., and all seemed quiet on the summit, as the Zulus had concealed themselves among the rocks and caverns. Buller returned to the east of the mountain and despatched an officer with orders for Col. Weatherley, who was in charge of the western column. No sooner had the captain departed on his errand than Buller saw a Zulu army full 20,000 strong approaching the mountain from the south-east. The delay of the other columns, through missing the track, enabled the Inhlobane followers of Umbelini and Manyanyoba to hold their own ground until the arrival of the Ulundi army.

The approach of this army inspired the Zulu inhabitants of the mountain, who, leaving their hiding places, began to harass Buller's force. No support having arrived, the British were forced to retreat.

Col. Buller obtained the V. C. for his gallant conduct in this retreat for having assisted, while being hotly pursued by the Zulus, Capt. Arcy, of the Frontier Light Horse, who was retiring on foot, and carrying him on his horse until he overtook the rear guard; also on the same day and under the same circumstances, he conveyed Lieut. C. Everitt, of the Frontier Light Horse (whose horse had been killed under him) to a place of safety. Yet again did this brave men rescue from the jaws of death a third comrade on that eventful day—a trooper of the Frontier Light Horse, whose mount was completely exhausted, and who otherwise would have been killed by the Zulus.

Col. Buller afterwards conducted the reconnaissance before Ulundi, and was present in the engagement which followed.

For his services in these wars he received (besides the V. C.) the cross of a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the

South Africa medal with clasp, the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen.

Continuing in South Africa, he served in the Boer war of 1881 as chief-of-staff to Sir Evelyn Wood, with the local rank of major general.

He next served in Egypt in 1882, taking charge of the intelligence department. He was present in the action at Kassassin and the battle of Tel-el-kebir, receiving the Egyptian medal with one clasp and being raised to a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; he also received the cross of the Osmanieh Order third class, and the Khedive Star. Later on he served in the engagements at El-Teb and Tamai, and defeated the enemy at the Abu Klea wells, adding two more clasps to his Egypt medals.

LORD KITCHENER.

Lord Kitchener served with the Nile expedition in 1884-5 as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster General, and he received the British medal with clasp, and from the Khedive the second class of the Order of the Medjidie with the Egyptian bronze star.

While in command of a brigade of the Egyptian army, he was present at the engagement of Gemaizah in December of 1888 and Toski in 1889, adding two clasps to his medal, and also being made a C. B.

He next commanded the Dongola expedition force in 1896, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General for distinguished service in the field, was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and received the first-class Order of the Osmanieh, the British Soudan medal and Khedive Soudan medal with two clasps.

He commanded the operations in 1897, which closed with the capture of Abu Hamid. Again in 1898 he was in command of another British-Egyptian army, when he reconquered the Soudan from the Dervish invaders, and finally overthrew the Khalifa's power by a crushing blow at the battle of Khartoum. For these services he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, was raised to the peerage, received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and had two clasps added to the Khedival medal.

SIR GEORGE WHITE.

General Sir George White served with the Twenty-seventh, the Royal Inniskilling Fusileers, on the north-west frontier during the Indian mutiny in 1857-9, and received the medal. He, next served with the Ninety-second Highlanders in the Afghan war of 1879-80, and took part in the engagement of Charasiah on October 6, 1879, and also in the various operations around Cabul in December including the investment of Sherepore. He was also present at Charasiah on April 25, 1880, and accompanied General Roberts in his march to Candahar, taking part

in the reconnaissance on August 31, and the battle of Kandahar. For these services he was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath, received the Afghan medal with three clasps—Charasiah, Kabul, Kandahar—and the bronze star—Kabul to Kandahar—and was granted the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous gallantry at Charasiah and Kandahar.

In 1884-5 he served with the Nile expedition, and received the Egyptian medal with clasp—the Nile, 1684-5—and the Khedive bronze star. After leaving Egypt he served with the Burmese expedition in 1885-9 in command of the Second Infantry Brigade, and commanded at Mandalay during the insurrection; he also commanded the Upper Burmese Field Force after the capture of Mandalay. For these services he received the thanks of the Government and of the Commander-in-Chief of India, was promoted to the rank of Major-General for distinguished service in the field, was raised to a K. C. B., and received the Burmah medal with clasp.

Sir George White now wears the Grand Crosses of the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, the Indian Empire, and the Victorian Order, the V. C., four silver medals and clasps and two bronze stars.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

Major-General R. S. Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, served in the operations in Zululand in 1888 as assistant military secretary to the general officer commanding and as intelligence officer. In 1895 he served under Sir Francis Scott in the expedition to Ashanti, and received the Ashanti bronze star, which bears on the reverse side the words "from the Queen." The British South Africa Company presented him with their medal for Rhodesia for the part he took in the operations in South Africa in 1896.

GENERAL MACDONALD.

General Macdonald first saw active service in the Afghan war of 1879-80, in the course of which he was present at the affair of Karatiga, in the engagement at Charasiah on October 6, 1879, in the operations around Cabul in the following December, and in the second engagement at Charasiah on April 25, 1880. He next accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the march to Cabul, and was present at the reconnaissance of August 31, and at the battle of Candahar. After having been twice mentioned in despatches he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant; he also received the Afghan medal with three clasps for Charasiah, Kabul and Kandahar, and the bronze medal for Roberts' march.

In 1881 he served in the Boer war, and was present in the engagement at Majuba Hill, when he was taken prisoner, but had his sword returned to him by Gen. Joubert in recognition of his bravery on that occasion.

During the Nile expedition of 1885 he acted as garrison adjutant at Assiout from January 22 to June 5, and took part in the operation near Suakin in the December of 1888, including the engagement at Gemaizah. For these services he received the Queen's medal, Khedive Star, and the

third class of the Order of the Medjidie. In the following year he added another clasp to his medal by being present in the engagement at Toski, at the same time receiving the Distinguished Service Order.

He was next present at the capture of Tokar in 1891, and received the third class of the Order of the Osmanieh, a clasp being added to his Khedive star.

The year 1896 saw him in command of the Second Infantry brigade with the Dongola expeditionary force, under Sir Herbert Kitchener, and he was present at the engagement at Firket and the operations at Hafir. He next commanded an Egyptian brigade in the operations of 1897, including the engagement at Abu Hamed, and in 1898 at the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. For these services he received the British Soudan medal and the Khedive medal with five clasps; he was also made aide-de-camp to the Queen and colonel, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

GENERAL FRENCH.

Lieut.-Gen. French, commanding cavalry division, South Africa field force, received the Egypt medal with two clasps and the Khedive star for his services with the Nile expedition of 1884-85, and in the engagements of Abu Klea and Metammeh with the Nineteenth Hussars.

Most of the silver war medals have the bust of the Queen on the obverse, and must be worn, according to regulations, with that side to the front.

The Victoria Cross is bronze, and is worn with a crimson ribbon by the army and a blue by the navy. The insignia of the various Orders of our Generals are of gold, and magnificently enamelled in colours. All order medals and stars have, moreover, a distinctive ribbon.



1

a

2

n

15

Oc

bri

Col

Dec

Dec

Dec

fire :

fonte

2 Bat

PART X.

The Victoria Cross

THOSE WHO GAINED IT.

Capt. Fitzmaurice—for rescuing an armoured train Oct. 14th and for distinguishing himself in engagements outside of Mafeking, Oct. 27th and December 26th.

Sergt. Martineau—for attending a wounded comrade under heavy fire, near Mafeking, Dec. 26th, 1899.

Trooper Ramsden—for carrying his brother to a place of safety amid a rain of bullets at Game Tree, Dec. 26th, 1899.

Capt. Meiklejohn—for conspicuous bravery at Elandslaagte, October 21st, 1899.

Lieut. Norwood—for rescuing a wounded trooper under heavy fire near Ladysmith, Oct. 30th 1899.

Corpl. Nurse—for attempting to save the guns at Colenso, December 15th, 1899.

Lieut. Robertson—for gallantry at the battle of Elandslaagte, Oct. 21st, 1899.

Corpl. Shawl—for acts of bravery at Magersfontein, Dec. 11th, 1899.

Capt. Congreve—for attempting to save the guns at Colenso and for bringing in Lieut. Roberts, Dec. 15th, 1899.

Major Baptie, R. A. M. C.—for courage in attending the wounded at Colenso, and for helping to fetch in the wounded Lieut. Roberts, Dec. 15, 1899.

The Late Lieut. Roberts—for attempting to save the guns at Colenso, Dec. 15th, 1899.

Capt. Reed—for bringing in three teams under heavy fire at Colenso, Dec. 15th, 1899.

Capt. Sir J. Millbank—for riding back to rescue a trooper under heavy fire at Colesberg, Jan. 5th, 1900.

Sergt. Englehart—for gallantry in assisting a comrade near Bloemfontein, March 13th, 1900.

Sergt. Parker—elected as representative of the collective gallantry of 2 Battery R. H. A., at Koorn Spruit, March 31st, 1900.

Gunner Lodge—elected by the gunners and drivers of 2 Battery R. H. A. as representative of the collective gallantry of the Battery at Koorn Spruit, March 31st, 1900. Driver H. H. Glassock also represented 2 Battery.

Capt. Mansel-Jones—by strong example averted a serious check to the assault Terrace Hill, Natal, Feb. 27th, 1900.

Major Phipps-Hornby—representative of the collective gallantry of the officers at Koorn Spruit, March 31st, 1900.

Capt. Towse,—for assisting his Colonel, Downham, at Magersfontein, Dec. 11th, 1899, for repelling 150 Boers at Mount Thaba with a force of only 12 men, April 30th, 1900.

Corpl. McKay—for dressing the wounds of comrades under heavy fire at Crow's Nest Hill, Johannesburg, May 29th, 1900.

Capt. Gordon—for gallant attempt to save a gun at Doornbosch Fontein, July 11th, 1900.

Corpl. Kirby—for riding back to assist a mounted man, in face of a heavy fire, June 2nd, 1900.

Private Ward—for carrying a message and returning to report to his commanding officer, in face of almost certain death—at Lindley, June 26th, 1900.

Sergt. Richardson, Strathcona's Horse—for riding back to rescue a wounded trooper under heavy fire near Standerton, July 8th, 1900.

Private J. H. Bisdee of the Tas. Imp. Bushmen—for rescuing a wounded officer under a hot fire in an exposed place.

Trooper Morris, N. S. W. Lancers—for rescuing a wounded comrade under a storm of bullets.

Lieut. Cockburn, Pte. Turner and Sergt. Holland of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, for conspicuous bravery at Koomatipoort River, Nov. 7th, 1900. They protected the artillery from capture.

The Home Government has decided to erect in London a handsome monument to the memory of the Colonials who died in Africa ; a monument which will stand through the years as a lasting tribute to the inexhaustible courage, the unquenchable loyalty, and the indissoluble sympathy which bind in one strong bond of union, every patriotic heart of Briton, from the ice-clad mountains of the further north to the fruitful valleys of a far-off Southern Sea.

N
 ar
 th
 ta
 eq

 sy:
 pil
 str
 ity
 cru
 ary
 and
 Em
 pro
 tell
 be,
 dur:
 nati
 into
 eartl
 ing c
 men:
 fore:

 know
 sourc
 able
 this v
 Peace
 self-e
 brave
 droop

FINALE.

MANY and glorious have been the victories of that ever-conquering flag which has so proudly floated over land and sea, and so fearlessly faced a wondering world for over a thousand years ; yet, grander and more glorious far is the certain assurance which its advent affords of freedom, justice and equality to every class, and creed, and race.

Powerful and brilliant as were many of the empires and systems famed of old, their greatness was founded upon and pillared by mere human might, either in force of arms or in strength of intellect ; and, as creations and nurslings of humanity, like their originators and upholders, they were doomed to crumble away. But—and this needs not dream of the visionary, nor faith of the fanatic to realize--the invincible strength and the amazing solidity of the vast, the illimitable British Empire are not established upon its military or naval prowess, however formidable that may be, nor upon the intellectual might of its leaders, however high-sphered that may be, they are built and consolidated upon the firmer and more enduring foundation of " that righteousness which exalteth a nation " and ruled by those principles which have ennobled them into the most perfect embodiment of national existence which earth has ever known. Thus, Great Britain, despite all seeming contradictions of fate, or barriers in the path of advancement, will steadfastly go on to fulfil her glorious mission as the foremost and most fitting leader towards a regenerated world.

Lord Milner, whose life-long integrity and thorough knowledge of the situation ought to warrant him a reliable source of opinion and information, avows it to be his unchangeable conviction that it was impossible for the British to avoid this war, or to act otherwise concerning it than they have done. Peace could only, he believes, have been sustained through self-effacement; and, sorely as we mourn over the loss of our brave, could we, could any of Britain's brood, condescend to droop the time-honored flag or to cringe in the dust before the

able and crafty, yet ignorant and barbaric devotees of semi-civilization.

Pro-Boer journals accuse our military of cruelty and misconduct. This statement, denied by the Boers and by reliable Press Correspondents, is also proven false by the fact that the enemy express themselves relieved in having their families so well cared for by the British. Had the conquerors followed precedent and not allowed mercy to triumph over policy it is quite possible the unhappy war might have been ended long ere now. It is a puzzling question as to the wisdom of maintaining the wives and children of the enemy and thus affording the men fuller freedom to prolong that guerrilla warfare which is still costing the nation so much in loss of means and, worse, in loss of valuable life.

War, even under the most excusable of conditions, seems inconsistent with the faith of a presumably Christian people; and can only be justified, or rather palliated, upon the ground that a necessary lesser evil is oft-times the stepping stone to greater good. The anathema pronounced in Holy Writ against those "nations which delight in war" has often been amply demonstrated, not only in respect to nations, but also in the cases of individuals. See Buonaparte, for instance, whose inordinate ambition and egotistical passion for war not only terrorized and brought desolation upon the nations around but wrought havoc also with the flower of the chivalry of beautiful France, and left millions of widows and orphans to mourn, see him seated in sulky and repining mood on the sea-beat cliffs of his prison home, chafing over the, imaginary undeserved, indignities heaped upon him by the only Power which had been found competent to over-match his might and to stop him in his guilty career. What a warning for the ages! After all the inward worry and outward turmoil nothing of a future but daily disappointment, incurable and painful disease, a dismal death and an uncertain hereafter; nothing of a past but the memory of departed magnificence, of transitory power, of mirage happiness and of the delusive greatness which had flitted from his grasp in the biting snow-drifts, the blood-dyed river and the conquering shouts of the

pi
or
ar

Es
lea
gl
att
ar
co
str
suf

feat
leac
rece
gen
mar
for
shot
part
they
lives
the p
very
perso
of th
brave
taken
quire

C
this c
soldie
ships.

A
home
almost
" but,

pursuing Cossack as he chased the miserable caricature of the once "Grand Army" from the inhospitable valleys which ambition had so proudly and impiously sought to gain.

Our Generals, on the contrary, do not "delight in war." Earl Roberts, in his speech at Cape Town, on the eve of his leaving South Africa, cautions the nation against self-glorification and advises all possible endeavors towards the attainment of an honourable and lasting peace; and since his arrival in England, has confined himself to arduous work in connection with his office, refusing to accept any public demonstration of gratitude and rejoicing so long as sorrow over suffering and bereavement pervades the community.

Many rewards and commendations have been given for feats of prowess on the battlefield, as also for distinguished leadership. Amongst others who received honour, upon his recent return from the seat of war, one of the youngest generals, who succeeded the late gallant Wauchope in command of the historic Black Watch Regiment, has been knighted for his services in the campaign. Such reward of merit should prove a strong incentive to persevering activity on the part of the young men of the nation in whatever field of labour they may happen to be engaged; and those who study the lives of the most prominent heroes, in every department, of the present day, may well take courage when they learn of the very humble beginnings of many who have, while achieving personal greatness, conferred unfading lustre upon the land of their birth. But, as General Baden-Powell exclaimed when bravely defending the beleagured city, "Mafeking cannot be taken by *looking at it*," so, however royal the reward, it requires, generally, strenuous efforts to secure the prize.

One of the most impressive features in connection with this campaign is that, from the beginning till now, our heroic soldiers have endured without complaint all manner of hardships.

A Canadian Corporal in the 1st Lein. Regiment writes home under date of April last, and, after relating some of the almost inconceivable miseries he had endured, yet hopefully adds "but, thank God! the hard times are now over; we have now

enough to eat, etc." He expresses thankfulness for having, although for six months suffering in the hospital, escaped the fate of many of his comrades, who had succumbed in greater numbers to disease than to Boer bullets, and hopes—a very modest hope in face of six years of army service—that, upon expiry of his term he will be granted a position on the London Police Force. Further, to exemplify what Britons will do for their country, our Canadian cites the case of an officer whom he had lately helped to "bury in his blanket," a man whose private fortune amounted to £45,000 a year.

And yet there are—with shame I record it—even in this highly favored Canada, craven hearts whose apathy has overcome any slight, or pretended sympathy they may have had for their more heroic brethren. It would, indeed, have been much to the benefit of many more deserving had these disloyalists been drafted off to South Africa and forced to ford the Modder River and receive the rain of bullets which, unhappily, cut short the promising lives of nobler men. Want of sympathy is lack of loyalty; and the traitor of the present hour is, assuredly, more deserving of acquaintance with the cannon's mouth than were the ignorant Sepoys of the Cawnpore massacre.

While deploring the fact that I have been so utterly unable to accomplish my earnest desire of doing sufficient honor to all who participated in the South African campaign, let not the gleaner of incident be accused of partiality; since each individual hero around whose honored head circles the halo of fame but represents, by his illustrious deeds, the actuating motive of the many.

Every brave seaman beneath the Union Jack who faithfully and fearlessly discharges his duty is a Lambton or a Scott, every filial son who sacrifices the comforts of home in upholding the homes of the home-land, is a Borden or a Prince Christian, every wise statesman who boldly leads the van against injustice is a Salisbury, every skilful surgeon who walks the war hospitals is a McCormack, every Red Cross Nurse or Sister of Mercy is a Lady Churchill, a Miss Gould or a sister Evangeline, and every soldier who suffers for his country, either on

the field of battle or in the haunts of disease, is well entitled to his country's deepest gratitude and to its everlasting remembrance.

There are names which I have missed, that will shine in undying lustre upon their country's story, and there are other well-deserving names which will neither be inscribed upon glory's annals, nor even engraved upon monument of stone ; there are names of those for whom the gay songs of gladness shall ascend in many a joyous homestead, and of those for whom the bitter tear of anguish shall fall by many a lonely hearth—Farewell ! a sad and yet a glad farewell—God bless them ! each and all ; and graciously grant, Oh Power Supreme ! the fervent supplications of the sorrow-laden throng, that, beyond the weary hours of darkness, there may soon arise the glorious dawn of that holier, happier day, by saintly seer foretold, when

“No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall
And study war no more.”

THE END.

