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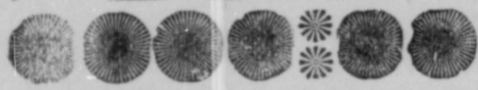
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A beautiful Calendar given free with every clock.

# WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## Interesting Particulars of the Struggle Between Great Britain and the Boers.

### ARTILLERYMAN'S GALLANT EXPLOIT.

A driver in the 7th Battery, Royal Field artillery, in a letter from Chieveley camp to his father at Richmond, modestly relates the part he played in the rescue of the guns at the Tugela. He says: "I think I am as lucky a man as there is living, for I was in the midst of the thick fire and never got a scratch. I am proud to tell you that I am mentioned by the commander-in-chief for a Distinguished Service medal. It happened in this way. All the 14th Battery got killed or wounded and lost their guns. The 66th Battery also lost four guns. Well, they wanted some of us to go and get them if we could. I asked to go. When we started we were under shell fire, but none of us got hit. But in galloping out of the line of fire the horses got their legs over the trace, and so we had to stop in a big ditch under cover. At last we got the horses legs free, and then we had the order to gallop up to the guns and hook in.

### COMMENDED BY GEN. BULLER.

"We had no sooner got out of the ditch than the Boers opened fire with their rifles and killed nine horses and two men, and wounded five men. The lead driver and the wheel driver of my team were shot. The horse I was riding was shot in four places, and my other horse was hit in two places. When I saw the lead driver knocked off his horse by a bullet I got off, put him on his own horse, unhooked him and let him gallop away without getting wounded any worse. Gen. Buller happened to see me, and said I behaved most splendidly. He said he hoped I should always be as lucky as to come out of such a heavy fire without getting hurt. He sent down to our battery for our names and numbers and the major told me he was proud to have such a man under him."

### BESPATTERED WITH BLOOD.

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."

### IF METHUEN HAD PUSHED ON

Mr. Alfred Kinnear, the Central News war correspondent with Lord Methuen's force, has been interviewed by a Westminster Gazette representative. Mr. Kinnear crossed the Orange river with the column, but had to return home invalided with a severe attack of enteric fever. Asked why Lord Methuen did not follow up his initial successes Mr. Kinnear said: "I have been strongly of opinion since the battle of Modder River that we should have pushed up that victory by following the flying enemy. I am aware that Lord Methuen was controlled by human considerations for his troops, but most of us have thought, and still think, and if the Boers were physically strong enough to bolt and construct entrenchments our fellows were capable of following them and preventing their concentration in the kopjes of Spytfontein. Had we pushed on that morning after that bivouac on the battlefield of Modder we should have eaten our Sunday's 'bully' in the Diamond City."

### ONLY CAMP RUMOUR.

As to the rumoured differences between Lord Methuen and Gen. Wauchope, Mr. Kinnear gives them no credence. "I think it in the highest degree unlikely that Gen. Wauchope should have absolved himself from responsibility in the dying words, 'Don't blame me, lads.' The man or men who heard him were never found, like the man or men who called 'Retire.' They (the words) never got beyond a camp rumor in such variants as imagination or currency gave the story. The gossip of a 'row' between Methuen and Wauchope, apart from the natural amiability of each, is rather disposed of by the fact that the ill-fated incident of the 1st and 2nd brigades, which caused the check to the British advance, was a direct sequel to the operations of the previous day. I have the attest-

ing authority of two colonels on this historic night march that the disaster arose from the brigade losing its way, from units getting out of touch, from delay in restoring the formation, and from the impossibility owing to the darkness of marching in open order."

### WORSE THAN A MINE DISASTER.

Corp. Priest, of the Military Foot Police, Line of Communication, South Africa, writing home, says: "We have some awful sights. An officer and two sergeants died from their wounds, and there are a good many men with only one leg and one arm. Six Boer prisoners (wounded) are with us. I have no fancy for being sewn up in a blanket and thrown into a hole." I another letter he says: "Here at Wynberg hospital we have about 1,000 wounded, and some awful sights, worse than any coal mine disaster. We have not been called upon to take part in any engagement at present. I do not know how long it will last, but when you get this letter there will be a great change around here. We have to sleep every night with our revolvers underneath our heads."

### ROMANCE OF FIGHTING MAC

CHARACTERISTIC STORIES OF THE BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

Hector Macdonald's career is too well known to need repetition. From the beginning, when he walked into Glasgow, some say barefooted, to his Omdurman days, it is nothing but a splendid record of strength of purpose and personal heroism. In appearance he looks just like the vigorous soldier he is—moderately tall, broad of chest (though of not sufficient breadth to carry all his medals), and with a square upright and downright look about him. His face is typically Highland in its hard, regular contour, and the straight, fearless eyes. As one of his countrymen said of him, "Macdonald's face, it strikes you, could in a tense moment, when the march was on, or the battle going, become a perfectly cut square, a challenge to every side, hard, almost rentless. The cheek bones are prominent at the base as well as at the top; they suggest the strenuous, determined, indomitable man. You think of the tramp of armed men who have no sort of idea of turning back."

Macdonald has never forgotten Majuba. Though taken prisoner on that unhappy day, he remained to the end unbeaten, for when, after a desperate resistance, he was at last unarmed and a couple of Boers ran at him, Macdonald met them with his naked fists, and his assailants went reeling back. Finding him so hard to tackle, they were for putting a bullet through his head, but a Boer with an appreciation of pluck intervened.

"No," he said; "this is a brave man, and we shall spare him. Let us take him prisoner at all hazards."

Mr. Bennet Burleigh holds that Macdonald has just that touch of genius which distinguishes the great soldier from the good one. Undoubtedly he has the capacity for taking infinite pains. The grind of work he has

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years sufferer from Bronchial Trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything until I tried your **MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM**. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from throat or lung trouble.

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been through in the Soudan, making riflemen from mud," probably no one but himself knows. It is to him and to men like him that the new Egyptian army owes its existence to-day, and the results were for all the world to see at Atbara and Omdurman.

He is a stern disciplinarian, sparing no man, himself least of all, but he is adored by every black Soudanese and brown "Gippy" who ever followed him into battle; for he is a leader after their own hearts. As to the affection with which his fellow-officers regard him, General Hunter's charming little message to the Macdonald banquet in London—"My best love to comrade Macdonald!"—speaks for itself.

In spite, however, of the warm liking he inspires in those above and under him, it is on record that some of his dusky Soudanese once mutinied against him. Macdonald's method of dealing with the outbreak once again illustrates the man. His regiment had of necessity to make long forced marches under the fierce desert sun, the conditions were so hard that the men became mutinous. One day during the march Macdonald overheard two or three of the native soldiers saying, "Wait till the next fight and I will take care that this slave-driver of a colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot him."

Macdonald recognized the men by their voices, called a halt, and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them, he cried, "Now you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do it now? Here I am shoot me—if you dare!"

The rebels grounded their arms in sullen silence.

"Why don't you shoot?" asked their colonel.

"Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," and that reluctant answer explained the secret of Macdonald's power over half-savage soldiers. There was no more grumbling, and the same men, and others like them, followed him devotedly through the battles of Gemizah, Toski, Afafit, Ferkeh, Atbara and Omdurman.

Many stories are told of his ways of dealing with his excitable and child-like Soudanese battalions, and in the anonymous "Soudan Campaign," just published by Chapman and Hall, is a new one.

"After the Abu Hamed fight, Colonel Macdonald had soundly rated the men who began the independent firing without orders. Well, one night at Berber, Colonel Macdonald while sleeping, as usual, in the courtyard round his hut, was woke up by a black soldier properly dressed in drill order without arms. When asked what he wanted, he said: "My battalion is very sorry that you are angry with them for firing without orders at Abu Hamed, but we know best what to do: we have been fighting since we were boys, we know the best way to turn them out of a place; so just you leave things to us, and we'll pull you through!"

"The black then turned about, and was out side the courtyard before Colonel Macdonald recovered from his surprise and exploded."

Though he has been through so many actions, though the scream of shell and the whirr of the Maxim are mere commonplace to him, Brigadier-General Macdonald is rather a retiring man, and when once asked what it felt like to be in the midst of battle, he quietly and characteristically answered, "I don't think you feel anything in particular."

A brave man Macdonald's record proves him to be, but that in itself is not enough for the present military situation in South Africa. No one doubts the courage of our officers out there, but some of them have blindly walked into Boer traps.

The soldier of whom Bennet Burleigh wrote this just panegyric is the

sort of a man wanted in South Africa: "Had the brilliant, the splendid deed of arms wrought by Macdonald been done under the eyes of a sovereign, or in some other armies, he had surely been created a general on the spot." As commander of the fine Highland Brigade which so recently and so sadly lost the gallant General Wauchope, Macdonald will have a large and splendid sphere of action before him.

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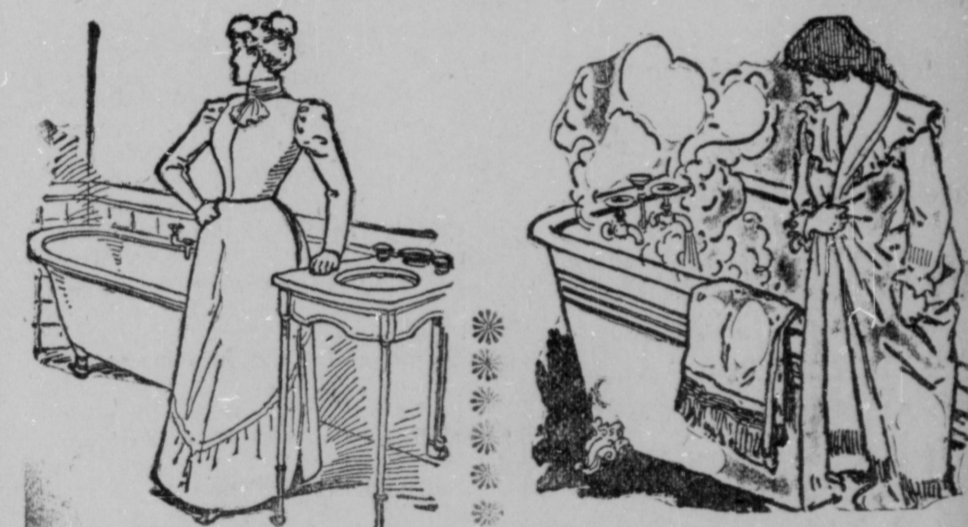
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